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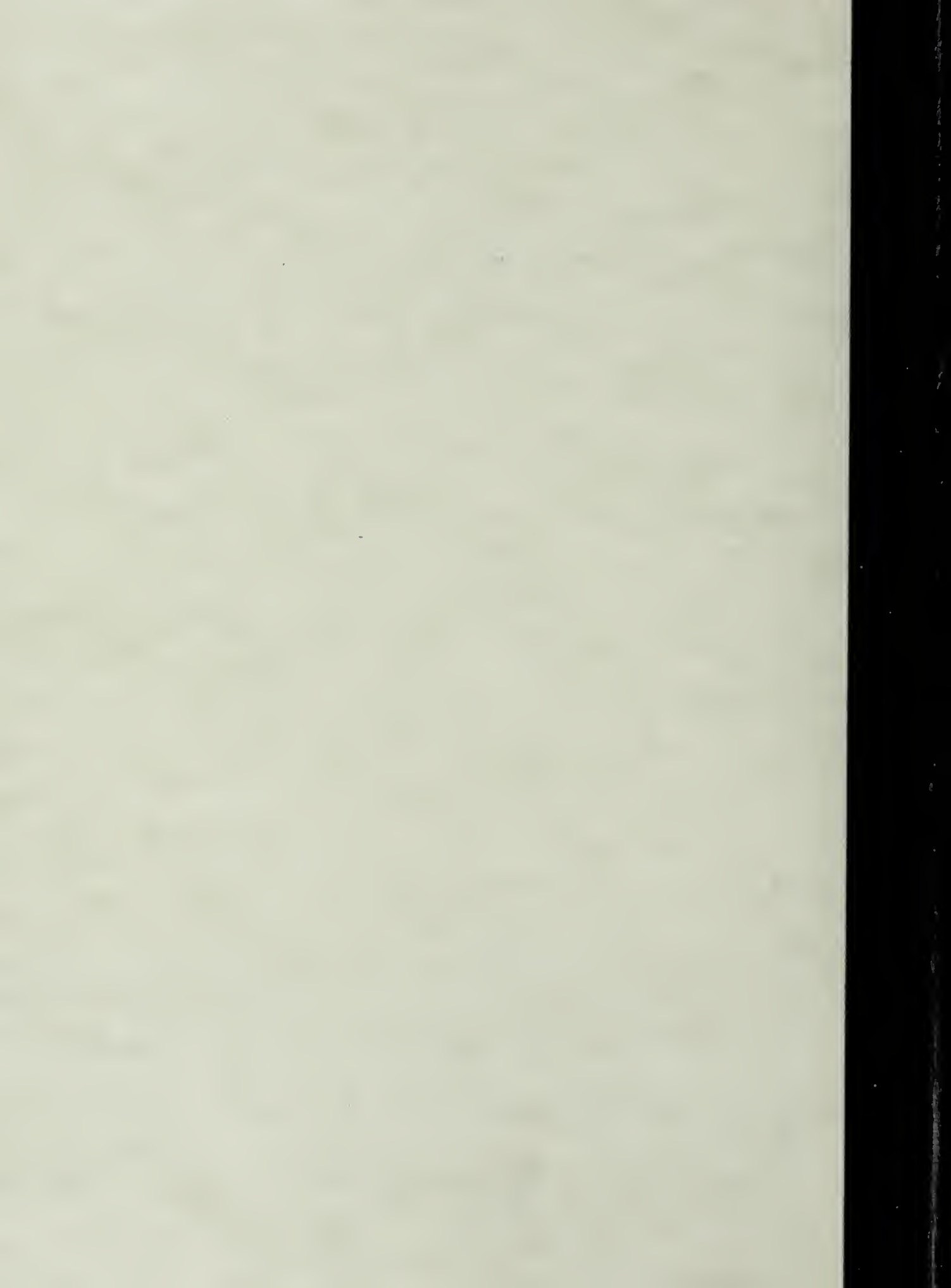
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Sectarianism in Politics. OUR enemy, the sect, here we have him again. It is a new edition, but it is the old story. He has chosen a most conspicuous field for his operations. A great city lies beneath the eye of God. It holds a vast population, immense resources, and interests, social, moral and religious, quite incalculable. If the better class of the citizens act in harmony, the welfare of the city is secured.

A comparatively few individuals desire to use these vast resources and interests for purposes of private gain. They look about for the best instrument by which to accomplish their fell purpose. Naturally enough, they light upon the sect—the political sect. By this the good citizens may be divided among themselves. The party cries are uttered, the party banners are unfurled, and, lo! the result is ac-

complished. For the sake of sordid gain a magnificent city is to be passed over to the hands of the plunderers, vice is to be rampant, and the old story of civic corruption is to be told over again.

Was there ever devised a more deadly thing than the sect—social, religious, political?



Progress. It is a well authenticated fact that time and tide do not stop at our behests, or wait for our delays. Things that are going forward are bound to go forward. We can oppose the onward sweep of the world's progress, and be swept aside by it, and left stranded and disconsolate, or we can strike out with it, and be carried by it on the onward and forward way. We cannot stop it, that is the one thing which we cannot do. The one who sighs for the good old times, and sets himself against the good new ways, puts himself out of life's currents and into its eddies. If it be possible for us to stand perfectly still in our ways of thinking and ways of doing, that will not make the world of thought and the world of action stand still with us; it will only make us be left behind. We have noticed recently the repetition of the sage dictum once given by *London Punch*: "The weather vane, working freely, will indicate the direction of the wind; but if the weather vane be rusted fast, the direction of the wind will not be changed thereby." There are people who have tried to assure us that the world did not move, because they stood still; but the rust has been so apparent that it was manifest they were no correct indicators of what the world was doing. He who is laboring forward in his intellectual and spiritual strivings may make many uncertain steps and some false ones, but he will surely be further along, in spite of all his stumblings, than the man who stands too steadfast, fixed and rooted.

It is not loose and careless seeking after new things that is wanted, but it is earnest and honest study of the old and the new. It must needs be that we prove all things, and hold fast that which is good. That makes progress.



The Lambeth Conference and Bible Study. BISHOP WHITEHEAD, of Pittsburg, who was a member of this Confer-

ence, says as follows concerning its utterance in relation to the Bible:

"What difference does it make if a man has scruples about the Joshua and sun episode, or the miraculous speech of Balaam's ass, or if he question the first chapter of Genesis, and prefers to view it allegorically, if he believe that he has a duty before God, and that the

Bible is his successive revelation? It is the entire spiritual lesson, and not the incidental, that is important. Truth may be taught by allegory. The Episcopal church believes in the Bible; holds it to be the word of God, His revelation, and yields the broadest right of criticism, which does not interfere with the definite fact of Christ's mission. There is no need for alarm. Only hold fast with reverence to the intrinsic truth of the Bible."

On these utterances *The Methodist Recorder* comments as follows:

"Nevertheless the great fact remains that the Bible is a book for the common people, for the unlettered and unlearned as well as for the scholar and critic. The mass of human mind is not qualified to make these subtle distinctions. The ordinary, uncultivated intellect cannot separate the 'intrinsic' truth of the Bible from the truth of the facts by which the intrinsic truth is conveyed. Make him to doubt the facts, and there is to him no 'intrinsic truth.' The mass of mind, and this includes most of it—for the really learned are few—demands a Bible that is true in fact, and will not be satisfied with any allegory. Prove to it, so that it shall accept it, that Genesis is an allegory and the words of Jesus metaphor, and, instead of impressing 'intrinsic truth,' you have robbed it of the firm foundations of faith, of solace, and of hope. If this world were a world of scholars alone, we could have more sympathy with these recently expressed views of Bishop Whitehead and the Lambeth Conference; but since the world is mostly made up of men of plain mind and unused to critical distinctions, it is unworthy a great church, whose office is to comfort and confirm, to weaken by giving a stone for bread."

What else can this mean but that we should teach the unlettered man what is not true for his own good. We think the unlettered man would say: "Thank you for nothing." Are we to consider this the true kindness to unlearned people? It has often been so declared, and here is the old bad word again, but, in the name of God and all truth, we reject it. Blessings on us! how do we know but some one may think us unlearned ourselves, and tell us a lie in the name of the Lord. No, with utmost pains and care, find what is true about the Bible, and then tell *that* to us all, learned and unlearned alike. We can stand it, and we want nothing else.



Hazing. THE colleges have started on their way. The freshman has arrived, and has been met at the railroad station by the sophomore. New comers always feel a little awkward and lonesome, and a kind hand is the most welcome thing in the world. The sophomore made the freshman's journey to his inn as unpleasant as possible. And when he had seen him safely lodged, he proceeded to devise various ways of tormenting him. They were very silly devices, very flat and stupid. The one who has the heart to devise discomfort for his fellow is usually and mercifully deprived by his Creator of brains sufficient to exercise much ingenuity in the mean business. So that we believe, with all the talk about hazing, the fire has not been at all equal to the smoke. But, unquestionably, the existence of hazing, the talk of hazing, the noise it makes, have caused a great many freshmen much discomfort. They mar the enjoyment of what might be one of the happiest experiences of life, the opening of a college career.

There are two things that may be suggested as to this matter.

First, we think that when the brutality of hazing has resulted, as it sometimes has, in the serious injury or death of the party assailed, then the law of the land should take its free course, and the penalty affixed to the crime should be firmly administered. A dozen or so hazers behind prison bars would be a most wholesome sight, and would have a strong tendency to end the business.

But, better yet, we would appeal to all college students, of true aims and gentle natures, to combine in a determined effort to make an end of this coarse and degrading system. We are well persuaded that it is the baser class of students who perpetuate the custom. Surely there ought to be enough of character and influence with the better class of men, backed as they would be by the faculty, to make the thing impossible in the future. The sentiment of Thomas Arnold, that it was not necessary that Rugby have two hundred or one hundred or fifty students, but it was necessary that it be a school of gentlemen, might easily be made so prevalent as to sweep away such a low disgrace as hazing. We cannot but feel that the best men in college have either not realized the shame of the thing, or not realized their power to make an end of it. We have heard how much has been done by putting the students on their honor, and leaving much of the discipline of the college in the hands of the students themselves. This seems the very triumph of discipline. It would appear as if this same method could sweep hazing out of a college, amid the jeers and contempt of the solid mass of students.

We would further suggest the carrying the war into Africa, by taking very special pains to receive and care for the new men, by laying out plans to make their entrance as agreeable as possible, and by making the new friends graciously fill up the void caused by the home and friends left behind. This is the way of the true humanity; much better, it is the way of the good God Himself.



Toleration and Missions. SHALL the world be converted before the end of the century? Shall the world be converted in ten years? Shall it be converted in a hundred years? A vast deal of the answer to this question is going to be given by the progress of church union. A house divided against itself cannot stand at home, much less grow stronger abroad. An intelligent Hindoo or Japanese, invited to Christianity, might well ask, Which? Which Christianity of them all is it, that I should turn unto?

There was a contemporary and friend of Benjamin Franklin's, by name Benjamin Lay, who was eager for the speedy conversion of the world to the Christian faith. He arranged with two other prominent religious workers of his day to meet with himself and Dr. Franklin and talk over the matter. At this meeting unfortunately the three got on theological subjects, and, widely differing, they were finally violently disputing. Dr. Franklin at last observed to them, that if they were going to carry out their purpose

of converting the world, they had better begin by tolerating one another. Indeed that is the point. This is foreign missionary work which is being done in church union. It is home missionary work too. It is fundamental to all the high aims and possible achievements of the Kingdom of Christ. United we go ahead, divided we fall back.

We have all stood in the ring when the electric current was sent around. It thrilled around the whole circle as long as all joined hands, but one broken grasp, and away went the current. So Christianity will send its thrill around the world when hands are joined and hearts. It is the broken grasps that stop the power. Here in these days all the mission boards are calling for contributions to their treasuries. Here is a gift and a great one which they can all give to each other—co-operation. It will mean money to them and spiritual power, which is no less needed. We thank God that so many earnest missionary workers in the boards and on the fields are learning this, and that such contributions of charity as never before are being handed over from one church unto another. May these contributions, and all others, but these especially of toleration and co-operation, increase and abound.



A Change of Base. A FEW centuries ago there came a change of base in the physical science of man.

This earth had been the centre of all things. The centre was transferred to the sun, to which our earth became a mere satellite. This change created immense confusion at first, and was most bitterly opposed. The lives of the men who maintained it were threatened. They staked their all upon the die. But, like brave Luther at Worms, they could do no other. They were sure the facts were with them, and they must stand by the facts. Their triumph has been complete. The result has fully justified the wisdom of their course. If the change produced confusion, any return to the old way would be confusion worse confounded. This change of base was a great step of the world into the light.

There has been a similar change of base in theology. It is from the fall of man to the love of God. The old theology based all on the fall of man. It was a hard-headed train of logic that led on to the q. e. d., which was to be demonstrated. It never swerved nor halted, nothing could give this dread logic pause. It turned not aside from the most dreadful things, reprobation or the perdition of infants. It was a terrible thing, in its earnestness and sincerity.

The new theology bases everything on God and His love. In his admirable book, "The Continuity of Christian Thought," Dr. Allen suggests that mysticism has quietly found a home in all our theology. Of course he means mysticism in its best sense. There have been follies and blunders in mysticism, as in all sorts of thinking, but it has always had one magnificent strength; it laid hold of God's love and was at peace. George Fox

says finely, that he saw the depth of the sorrow and trouble of the world, and then beneath them he saw another depth, the depth of the love of God. That is the very idea of the new theology.

John was the beloved disciple and, at the feast, John leaned on Jesus' bosom. This is the attitude of the new theology; it receives the love of God and it rests there, finds there rest to its soul. No, it does not; it only tries to. The old has been so deeply ingrained in all this generation, that we find ourselves forever rolling back to the old basis, till our absolute misery drives us again to the love of God. Just as the people long ago found themselves forever thinking of the sun as spinning round the world though they had now learned differently. Another generation was needed to think the thing quickly and naturally. It had to be taught at mother's knee, and so has the new theology, and it will be.

What then of the sin of man? There will be, beneath that awful depth, the deeper depth of the infinite love of God. Ah, you mean all men will be saved? No, we leave that with God, saying with Phillips Brooks, "He will save all that is savable," and then meditating on what these two profound words may mean, our God is a consuming fire, and the wages of sin is death. When that fire is through with the sinner, what will be left? When that death has done all its work, what is there left? We will flee from the wrath to come, and rest in the infinite love of God, and we will do both at once. Beneath all other depths, still lies this deeper depth, the love of God.

Whittier wrote in a letter to a friend: "I am not a Universalist, for I believe in the possibility of the perpetual loss of the soul that persistently turns away from God, in the next life as in this. But I do believe that the divine love and compassion follow us in all worlds, and that the heavenly father will do the best that is possible for every creature He has made. What that will be, must be left to His infinite wisdom and goodness."

Here is a good and much-forgotten commandment of the Lord: Continue ye in my love. As He opens this palace door let us enter in and *continue* there. It is full of a great peace and joy.



Rationalism. RATIONALISM is a word that is used with considerable bitterness, often, and with some contempt. It is a very interesting fact, that the one who so uses the word is, quite commonly, a notable rationalist himself. The rationalism which is so bitterly condemned is often called German rationalism. There is such a thing. It is the rationalism of the student, perhaps of the pedant. German scholars, like all others, have gone too far in some of their conclusions. Their lucubrations, like all others, will bear examination. Haste to change old opinion is not the mark of the wisest. But where is there a more thorough piece of rationalism than Turretin's theology. It is a very grotesque rationalism, but it is rationalism, through and through. Lay the Gospel of Christ and Turretin side by side, and what a con-

trast! It is ludicrous. The one is clear as day, and simple as a child's thought; the other is endlessly involved, lost in a maze of controversy. It is the Gospel of Christ, plus the dark ages; rather it is a palimpsest, with the dark ages above the Gospel of Christ.

And yet we often hear one who has a great veneration for Turretin, talk very sharply about rationalism. He holds the rationalism of dogma and attacks the rationalism of learning. For ourselves, we prefer the latter, though we find the words of the Christ the whole heavens above both.



Tact. It is a frequent but wise remark, that common sense is a very uncommon thing. Tact is one of the finest elements of common sense. It is doing the thing that must be done, in the very best way. It is taking hold of the spade by the handle, one large part of the trouble of the world being that some will seize it by the blade. In the training of a family, tact is simply invaluable. When Wichern founded his Rauhe House at Hamburg for city waifs, he brought under control one obstreperous youth, who gave him much trouble. The mother of the boy thanked him, and told him she could not tell what to do with that boy; she had held him by the feet and pounded his head on the floor, but even this did no good. This feet and head method failed in tact.

Business men know the value of tact. A leading merchant tells of his first success. He had just started as a salesman, when one day a most cranky customer came in. Nothing would suit him; he must see everything, only to reject all. The salesman's patience was tried to the uttermost, but he was able to restrain himself. At last, after full provocation, the man departed without buying anything, according to the manner of such persons. To the great surprise of the young merchant, he very soon received a higher position, and from that, his advance was constant. He could not fairly understand it, till one day he was called before the head of the firm and found in the office the ugly customer whom he remembered so well. He was the capitalist behind the firm, had been struck by the appearance of the young man and put him to this severe test, to try his metal. From his tact and patience on that occasion, his future success dated.

Politicians make much of tact. They have been called "oily politicians," from perhaps a superabundance of suavity. In dealing with masses of people, they know there is no getting on without tact. A man will not "go" in the political world if he is altogether destitute of it. The great leaders have possessed it in large measure. In earlier days, Henry Clay was famous for his gift in this direction, and in later, Abraham Lincoln was a master in the art of leading men to do what they did not wish to do. He knew profoundly how to "take" men, he knew the human heart.

Religious teachers more than others should cultivate this excellent gift. Paul says he was with his disciples as a tender mother. With one after this manner, and with

another after a various manner, he still sought to save. He became all things to all men that he might save some. The good Scotch preacher, McCheyne, was told by a brother minister that he had preached on future punishment the day before. "Did you preach tenderly?" inquired McCheyne. Indeed punishment is a theme that needs special tact and tenderness. Wild roaring and fierce denunciation are very much out of place here. The solemnity of the thing speaks for itself, without any of our feeble terrors added. Man's hateful passion must not dishonor God's calm and sublime discipline. We must still beseech men "by the tenderness of Christ."

Not only is tact invaluable in preaching, but in all other religious work. Men can be led when they cannot be driven. The rector beset by a troublesome parishioner applied to the Bishop of London for counsel. The wise Bishop sent back word: "Tell him he's an ass, but do it *kindly*."



Hell Not for Naught. THERE is no half truth whose half falsehood is more constantly concealed than the one which tells us that it is easy to go down hill. Many a sturdy horse will breast willingly the steep ascent at which he will balk badly in the going down. A climber of the Matterhorn tells us that the going up, though slow, is comparatively easy, while the coming down is very trying, dangerous and difficult.

If a man's moral nature were a ball, it might be that it could rush speedily and smoothly down a great decline; but it is not; it is a man's nature; it must go with a jar and a shock at every descending step. The steeper the going down, and the faster we go, the more frequent and the more violent are the remonstrating bumps, which bid us pause. You see there is a kind of work done going down, which is as real and, in its way, as severe as all that for which we are called upon when we would go back to the place from whence we came, or when we would go from that place to one still further on and up. There are resistances to be antagonized in going down as surely as there are difficulties to be met when we go up. There is a labor required for the downward way, which is perhaps harder, and is certainly far more bitter, than all that given to ascend the highest steeps. As Richard Baxter put it, in quaint old English fashion:

Men labor hard for death,
Run themselves out of breath
To overtake it;
Hell is not had for naught;
Destruction's dearly bought
And with great labor sought,
They'll not forsake it.



Capital and Labor. THERE is a survival of the brute in humanity; it shows itself by our almost universal tendency to fight. Perhaps that was one of the influences that led to the shelving of the Arbitration Treaty. War was too choice a morsel to be

given up. But the love of battle appears everywhere ; in every land, every institution, every home, every heart.

Here are two magnificent powers, capital and labor. There is wealth, stored up power, condensed life and energy, affording opportunity for almost limitless blessing, whether it be to dig a canal, build a ship, or print a Bible. The man who has it and is willing to use it in God's way, for man's good,—make room for him. He will live in the joy of his own heart, and die amid many tears.

And labor ; the strong right hand, made by the wisdom of God Himself, that can make a pin or a pyramid, fashion a house and fill it, that builds our cities, tills our wheat-fields, guards our slumbers and at last digs our graves ; a mighty power is this. We trace it on and up, till at last we come to the greatest laborer, God.

Here are these two powers, and what have we done with them ? We have set them to fighting, the very last thing of all to do with them. It is well to dwell together, to serve one another, to emulate each other, to inspire one another, yes, but not to fight each other. The word of Moses should be spoken to them ; sirs, ye are brethren. That word remembered and obeyed would long ago have made this whole world beautiful like heaven. There must come the divine marriage of these two mighty forces, and from their union will be born a new world, with the tears wiped away.

Are there not wisdom and goodness enough in capital and labor to bring about this union ? How many in both ranks are bent on accomplishing this, not the advantage of their own half, but the welfare of the great whole ? Here is room for a fine career, leaders to arise on both sides, with a determination fixed as death itself, that these great powers shall be one. It is not a wild and impossible idea ; it will surely come, it is one of the inevitables. Happy the man or men who lay their hands to this plough, and turn not back. God and man will give them praise.

Miss Willard has a fine word on this theme : "Labor and capital, two hands, the left not so strong, choicer, served by its fellow often, decorated with rings ; the right hand, forceful, vigorous, ready, ingenious. If one gets away from the other, the left or capital is likely to get the worst of it, in the last analysis ; but if they could meet and join their forces, then there would come the very best to each, and if they would but clasp in prayer together what a happy, heavenly place this earth would be."



Christ's Faith in Man. JESUS had great faith in man. He wanted men to believe in Him because he believed in them. It was by His faith in men that Jesus found strength to give Himself for men. The incidents of the Gospels, which manifest the wonderful faith that Jesus awakened in the hearts of the sinful, illustrated, at the same time, His own wonderful faith, which never despaired of sinners. Jesus saw Matthew at the seat of custom—Matthew, a publican ! despised, hated by his neighbors. The pharisee put a sieve over his mouth when he would talk with Matthew, lest the

publican's breath should defile him. He was afraid to breathe the same air that Matthew did unless he sifted it. Now that was not the way to win Matthew. As was natural, the pharisee had no slightest influence with the man. Jesus looked at Matthew, and did not despise him. He believed in him ; Jesus thought that there was something good to be made out of that man. He called unto him : "Come and follow me." Nor was His faith misplaced. Matthew followed Jesus, and became one of the faithful ones. Jesus' great faith in Matthew was as important as Matthew's faith in Jesus. It was so again with the Magdelene ; Christ believed in her when all men thought her lost, and called her so. When Peter denied Jesus, the Master still believed in Peter. Thomas doubted Jesus, but Jesus still had faith in Thomas. Jesus sees the possibilities of good in men, even in their moments of failure and sin. "While we were yet sinners" Christ had faith enough in us to die for us. Oh, the wonderful faith of the Lord Jesus ! Let us not leave that out of account when we think of our own, or of any man's salvation.



The Master and the Mountains. JESUS loved the mountains. On their sides He found a temple in which to pray, and a pulpit from which to preach. For Him heaven seemed to bend down to the mountains as the mountains slipped down to the sea. There He went to wrestle with temptation, and laid the tempter. There He manifested His glory, and communed while yet in the flesh with the spirits of just men made perfect. It was but fitting that they should take Him to the top of a mountain when they crucified Him ; it was fitting that they should lay Him in the grave hollowed in the side of a mountain, when they would bury Him. The hills were the first witnesses of His resurrection. They answered to the angel's summons, and rolled the rock away. To them He called His disciples for the great resurrection meeting with the multitudes of the brethren, and upon the mountains He was parted from them at the last as they gazed up into the heavens. So Jesus loved the mountains, for in their caves He was cradled in infancy, over them He played in boyhood, labored in manhood, on them He died, in them was buried, and from them ascended, and to them He shall come again, when Zion, the city of God, shall be established in the top of the mountains.



A Pilgrimage of Love. By this fair title, "A Pilgrimage of Love," the great Italian writer, Cellino, used to call all the farings forth of chivalry, the journeys of knights, of artists, of saints, of missionaries of the cross. And it was a fitting name ; whether it was the glove of his lady, or the fame of a master painter, or the glory of the cross, which sent the children of those dawning ages up and down through the lands of Europe or of Palestine, it was the right name for their journeyings. Bayard, the knight, without fear and without reproach ; Albrecht Durer, prince of artists, as

the people loved to call him, journeyer into the new and undiscovered lands of oils and etchings ; Francis Xavier, missionary and martyr—pilgrims of love were they, every one of them, knight errants of Lady Charity in all their travels.

It is on such a quest that we would rouse again Christian energies in this end of the later age. We want those who, in art, in study, in service of man, and for the kingdom of God, stand ready to go forth on pilgrimages of love. It takes just such heroism, and it is filled with as true a chivalry and poetry, when this nineteenth century of ours goes forth in love of truth, or love of beauty, or love of man, or love of Christ, on its true mission. When we set our lance in rest to overthrow these robber lords of denominationalism, who rear their castles of strife on every bristling crag of dogmatic opinion, then are we the true descendants of Sir Bayard and of Richard, the Lion Hearted. When we send our young men into Andover houses and Hull houses, or college settlements, right into the heart of social misery, that we may bring in social order, then are we Knights of the Table Round, new Launcelots and Gallahads and Percivals, meeting our age's giants and seeing its holy grails.

If dreams and hopes and fears and great endeavors and strifes with mysterious powers, if these make an age chivalric, then it may well be that the days will come when the world shall look back to this time in which we even now live, and shall prize the memory of it, not as that of a materialistic and sordidly practical time, but as a time of brave romance. When have there been such dreams? When such daring discoveries? When the laying hold of such powers, and the subduing them to the hand of man? When such far-reaching and earnest working devotion in many a noble cause? We see the practicalities of the day, but forget that, indeed, we are girt about with romance. This time of science and engineering of steel spiders' webs across our rivers, and iron floating on the water again, as in the miracles of old ; it is all the dawn of wonderful things.

And in its spiritual dreams and visions, its wrestlings after truth and light, its struggles for a better social order and a broader religious faith, in these supremely, it may well be, we shall be reported as a time that was great in the works of faith, a time that was rich in its pilgrimages of love. No courtier of old ever made a more perfect speech of courtesy than one of the presidents of our American colleges, who, when invited to be present at a dinner given by Louis Phillippe of France, did not answer the invitation, but went to the dinner, and to the king's surprised greeting, "We did not know you were coming ; you did not answer our word," said : "No, Sire ; I thought the king's commands were to be obeyed, not answered." It is in such courtesy that we Christians are to render more perfectly our homage to our God, whom Dante delighted to call "The Lord of Courtesy." His word we reply to, by obeying its injunctions, and so fulfil all truth, all beauty and all duty.

IN BRIEF.

WHAT a favored man the minister is. He has to go to church twice a Sunday, and to every prayer-meeting, and to study the Bible, to visit the sick and afflicted and the dying, and to behave himself like a gentleman, not to get mad, nor to swear, nor lie ; he's a fortunate man.



By the latest reports it appears that in the Church of England there are enrolled as total abstainers, two archbishops, fourteen bishops and thousands of clergymen. Also that one man in every three in the army is an abstainer. Archbishops and Tommy Atkins will make a strong team to carry the temperance flag. On the ocean this summer, the writer of this was delighted to know, that when the sailors were offered grog on the day of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, a large proportion of them chose soda water. You cannot fool all the people all the time.



THESE, therefore, I hold for two fundamental principles of religion, that without seeking, truth cannot be known at all ; and that by seeking, it may be discovered by the simplest. It can neither be declared from pulpits, nor set down in articles, nor in any wise prepared and sold in packages ready for use. In what science is knowledge to be had cheap or truth be told over a velvet cushion, in half an hour's talk every seventh day? As surely as we live, truth can only be discerned by action ; to those who act on what they know, more shall be revealed. Any man—not the man who has the most means of knowing, who has the subtlest brains or sits under the most orthodox preacher, or has his library filled with the most orthodox books—but the man who strives to know, who takes God at His word, and sets himself to dig up the heavenly mystery before the night come when no man can work, beside such a man God stands in more and more visible presence as he toils, and teaches him what no preacher can teach, no earthly authority gainsay. By such a man the preacher himself must be judged.—*Ruskin*.



GOD is one. His names are ten thousand in all the climes and in all nations. Truth is one, holiness is one, love is one ; and let the names be ten thousand in which it is declared. Let the organizations be ten thousand, let the rites and symbols be uncounted. In their analysis, truth is truth all the world over, love is love among Hindus, Christians and Buddhists, and the reign of holiness shall at last draw all unto the wisdom and righteousness of God. All sects shall recognize all sects ; God shall combine all. Men shall allow organizations to remain, but God shall make our hearts to beat in unity, in order that He may be the Father of us all, and we His children to dwell in eternal happiness hereafter.—*Mazoomdar*.



IN an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society and of average health, who had been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth ; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving for alcohol ; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse, and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months' time one-half were free from all their former symptoms and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.—*Science*.

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SALVATION AFTER DEATH.

C. A. BRIGGS, D.D.

No one who knows the Biblical doctrine of salvation can doubt that the divine order of salvation has its place after death as well as before death.

According to Holy Scripture, man lives in three states: he is born into a state of existence in this world; on the day of ultimate resurrection and divine judgment he enters upon his final state of existence; the state intervening between the day of death and the day of resurrection is the Intermediate or Middle State.

It is very commonly supposed that there is little in Holy Scripture to instruct us concerning the Middle State; but that is a mistake due chiefly to the lack of attention given to the subject by Protestant theologians of the generation that is now passing. In fact there is fully as much information on this subject as on many others that are deemed of great importance, such as the Divinity of Christ and the Holy Trinity. The difference is that theologians have constructed these doctrines carefully and with great elaboration by reasoning from the statements of Holy Scripture; and yet traditionalists, who have never reasoned out these, or any other doctrines themselves, but have simply accepted them on trust, from former generations, warn us not to reason from the statements of Holy Scripture about the Middle State, but take them on their minimum of value, or avoid them as very mysterious and uncertain. Students of Christian theology will do no such thing. They will deal with the doctrine of the Middle State in precisely the same way as they deal with other Christian doctrines.

In the Old Testament there is very little relating to the ultimate state. The doctrine of the resurrection of the dead first becomes plain in the Book of Daniel (Chap. 12). The doctrine of Gehenna in antithesis with the New Jerusalem, has its historical origin in connection with the ultimate judgment of those living on the earth; the dead not being mentioned (Is. 66). Reference to the Middle State and the ultimate state in the same passage can be found only in that late Apocalypse, (Is. 24 : 21-22) where the evil angels are imprisoned in the pit during the Middle State until the judgment which introduces the ultimate state. All the numerous other passages in the Old Testament relating to the future life, have to do with the state immediately after death, or the Middle State. This state of existence is described as in a place called Sheol, a subterranean region where the dead live as disembodied ghosts. In the earlier Old Testament literature the righteous and the wicked descend alike to Sheol; in the later literature there seems to be a distinction between Sheol itself and a deeper, darker place called *Abaddon* or Destruction. Job does not anticipate any salvation from his troubles in this life; but he looks beyond death into the Middle State when he will see God, his Redeemer, and he pines away for that redemption (Job 19). Daniel looks for his redemption at the resurrection when he will stand in his inheritance (Dan. 12.)

In the later Jewish theology, before the advent of Christ, the distinction in Sheol between the abode of the righteous and the wicked was sharpened. We see it in the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, where there is an impassable gulf between Abraham's bosom and the place of torment. The happy place is also called Paradise in the promise of Jesus to the dying robber (Luke 23:43). The place of torment is also called *Apoieia* (the Greek for the Hebrew *Abaddon*) in Mt. 7:13, as in the Apocryphal and Pseudepigraphical literature of the Jews, and so distinguished from Gehenna, which is never used for the intermediate place of torment but constantly and alone for the place of torment into which the wicked are cast at the day of judgment. Unfortunately, the English word Hell is commonly used for both Sheol (Hades) and Gehenna, and so great confusion results in the discussion of these subjects.

Jesus Christ came into this world and preached His Gospel of salvation to those then living in the land of Palestine; but He also descended into Sheol (Hades) at death and remained in Hades until His resurrection on the third day (Ps. 16; Acts 2:31-32). He went to Paradise, the happier part of it, with the robber, but He also went to the place of torment and preached to the spirits in prison there (1 Peter 3:19).

This doctrine is set forth in the Apostles' Creed in the phrase, "He descended into Hell," (Greek, Hades—Hebrew, Sheol), and is an ecumenical doctrine which no one can reject without departing from the Catholic faith of Christendom.

Christ's mission to Sheol was a mission of redemption just as was His mission to this world. He was redeemer wherever He went. He also "rose from the dead, ascended into heaven, sat down on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead." His heavenly reign is also a reign of redemption. His judgment does not begin until the reign of grace is over; the work of Christ until the day of judgment is essentially a work of redemption.

There is a well known order of Christian salvation. There are different opinions as to the relative place of certain links in the chain of grace, but no important difference as to the links themselves. They are, on the

divine side, regeneration, justification, adoption, sanctification, resurrection, glorification; on the human side, faith, repentance, Christian hope, holy love, holy conduct. Unless all these links in the chain of grace have been experienced in the life of the Christian, he is in the process of salvation—he is at a certain stage in the order of redemption; but his salvation has not yet been accomplished.

(1) Now it is evident that no Christian, even in an advanced stage of Christian development, departs from this life having previously passed through the entire order of salvation. Therefore he must go on in the process of salvation exactly where he was at the moment of death and complete that process after death. If he has been regenerated and justified, if he has faith and repentance prior to death, he must go through those other processes which may be summed up under Christian sanctification, before he can be raised from the dead and glorified. The resurrection takes place at the beginning of the ultimate state, and glorification during that state; therefore Christian sanctification for all those who have not completed their sanctification in this world, must be completed in the Middle State.

The only question that remains is, whether that completion takes place in a moment, at death, or by a gradual process during the continuance of the Middle State. When we consider that sanctification is a work of God, and not an act of God like justification, and that one of its most characteristic marks is that it is a process over against justification which is instantaneous—we see that to think of immediate sanctification at death is to think of something different from Christian sanctification, which from its very nature must be a process.

There is, indeed, in Holy Scripture, a use of the term sanctification in the sense of consecration, or setting apart as sacred, or holy; in that use, sanctification is a simple act like justification, only it may be repeated, which justification can not. But in its theological use, sanctification means vastly more than that; it means the making of the person holy; the gradual transformation of the whole personality, life and character into not merely a sinless, but a positively and actively complete and morally perfect being.

For all Christians departing this life at various stages in the order of salvation, the Middle State is the state in which they will become perfectly sanctified. This is the view of the Middle State which it is all-important for Christians to take; for so long as they hold the delusion that at death, that is in the moment of death, their sanctification will be instantly completed, no matter how poorly they have lived, if only the root of the matter is in them, there is danger that they will never take any great pains to advance in the holy life in this world. But so soon as they know that their holiness and happiness in the Middle State will depend entirely upon the advance in the holy life they have made in this life, they will make determined efforts to be as pure and holy as possible before they die.

(2) But only a very small proportion of mankind have had a conscious experience of the order of salvation in this life. What shall we say of the great masses who lack that experience? Is there no salvation for them in the Middle State? God forbid!

It has always been a Christian doctrine that the people of Israel who died under the old covenant before the advent of Christ, received their knowledge of Christ, began their personal faith in Him and their advance in the Christian life, long after their own death, in connection with the personal advent of Jesus Christ to them in the abode of the dead. As the epistle to the Hebrews tells

us: "These all, having had witness borne to them through their faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing concerning us, that apart from us they should not be made perfect" (Heb. 11: 39-40). The Old Testament worthies had attained in various measures the order of salvation of the Old Testament dispensation—but they could not make the advance into the Christian stage of salvation until they had remained long in the Middle State and Christ's Gospel came to them there.

(3) But what shall we say of those ancient worthies who served God and died without the knowledge of Hebrew psalmody and wisdom, of those who passed away before the age of the prophets, of those who knew nothing of the Hebrew law and the divine goodness in Hebrew history? Are we to suppose that David after his death made no advance into the higher religion of the prophets and wise men of Israel? Did Moses never get beyond the religious experience of the Exodus? Has Abraham always remained stereotyped in the religion of the patriarchal age? And have Adam and Enoch remained forever antediluvians? It is only sufficient to state the question to make it plain that each one of these and all others, after their death, continued to advance in their religious knowledge and sanctification in the Middle State at least as rapidly as their posterity, whom they left behind them in this world. Otherwise the departed would be shamed by their posterity in ever deepening degree as every successive generation joined them in the realm of the departed. Such an experience would transform any state of blessedness into a state of unspeakable torture. We may be sure that they all have long since learned all that their posterity know and more, and that they are all at least as far on in the Christian religion and in Christian sanctification as their descendants now in this world.

(4) It is well known that a very considerable number of mankind die in infancy, before it is possible for them to have any conscious religious experience. They do not exercise even faith in God in its simplest form. The only thing that can be thought of for them is that the order of salvation has begun for them in regeneration and justification. Those who practise infant baptism and believe in baptismal regeneration may find that the order of salvation begins for the baptized in baptismal regeneration. But what of the vastly greater number of those who die in infancy without baptism? When infant baptism was universal among Christians, the eternal damnation of unbaptized heathen babes was of no more concern than that of heathen adults. However, they were assigned by Christian theologians a separate place in the Middle State called *Limbus Infantum*. But now, when so large a proportion of children in Christian lands die unbaptized and so large a proportion of those who practise baptism do not regard it as a saving ordinance, it is necessary for them to find an order of salvation for infants elsewhere.

Some Roman Catholics think of various substitutes for baptism, which God may graciously use; but Protestants cannot have so simple a solution of the difficulty. It is not difficult for some to believe that these children are regenerated by the Holy Spirit without any external medium. In this case their regeneration begins in this life, but they no less than the Old Testament worthies are first brought face to face with Christ in the Middle State and must exercise their faith and repentance, and pass through all the rest of the order of salvation there. An eminent Baptist theologian thinks that even their regeneration takes place after death. If this be so, it seems necessary to suppose that the first step in the order of salvation for these infants begins after death. A representative ultra-conservative Presbyterian divine recently

taught that all infants dying in infancy were justified without faith. But this mechanical conception has no basis in Holy Scripture, or Catholic theology, and it makes a new kind of justification which is known neither to Roman, Greek nor Protestant Christianity. These infants cannot exercise personal faith and cannot therefore be justified until after death. If we can believe in their secret regeneration in this life their order of salvation may begin here; but if not, the order of their salvation begins in the Middle State.

(5) The vast multitudes of the heathen now demand our attention, vastly more now (not to speak of other ages) than all Christians, real and nominal, combined. It is impossible for modern theologians to think that God would permit all these thousands of millions of mankind to perish for ever. It is difficult, however, to construct a theory upon which they can be saved in accordance with the systems of Christian theology thus far constructed. It seems best to think of them as in various stages of religious advancement according to the light God has given them, and to find that those who are faithful to that light and live in a measure in accordance with what they conceive to be the divine will, are in an ethnic order of salvation, which is lower, it is true, than the Christian and the Hebrew, but which God accepts and which will serve as a basis for the higher Christian salvation, first made known to them in the Middle State. All such, like the pre-Christian Jews and children dying in infancy, know Christ and his salvation for the first time after death in the Middle State and begin the order of Christian salvation there, unless we may believe that in some mysterious way God grants them regeneration in this world before their departure from it. But if we make such a use of the term regeneration, we use it in a sense unknown to Holy Scripture and historic theology.

(6) We may now consider another class of persons, quite numerous in Christian lands and not without representatives, we may believe, in the lower stages of the Jewish and ethnic religions, namely, those under the influence of what theologians call "preparatory grace." They have not yet been regenerated or justified, but die while still under the influence in a measure of the divine grace striving to save them. The question emerges whether the calamity of death, coming more speedily upon them than upon others, ends all the efforts of the divine spirit for their salvation; in other words whether they must, if they have attained the age of responsibility, accept Christ and His salvation before death or be lost forever. This has certainly been the common Christian opinion, based in part on a mistaken interpretation of Holy Scripture, but chiefly on excessive deductions from certain speculations of dogmatic theology. It is doubtful if any one, who has gone thus far with us in our reasoning on the basis of Holy Scripture, will be willing to believe it. It is much more reasonable to suppose that God's preparatory grace, used in part in this life, will be continued after death in the Middle State until it is fully and sufficiently used, and that it will lead to the beginning of the order of salvation there, for such persons who, from a human point of view, have been prematurely cut off from life in this world and its gracious opportunities.

(7) The more difficult and troublesome question remains whether those in Christian lands who have definitely rejected salvation in this life, and those in heathen lands who have shut their eyes to the light shining from God in their religion, will have another opportunity of salvation in the Middle State. Before we can safely confront this question it is necessary to guard ourselves on two sides. On the one side Jesus tells us of an eternal, an

unpardonable sin. We must therefore conclude that there are some of our race who will, by their own sinful act, cut themselves off forever from all further opportunities of salvation. On the other side we have to reflect that it is seldom, if ever, that we can know whether any particular person has finally rejected salvation in any of the stages in which he may be placed. We can no longer say that in Christian lands a person must be baptized or be what is called a professing Christian hold to certain Christian dogmas, and engage in certain Christian ecclesiastical practices, in order to salvation; for it is well known that all the ecclesiastical establishments put barriers in the way of men's faith, which are in the interests of those establishments rather than in the interest of the salvation of men, and that, therefore, persons outside those barriers, and even unfriendly towards the establishments which exclude them, may yet be Christians and even better Christians than some of those who exclude them. The same may be said of those in the ethnic religions, who do not walk in the way of the priestly establishments of those religions, who may yet be in the way of salvation outside of its established forms and orders. We can no longer think that any religious establishment in this world has now, or ever has had, the last word to say as to the salvation of any one. Jesus Christ knows who are His, and we may be sure that He knows multitudes unknown to those who claim to represent Him here on earth.

With these two sides of the question carefully guarded, what shall we now say of those who, to the mind of Christ, have definitely rejected salvation in this life? Shall they have another opportunity of salvation in the future life?

(a) Some have argued in the affirmative on the ground of human liberty and the right of human probation. Those who think that this life is a probation, and have an adequate knowledge of the Middle State, will think that probation continues in the Middle State until it results in the salvation or ruin of every individual by his own personal choice and decision.

They cannot believe that probation will be limited to so short a time in this life for such a multitude of people with such slender opportunities in the midst of such a severe strain of distress and temptation when it involves eternal salvation. Such a probation would be a sham, a mockery, no true and adequate probation at all. For a probation, to be really such, must be adequate to the end in view.

(b) But this theory of probation is a modern theory, introduced by the Arminian Whitby, given wider currency by Bishop Butler, and so commonly used in modern apologetical theology. It may be used by Semi Calvinists, but cannot find a place in a really Calvinistic system. The term most appropriate for the consideration of this question is the Biblical term discipline, training. God in his infinite goodness is training the individual, the nations, our race, indeed the universe, in various stages of redemption. He does not train in vain. Some in the various stages of redemption are cast aside as incorrigibly bad, incapable of further discipline, but this does not stay the advancement of others. The Calvinist thinks that to all those whom God has regenerated, or to whom he has given the first link in the chain of grace, he will give every link of the chain even to the end. More than this, the Calvinist thinks that the salvation of every individual begins in the divine election before the ages. If this be so, it is not difficult for him also to believe that those who have died while under the influence of preparatory grace will be prepared by that grace in the Middle State and carried on to perfect salvation. The true Calvinist, who holds firmly to the doctrine of the Middle State, has no difficulty

with the beginning of the order of Christian salvation for infants, pre-Christian Jews, heathen and semi-heathen in Christian lands, in the Middle State. The supreme question is whether they belong to the election of grace. He sees no sufficient reason why we should insist, in the interests of human freedom, that a door should be left open for the rejecting of Christ and his salvation by any one in the Middle State. It is sufficient to believe that all the processes of redemption beginning in this world, which have not utterly failed here owing to the perversity and incorrigibility of the individual, will be continued in the Middle State and carried on to their completion in the sanctification and glorification of all the elect.

(c) Most men in our days are what may be called Semi-Calvinists, and they occupy a position intermediate between Calvinism and Arminianism. Such, so soon as their eyes are opened to the significance of the Middle State, will think that in some way even those whom Christ himself regards as having rejected salvation, those who may fairly be regarded as impenitent, will not be cut off from the influence of saving grace in the Middle State. The great theologian, Dörner, thinks that only those will be lost forever who definitely, finally and deliberately, in view of all the consequences and with the greatest opportunities of salvation, reject Christ and His salvation. All other minor stages of rejection will lead to greater opportunities until the supreme moment when the final decision must be made. Virtually, only those who commit the so-called eternal and unpardonable sin will be ultimately lost. This theory involves a series of minor rejections of Christ for multitudes in the Middle State until the final decision has been made. Others, who are not quite prepared for this dogmatic speculation, still think that there must be opportunities for the acceptance or rejection of salvation in the Middle State. They argue on the basis of the preaching of Christ to the spirits imprisoned. If Christ gave these antediluvians, who had been hurled into the prison of the Middle State by the divine judgment of the deluge, another opportunity of salvation, is it not reasonable to conclude that he would give others less guilty than these, similar opportunities. It is not sufficient to point to the chasm between Abraham's bosom and the place of torment, for that describes Hades prior to the descent of Christ thither, and Peter tells us that Christ subsequently crossed that chasm, and His crossing it as a redeemer in all probability made as great a saving change there as His advent to this world made in this world. This preaching of Christ to the spirits in prison and the teaching of Christ as to the one unpardonable sin, are the chief bases in Holy Scripture for the modern efforts to find further opportunities of salvation in the Middle State for those who have departed this life and gone into the place of punishment.

The view that I take is the Calvinistic view. But who can censure severely those who take what may be called the Arminian or the semi-Calvinistic and Lutheran views? These have all of them more support in Holy Scripture and in sound reason, and are much less worthy of reprobation than that narrow, unscriptural speculation of the scholastic dogmatists and their allies, who deem it essential to the Christian religion to consign the vast majority of mankind to the fires of Hell, or who strive to increase the number of the saved by unbiblical and unhistorical transformations of the Christian doctrines of regeneration, justification and sanctification. Even the Roman Catholic view is greatly to be preferred to that uncharitable speculation, which has made death a terror to many Christians, and which has deprived them of the comforts of a faith, for themselves and others, in a real,

active life of service of Christ and humanity immediately after death, and of a well grounded hope of the salvation of their babes and their friends who have departed this life without giving sufficient evidence that their salvation had begun here. The larger outlook in science, philosophy, history and biblical theology; an increased knowledge of man and of nature, of this globe and of the universe, and still more of the infinitely holy and loving God of all goodness and grace—all justify us in holding to a much larger hope of human salvation in the future life than former ages were able to conceive or imagine.

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AN AGE OF DOUBT.

F. W. HEWES.

THERE comes from many pulpits, and from many writers, an implication, and from some an assertion, that this is an age of doubt. To know what this means it becomes necessary to analyze the thought of the preacher and of the writer. If this analysis proves that religion and theology are so mingled in thought that the author of the declaration cannot separate them in his own mind, then there is no hope of convincing him that he has mistaken a shadow for a reality.

To the plain layman *religion* is something which results in a life founded on such just principles as to find universal acceptance among all civilized peoples; while theology is a bundle of theories about the nature of God and the doctrines of religious teaching, which are ever in discussion accepted at one date and rejected at another.

The one is food, which, partaken of, gives life and strength. The other is a mere chemical analysis of the food, which, whether true or false, in no wise changes the nature of the food, and has no possibility of giving life.

Each individual of the whole created population of earth recognizes the lifegiving power of food, partakes of it for his own sustenance, and heartily commends it to his neighbor; while he accepts as correct, or disputes as erroneous, or wholly ignores the analysis, or analyses, which zealous chemists furnish to prove or disprove the qualities of the food which sustains his physical life.

So with religion. All men, everywhere, accept that "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." To put it another way: every man of sane mind claims for himself in his affliction, that you and I should "visit" him; and that in all our relations of life you and I ought to keep ourselves "unspotted from the world." Claiming this from us, he accepts it for himself, for every true man requires of himself the same conduct which he requires of his fellowmen.

This broad assertion of the universal recognition of "pure religion" by all civilized men needs only the actual test to prove its truth. Let the "fatherless and widows" come into "affliction" anywhere, in any grade of society, and it is only the rare exception, the utterly depraved, that will not "visit" (administer to) them, rendering to their utmost all the aid and comfort implied in that word "visit." Many times, foremost among these comforters and helpers are those who are most emphatic in their denunciations of theology.

The roughest cowboys, the most careless lumbermen or miners of the West, and the most hopeless slum residents of the East, are quite as keenly active in this phase

of practical religion as are the most ardent writers and speakers, and the most favored and cultured members of the community.

Nor will these same "unwashed" men take second place in demanding of their neighbors and associates, in all their mutual relations, that upright dealing, that charitable judgment, and that righteous conduct taught in the Sermon on the Mount, which constitutes the "unspotted from the world" part of religion. They acknowledge no manner of doubt as to the truth of religion in its either phase.

The writer does not find men of any class or condition, from the lowest to the highest, from the most ignorant to the most learned, in any sense denying (doubting) the truths of religion. He does, however, find them in large numbers denying or ignoring the claims of theology. He does find them either ignorant of, or denying the many doctrines which theology substitutes for religion.

If it be claimed for theology that this is "an age of doubt," the claim is undeniably fully justified. If it be claimed that, touching religion, this is "an age of doubt," the claim finds no support, either in individual acknowledgment or national belief. If Christ's assertion, "by their fruits shall ye know them," be true, then there has never been an age in which religion has had so strong a hold on the world as *to-day*.

The provisions for the care of the "afflicted" of earth are multiplied and improved, and watched over as never before. This could come to pass only because of a fuller recognition of the meaning of the injunction to "visit" the afflicted ones. Nor can this fact be removed from the judgment of the case by claiming that this larger obedience of the injunction is due to the efforts of a few individuals; for nothing but a fuller recognition and practical application of religion has produced the few individuals. All previous recognition of religion in former ages did not produce them, hence, taking even so narrow a view, the fact remains of an evidence of a wider acceptance of religion than ever before.

Every thoughtful man, however, well knows that while a comparatively few persons are the prime movers in these practical public applications of religion, yet these few could not alone have enacted the laws and enlisted the aid to accomplish these results. The votes of legislators must be given, and the money of taxpayers must contribute to carry out these plans; and legislators would not vote to put such plans into operation, unless they had good reason to believe that taxpayers would approve. Both the vote and the approval are proof of conviction.

Another proof of the growth of the acceptance of the religion of Jesus Christ, who taught peace as one of the fundamentals of religion, is the attitude of the civilized nations of the world toward international arbitration. No other age has presented so practical a proposition for the abandonment of war, and at no other period has there been so earnest a demand for its adoption from the great body of civilized peoples as *to-day*.

Nor may it be claimed that the definition of religion thus made the basis of judgment is limited. There can be none outside of the afflicted (whom we are to "visit") and the afflicted (among whom we are to keep ourselves "unspotted"). Further, this definition reminds us that, in all our relations with both afflicted and unafflicted, all is to be done as in view of the great Judge: "Before God and the Father." Christ's own phrasing of the definition is: "Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." Micah puts it in the interrogative form: "What does God require of thee, oh man, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with

thy God?" All other definitions of religion in the whole Bible are but varying expressions of the assertion that the requirements of religion demand simply a pure, kindly, conscientious life.

It is true, this is a large demand. One that is not easily met. At the same time, it is what each one demands of his neighbor, and he has no manner of doubt as to the complete justice of his demand, nor does his neighbor deny its justice. When we shall have reached an age which hesitates to demand that the afflicted are to be visited, and that men and women and children are to live clean lives, then we shall be in an age of doubt as to religion.

As to theology—the chemical analysis, or the printed formula about religion—it matters little whether it be doubted and changed more in this age than in past ages. If all chemical analyses of food were utterly destroyed, food would still sustain life, as it had done long ages before chemistry was known; and yet a true chemistry is a great aid in the use of food.

Were all the theology of all the ages annihilated, the practical application of religion would still heal the aching heart, and cleanse the darkened life; and in all the world there is no doubt of this truth; but there certainly is grave doubt touching the formulas and contradictory dogmas which theology substitutes for religion.

East Orange, N. J.



JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL ON RELIGION.

IN *Christian Thought*, James Russell Lowell expresses this vigorous opinion:

"The worst kind of religion is no religion at all, and men living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in 'the amusement of going without religion,' may be thankful that they live in lands where the Gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of skepticism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a Creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in comfort and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted; a place where age is revered, infancy loved, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard; when skeptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the Gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way and laid the foundation and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the skeptical to move thither and there ventilate their views. But so long as these men are dependent upon the religion which they discard for every privilege they enjoy, they may well hesitate before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of its faith in that Saviour who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom."



"THE meek, the just, the pious, the devout are all of one religion."—*William Penn.*

FRAGMENTS OF CRITICISM.

HENRY PRESERVED SMITH, D. D.

*X.—THE CRITICISM OF AN ANTICRITIC.

THE wonderful science of the palaeontologist is often spoken of—a science that enables a man from a fossil tooth to say what sort of an animal once existed, reconstructing the anatomy which has now (except one fragment) perished. There is no reason why criticism should be less expert. What remains to us of ancient civilizations stood in organic relations to its environment. To reconstruct the environment is easy if one has knowledge enough. But to have knowledge enough is necessary; without the knowledge the criticism is apt to be crude, fanciful, or even ridiculous. In this, as in other sciences, there is danger to the dilettante, and in this as in other sciences the less instructed or the less balanced mind is attracted by the more difficult field.

The latest instance of this fact is presented to us by the book of Prof. Hommel, which I mentioned in the preceding paper of this series. I do not question the scholarship of the professor. But as a higher critic he is a dilettante—his scholarship has been acquired and exercised in a different field from the one in which it now displays itself. The consequence is that he has made of himself a terrible example of the faults against which the critic should be on his guard, and it may not be unprofitable to illustrate those faults from his book.

1. It is a fault in criticism if the scholar confines his argument to a single point, especially if that be an obscure one. As remarked last month, the modern critical theory of the Old Testament makes a complete and symmetrical system. Its parts fit into and strengthen each other. To take one minute point and invalidate it will not shake the system as a whole, any more than to draw one nail out of a house will bring the house to the ground. But this is very like what Prof. Hommel is doing. Let us see!

In the critical investigation of the book of Genesis we come upon a peculiar story. It is the fourteenth chapter, which relates the invasion of Palestine from the East, the defeat of the King of Sodom and his allies, the capture of Lot by the invaders, and his rescue by Abraham. It will scarcely be denied by the serious student that the piece differs markedly from its surroundings. Everywhere else Abraham appears as a peaceful nomad shepherd. He has flocks and herds, and of course servants. But they nowhere make war on any one. Abraham is a quiet, one might say timid, man who tries always to establish friendly relations with the people among which he sojourns. To see him as a warrior at the head of a band of 318 of his own retainers, besides his Canaanite confederates, is a surprise to us. Moved by these considerations, recent critics have supposed this section to be a comparatively late addition to the patriarchal narratives, and it cannot be denied that some of them have expressed grave doubts as to its historical accuracy.

*This is the tenth of a series of articles by Dr. Smith on the Higher Criticism, which began in the February number. The subjects of the previous articles were: I. "What is a Document?"; II. "The Two Histories of Israel"; III. "The Question of Isaiah"; IV. "Saul and David"; V. "The Three Codes"; VI. "The Temple Hymn-Book"; VII. "The Importance of Ezekiel"; VIII. "A Pessimistic Preacher"; IX. "Ilypercritics and Anticritics."

It is at this point that Prof. Hommel sets in. His book is (like that of Prof. Sayce) largely an argument for the accuracy of this account, which accuracy he thinks is proved by the Assyrian inscriptions. Now, I do not need to say that every thoughtful scholar will welcome all the light that can be got from the inscriptions. By liberal use of conjecture, Prof. Hommel shows that the proper names of Chedorlaomer and his allies are found in the Assyrian inscriptions of a time not far from that of Abraham. We are delighted to know it. But when we ask whether this is a result on which one can safely predict (as our author does) the overthrow of a whole school of criticism, we are compelled to confess that it is not. The analysis of the Pentateuch is left just where it was; the three codes are not disturbed in their sharply-defined features; the characteristics of the whole book are the same as before. Prof. Hommel entirely overrates the importance of his conclusions when he says: "One understands now how just this fourteenth chapter of Genesis has become a Shibboleth for the two tendencies in Old Testament inquiry. The authenticity of an account like this implies the annihilation of the now fashionable view of the credibility of the traditions of ancient Israel." Any one who knows the state of the question will see that this is simply not true.

2. The critic should be able to recognize the real force of his assertions. Otherwise he may unconsciously fall into the very errors he wishes to avoid. Our professor lays himself open to this very charge. He is defending the trustworthiness of a certain document. Yet the very first thing he does is to alter the text of the document itself on purely conjectural grounds, so as to make it say something very different from the "authentic" text now in our hands. First he inserts a clause on the ground of a New Testament passage. He then analyzes the account and finds in it two different documents—something the most radical of the critics have not yet done—and finally he corrects the text so as to give the speech of the King of Sodom to Melchizedek, entirely changing the closing scene of the narrative. It will be hard to find anything in the wildest critic more arbitrary than this procedure. It is not too much to say that if these steps be justified the Old Testament documents are less reliable than any critic supposes them to be, and the author who allows himself these liberties can scarcely defend their authenticity.

It is not on this one point alone that the anticritic out-critics the critics. He scarcely touches anything without adorning it with some hypothesis of his own. He conjectures, for example, that Moses took the name of an Egyptian god, Jo or Jahn (Yo or Yahn), and transformed it into the name of Israel's God Jehovah (Yahweh). This is not the first time that defenders of the Bible have asserted the Egyptian origin of the religion of Moses. And yet if they would stop to think, such a theory is as destructive of the credibility of the Pentateuch as is the most advanced theory of the moderns. For it is plain on the face of the narrative that Moses received both the name of Israel's God and a knowledge of His nature by direct revelation from God Himself.

Another equally troublesome conjecture of the author,

and one on which he prides himself, is that the land of Goshen included southern Judah. But what then becomes of the "Traditions of Israel?" For it needs no argument to prove that the theory of the Pentateuch is that Israel dwelt altogether in Egypt, beyond the Red Sea, until the time of Moses and that he brought them out of Egypt in a body; they did not see the south of Judah until they approached it from the wilderness, and then were driven back after an unsuccessful attempt to take it. Let the scholar prove the credibility of Genesis xiv., what does that avail if he at the same time destroys the whole story of the Exodus?

3. It would seem self evident that the critic should recognize the precarious nature of the argument from premises which are themselves precarious. One scarcely believes his eyes when he reads a statement like the following: "In spite of the many higher and lower divinities with which Babylonian polytheism is filled, we find here [in the time of Abraham] substantially only the moon, the sun, and the air. . . . And if, instead of moon, sun or Ramman, we found only *ilu* (God), then that which is expressed [in the Babylonian proper names] would represent the purest and noblest monotheism." This is simply begging the question, for the author goes on to argue as if he had proved the existence of monotheism in the time of Abraham. And this is not the only case in which a hypothetical state of things is made to support an important conclusion. Abraham, we are told, went from the midst of a religion which was essentially monotheistic: "By Abraham's emigration *this* higher and better faith was protected from absorption in the Babylonian polytheism into which otherwise it would have hopelessly fallen." Here again the supposed defender of the faith strikes a blow at the very credibility he set out to establish. For it needs no argument to show that the Scripture writers believe that Abraham was called out of heathenism to establish a new and pure faith, not to conserve that which he had received from his contemporaries.

Perhaps I have given too much attention to a book that really deserves to be forgotten as quickly as possible. When one contrasts with it such a work as the late W. Robertson Smith's "Old Testament in the Jewish Church," one sees that the advantage of logic, of judgment, of sound scholarship, of sobriety, is on the side not of the anticritic but of the critic.



CHRISTLINESS.

ELBRIDGE GALE.

THERE must be somewhere a common bond, a universal tie, binding all the members of God's spiritual kingdom. May not the "life creed" idea have been the right one? May it not be that many shall yet be reached in that way? I think so. Whatever form such a creed may finally assume, this much seems quite certain. It must be brief, simple, terse, comprehensive, and will surely embrace the idea of Christliness. Do the conditions call for anything more. Let us see whether it may not be wise to begin with that idea alone.

All that we know positively of salvation, whether relating to the present or the future, to the individual or the nation, is centered in that one word. It matters not what creed or declaration of faith may be held, what profession may be made, or forms of worship may be adopted, we will have to come at last to the all-embracing idea of Christliness in the life. As we go back through the ages

we shall find this the only measure of blessing for the man or the nation. That which in all the past lacked Christliness, individual or national, has gone down into a tomb from which there is no promise of resurrection. Begin where you please in the survey of the field of religious thought, wander through all the avenues, lanes, ways and byways of theological discussion and belief, until you can trudge no longer for very weariness, you will find that we have come at last to that ultimate measure of all religion, Christliness in the life. When that fails all fails. When that crucial test stands, names and creeds and forms pass for little. Let the pulpit echo and re-echo her dogmas, let the religious press come loaded with the regular burden of charges and counter-charges for all who will not conform, make all the excuses that we can for a modified sectarianism, let us turn all the eloquence of the pulpit, and all the power of the press, to the building up of our church, but in the last analysis only the pure gold of Christliness will be found in the crucible. In the great problem of a religious life all else must be eliminated.

Then why build up on these changing and transient factors the church lines until every little village even is torn into shreds? Why tax overloaded labor to keep up these divisions? Why impose these on the heathen world? Before the great ends of the kingdom of God can be reached, these questions will have to be answered.

However much we may search, we shall find no substitute for Christliness. We need simply to accept and live by this fact that no Christian life, whatever may be the profession or faith, can reach higher or go beyond Christliness in the life.

Mangonia, Fla.



NORTHFIELD.

REV. ALLEN F. DE CAMP.

NORTHFIELD is located near the north central border of the state of Massachusetts, in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut river. The conventions are held at East Northfield, a mile from Northfield village, where is located the seminary for young ladies.

The name of Dwight L. Moody is inseparably associated with the place. It does one good to see, to hear, and to converse with a man like Moody, who once was so unskilled in public speech that the officers requested that he keep silent in the prayer-meeting of the church which he had joined. He, however, could not be silenced; he kept right on, and became pastor of a Chicago church; then an evangelist of national reputation; then an evangelist of international renown; later, with the money derived from the sale of Gospel hymns and the munificence of Christian friends, he built the Northfield Girls' Seminary, at which a young woman can be educated for a year at a cost, to her, of \$100. Later still, a school for boys at Mt. Hermon, five miles distant, was established, which institutions stand for hundreds of thousands of dollars, and cannot receive many who apply for admission, because of lack of room.

Among the most important achievements of this man of God is the establishment of the Northfield Conferences, for the deepening of the spiritual life. Mr. Moody is a born general, and, therefore, is able to recognize salient points, key positions. He seeks to lead and to inspire the leaders of men; Christians, students, ministers. The present was the fifteenth year of these conferences. A ten days' conference for male students was succeeded by a two weeks' conference for female students, and this was succeeded by the general conference, held from July 29th

to August 16th, which it was my privilege to attend. At the young men's conference were 700; at the young ladies', 400; while the general conference was attended by thousands.

Tents, the girls' dormitories, the gymnasium and the village homes, all were brought into requisition for the entertainment of visitors, who were cared for at an expense of from \$5 to \$10 per week.

The principal meetings were in the Auditorium, which seats 2,500. Two thousand people were in attendance there, twice daily, for two weeks. Mr. Moody was present at these meetings, though I heard him preach but once, and then only to fill a vacancy. There seemed to be no humbler or hungrier spirit than his in all the multitude. He had two chief aims:

(1) That, as far as possible, the visitors should tarry through the entire conference. To this end, he early informed us that there would be no good trains out of Northfield for two weeks.

(2) That everybody would arrange to attend the 10 A.M. service. He exhorted us to let everything else go, if necessary, but be sure and be on hand for that, fresh and ready.

I cannot do better than to give some idea of this preëminent service, which was held from 10-12 A.M.

First, there was a half-hour service of song. Messrs. Sankey and Stebbins, a chorus choir of one hundred voices, a talented male quartette and some first-class solo voices were ever at hand, so that the music, which was participated in generally by the great congregation, was of a very superior order. After the service of song, several prayers were offered for a blessing upon the exposition of the word to follow, after which the service was in the hands of two British Presbyterian clergymen of London, Rev. G. Campbell Morgan and the Rev. G. H. C. McGregor. These men were both thirty-three years of age, and had never met, but for one hour in London, previous to their coming together at Northfield.

The platform being now left to the two preachers, one would step forward and utter a brief prayer, after which he proceeded to preach a powerful Biblical sermon, about thirty-five minutes long, at the close of which he sat down, and the other clergyman, rising, offered a brief prayer for blessing upon the sermon just uttered, and immediately proceeded to preach another discourse, of similar length and tenor, at the conclusion of which the first preacher stepped forward and offered a brief prayer for the divine blessing upon the service just held, concluding with the benediction, when the congregation dispersed.

Was not this long service tiresome? The two thousand people, regularly in attendance, seemed to say "no," and certainly it was not tiresome to me!

Why? For several reasons. The weather was just perfect. The assembly was a worshipping throng; the common idea in every mind was to honor Almighty God, and consequently, the Holy Spirit, who is the rest giver, was present with his aid. Further, the preachers were men of extraordinary ability naturally, and especially for unfolding the Scriptures. Besides, they were spiritual men, preaching their own experience of the truth; and last, but not least, they treated the most interesting subject in all the Bible, viz: "Holiness." This specific term was seldom used by this pair of preachers, they preferring Scripture terms, as "the Christian life," or "the life in Christ."

They taught that the soul of the Christian should so prosper and be in such health that he should be sinless, in the sense that God should keep him from the commission of known sin. Sin was defined as the doing of things we

believed were wrong, the failing to do things we believed should be done, and also the doing of things concerning the propriety of doing which we are in doubt, for "whatsoever is not of faith is sin!" Thus, you see, the standard set for deliverance was very high!

It was not taught that all depravity is in this life eradicated from our nature, and that a man can be holy as God is holy; but that Christ in the Christian's soul may, and should, say to every temptation to sin: "Get thee behind me, Satan." The teaching is not that holiness rids one from temptation, but the contrary, the holiest man upon earth being he who is most constantly and subtly tempted, Jesus, our Savior, probably having been the most sorely tempted of all the sons of men.

From this you will see that it is not sinful to be tempted. Evil thoughts, wicked suggestions touch our minds, in spite of all we can do. The question is, What do we do with these evil thoughts? Do we harbor and cherish them, or do we instantly say: "Get thee behind me, Satan?" "We cannot prevent birds from flying over our heads, but we can prevent their nesting in our hair!"

Now I hear some one asking, Where is the authority for such doctrine? and the answer of these preachers was, in the Word of God!

In searching the Bible for this truth, we were exhorted to lay aside our prejudices. Not to discredit perfection, because the doctrine has been abused. Nor yet for the false teaching that Christ only means us to be as good as we can, or the flimsy excuse that we are not under the law, but under grace; as if the ethical code of love was not higher than law, Jesus more gracious than Moses. While Moses said "You shall not sin," Jesus said "You shall not *desire* to sin!" The word of the Master, not to the multitude but to his disciples is, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Do not the Scriptures teach that "all things are ours," even to life and death and things to come? That God is able to make all grace abound unto us? That we may be kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation? Did not Paul pray that certain disciples might be sanctified wholly, that their body, soul and spirit might be preserved blameless unto the coming of the Lord Jesus? Is not the transcendent fact that upon Mount Calvary Jesus liberated sufficient of the dynamic of life for the salvation of the world? Was not the Comforter promised to lead men into all truth? And did he not come and marvelously bless certain, among them Paul, who could cry not only, but live the cry, "I glory in my infirmities, because so the power of Christ doth rest upon me!"; "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me!"; "Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ!"

Is not the philosophy of Christianity this, that we are so to abide in Christ that his life shall be our life as truly as the life of the branch is the life of the vine? I think so. Men and women, this precious doctrine, treated at Northfield, seems to be the practical doctrine of the Word of God.

How then can we be blameless? We must be indissolubly united to Christ. Not as mother and child are united, for they soon begin to grow apart, but as the branch and vine unite. This union is effected, not by striving and toiling and doing the best we can, but by submitting ourselves absolutely and irrevocably to the Savior. Not primarily that we may be comforted, nor that we may be useful in behalf of others, but in order that we ourselves may get right with God. God is absolutely sovereign; He is the potter, we the clay, and He who brought us into life and being has a right to take us out if he pleases, and none shall say Him nay. He has

the right, if he chooses, to remand us to a lower order of beings.

This is bottom fact ; as we grasp and are grasped by it, we shall become humble and able to learn the meaning of the expression, "entire abandonment of self unto God," that He who has the right may work His pleasure in me and in mine. He may make us soul savers, He will if he pleases ; but He may send us to human failure and contumely, all of which is His business and not ours. He sent better men than we are to human dishonor—Stephen to stoning, Paul to the headsman's block, and Peter to crucifixion ! To save a soul from sin is no child's play ; it cost the death of the Son of God on Calvary, and it will cost the death of self in us. Are we willing, willing to reckon ourselves dead to sin ?

If we are, we shall become alive unto God ! This higher life is not an attainment, but an obtainment ; it means the possession of God—my beloved is mine and I am His. Christ will reproduce Himself in us. "Christ liveth in me." God will not give a blessing, but will give Himself !

God is love ! I am clay in the hand of the potter, *i. e.*, I am clay in the hands of love. I find Him love by obeying His law, for law is His love fencing me round. As we learned to love our father and mother by honoring their behests, so is it with God. As we submit absolutely to God, without counting the cost, we come to abide in Him forever. We are not merely resigned to His will ; we do not acquiesce in His will, but, like Jesus, we delight to do His will ! Then comes salvation, "the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ."

In the third chapter of John we have water sufficient to baptize a man. In the fourth chapter we have a well of water springing up into everlasting life ; but in the seventh chapter we have "rivers of living water !" "He that believeth in Me, out of him shall flow rivers of living water !"

Nearly all the processes in the arts and sciences of one hundred years ago have been discarded, while those in the churches have remained unchanged. The secular world moves by steam and electricity ; the church still travels afoot. The most striking fact of Keswick and Northfield is that these great gatherings are attended by Christians, and by an earnest class of Christians, too, who are seeking for a better way. The preachers in these places are those who were once as we are now, but have been lifted by the grace of God ; so that they have, as it were, a new religion and a new Christ, surpassing the old as light surpasseth the darkness ; and the message is, that the blessing of mounting with wings as eagles, running without weariness, walking and not fainting, is for us, for all of us, who desire it more than anything, or all things else !

Elmira, N. Y.



TEMPTATIONS.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Was the trial sore ?

Temptation sharp ? Thank God a second time !
Why comes temptation but for man to meet
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,
And so be pedestalled in triumph ? Pray
"Lead us into no such temptations, Lord !"
Yea, but O Thou, whose servants are the bold,
Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
Reluctant dragons, up to who dares fight,
That so he may do battle and have praise !

A NEW PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM A EUROPEAN ADVOCATE
OF A NEW PARLIAMENT IN 1900.

[Reprinted, by permission, from the October number of
"Century Magazine."]

WHEN, in 1893, the news came that a Parliament of Religions was in session at Chicago in one of the palaces of the Columbian Exposition, it gave old Europe a great and almost anxious feeling of surprise. We were told that before an assemblage of thousands, surrounded by one hundred and seventy representatives of the most diverse religions, Cardinal Gibbons had risen, his fine and gentle face set off and illumined by the scarlet of his cardinal's robe, his eyes beaming with celestial joy, and had recited the Paternoster, in the silence, as it were, of a sanctuary. The whole assembly had accepted *that* prayer as "the universal prayer."

The Parliament of Religions, however, did not limit itself merely to this solemn and ideal manifestation. Following a very practical and precise program, the representatives of religious humanity, in their various sessions occupying seventeen days, studied the gravest problems of the present time. They spoke only of agreement, conciliation, souls, union, and fraternity. It was the first council where there was neither disputes nor anathemas.

Now, although Mr. Charles Bonney, a religious-minded thinker, was the first to propose the idea of a Parliament of Religions, and the Rev. Dr. Barrows, a Protestant minister, was its practical and effective organizer, yet it is but just to recognize that the co-operation of the Catholic Church in the United States made it a possibility, and assured its success.

As for the advantages which may have resulted from the Parliament of Religions, Mgr. Keane, who was obliged to attend the International Scientific Congress of Catholics at Brussels (September, 1894), in order to defend the great work of the American bishops against the attacks of the Jesuits and the non-compromising spirits (*intransigents*) of the Church, set them forth thus in an eloquent discourse: "Mankind begins to detest hatred and hostility ever more and more. Humanity is making an undeniable effort toward milder forms and a more prolific blossoming of charity. And is it not the aim of religion to unite man with God and with his brethren ? Religion is charity. Even though we may not be able to agree on questions of faith, may it not be possible to come to terms on charity ? It would be much to give even *this* lesson to Christians: that in order to love God it is not necessary to hate one's brother who does not love him in just the way we do ; that so as to be faithful to our belief, it is not necessary to be at war with a hundred who understand faith differently. But there was another very desirable utility—that of uniting the protest of every form of religious belief against materialism and agnosticism, against all forms of irreligion and unbelief, and thereby showing how contrary these things are to the fundamental ideas of mankind and its happiness."

Might not old Europe, renouncing her past contentions, renew so great an act of generosity, liberality, and progress, and convoke a new Parliament or Universal Congress of Religions ? That is the question which some French Catholics, Protestants, and Israelites asked one another. The year 1900 is to be glorified by the Universal Exposition at Paris, and it will rest on the apex of two centuries. Why should it not be chosen to mark the date of an immense religious rendezvous, where all believers might make a sole and same declaration of faith, "I be-

lieve in God"; and unite in a sole and same prayer, "Our Father, who art in heaven"?

Above all, at the present time, while problems of social transformation are engrossing and carrying away all minds, it is the duty of those representing the moral and religious ideal in this world to recall the fact that religion, whatever may be said to the contrary notwithstanding, has molded the soul of humanity in the past, has stamped its deep impression in the flesh and blood of all the generations whose heirs we are; and hence no dreams for reorganizing the world can afford to neglect the indestructible element of mystic aspirations.

The social benefit of these aspirations is incontestable. They alone are able to preserve a trace of idealism for us in the terrible struggle for life which, without them, would be merely material, brutal, and ferocious. "For the immense majority of men," said Renan, "established religion constitutes the only share in their lives given to the worship of the ideal. To suppress or weaken this sole and great remembrance of nobility, in the classes deprived of other means of education, would be to debase human nature and take away the sign that distinguishes it essentially from animals."

The inspiration most needed by humanity in our terrible times is surely that of charity, brotherly love, justice, and social solidarity. But whatever theories the sociologists may frame, those sentiments can have a solid foundation only in the supreme religion of the paternity of God and the fraternity of men.

The proclamation of this humanitarian religion, because it is best fitted for the social needs of the present time, would assuredly not imply the renunciation of more complete beliefs that go beyond it. There would be no recantations or vague compromises of doctrine. Every believer would keep his complete faith.

The very principle of a Parliament of Religions would be to proclaim the respect due to every sincerely pious conscience, and to every religion, in the individual form it takes in each conscience. Faith would be considered less on its absolute, and more on man's side, in relation to his heart and intelligence. Without failing to recognize the value and the rights of metaphysical truth, subjective or moral truth would be declared to be more important. It would be less a question about truth than about sincerity. Faith and sincere conviction would command every one's veneration.

If it were said that this is going too far, that this is in a manner recognizing the equal value of all religions, we can reply: "No; all religions are not equally valuable; but all honest and sincere consciences are, and they have the right to demand the respect due their free convictions." It would be impossible to maintain the equal value of all religions, as regards their dogmatic assertions, in the absolute, but the equal dignity of religious consciences is an undeniable principle. The very nature of the Parliament forbids the discussion of the absolute truth of creeds. The gaps in one denomination's creed would not be considered any more than the superiority of another. Yet the mere spectacle of believers of such various faiths in session in one and the same assembly would proclaim that if a perfect faith is God's greatest gift, "good faith in incomplete truth, or even in error, is man's greatest merit, and is his sovereignly sacred and honorable right."

The Parliament of Religions, in short, would accomplish what we should like to call the "moral union of religions." But there would be a compact of silence on all dogmatic peculiarities dividing men's minds, as also a compact of common action on those points uniting their hearts, by the uplifting and consoling virtue dwelling in all

faith. It would be the end of sectarianism. It would be a breaking away from that long tradition of wranglings which kept earnest men quarreling about subtle differences of doctrine, and would herald new times, when men would care less about splitting up into new sects and chapels, digging trenches and building barriers, than to spread the benefits, both moral and social, of religious sentiments by noble and cordial good will. The sublime example of tolerance and brotherly concord would tend powerfully to the formation and the progressive education of the general conscience of humanity—that is to say, the fundamental conscience of its moral and spiritual unity, and thereby religion would resume its true rôle, which is to reveal charity to men, and, amid the diversity of minds, prove the brotherhood of hearts.—*Abbé Victor Charbonnel.*

The above appeal cannot be read by any devout Christian without a sentiment of profound gratitude, and a conviction that it is a link in a chain of providences of which the Parliament of Religions at Chicago was in some sense a beginning. At that parliament the following declaration was signed by Christians of nearly every phase of belief. Formal action could not be taken by the parliament, because the managers had pledged in advance, for obvious reasons, not to pass any resolutions.

CHICAGO, September, 1893.

Feeling it desirable to crystalize, and as far as possible to perpetuate the remarkable spirit of unity which has characterized the World's Parliament of Religions, we herewith give our approval of the formula of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity as a suitable bond with which to begin the federation of the world upon a Christian basis. The formula is as follows:

"For the purpose of uniting with all who desire to serve God and their fellow-men under the inspiration of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, I hereby enroll myself as a member of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity."

This declaration was signed by such representative names as the Hon. Charles C. Bonney, president of the World's Congress Auxiliary; Dr. John Henry Barrows, chairman of the World's Parliament of Religions; Bishop J. H. Vincent, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. George Dana Boardman, Dr. Charles H. Eaton, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, Bishop Samuel Fallows, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Most Rev. Dyonisius Latta, Archbishop of Zante; Dr. Alfred W. Dyer, of London, Miss Frances E. Willard, Mrs. Potter Palmer, president Woman's Branch World's Congress Auxiliary; Dr. Philip Schaff, Dr. Carl von Bergen, Stockholm, Sweden; Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, London; Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris, France; Prince Momolu Massakoui, Vey Territory, Africa; Miss Jeanne Sorabji, Bombay, India; Prof. Minas Tcheras, of Armenia, and others.

How complete an echo and reflection of the above is the letter of M. Charbonnel. The lofty and catholic spirit in which his appeal is conceived, and the broad and inclusive plan he suggests, indicate plainly the course which should be pursued; namely, to follow out the beginning which was made at the Chicago Parliament, of a *federation of the world upon a Christian basis*, using the formula of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity for the purpose.

An opportunity is hereby given for all who wish to express their interest in this movement to do so by sending their names to the office of the Brotherhood. Religious and secular papers are requested to print this notice, with

the Abbé's letter, or an abstract of it. Let especial prominence be given to its closing sentence, which so admirably expresses the true catholic and universal spirit of Christianity.

In responding to this call, no Christian is required to sacrifice his individual convictions in the slightest degree. The formula contains no allusion to doctrine, creed or church, but simply expresses willingness to join hands in fraternal relationship with all other followers of Christ. There must be some medium or bond of fellowship, or the extent of the sentiment cannot be known.

Signing the formula is not essential to membership in the Brotherhood of Christian Unity, which is a spiritual, unorganized Fraternity, consisting of men and women in all parts of the world, who believe in the universal fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man, and in Jesus Christ as the divine-human Leader, Teacher and Saviour of mankind.

Address,

WORLD'S BROTHERHOOD OF CHRISTIAN UNITY,
THEODORE F. SEWARD, Secretary,
18 Wall Street, New York.



A STAGE COACH RIDE IN THE CANARIES.

A. C. COOK.

THE sound of loud knocking, accompanied by lusty shouts of "Guillermo! Guillermo!" roused me at three o'clock in the morning. But the small boy, whose cot is put across the great door which leads into the open court of the hotel, so that night intruders must enter over his body, is not so easily wakened, and the cries and blows were continued for several minutes before the light sound of bare feet was heard on the board floors, and a sleepy voice called me to prepare for the coach.

How cold and dark it was! A most uncomfortable time to be dragged out of a warm bed! Before I had had time to scramble unceremoniously into my clothes, there came another thunderous knock and the impatient summons, "Make haste!" Still half asleep, I groped my way downstairs and into the courtyard, out of the darkness of night, broken by the shining of many stars, into the denser darkness of the closely-curtained coach, where two rows of shapeless figures wriggled and twisted to make room for one more. With much adjustment of parts in correspondence to the demands of the environment, I was at length firmly lodged in a corner, my knees held rigidly in position against those of my opposite, my elbows immovably wedged against my neighbor's on the one side and the back of the coach on the other. The damp cold of the dying night crept in through every opening in the curtains. Silent as the night itself, we sat in unchanging attitudes. The intermittent glow of a cigar partially revealed us to each other, as we sat hugging our bodies to keep them warm, and sometimes nodding our heads, with no very definite purpose.

The stillness of night is broken by the ring of the horses' hoofs on the hard road. The stars grow dim. Outlines of great hills tower on one side of us; the gray ocean stretches away on the other. Occasionally the long roar of the surf rises above the rumble of the wheels. The faint dawn is growing rosy when we make our first stop, and alight to walk some warmth and flexibility into our stiffened bones, while the driver looks to his harness and exchanges greetings with his friends at the wine-shop.

When we start again it is so light that we begin to see one another. My neighbor is a middle-aged peasant,

with iron-gray hair and whiskers and a kindly, wrinkled face. After puffing away at his cigar a few minutes, he passes it over to his wife, who takes her turn with evident relish. She is much younger than he, a sinewy, strong-featured, angularly-built woman, dressed in the ordinary rustic costume of the region—a full calico skirt, a yellow, figured, cotton handkerchief over her head, topped by a narrow-brimmed, low-crowned, black felt hat—a brown shawl covers her shoulders and conceals the sleeping baby. The man whose knees encounter mine is also a peasant, gaunt, grim and gray, with the inevitable cigar and broad-brimmed, soft felt hat. His clothes are ragged, but he displays ostentatiously an unusually handsome sheath knife, of the kind so dear to the heart of every Canary Islander. The grandmother sits opposite the baby. A dark giant, with rugged features, scarred and seamed, but not unkindly, and great, deep-set, black eyes glaring from under the big cowl of his black cloak, and two other peasant women complete the occupants of the interior of the coach. The driver has a narrow bench over the dash board. Three men occupy the seat behind him, one of them—an ugly, deformed, wicked-looking, wizened, old dwarf—the coachman's brother.

Light unseals the lips. Question and answer are exchanged. The sleepy looks disappear. Almost every man now has a cigar in active operation. Halos of smoke surround our heads and detract considerably from the beauty of the brightening landscape. The curtains are tied up, and the magnificent panorama speeds along with us. The hidden baby on the opposite seat awakes, frees his head from the shawl and handkerchief which covered it, and vies with the cocks in crowing in the day. He is a shock-headed youngster, a year old, dressed in the prevalent fashion—a single garment of colored cotton cloth, resembling a shirt, not reaching the knees. Every few minutes he kicks his brown, bare legs out of the thin shawl. The fond mother kisses them and covers them up at her leisure, while I, shivering in my close-buttoned mackintosh, gaze in wonder at the young Hercules.

The love of children, characteristic of the people, soon becomes apparent. Every one smiles and speaks to the baby. Even the gruff driver spares him a nod. The old father takes no pains to conceal his pride in the boy, and never tires of dredging his pockets for the oft-demanded crackers.

As we start with renewed vigor, after a second rest, the mother, assuming a business-like air, rummages among the numerous bundles which surround her feet until she finds one tied up in an old handkerchief, which, on being opened, proves to contain a complete assortment of infant's clothes—several shirts, a dress and a pinafore. These she lays carefully on the grandmother's lap. Then standing her idol on her knees, without more ado, but with dignified deliberation, she proceeds to take off his shirt and array him in the other garments, amidst the admiring glances of the assembly. Not every baby hereabouts possesses a full suit of underclothes to wear when he goes traveling! The little fellow bears all bravely, except the final act of blowing his nose; but, by dint of strenuous efforts on the mother's part and an encouraging cracker from the father's pocket, this, too, is successfully accomplished, and the now radiant cherub beams blessing on his world.

So the time passes while we spin along the magnificent road—a marvel of engineering skill—over hills, across deep ravines, the ocean almost continuously in sight on one side, grand stretches of mountain and valley on the other. The peasants talk of the sugar cane crop, the last fishing expedition, the sick neighbors and the unusually

cold weather. Once there is a change of horses. Several times the driver stops to brush the dust from their nostrils. Once he buys some wine, and, taking a mouthful at a time, spits it violently into the nostrils of each horse.

Then comes the last stop before we reach Las Palmas, the journey's end. Again the mother investigates her parcels, this time exhuming a pair of clumsy, thick-soled, broad-heeled shoes, coarse, wine-colored stockings and two bright red rags, which are to serve as garters. The victim rebels under the long operation of lacing the shoes (surely a mark of his good sense!), but a new development of affairs hushes his cries.

We have come up with two other public coaches, each, like our own, having three horses. With a flourish of whips, away all three start, to test the respective merits of the steeds. We, at first, are ahead, but, unfortunately, one of the passengers loses his cloak overboard, and our triumphant pace is checked, while both the other contestants roll past. The cloak rescued, we dash forward on a wild chase to recover the lead. The drivers shout and gesticulate frantically; the passengers eagerly cheer them on. A fat peasant woman is trudging along the road beside her heavily-laden donkey. The little beast, startled by the rush of the first two coaches, on hearing the third, decides that Apollyn and all his hosts are let loose, and, with a jerk of his head, away he goes to escape the pursuers, passing just in front of our horses' noses; then turning, cow-wise, he recrosses our track, and so keeps on zig-zaging back and forth before us, saddle-bags jouncing, ears erect, terrified tail in imminent danger of putting out the eyes of our horses, his whole aspect expressive of dogged determination not to be caught by this devil. It is impossible to pass him in his eccentric course. But, at least for a short time, a donkey is no mean runner, so on we go after him, careering wildly around curves, up hill and down, the coach reeling and swaying like a drunken thing. We realized more clearly the extent of its careering by seeing the paroxysms of the two leading contestants, separated from us by the donkey's "field of force." And away behind us in the valley comes the poor peasant, in one hand dramatically waving the black shawl which was dropped from the top of the donkey's load, in the other holding high a big, brown umbrella, while she runs as fast as her broad, breathless body will carry her.

When the donkey had kept up this eccentric movement for about a mile, one of his bags flew off, and our driver, with a groan, mastered his desire for victory and took pity on the poor woman. Throwing the reins to his brother, while still the horses were at full speed, he jumped to the ground, stopped them, and, after a short race, headed off the tired runaway, and turned it back in the direction of its owner.

So ended the events of the ride. A few moments later we were in Las Palmas, out of the coach and doing full justice to the nine o'clock breakfast, which was about to be served when we reached the hotel. A Canary stage-coach ride is valuable as an experience, but we should prefer to give our steady patronage to electric cars.



SURVIVALS IN CULTURE.

By this phrase the students of the human race and its progress designate the relics of barbarism, which linger on far into the civilized ages of a people's history. They are in the study of ethnology what rudimentary organs are in the study of anatomy; they are as signboards which point backwards over the way by which we have come.

The anatomist finds a peculiar structure in the physical frame, an extra cartilagenous arch in the throat, or a seemingly useless vermiform appendix in the intestine; he has learned to go back into the past to look for its explanation in an outgrown and now discarded method of physical life. So when the ethnologist discovers a strange custom, or an outlandish superstition in the midst of a high civilization, he has learned to go far back into the past of that people's social life to seek for its explanation. It is a survival in culture of an outgrown and largely discarded feeling or custom.

In this manner there is a long history behind the hazel wand, with which the farmer thinks that he can divine the presence of hidden springs of water. There is a story going back to the remotest times of Aryan history in the little child's desire that you break a wish bone with her after the chicken dinner is finished. The Christian wedding still sends after the happy couple a strange relic of savage superstition as it hurls the old shoes toward the vanishing carriage. The Christian grave is made not only with a monument of memorial, but also with a warning mound, ever since the simple-minded barbarian thought to guard the living from that vengeance of the dead which would surely come upon them if they stepped upon their graves.

When the terrible plague visited Russia a few years ago, a companion of the bitter famine, there was revived a curious instance of ancient custom. In villages where the plague was sore, there was brought into use a round, wooden block which set into a flat, wooden disk; by means of ropes the block was rapidly revolved upon the disk, until the wood was ignited by the friction. From this fire torches were lighted and carried around to every hut where the disease was found. Why this was done the peasant did not know, except that their fathers did so years ago in a previous pestilence. Yes, their fathers did so longer than they had any idea; it was the relic of the ancient heathen days, a thousand years gone by, when all fire had to be gotten by the friction of the revolving wheel and when such fire was thought sacred, was indeed the deity of the village. When other means of procuring fire came to the people, they still revered this ancient way as one which gave them sacred fire, and so used it for religious and superstitious purposes. Their children were holding fast their custom, although they had outgrown their fathers' faith, and did not know the reason behind their superstitious practice.

A quaint illustration of this survival of a custom for which all reason has passed away, is given by another traveller in middle Russia. At an ancient church in Valsbol, it is the custom for the peasants as they rise to leave the church, to turn themselves towards a blank wall and bow deeply, while making the sign of the cross. The custom was peculiar to this individual church; no reason was known for it except that their fathers had done so before them. In making recent repairs, however, the secret of the matter was disclosed. The walls were scraped preparatory to repainting, and beneath many layers of whitewash and paint was found an old picture of the Virgin, which five or six centuries before must have stood out brilliantly upon this wall. To this picture their ancestors had bowed, and in its direction the people had kept on bowing after the picture was painted over, and now the children were doing the same although every recollection of the picture had long passed away. It is just in this way that customs have often lingered on, and been passed down through the ages by superstition, even when the sentiments which originated the customs have been long forgotten or disregarded.

In one of the tales of the savage African Kroos, which appeared in the July number of *THE CHURCH UNION*, the story of "The Spider and the Bearded Stone," there was present a peculiar touch of savage thought which has been found in every order of savage life, in every region of the earth, and has left its relics far down through ages of civilization. We mean the superstitious connection between the name of an object and the object itself. The use of the name brings one into peculiar relations with the object. In that story, the pronouncing of the name "Bearded Stone" was sufficient to bring the stone down with avenging force upon whatever creature or person so took its name in vain. Among the tribes of the Pacific islands, the use of the king's name was tabooed; not only that, but the use of any word which had the same sound as the king's name in it, was tabooed. If the king's name should be Bill, the use of the word "billion" would have been thought worthy of death—there was such a mysterious connection between name and object named, that to touch one was like touching the other. In the Arabian Nights we see the same things in all those stories which hinge about the fact that to discover the name of a genii or a troll was to have power over them, for whenever its name was pronounced the genii was compelled to appear. While in Arabia of the present day, a tribal doctor is never at a loss when he desires a certain medicine for a sick patient, but has not the drugs with which to make it. He simply writes the names of these drugs upon a slip of paper, crowds the paper into the sick man's mouth and makes him swallow it. The name of the thing has the same medical powers as the thing itself. We are not sure but that a great many Americans would be vastly better if they took their drugs in that way.

Now this feeling, this superstitious connection between a thing or a person and the name of the same, has lasted on far into ages of civilization and culture, and not only among wild Arah of the desert. It was, perhaps, responsible for the way in which the Jews refused ever to pronounce the name Jehovah. It is seen in the Irish peasant, who crosses himself when one pronounces the name of a demon or of a Satanic power, lest the evil one might appear at the sound of his name, and it is retained in many popular proverbs, which are not without an accompaniment of popular belief; as "If you speak of an angel it is sure to appear."

Now these things have a connection, by no means to be despised, in their influence upon our religious life. That Christmas and Easter with their presents and their eggs go back as directly to the Saturnalia and vernal equinox feasts of pagan Rome as they do to the memorial customs of early Christians, has come to be a commonplace. That vestments and forms of ecclesiastical ritual have been traced as closely to the services of Jupiter to those of Jehovah, the Christian world has come to take for granted. As long as these things are in themselves innocent and harmless, there is no need that we cut ourselves off from them: it may be a part of the divine plan that we maintain a manifest identity with the heathen races out of which we sprang, and thus bear a continued witness before the ages of the converting grace of God. But as we find hurtful and degrading elements of paganism surviving in the culture, and even in the religion of civilized lands and days, then we realize that part of the ancient warfare between the gods of the flesh and the God of the spirit is yet to be waged, and the victory yet to be won.

If Christianity become a series of mysterious and magic rites by which the soul is to be saved, instead of a ministry of unselfishness in which the soul is turned to the world's salvation, then there is a survival of genuine pa-

ganism which is all injurious, which must be earnestly combated and completely overcome. If thoughts and definitions of God prevail which are out of the barbaric impulses of the heart and not of the Christian teaching, these must be put away. If gross and carnal ideas of the delights of the heavenly world are taught, which manifest more of the pagan's sensual elysium and less of the Christian's kingdom of heaven; these are to be refined and refashioned. When conceptions of God as the deity of one nation or of one peculiar sect in that nation are held by the Christian church, when the Christ idea of the Father of all men and the God from whom all the nations on earth are named is forgotten or belittled, it is the survival in Christian culture of a most definite and most injurious pagan teaching. When the love of God is embalmed in a footnote, and the vengeance of God maintained in extensive columns of text, there is a survival in Christianity of a most miserably heathen concept. When we think of the devil as wearing horns and a tail, and so repulsive but in character rather daring and in intellect exceedingly sharp, it is all of our pagan inheritance and not of our Christian teaching.

If the upward course of the world and of human life be, as this age certainly believes, a constant growth, an evolution, then it is of moment to us to understand not only that end toward which we must be hastening, but also that past out of which we sprang, that pit out of which we were digged. It is of moment that we see clearly the depths into which we might backward sink, and so push more earnestly up the heights unto which we must aspire.



BY THE GRACE OF LOVE.

The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Jas. i. 20.

Lord, look all tenderly upon
This earth so lost in sin;
May on it rest love's holy dawn,
A full day's peace to win.

No face with evil darkened o'er
Can stand Thy tender gaze
Of love forgiving oft no more
Than night the day's full blaze.

So rich in love, why need we here
In sin and sorrow go;
All holiness arrives to cheer,
If but Thy heart o'erflow.

Break! Break! Thy heart at all our grief!
Its treasures on us pour,
Till not a pulse or little leaf
But hungers for Thee more;

Till not a bit of being be
Thy loving fails to fill,
Till every life all joyously
Shapes to Thy perfect will.

Then all Thy soul will be at peace
To know its work well done,
Within Thy love our love increase
Like flowers within the sun.

Redeemed and purified, our earth
With life that's undefiled,
Lives true in being's nobler birth,
Thy holy, happy child.

MASTER by love in all Thy creation, it is by wrath we fail! Anger can not create, it only destroys. The anger within us destroys the peace and strength and holiness of our spirits; it awakens in the ones against whom our

anger goes forth the same destroying evil, making them determine to defend at any cost the wrong they have done; and so we become the victim and servant of what evil we should overcome, failing to win the righteousness that can right the wrong.

Thou canst create because Thou hast never any wrath, but only the gentleness of love in which creation lives and moves and has its being. Did wrath hold Thy great and true heart, all things would blight; the rose would be rent in destruction, and the sparrow and every human heart, even Thyself broken into desolation. Our hearts rejoice within us that Thou canst not be angry, that Thou dost never destroy, that somehow all this which to us is destruction is but Thy gentle heart's movings unto some fuller creation, is but some change in the immortality of Thy gentleness making great.

Every bit of gentle life witnesses to us that Thou art love, that there is no disquiet of wrath in the peace of Thine eternal and holy being. Wrath can not work Thy righteousness, whether it be in lily or lark or man. Love worketh Thy righteousness. It works out Thy thought of worlds and of men in a gentleness kinder than a mother's kiss. It is this dear gentleness that charms us in the rose, that sings to us in the thrush, that smiles upon us in the little child, that says its benediction to us in the sunset. It comes in the sun to grow gracious in the harvest. Its marvellous activities, by which I am, it carries on within me, gentler than the quiet of sleep, myself unconscious of the mighty diligences that toil within me that I may enter into the possession of this conscious life in which is my making of myself. Everything within and without moving in the gentleness of its being is a true word to us, witnessing that Thou art love, that wrath is never in Thy heart, that love alone worketh out Thy righteousness which is the creation shaping to its everlasting glory.

Therefore, only love succeeds; only love can achieve a character and career that is possessed of an eternal worth. By the holiest love we would be possessed, redeeming our lives from failure.

Only love abides! By the holiest love we would be possessed, that we may triumph in all the changes unto our fruit of perfected being, even as the vines gather out of the changes of the year those graces that are revealed in the kisses of the autumn sun.

Only love is pure. By the holiest love we would be possessed, that so we may have the clean heart and right spirit, and be of such eyes as may behold Thy beauty of holiness.

Only love is full of peace. By the holiest love we would be possessed, that so Thy peace passing understanding may triumph within us, making our lives unto the troubled of our fellows as green pastures and still waters.

Only love is eternal. By the holiest love may we be possessed, that so we live eternal life, all that life's outgoings so strong and tender and true that, like Thyself in the depths of our souls, we may be to others a word of grace, mercy and peace.

Only love worketh righteousness. By the holiest love may we be possessed, that so our lives be filled with the fruits of righteousness and all the outgoings of our influence make for the holiness and joy of mankind.

May the quiet of Thy stars, the peace of Thy summer skies, the gentleness of Thy summer fields, enter into us with the quickening of the love that worketh Thy righteousness in all the earth—that can work it in all the earth of my being! Nor wrath, nor malice, nor revenge possess us unto their works of unrighteousness, unto their deform-

ities, unto their wasting failures; but just Thy love be the conscious constant power within us, creating us ever into the holiness that means the joy and worth of life! So will the whole earth become a child of Thy tenderest and truest love, and forever share with Thee the joys of Thy holiness working by love!

PASTOR QUIET.



CUT THE KNOT.

JOSEPH H. BRADLEY, D.D.

If we who labor and pray for unity can ourselves compel it, *as we can by our independent purpose and courage*, then why not do it? The logic of events proves that the ponderous denominational bodies will not move forward of themselves, but the multitude of friends of Christian unity, scattered among the denominations, but impotent in their individual and solitary position, can, by a union of their influences, awaken and educate a Christian sentiment in favor of unity which will be irresistible and overwhelming in its effect upon the various denominational organizations, and effectually carry them forward.

The question for our consideration is only and simply can we, by any possible action on our part, secure such a result? By the logic of events (an unerring guide in forecasting the future), such a large and influential body as the united friends of Christian unity positively would be, have it altogether in their own choice and power to constitute a force for this particular purpose, *and cut the knot*. The problem is one of the simplest in common, everyday experience. We have need only to employ the wisdom of the children of this world, which our Lord commended in them, and for the lack of which He rebuked His own people, "the children of light." Let us escape this reproach in this day of our plain, free, and inviting opportunity. Let us use the machinery which is everywhere around us moving the wheels of progress, to advance the kingdom of our Lord Jesus, and so fulfil His own hope, which hangs upon the fact of an accomplished unity of the whole body of Christian believers.

If this can so be done, if we who now have faith in the will of God that His people shall be one, can by any just and proper means arouse the several parts of His body to a practical and sufficient purpose to effect such a unity (which by the Holy Spirit a willing and ready church will be shown how to effect), shall we not do it? Were not our refusal or hesitation to act, an imputation upon the sincerity and truth of our professions, and an impeachment of our love to Him who honors us by evidently working in our hearts with this hope and desire?

We can do it by becoming acquainted as we may with our immediate resources in numbers and faith, and using these with our whole ability.

We have a battle, perhaps a new "crusade," before us. Let us not be discouraged nor dismayed. We have confidence in our cause, and it will and must prosper. It can be advanced only by our own faithful and courageous doing—and hindered and defeated only with our consent, and failure to do our part.

Wherefore, appeal is made to every individual and devoted friend of church unity, of every shade of Christian faith, and whatever his personal views of such unity may be, to be enrolled in this army, and so begin the preparation for the conquest of the denominations for Christian unity and the bringing of the world to the faith of Jesus.

Let us learn exactly where we stand to-day, and we

shall then be ready for a new and forward movement to-morrow. Will you, THE READER, lend your heart and personal influence to bring now the unity of Christ's church? Your help will hasten it, and is wanted. In our "union is strength."

Tuckerton, N. J.



TROUBLES OF A SALOON KEEPER.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY.

LAST nite we wuz all sitting comfable in Bascum's. It wuz a delightful evening we wuz a spending. The nite was cold and chill, and the wind wuz whistlin drearily through the dark, but the cheelisnis uv the weather outside only made it better for us. The stove wuz full uv wood and red hot on top, diffusin' heat, which is life, and Bascum, yielding to the seductive infloences uv comfort that wuz in the place, hed hot water on the stove, and Mrs. Bascum mixed with her fair hande the hot punches which ever and anon we ordered.

"Wat a happy life yoores is, Bascum!" sed Kernel M'Pelter.

"Happy!" remarkt Issaker Gavitt, "I shoold say so. Nuthin to do but sell liker at a profit of 200 per cent. and every customer yoo git ded shoor for life."

"Gentlemen," sed Bascum, onbending, for he wuz drinking hot whiskey too, "there is advantages in running a wet grocery but it has its drorbax. It is troo that there is 200 per cent. profit, or would be ef you get paid for it. A ingenious youth comes to my bar, which hez a small farm, and he gets to takin his sustenance. That wood be all rite for me ef he cood only take his sustenance and take care of his farm at the same time. But he don't, and whenever the necessity uv taking sustenance begins to be regler, jest when he mite be uv the most yoose to me, I have notist ther wuz alluz a fallin off in his corn crop. Corn won't grow onless you plant it, hoe and tend it; and a man wich becomes a regler customer uv mine don't plant, hoe and tend to advantage.

"Then, not heving corn to sell he can't pay for liker, and ez he must have it he goes tick, and finally mortgages his place. Troo, I alluz git the place, but it wood do better for me ef he cood keep on working it, spending the proceeds at my bar. There is very few men wich ken do this.

"And then deth is another drorbax to my biznis. Ef a man cood only drink regler and live to be seventy, it wood be wuth while. But they don't do it. They are cut off by the crooel hand of deth jist when they git to be yooiful to me. This one goes uv liver disease, tother one uv kidney trouble, rhoumatism sets in and knocks one uv 'em off his pins, softenin' uv the brain kills another——"

Joe Bigler, who jist dropped in, doubted the last dis-case.

"No man wich had a brane to soften wood tetch the stuff," said he.

"And then," continyood Bascum, "ef one uv 'em gets hurt, he never gits over it, and then bronkeetis comes in on 'em, and dyspepsy—wat good is a man for work wich hez dyspepsy—and there are so many diseases that hits the man which takes hizzen reglerly, that they die alto-gether too early. Then ez holds on can't work after a certain time, and them as don't have the constooshin to hold on perish like the lillies of the valley, jist when they git regler enuff to be profitable.

"And then other troubles interferes with me. When a noo man gits too full he quarrels and comes to an end from injoodishuinis. I have been in this room twenty-

five years, and I hev seen mor'n a dozen uv my best customers, some of 'em wuth two dollars a day to me, stretched out on the floor with bullet holes or knife wounds into 'em. It was a hard blow when Bill Rutledge wuz killed rite where Deerskin is sittin. He spent on an average uv four dollars a day with me, and he wuz snuffed out in a minit. And then they hung Sam Kitridge, wat shot him, and ther wuz another uv aboot the same. Both on 'em, had they lived, wood hev been my meat for years, for they wuz both strong men and cood have endoorded a pile uv it.

"Ther are other trubbles. It is not pleasant to hev men inflamed with liker beetin each other over ther heds with bottles and tumblers, for it destroys glassware, and furnitoor is apt to be broken. I have offen wished I hed a kind of whiskey wich didn't make maniacs uv them wich drink it, but I never saw any of that kind. I have often seen a dozen rollin on the floor tu wunst, and when they come to draw pistols and shooting permiskus, it ain't pleasant nor profitable. I hev had pistol balls after going thro' a man, smash bottles in the bar, and how are you goin to tell whose pistol did the damage?

"Besides these drorbax, comes sich ez yoo. Wat yoose are you to me? It's 'Bascum, a little old rye strate,' and after my good liker is gone, comes the everlastin remark, 'Jist put it down.' That's the disgustin part uv it. Ef you cood work and ern suthin, and pay cash ther wood be suthin in the biznis, but yoo don't.

"To make the s'loon biznis wat it ought to be I want a noo race uv men. I want a set of customers with glass-lined stumicks backt up with fire brick. I want a lot uv men with heds so constructed that they kin go to bed drunk and wake up in the mornin and go about their work. I want a set of customers with stumicks and heds so constructed that liker won't kill 'em jist ez soon ez it becomes a necessity to 'em. However, I manage to get on. There ain't no rose without a thorn.—*Exchange.*



CONFESSION OF EX-PRESIDENT CASI-MIR-PERIER.

THIS confession expresses the convictions undoubtedly of very many Frenchmen who were born in the Catholic church, and are seeking light:

"It is my wish that my funeral shall take place without any distinction by Catholic or orthodox Protestant ceremonies. I am deeply convinced that all exclusive religious dogmas are the product of lamentable superstition, and are a plague of mankind. With a fervent faith I believe in a good, a just, and a loving God, whose secrets are unsearchable, but none of whose secrets insult the reason and outrage the conscience which He has given us. I believe in the immortality of the soul, in human responsibility, and, accordingly, in human liberty of action.

"I believe that true piety consists in active love, in obedience to duty, in the submission to, and reverence for, the divine law which has been written in our hearts. In this, too, according to my view, consists the only genuine kind of prayer. 'In Christ, looked at purely in the light of the pure Gospel, I love and venerate the most perfect and the most lovable of all the creatures that have come into the world, the most exalted, and, in every respect, the most perfect model for mankind in morality and religion.

"Filled with these feelings, and full of abhorrence for all hypocrisy, it is not my wish that my body should be used for the glorification or benefit of any of the exclusive churches.

"Religion will always be found only where superstition has disappeared. Therefore, it is my determination that whosoever accompanies my mortal remains shall not do so for the purpose of exhibiting superstition, which would not honor my immortal soul.

"It is my will that a request be made for a liberal Protestant pastor to conduct my funeral services in a plain and simple manner, and to free this ceremony of every appearance of vulgar materialism. In accompanying the remains of a human being who accuses himself of having loved the good more than having done it, to their last resting-place, he will not fail, I am sure, in my name to admonish my friends to do better, and, to quote a noble expression, 'to make death serviceable to the living.'

"Should it happen—a thing which I expect—that it is found impossible to find a pastor who will conduct my funeral in such a 'plain and purely secular manner,' I enjoin it upon one of my friends to declare loudly and clearly the principles of the faith in which I have lived and died. My remains are to be placed by the side of my beloved daughter. My body is to be taken to the grave in a wagon, and at the lowest possible cost. Only a few flowers can be placed upon my coffin, and I direct my wife to give to the poor of Paris the sum of money that a secular funeral of the first class would cost. At the time when the procession is ready to move, the officiating pastor, or one of my friends or relatives, will read this present document to the assembly.

"Given in Paris, and in full consciousness and after ripe deliberation, although not in the best of physical health, August 12, 1873.

"PAUL CASIMIR-PERIER,

"Confirmed June 11, 1890."



HENRY DRUMMOND.

It is a beautiful testimony that Mr. Moody gives to the life and character of Prof. Drummond in the *Record of Christian Work*:

"It sometimes happens that a man, in giving to the world the truths that have most influenced his life, unconsciously writes the truest kind of a character sketch. This was so in the case of Henry Drummond, and no words of mine can better describe his life or character than those in which he has presented to us, 'The Greatest Thing in the World.' Some men take an occasional journey into the thirteenth of I Corinthians, but Henry Drummond was a man who lived there constantly, appropriating its blessings and exemplifying its teachings. As you read what he terms the analysis of love, you find that all its ingredients were interwoven into his daily life, making him one of the most lovable men I have ever known. Was it courtesy you looked for, he was a perfect gentleman. Was it kindness, he was always preferring another. Was it humility, he was simple and not courting favor. It could be said of him truthfully, as it was said of the early apostles, 'that men took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus.'

"Nor was this love and kindness only shown to those who were close friends. His face was an index to his inner life. It was genial and kind, and made him, like his Master, a favorite with children. He could be the profound philosopher or the learned theologian, but I know that he preferred to be the simple friend of children and youth. Never have I known a man who, in my opinion, lived nearer the Master or sought to do His will more fully.

"I well remember our first meeting in Edinboro twenty-four years ago. He was still a divinity student in the university, but he generously gave himself to aiding me in every possible way. There was nothing that he would not undertake to do to help spread the evangelistic work among his friends in the university, and, later on, he began special meetings for young men in various towns in Great Britain. The friendship then begun has been strengthened ever since, not only by his lovable nature, but by the great blessing God has used him to be in my own life.

"Never have I heard Henry Drummond utter one unkind or harsh word of criticism against any one. He was a man who was filled with love to his fellowmen, because he knew by experience something of the love of Christ. He was one of the easiest men with whom to work, for he thought more of the common object than of aught else.

"The news of his death has brought a sense of the deepest loss to all his friends in every part of the world. He was a man greatly beloved, and my own feelings are akin to those of David on the death of Jonathan. But although the life on earth is ended, God has called His servant higher to a sphere of greater usefulness. And when at last we meet again before our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, whom we both loved and served together in years gone, we shall no longer 'see through a glass darkly; but then face to face;' and things which we could not see alike here below we shall fully know in the light of His countenance, who brought our lives together and blessed them with a mutual love."



NEW METHODS.

J. H. JACKSON, SECRETARY Y. M. C. A., NORWALK, CONN.

I TOOK charge of the Norwalk, Conn., Y. M. C. A., December, 1894. At that time the association was in the lowest possible condition, numerically and financially, but the worst feature of the case was that the community had lost interest in the institution. I plodded on for a year, and although the membership rose by very slow degrees, the religious public did not seem to care whether we lived or died. I tried many plans and devised many schemes to awaken an interest in religious matters among those who attended no church. We had good speakers, bright services, but these failed to enlist the sympathy or interest of outsiders. Our attendance on the Sunday afternoon song services, varying from twenty to forty, I was on the point of abandoning all special effort, feeling that the men around us were not susceptible to religious influences, when it occurred to me to try some illustrated services. No sooner had the idea "struck" me than I procured a magnificent "Monarch" lantern, and other appliances necessary for the "picture show." I hired the Opera House, which is the largest auditorium in the city, announced the service, made all preparations, and waited with a palpitating heart for the crowd, and sure enough the crowd came. My friend, Mr. James G. Hubbell, and I were but novices in the business, and so had not perfect control over the "Monarch"—result, a very inartistic exhibition, and I left the building with a very heavy heart; but, from what I heard the next day, was encouraged to try again. The following Sunday there was a decided improvement; the attendance was large, and the service went on very smoothly. These services were soon the talk of the city. They were discussed in saloons, tobacco stores, pool rooms, etc., and so great was the interest that we could not accommodate all who wished to come. Some Sundays

hundreds have been turned away. Our audiences are made up very largely of those who do not attend church, and the earnest student of human nature may find much enjoyment in studying the "mixed assemblage." We have judges, lawyers, doctors, and now and again we actually get a minister there. Well-dressed and those who are somewhat poorly clad mingle together at these gatherings, and all alike express their great delight in the beautiful stories and songs, illustrated with these magnificent views. These services have run for three months now without a break, and many a man who has been looked down upon as a hardened sinner, has resolved to lead a better life. Only the other day a poor woman came to me with the tears streaming down her cheeks because she heard these services were soon to be abandoned. "Oh," she said, "my man has been a different character since he began to attend these services." I cannot begin to tell of testimonies similar to this one. Our greatest difficulty has been in keeping out the children. After the first two Sundays we attempted to do so, because the elder ones complained that they could not get seats. We made a rule that no children would be admitted unless accompanied by a parent, but some of the little folks would waylay adults and beg to be taken in. I am thinking of holding a service specially for children.

These services are self-supporting, so we have no anxiety in reference to our finances. Last Sunday, March 15th, the churches were almost empty, on account of the severe snow-storm, but in the Opera House not more than twenty seats were vacant—a sufficient proof that three months have not sufficed to wear off the novelty of these delightful Sunday afternoon meetings in a town of only nine thousand people. I believe that men, however cultured or uncouth, learned or illiterate, cannot look upon these beautiful pictures and listen to the touching story and sweet song without being elevated and blessed, morally and spiritually, and those who promote these services will receive the loving remembrances of those whose lives they have brightened and blessed.—*The Open Church.*



SOME TIME.

SOME time, when all life's lessons have been learned,
 And suns and stars for evermore have set,
 The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
 The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
 Will flash before us, amid life's dark night,
 As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
 And we shall see how all God's plans were right,
 And what seemed most reproof was love most true.
 And we shall shortly know that lengthened breath
 Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
 And that sometimes the sable pall of death
 Conceals the fairest boon His love can send;
 If we could push ajar the gates of life,
 And stand within, and all God's workings see,
 We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
 And for each mystery find there a key.
 But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart,
 God's plans, like lilies, pure and white, unfold;
 We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
 Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
 And if, through patient toil we reach the land
 Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest,
 Where we shall clearly know and understand,
 I think that we shall say "God knew the best."
 —*Exchange.*

THE FIRST IDEALIST.

A JELLY-FISH swam in a tropical sea,
 And he said: "This world it consists of Me;
 There's nothing above and nothing below
 That a jelly-fish ever can possibly know,
 Since we've got no sight, or hearing or smell,
 Beyond what our single sense can tell.
 Now, all that I learn from the sense of touch
 Is the fact of my feelings, viewed as such;
 But to think that they have any external cause
 Is an inference clean against logical laws.
 Again, to suppose, as I've hitherto done,
 There are other jelly-fish under the sun,
 Is pure assumption that can't be backed
 By a jot of proof, or a single fact.
 In short, like Hume, I very much doubt
 If there's anything else at all without.
 So I come at last to the plain conclusion,
 When the subject is fairly set free from confusion,
 That the universe simply centers in me,
 And if I were not, then nothing would be."

That minute a shark, who was strolling by,
 Just gulped him down in the wink of an eye;
 And he died, with a few convulsive twists—
 But somehow the universe still exists.

—*The Sabbath Recorder.*



HENRY WARD BEECHER ON THE LOCOMOTIVE.

"SEVERAL years ago, I was waiting to go over to Marlboro. A young man asked me if my name was not Henry Ward Beecher. I said it was. He asked me if I had any objections to riding with him on the machine. I said, 'None at all.' I went forward with him, and before the train started he broke the matter which he had on his mind. He said he had a great deal of trouble in regard to his soul's salvation, and he did not seem to get much rest, and wanted some instruction. And so, having such a ride as Philip never had with the eunuch in the chariot, I rode over the hills and along the vales with him, preaching Christ. After coming home I sent him a number of religious books. When he came to me yesterday, in the station house in Boston, I remembered him, though he commenced to explain who he was, and that we had once had some conversation.

"The moment he saw me, he called to me and said, 'Come, get up and ride with me.' 'Certainly, I will,' I said, and I had hardly sat down before he broke out to tell me what the Lord had done for his soul. He gave me a very interesting history of his experience. He told me how he had been for some years secretly believing that he was a disciple of Christ, and doing many things which he recognized as belonging to a Christian's life, though he was not willing to come out and make a profession of Christ before men. How at last his heart became so full that he could not conceal his faith any longer, and he went and joined a Baptist church. He said he had 'gone down into the water (I knew what he meant), and that now he was a joyful and earnest Christian.' He told me in the course of our conversation a very interesting fact, which I will repeat.

"'There was a time,' he said, 'when there was not a man on the road that he knew of who professed Christ; but now,' he said, 'we have fifty men on this road who are professing Christians, men that do not drink, that do love

God, and profess his Son, Jesus Christ. And more are coming.' And then he told me how he worked with them. Said he: 'It does not seem as if it was right to try and give a man the whole of religion at once, all in a heap. He will not read a full chapter, but if you take him right he will read one verse, and after a while he will read two verses on his own account, and then he will read on a little more. And so he will go along, step by step. Get him to leave off tobacco, and then he will leave off something else. And when he gets a-going, shove him along, and keep him a-moving.'

'He showed good mother-wit in the methods he pursued in working for men. He took men on the subject of religion as merchants and others take men on business. They do not come up to a man at any time and disclose their whole plan at once. They study their times and plans. They frequently confer together as to the best way to approach a man, and gradually win him over and carry him along with them. He said he had studied men to get at the best mode of dealing with them, and had exercised his skill and judgment in reaching their convictions, and then when he had got them started on the right path, had kept them moving along, and finally brought them to Christ. So we went to Worcester, talking all the way; and it was a good meeting to my soul.'—*Exchange*.



MRS. HAMILTON AND AARON BURR.

GENERAL HAMILTON gave some interesting incidents from the life of his grandfather, and described a meeting between Aaron Burr and Mrs. Hamilton, daughter-in-law of Alexander Hamilton and the mother of the speaker, in 1830.

'As Colonel Burr entered the room,' he said, 'my mother, in extreme agitation, seemed about to faint. Colonel Burr, noticing this, but not knowing her, immediately went to the sideboard, poured out a glass of water and advanced to hand it to her. It was all done most naturally, gracefully and courteously. My mother shook her head and murmured:

'I am the daughter of Alexander Hamilton.'

'Without a word, Colonel Burr placed the glass of water on the sideboard, bowed in silence to the Misses Nathan, and quietly retired. It was to him, as to my mother, evidently a very painful meeting. Colonel Burr deported himself like a dignified gentleman. I was a little boy, about eight years old. Then I learned, for the first time, to impress the fact upon my memory that Colonel Burr had killed my grandfather.'—*New York Tribune*.



THE REFORMER.

E. R. SILL, IN EXCHANGE.

BEFORE the monstrous wrong he sits him down—
One man against a stone-walled city of sin.

For centuries those walls have been a building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,
No crevice lets the thinnest arrow in.

He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.

Let him lie down and die; what is the right
And where is justice in a world like this?

But by and by earth shakes herself, impatient;
And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements.

When the red dust has cleared the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

ON THE RED STAIRCASE. By M. Imlay Taylor. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Much as we deprecate the horrors of war and the need that exists for the soldier in our modern civilized life, singularly enough, we are always ready with a cordial greeting for the novel whose hero is a soldier, and whose deeds are often those of blood. This fact accounts, to a large degree, for the popularity of Stanley Wyman's stories. The "Gentleman of France" is dear to us, because he is a gentleman who can fight, and who can fight well; who can fight so well, indeed, that, no matter by how many foes surrounded, he is always able to extricate himself, to his own glory and to their destruction. The hero of "On the Red Staircase" is equally fortunate. A Frenchman in Russia, in the days which preceded the accession of Peter the Great, he figures in the bloody scenes which were so frequent at that time, and emerges from plot and counter-plot, with no blots on his escutcheon, and with a charming Russian maiden, whose life he, on several occasions, has saved, as his bride. The story is an exciting one from beginning to end. In addition to the usual merits of a good novel, the book is worthy of note for the excellent picture which it gives of Russian life, a side of that life, too, which is not apparent to the reader of Tolstoi.



LIGHT POCKET BOOKS.

A VOYAGE to Europe is a very sensible object for anyone's ambition, but heretofore it has remained quite out of reach of the average brain worker.

It has been made possible and easy of accomplishment by the plan of paying \$6.00 to \$15.00 per month beginning now, and whether the desired voyage be for England next summer, for Algiers, Italy and the Mediterranean the following autumn or Paris Exposition in 1900, the monthly payments will cover the ocean passage by the time one is ready to sail.

Americans as a rule will not sail second class on ocean lines, because of the various indignities put upon passengers in that class, and they quite naturally will not allow themselves to be herded into the steerage, while to go first-class under the ordinary methods of ocean travel is beyond the reach of any but plethoric pocket books. This condition of affairs has attracted the attention of some American thinkers, who believed there was a way to give brainy Americans the advantages of a voyage to Europe, and in a thoroughly comfortable, sensible and satisfactory manner, at reasonable cost, payments so arranged that they could be made, and no second-class or steerage passengers carried on the steamers.

The problem required a considerable amount of time and money in its solution.

The details will interest any intelligent person who is fond of travel.

They are told in a book handsomely illustrated, with over one hundred half-tone engravings, sent free to enquirers, by the Postum Cereal Company, Limited, of Battle Creek, Mich.

THE TOUCHSTONE OF LIFE. By Ella MacMahon. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

A novel without a purpose may have as decided a mission of interest and amusement as its more ambitious contemporary. Interest enough is here; and the hero, Ivor Clay—we imagine the author went on a long hunt to find that first name, and we congratulate her on the success. Ivor Clay, we say, is a man worth meeting. We sometimes get tired of the luxurious, dissolute, fashionable young man like Teddy Texham, who develops the most heroic traits and manly strength at critical moments, while neglecting everything that nourishes such things in his daily life. He is so common in novels, and so wanting in real life. Real life compels so relentlessly other ways of living if one would develop these strong ways of doing. It is not a great novel, this, nor elaborate but interesting enough to give the time needed for its reading, and the money needed for its buying.

IMPERIAL GERMANY. By Sidney Whitman, F.R.G.S. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.

Germany needs no apology. That is where it differs from German imperialism. In this book the Germany of to-day is made to defend German imperialism as it is. The study of the life of the German people is discriminating, accurate, and interesting. How Germany has grown to be a giant among the nations is manifested. We heartily coincide with the author's admiration for the German people. We do not think he sets his strain any too high in praise of their character and capabilities. They are still the people of Albrecht Durer and the minnesingers of Luther and Melancthon, of Frederick the Great and of Goethe. Concerning German imperialism and autocracy, we have a very different feeling. That it has had a mission for Germany may be true; even the lowest and poorest things and systems have undoubtedly some mission. That it is nowadays an anachronism, a great and grievous burden, a hindrance and a danger, we think is more clearly manifested every week, and with every new deliverance from the oracles of the present emperor. We are no friends of monarchical systems, and naturally part company, then, with an English author's theories; but even if we were, we should feel that monarchy, as Germany reveals it, was about as objectionable a way of governing as monarchy could invent.

Such a monarchical system, when guided by a Bismarck, was redeemed from contempt by dignity and strength; at present it seems to have fallen from grace; and to be quite beyond redemption.

However difficult a defense of German imperialism may be, the study of German institutions and conditions, of the people at their homes, their work, or their amusements, is wonderfully well done. We are let into the ways of a great people, whose ways are often not our ways, in a most instructive manner. That this book should be demanded in a second form a decade after its first appearance, is a sufficient comment on its value and power.

WAYS TO WIN.—By Dyson Hague. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

Lessons from the life of Andrew the Apostle form a most appropriate message to the young men of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip. It was for such a mission that this little volume was first issued. How young Christians may work, and work wisely, is the word of this book. That word is earnest and very practical.

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

AN article by Rev. J. H. Ecob, D.D., in a recent issue of *The Independent*, spoke a true and strong word on "Home Missions and Debt." The extravagant and wasteful methods, which sectarian rivalry has so often produced, are freely exposed and criticized. There is, as Dr. Ecob declares, economy as well as Christianity in Christian union.

Mr. Norman reveals, in the October number of *Scribner's Magazine*, the inside history of the diplomacy which preceded the Crimean war.

The picture of the new mistress of the White House finds fitting place in the October issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The "Life of a Germ," being the biography of a microscopical bacteria, has been written by Prof. H. W. Conn, of Wesleyan University, and just issued in "Appleton's Library of Useful Stories."

The American Monthly Review of Reviews for October contains an interesting and hopeful comment upon the methods by which the nomination of Seth Low for New York's mayor was accomplished.

The problem of the Sunday-school is discussed most helpfully in the October issue of the *Missionary Review*, by Rev. John Balsam Shaw, D.D.

FROM DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Of this book one English reviewer says: "Though a book of only 211 pages, in it there is food for the mind adapted to every phase of human thought."

Another says: "We heartily and confidently commend this book as promoting a bold, comprehensive, affirmative Christianity of a thoroughly practical and social nature."

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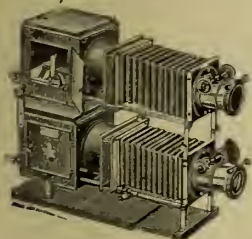
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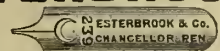
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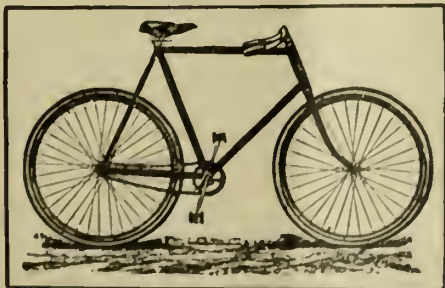
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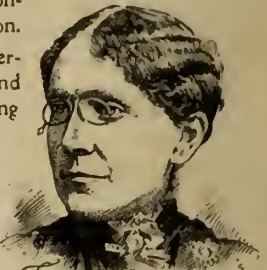
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A Great Calamity. GREATER NEW YORK has been handed over, body and soul, three millions of people and seventy-five million dollars of yearly expenditure, to Tammany Hall. Only those can say what that means who have been actually brought into contact with the utter rottenness of public work under the rule of Tammany. The thing is an outrage of the very worst character, and is well understood so to be.

Tammany Hall and the Republican machine joined hands to accomplish the disastrous result, the worst piece of work that has been done in America for many a day.

To appeal to Tammany Hall would be quite absurd. She will do after her nature. Ask the tiger to give up its prey when it is taking the first laps of the blood.

But, unquestionably, some of the noblest people of the

Empire state are of the Republican party. To them appeal may be made. They have become very tired. They have been outraged for many months by the course of the party in the state. They see that the Republican party in the state of New York is just Mr. Platt. They have not been represented in the governor's chair or in the legislature, only Mr. Platt has been. They have protested and threatened, but all without avail. It would appear that the time had come for action. If the course of Governor Black is Republicanism, they are not Republicans. If handing Greater New York over to Tammany is Republicanism, they are not Republicans. We feel assured there is a large company of Republicans whose patience is exhausted. Their feeling is one of intense indignation. They will never again vote for Thomas C. Platt. If he continue boss, they have no more votes for the Republican party.

One is amazed at the length of time during which a great party has endured the tyranny of one man. That tyranny has reached such a point that it can be borne no longer. This late act should be the last. If that should be the result, it may be worth the terrible price it has cost.



The Silver Lining. DISAPPOINTMENT is very disappointing even when it was thoroughly expected.

That there should be over two hundred thousand voters in a great city who choose dirty streets and disease and death, with the privileges of rampant vice and Sunday drunkenness, is genuinely disappointing.

However, disappointment is not discouragement. The New York campaign was full of hopeful features, in spite of its result. For one thing, nothing could be more full of promise than the method which was taken by the Citizens' Union to procure the nomination of Seth Low. As a beginning of popular nominations, this will do; it is an example which will have a wide influence. That it is possible for tens of thousands of citizens to take part in a nomination as well as in an election is an impressive object lesson. It will be impossible, in the face of that, for a long-continued reign of the few men who settle nominations in a close circle, and then give the privilege of voting for their nominees to the rest of the people. With such an illustration before their eyes, it will not be long before even the most hide-bound party hack will begin to demand for himself a little of the reality as well as of the semblance of sovereignty.

Then again, if it be discouraging to see the followers of one party boss cleave so closely to their bondage that

hardly a break seems to be made in their lines, it is encouraging to see the followers and adherents of another so completely revolt that that party is not only a feeble minority in the city in question, but is swept completely from its dominant position in the state. That is independence radical enough to suit the most liberal progressive.

The pity of this matter was disunion; the immediate result of it, we cannot but think, will be the return of the old, shameful, disgraceful reputation to New York; and yet the ultimate result may be another step taken forward in American municipal life, and in the end a better day for America's greatest and fairest city. The cloud may have a silver lining.



On the Cow-catcher. THERE is considerable social unrest, and where this is the case there is probably some reason for it. For instance, we think any candid man would acknowledge that it has been somewhat hard for the farmer of late years. Every candid man would also acknowledge that it ought not to be hard for the farmer. The farmer is the most necessary man of us all. Even the king himself is served by the field, as Ecclesiastes has it. But it is much easier to recognize that any particular class of society is at disadvantage than to rectify the trouble. Yet just this must be done, and the sooner the better; for the condition is growing worse all the time. All parties in society must be brought to say: The matter must be attended to at once.

But how can all classes be brought to this state of mind? There was once a railroad on which accidents became very common. Many remedies were suggested, and at last one sage man threw out the idea that a director of the road be tied to the cow-catcher of every train. The idea was as original as it was impossible; and yet a grand truth lay beneath the suggestion. The farmer, for instance, has been riding on the cow-catcher long enough. He has had his full turn. Suppose now we put a king, a millionaire, an archbishop and a chief-justice on the cow-catcher, and let them ride a bit, and then give us the benefit of their experience. We imagine they would have some wise suggestions to make. They would be quite clear that things ought to be changed, and not only so, they would show us how it could be done. "Just untie us," they would say, "and we will tell you a thing or two."

If any man cries: "Oh, no; you can't put them there," then the proper thing to do is to put *him* on the cow-catcher, and hear what he has to say when he dismounts. 'Tis just the old story: Put yourself in his place. A very wise One said long ago: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This is the best basis of all political economy.

It is at the same time well to remember that in a well-managed train it is not necessary for any one to ride on

the cow-catcher. Let the farmer and the archbishop sit together comfortably in the passenger car. But if the king, the archbishop, the millionaire and the chief-justice object to this comfortable arrangement, it will be quite wise for them to remember that as things are moving they can be outfought, outvoted and outcast by the common citizen, and it is the part of prudence to bear this always in mind. Changes are sure to come; the way to prevent these becoming revolutions, and, still worse, bloody revolutions, is to "put yourself in his place" as quickly as possible. If you are not willing to do that, sooner or later you will take the undesired seat on the cow-catcher.



Sonship. HE comes to the door, wipes his feet carefully, rings the bell, hands his card to the maid, hangs his hat on the rack, and sits very properly on the chair in the drawing-room. He is the visitor. But *he* rushes up the steps, forgets to wipe his shoes, rings no bell, pulls open the door, shies his hat into a corner of the sofa,—and has to hunt for it when he wants it,—runs into the room, and leaps into his mother's lap—he is the son.

How hard it is for us to realize that this freedom is ours in the Father's house. How very proper we are in all our approaches to God. He looks for the freedom, and would enjoy it. He does not want us to stand on ceremony with Him. How stiff and stately is our religion!

"All Solomon's wealth of brass and world of stone,
Were not so much to Him as one good groan."

And perhaps one good laugh would be worth as much as one good groan. God wants what we give Him last, our hearts—and our hearts in all the simplicity of childhood. How tired He must get of ceremonies! They are poor things anyway, and we give Him so many, who wants none at all.



The German Socialists. THE Social Democrat party in Germany has been to its adherents almost a religion. Indeed, to very many of them it has been their only religion. Nor has it been one wholly devoid of love to God and love to man.

The recent change of method as adopted by that body is, therefore, full of political significance. The party claims two million voters in Germany. Perhaps more faithful adherents can be counted by it than by any other single one of the German political divisions. For years all their efforts have been in but one direction. A certain definite programme of reforms has been advocated. This has been strictly adhered to. No other question or questions have been allowed to receive consideration or to influence the action of the representatives of this party. This is now changed. It has been changed no doubt by the peculiar position which has been taken by the German Emperor. To the claims of imperialism, of autocracy and

absolutism, at last even the Social Democrats have turned their attention.

Formerly these things have been counted in along with all the rest of what is to these socialists a false political system. They have been opposed only as the whole economical system of capital and labor, of private property and social classes has been opposed. Now, however, the imperial claims are to receive a special opposition.

It is exactly as if a party in American politics, with whom some great economical question, which bore in their eyes even a religious character, had been supreme, as if, for instance, the Prohibition party with us had suddenly bestirred themselves in the recent election in New York city, had said that there was a time and an issue when even their special aims and their zealous enthusiasm must step to one side, a crisis reached when they must for the present consider another question. If the Prohibition party should be the largest organization in American politics and should take some such sudden stand, shifting all their influence and power to some different question, this would be an exact analogy to what has happened in German politics by the recent action of the Social Democrats. Even their almost religious enthusiasm for a rearranged social structure has given pause before the tyrannical claims of power by the German Emperor. They seem to have seen that these claims must be met first of all.

The outward manifestation of this will be by their participation in elections in Prussia, from which they have previously abstained as nothing was to be gained for their special policies by them. Now they will enter them, side with the liberal party, and against the Junkers and the Emperor. They hold the balance of power, at least they seem to do so. Their participation in the Prussian elections may put Prussia alongside of Southern Germany, an opponent of the autocratic system, instead of keeping her, as she has been in the past, the one constant and sturdy upholder of everything imperial.

This is at once a manifestation of the growing importance and of the growing common sense of the Social Democratic party, and also of the growing discontent with the present German administration. The emperor has commanded the great sea of popular rights to retire. This is one of the giant waves which answers that proud word by rolling its crest up to a threatening height before him.



Orthoform. THE Lord God, through the ministry of men of science, has again come to the help of man against the mighty. The discovery is announced of an anæsthetic which seems to have a peculiar and long-desired power. Two German scientists, of established reputation, Eichorn and Heinz, have announced this new discovery from Munich, where they have been working. "Orthoform," as they name it, is a local anæsthetic, which is sprinkled in the form of a powder upon the diseased

place; there it acts so powerfully that even in the case of severe burns or malignant ulcers pain seems to be overcome. To ease such injuries has previously seemed impossible. As in such cases it is often the pain, rather than the real injury, which kills, this discovery, if it be genuine, is of the very highest value. With this anæsthetic, too, there seems to be no injurious effect at all left upon either the diseased place or in the system after the effect has passed away. It can thus be reapplied as often as seems needful.

We cannot but think that there is in all such things a true, Christlike ministry. These who labor after such are as truly men ordained of God as bishops, priests and deacons. We look for the time, indeed, when, as Dr. Mathe-son has said: "The healers of pain shall be ranked with the men that pray."

Incidentally, we notice the marked contrast as brought out in the methods of these men, who are genuine scientists, and the methods of the medical quack. The true scientist works for the love of truth and the love of men. The quack labors for the love of money. This discovery is made; if genuine, it is invaluable; but we understand the formula has been freely published; all are requested and invited to use it, experiment with it, and, if possible, improve it. The quack would have kept that formula darker than the skeleton in his closet. He would have made a fortune out of it, and would have lost that reputation for scientific and humanitarian disinterestedness, which is alike the mark of a true scientist and a true Christian. We really believe true scientists should be included in the scheme of church union. Their creed of helpfulness, and not only so, but of unselfishness in helpfulness, is as genuine a Christian creed as any which we know. So many people are willing to make a million dollars out of being helpful. So few see that there is a larger, better fortune in making less money and in being more broadly helpful.



Sermons. DR. CARROLL, of the census, estimates that there are ten million sermons preached in the United States every year. That is an interesting single fact, but if some one would give us further information, we should be much pleased. It would make a fine array of statistics if we could be informed how many people during these sermons went to sleep, how many were very angry, how many applied these sermons to their neighbors, how many thought them personal, or too long, or too political, and how many said, God be merciful to me a sinner, and went away to live a new life.

Men are very free with their comments and criticism upon sermons, but after all what sort of speech would be received so constantly and so respectfully as a sermon. Only one thing appears to be able to compete with the sermon, and that is the daily press. In both cases there is amazing patience shown by humanity. Men will read the merest twaddle, if it is in a paper. And they will go Sunday after Sunday to hear the dullest kind of preach-

ing. There are ministers who have put their thousands to sleep as regularly as Sunday arrives, and still they come to listen. It would appear as though a sermon had a marvellous power of blessing—a good one rests the hearts and souls of men, and a poor one rests their bodies. In a farming community especially the drowsy power of the sermon is proverbial. After tossing hay for a week, to sit still under the droning of a familiar voice is a great provocative of restful slumber and a general awakening follows such sermons.

But oh! the power of a glorious sermon—of a Savonarola, or Luther, or Whitefield. The world has never known another power to compare with it. It has convulsed nations, and, let the preacher come again, it will do it again; it will never fail to do it. It was said that while Robert Hall was preaching, a man would rise and stand on his feet; as that interfered with another man's seeing, *he* would stand on the pew, and the man behind him would stand on the back of the pew, and all be oblivious of the fact. We have never had this experience in our own preaching, but we can believe that the thing has occurred. A sermon is, like electricity, a mighty unknown power, that can work miracles. Ten million in one year—what a country the United States ought to be!



Dr. Abbott DR. LYMAN ABBOTT comments as follows upon the much-discussed matter of Rev. **Mr. Mills.** B. Fay Mills's declaration as to the message which Christ has given to His church:

"His understanding of that message is summed up in a conviction of sin, and a summons to a life of faith and self-devotion, our understanding of the message is that it is the proclamation of the fact, historically attested by the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, that we can summon to our aid a power, not otherwise possessed by us, to enable us to live such a life. Mr. Mills understands the religion of Jesus to be summed up in love to God and love to man; we understand that more fundamental than either is Christ's message that God loves us, His children, and will help us to the life of love. To Mr. Mills, as he defines the Gospel, it is the enunciation of a new law, or of the old law with a new clearness, and perhaps a new sanction; to us it is the revelation of a new power making a new life possible. The question whether Christianity is to be regarded as a new law or as a new power, as a *summons* to a new life, or as an *offer* of a new life, dates from the days of Paul, the burden of whose message was just this: that the Gospel is not a new law, nor a re-enactment of the old law, but a *power* of God unto salvation, a free gift of life coming from the love of God through Jesus Christ His Son. Doubtless there are Unitarian clergymen who preach the Gospel of a free gift of life, as there are Evangelical clergymen who preach Moses, or Christ only as an interpreter of Moses. But, in our judgment, the real issue in the Christian church of our time, as indeed of all time, is not one between supernaturalism and naturalism, so called, nor between Trinitarian and un-Trinitarian theories of the Godhead, nor between the conception of the atonement as a pardon from guilt and the conception of it as a cleansing from sin—important as these differences may be—but between those who regard the Gospel as a law summed up in love to God and love to man, and those who regard it as the proclamation of a new power, bringing with it a divine comfort to the sorrowing, a divine pardon to those oppressed by guilt, a divine light to those walking in darkness and doubt, and a divine strength to those struggling with temptations. This, not a mere conviction of sin and summons to

a new and holier life, seems to us to be the message which Christ has given to His church."

We are convinced that Dr. Abbott is right in his view, and that it is a matter of fundamental importance. We are further convinced that Mr. Mills would, on full consideration, agree with Dr. Abbott. We believe that just what Dr. Abbott teaches is the message which Mr. Mills intends to bring to Boston, and to every other place where his voice may be heard. This *is* the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in this it is differentiated from all other theories and methods of regenerating the world. We want this written in our hearts and sounded through our churches over and over again, that Christ Jesus is the power of God unto salvation. It is a life that has come into the world, rather than a law. It is not Mount Sinai, it is Pentecost, with the living and divine flame stealing from heart to heart. So God saves His world.



Broad Church. We have great hopes of that section of every denomination which is known as the "Broad Church." The name has perhaps been somewhat less in evidence of late years, but that character and school of thought were never more abundant or more influential. Indeed there are some denominations which are fast coming to be altogether Broad Church—the praise of it is unto the Lord. The new and brighter views on theological subjects so characteristic of the Broad Church movement, these are fast spreading and prevailing; the tolerance and sympathy which were extended unto other churches by the Broad Church party of each church, these have in many denominations penetrated the whole body, and become the spirit of the church; the emphasis upon the all-permeating character of sacred things, the refusal to distinguish between the secular and the sacred, the insistence that the commonest uses of the world could be and were meant to be religious, this inspiring, consecrating teaching so prominent in the Broad Church impulse was never more deeply rooted in all sections of the church than it is to-day.

We have sometimes thought that the dropping of the term "Broad Church" was largely due to the fact that it was fast ceasing to be distinctive, for the whole church had become Broad Church.

It may be that in a small portion of the churches, and perhaps through a large portion of a few sects, the old distrust and suspicion of the "Broad Church" movement still exists; if it does, it is but as snow drifts in May, a fast diminishing factor in the year.

The spirit of Robinson Smith, of Maurice, of Kingsley, and Robertson, of Bushnell, of Phillips Brooks, of Henry Ward Beecher, the "tone" of such men has entered into the whole church. Churches have turned such men out of their fold, then in the end have turned themselves unto just such men for light and leading.

In the whole history of the church there have been few such inspiring, such potential and such successful movements as the "Broad Church."

Pleasant Sunday Afternoon. THIS is the name of an association in England, which has as its design to gather those who never go to church, for mutual pleasure and profit, in a religious way. It appears to have met with considerable success. The mere name alone is promising. To make Sunday pleasant is worthy of much care and pains. Much care and pains seem to have been given to making Sunday uncomfortable, in past days. "The Sabbath was made for man," has been a forgotten utterance. None of us wish the return of the Puritan Sabbath, in all its severity. What crazy man was it who first declared that it was wicked to take a walk on Sunday? And by what perverse ingenuity did he get anybody to believe him? Sermons and prayers are good, but so are sunshine and birds. Exercise is an absolute good, Sunday or week-day. Seclusion in a house or room is not the divine idea for man. Four walls are bad for a constant diet. God did make the country and he meant men to enjoy it. Ministers ought to preach out-door exercise. The hidings of the Father's countenance are often bad eating and lazy habits. A disordered liver always hides the Father's countenance, but it is too prosaic a reason to give for it.

Dr. Tholuck, the German theologian, assigned as a reason for not coming to visit his many American friends that he could never get on with our Sunday. We would not wish to barter our American Sunday for a German one, but we could learn something from each other, in the whole matter of Sunday observance. The Pleasant Sunday Afternoon Club tries to do this. It has succeeded in gathering large numbers of laboring people, who do not attend church, to meetings where the services are very varied and interesting, and of a very free nature. Three hymns, two prayers and a sermon have no monopoly in saving the world.

"God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

All hail, a pleasant Sunday morning, afternoon and evening! We may apply to such a day Herbert's line:

"The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, for thou must die."



A Christian Table. RELIGION is growing very practical. It is hardly sufficient to say, I believe upon Jesus; the question is, *how* do we believe upon Him? We read, whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we must do all to the glory of God. Is there among other things a Christian table?

We answer, yes, and it is a table on which is found nothing which is injurious to the partaker; simply that. An old writer says that when he looks upon the usual table, he sees fevers and gout stalk among the dishes. If he did not see them, the feasters would certainly feel them very soon.

To put away unfit food is no martyrdom, but only common sense. The plain things taste the best, satisfy the best, and leave no sting behind them. But a Christian

woman will fill her table with a mass of indigestible things, and then insist on grace being said over them.

Among everyday methods of bringing the better time, this is one of the simplest: let Christian women resolve that not another unwholesome thing shall appear upon their tables. They will find there is an abundance of viands that are as good as they are healthful. We would have a different race, if only simple, wholesome food were used by our people. Will the Christian woman who passes so sweetly a cake compounded of indigestible things, with the word, "It won't hurt you, it is very simple," just swallow that lie, so to speak, and devote a little time to finding out how many good things are absolutely harmless, and spreading these upon her board. Then let her ask a blessing on the meal.



Cleansing Blood. IT is of the greatest importance that we have some clear idea of what St. John meant by his striking metaphor of the washing, cleansing power of Jesus' blood. The phrase is now so common that it is in danger of becoming trite, of not meaning anything. Such phrases can easily become mere charms or pious formulas; they can by constant usage lose their power of conveying a thoughtful teaching. Perhaps no sentence is more in danger of becoming an evangelistic formula, and losing its power of suggestive meaning than this one. Does this phrase then, in its teaching, refer to a propitiatory sacrifice? does it refer solely or supremely to the death of Jesus?

A few years ago attention was drawn to these questions very powerfully by a sermon which was preached by the Swedish Court preacher, P. Waldenstrom. In this it was pointed out that, to a Jew especially, as St. John was, these words could not be separated from the teaching of the ceremonial ritual, especially as found in Lev. 17, 11. "The life is in the blood." The blood stood for the whole life; the sacrifice of the blood was not so much because it was blood, as because it meant the giving of the life. This text then referred most potently to the whole ministry of the life of the Master in its purifying power on the hearts of men. It included the ministry and message of His death, but did not lay extraordinary or special stress upon it apart from the rest of His mission.

Recently this interpretation has been strongly confirmed by no less an exegetical authority than Bishop Westcott. He refers this text to the "life-power" rather than to the death suffering of the Master. The internal purification of will and heart by Christ's teaching and example; these were in the Apostle's mind as this wonderful metaphor flowed from his pen.

Such an interpretation follows naturally in the line of thought which was made so prominent by Dr. Bushnell a generation ago. Then it was the interpretation of an eloquent and earnest preacher, whose desire was to put before the people a view of the passion of Christ, which might not demand any harsh and extreme understanding

of the rule and character of the heavenly Father. Now it is the conclusion of a critical and careful scholar of the New Testament text, whose whole reputation is that of one who without prejudice endeavors to discover what the Apostles thought themselves, and taught to others.

We doubt whether it is ever possible for human language, or human theories to compass perfectly the meanings and interpretations of God's methods, but we believe heartily that the endeavors to bring sweetness and light into theological interpretations of the atonement have been of the greatest value. We find it matter of great interest, and indeed of much helpfulness, to think that in such modern efforts the most careful students of Scripture text are coming to consider that the church is not departing from, but drawing nearer to the primitive thought and teaching of those who lived with Jesus.



God our Life. It has been observed, concerning Nansen's book, "Farthest North," that amid all the stirring scenes through which the writer passes, there is no religious sentiment, and no reference to God. But the reader lights upon such words as these: "Life is one incessant hurrying from one task to another; everything must be done, and nothing neglected; day after day, week after week; and the working day is long, seldom ending till after midnight. But through it all runs the same sensation of longing and emptiness, which must not be noted. Ah, but at times there is no holding it aloof, and the hands sink down without will or strength, so weary, so unutterably weary. Ah! life's peace is said to be found by holy men in the desert; here, indeed, there is desert enough, but peace—of that I know nothing."

The good book says, without God and without hope in the world. It is very apt to be right, the good book. Perhaps Nansen is another who has found it to be so. And on the other hand there is a mighty host who have found God their exceeding joy. They have sung songs in the night. Their united testimony is, Oh! taste and see that the Lord is good. Yet the last thing that we can get men to do is this very thing. How opposed to all philosophy and good sense is this. If a great many good men and strong men have been fully satisfied from God, why will not the rest try? It is surely worth a good, honest try. Here is a practical, plain, near-at-hand demonstration of religion. But many will not try it, even as the professor of theology would not look through Galileo's telescope, and for the same reason, that they do not want to. If they had had the good God in the "Fram" it would have brightened that long, dark Arctic winter wondrously.

We know a little boy who was left by his parents in faithful hands, while they were absent for a short time in Europe. The little fellow was attacked by malaria, and as the first seizure came, and he shook from head to foot, he kept repeating the words: "Papa, Mama; Papa, Mama." This is the record of the last moments of Fred-

erick W. Robertson: "Toward ten o'clock a change took place. The pain returned with bitter violence. Feebly crying at intervals, 'My God! my Father! my God! my Father!' he lived for two hours in a mortal agony, during which he never lost clear consciousness." The human heart spoke in the little child and the great preacher the same language; it spoke its deepest word—God, Father.



Dr. Ecob and the Sects. An article by Dr. Ecob, in *The Independent*, treating of denominationalism in relation to missions, has evoked much discussion. To us his statements are truisms. We think that Dr. Ecob has touched the sore place, and the patient squirms, if not screams. His statements are made with reference to Colorado, as an illustration. If they are not true of Colorado, let us all remove to Colorado, for they are true of every other place we have known in the United States of America. They are true of every little town through the whole country. Millions have been squandered in building up a mass of churches, that are no more needed than a fifth wheel to a coach. Men have been sent to towns to preach, when they might as well have been sent to fly a kite; oftentimes better, for they have kept the church of Christ miserably divided.

We knew there would have to come a recognition of this fact, and now it has come. The evil is being uncovered and, poor thing, it cannot bear the light. Dr. Ecob has done a service; his are the wounds of a friend, which are faithful. It will very soon be impossible to carry on the work of missions after the divided and divisive methods, that have maintained so long. This discussion is but another step on the way to the swiftly coming doom of sectarianism.



Bottles. THERE is one word of our Lord that must always be regarded. It is that of the new wine and old bottles. New wine and old bottles do not go well together. The bottles were, of course, the skin bottles used in the time of our Lord, which could not bear the pressure of the fermentation of the new wine. The Savior applied the illustration to His teaching, and it may be applied to the teaching of all time.

All God's great universe is a school, and in it He is forever giving instruction, drawing out of His vast treasures things new and old. From such a source there must always be fresh truth, for the realm of truth is inexhaustible and God reaches through it all. But the new truth cannot be always bound by the old form or dogma. If we attempt so to bind it, the bottles will be rent and the wine will be spilled. This is just what happens at every time of large revelation, as at the opening of the Christian dispensation, at the Reformation, and we may add at this present time. A friend of ours once slept in a room with a closet adjoining, which contained some bottles of yeast, or other effervescing material. He heard all through the night a lively popping and in the morning

the good housewife found her preparation poured all over the floor. This is the condition of the theological world to-day. The popping resounds from every side and the theological housewives run hither and thither in a state of half distraction, and are at their wit's end. It is all right; they have only tried to put the glorious new truth which God is giving us into the old formularies and it is too much for them. When the new formularies are made they will hold it nicely. Only after a while some one will want to put still fresher truth into these bottles, and then the housewives will flutter again. Put new wine into new bottles and both will be safe.

There seems to be a crisis in the race as there is in the individual. There is a time in a man's life when he passes from being under mere commandment to being under self-control. It is a hard time for the growing child and hard for the parent; not as pleasant as either childhood or full manhood, yet with a youthful ardor and joy of its own. May we not say that the race is passing through some like stage now, from external commandment to personal conviction? It disturbs things and makes some trouble and the older ones shake their heads, but so comes the maturity of the race at last.



1898. THE CHURCH UNION during the year 1897 has spread before its readers communications from Rev. Drs. Washington Gladden, T. T. Munger, Charles A. Briggs, J. H. Ecob, Wm. DeWitt Hyde, Newman Smyth, Henry Preserved Smith, Thomas C. Hall, Samuel Fallows, James M. Whiton, Booker T. Washington, and Miss Willard, as good as a Reverend Doctor. We feel well satisfied with this array of names. To it we might add many others, not so well-known, but of the best. We think that our readers have enjoyed these contributions. They make a sum of very thoughtful and instructive reading.

As we enter upon a new year, the editors would only say that they will make their best endeavor not to go back upon this record. Our readers know well the stand which THE CHURCH UNION has taken, of active hostility to the endless divisions of the church, and in favor of any genuine endeavor for federation or closer union. Such federation or union we believe to be very feasible, but it can only be, as Baxter puts it "On the terms of things few, sure, plain, divine, and necessary." Therefore we stand on record as opposed to lengthy creeds, and to great emphasis on denominational peculiarities. The simple words of Christ are more to us than all the subtleties of human metaphysics. And when these subtleties result in the division of Christians, then we are against them with all the power of our hearts and minds, and we believe we represent in this the mind of Christ. We are aware that is a great thing to say, and we would not say it about many things, but we do unhesitatingly say it about that.

With all good wishes for the coming year, we would ask the co-operation of our readers in the very important task that lies before us.

IN BRIEF.

A LADY on one of the big steamers of the Indian Ocean said to the quarter-master, as she found the vessel going easily, "I am so glad that the wind has changed." He replied, "It's not the wind that's changed, ma'am, but the course of the vessel; we're with the wind now instead of dead against it." That answers to much in the voyage of life. It is the going dead against God's way that makes the trouble. And God's way must not change, we must. One illustrated it with the two arms of a cross. When they are laid parallel to each other, the cross is gone. When our will coincides with God's, many a cross disappears.



ABANDONED, water-logged vessels are a great menace in the sea. In seven years 1,628 of them were reported. In five years forty-five collisions were recorded, one-fourth of which resulted in the loss of the vessel colliding. No one can tell how many collided and sank without leaving a record behind them. To drift on the ocean of life, without aim or purpose, endangers more than the one who drifts, endangers everything he comes in contact with. Great governments send war vessels with powder and torpedo after such derelicts. Does the great God have his explosives to send after the other sort?



THERE is a peculiar situation in temperance efforts. We would not say that things were at a standstill, but there is a certain halting. No one, direct, practical method stands out winning the enthusiasm and allegiance of the great multitudes of temperance workers. Interest is as widespread as ever, endeavors are undoubtedly as earnest as ever. Differences of opinion are however more deep-rooted than ever. A measure of success, and a measure of failure seem to have followed each special attempt that has been made. Good laws have been made only to be gotten around. Indeed we have wondered whether the way of a generation gone, which spent little time on laws and very much time and labor on influencing individual practices, may not have been wiser and more effective. Montaigne says: "The way of the world is to make laws but to follow customs." It may be that we shall have to give, if not less stress to laws, at least much more stress to customs, than temperance workers have been giving in the last decade of temperance work.



AN ancient proverb speaks of the foolishness of him who would lock the door of the stable after the horse was stolen. It really looks, in the Cuban situation, as if Spain desired to do the opposite of this particular foolishness, and open the door after the restive steed had kicked a way through the walls, and was running free. Autonomy would have done famously no doubt before the people had fought their way to liberty, but autonomy after an achieved freedom is a good deal like carrying coals to Newcastle, and coals of rather an inferior variety to those with which Newcastle herself abounded.



It is a mark of genius to hit off the peculiarity of an institution, in a single word. Emerson called High Churchism, "the Eastern monarchy of Christianity." That covers the ground accurately. And Americans do not like an Eastern monarchy. It is about the worst kind of a monarchy. Their prayer is: Good Lord, deliver us.

The Church Union.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

SAMUEL T. CARTER, Editor.

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RELIGION IN BUSINESS.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D.D.

As I write upon the page before me the heading of this article, the words have a spectral look. They seem to recall conceptions which were once familiar but which have passed away from earth—habits of thinking which have fallen into a "desuetude," which, if not "innocuous," is, at any rate, profound.

There was a time—I can easily recall it—when the question respecting the relation of religion to business had a good deal of significance. The gist of the inquiry was, whether any place could be found for religion in business. It was religion which stood, with bared head and deferential air, outside the portal of mart or counting-room, rather timidly asking whether she might not come in. That business was lord of its own realm was assumed; the claim of religion to take some part in its affairs was generally regarded as presumption. That wide principality, in which production and distribution and exchange are dominant, was supposed to be ruled by its own laws, with which religion had nothing to do. The law of supply and demand, the principle of unrestricted competition, the expectation that every man will pursue his own interest, the maxim which bids us buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest—these were the regulative ideas of the world of business. Certain laws of the state did, indeed, interfere with the operation of these aggressive forces; in pursuing their own interests, men sometimes found themselves confronted with legal interdicts, which forbade them to rob or steal or defraud; these interdicts business recognized, but within the wide spaces left free by the law

the egoistic motive was conceived to have free range. What were generally supposed to be "strictly business principles" allowed a man to be as selfish as he could be without exposing himself to the penalties of civil law. And it was the common belief that the man who took care not to encroach upon the legal rights of his fellow-men, but who pursued his own interests with relentless purpose, shutting his eyes to the losses of his rivals, was the ideal business man. Such strenuous egoism was entirely legitimate. It was the economic motive; it was in accordance with natural law, and natural law in the business world was the highest law.

It was, indeed, difficult to see how religion could have anything to do with a realm whose ruling ideas were such as these. Nor was it evident that religion, under the conception of it which prevailed, would care to have anything to do with it. The function of religion was to prepare men for death; why should it meddle with secular affairs at all?

Thus the two kingdoms of God and Mammon stood wholly distinct from each other, with high barriers between them. That most of us must spend part of our lives in the kingdom of Mammon was evident enough; we must all live, and a livelihood must be gained; and while we were gaining it we were within the realm of Mammon and subject to his laws. But provision for the other world must also be made, and, therefore, certain portions of time and certain tracts of consciousness must be devoted to religion.

Yet this division of life did not altogether satisfy all of those who taught and practised it; some were fain to think that the two realms had something to do with each other after all; that it must, at any rate, be true that the religious man was more likely to be prosperous than the irreligious man; that he who was faithful in prayers and offerings might count on the Supreme Powers to aid him in his selfish pursuit of his own interests. That devout man, who had built for himself a splendid mansion at a cost much below what he had calculated, had the idea when he said: "Providence has favored us in this enterprise beyond all our hopes; for building material was never so low, and labor has been, all the while, a drug in the market." That it was Providence which had forced the dealers in stone and lumber and hardware to sell him their goods at a loss, and the workmen to sell him their services for starvation wages, he had no doubt. And he probably supposed that this favor was largely due to the punctuality with which he had performed his religious duties. There was a sense, therefore, in which this man believed that his religion had something to do with his business. It was a means by which he might hope to be aided in buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest.

Others have sought to bring the two realms into somewhat closer relation. While abating nothing of the strenuousness with which they pursued their egoistic schemes, they have conceived that certain evangelistic devices might be coupled with their business operations, such as stamping texts of Scripture on sheets of wrapping paper, or inserting tracts into bundles, or dropping, in the pauses of a bargain with a customer, some remark about his soul, or interjecting religious suggestions into conversation with employees. I would not disparage any honest attempt to express a real interest in the spiritual welfare of another; but when such efforts are put forth by one who is keenly pursuing his own interest, and who, as you know, will take any advantage of you that the law allows him, they are not likely to deepen your sense of the sanctity of either business or religion. The man who carries his religion

into his business after this manner must be a man of indubitable and transparent unselfishness.

Perhaps we shall get a little closer to the merits of the question before us if we inquire what kind of religion is under consideration. I assume that it is the Christian religion. And it may, therefore, give precision to our question if we ask what it means to be a Christian in business.

It is assumed by some that it means, simply, common honesty—the recognition of the legal standard of conduct, the refusal to cheat or steal or defraud. But it would seem that the word Christian must mean a little more than this. To be a Christian is to be a disciple and follower of Jesus Christ, to accept his law as the rule of life and his example as the guide of life. Whatever else it may mean, it certainly can mean no less than this. And the law of Jesus Christ bids us love our neighbors as ourselves, and do as we would be done by; it tells us that no man liveth to himself; it admonishes us not to seek our own exclusively, but to have equal regard for the welfare of others; it requires us to bear one another's burdens. I do not know that any dispensation is given to any man whereby he is permitted to set aside this plain law of conduct in any department of his life. I am unable to find any restriction of this law in its application to human conduct. I suppose that it covers every relation of men, every transaction in which they engage. To be a Christian in business is to take the golden rule and try to live by it. It is to bring these plain maxims and principles enunciated by Christ right down into the work-day world—into the counting-room and factory and mart and mine—and stand or fall with them there. It is to refuse to engage in any transaction which is not, so far as you can see, mutually advantageous for both parties. It is to refuse to profit by the losses of your fellows. It is to look out for the other man's interest as well as for your own in every trade.

“Rich through my brethren's poverty?
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.”

This, as I understand it, is what it means to be a Christian in business. I have tried hard to see if some qualification of this stringent rule might not be found, but for the life of me I cannot find any. Nor am I able to see how it is possible for any man to be a Christian at all unless he is a Christian in his business. To undertake to follow Christ in the home and the church and the neighborhood, but to refuse to follow him in the store and the office and the mill, would be, to my thinking, but a caricature of Christianity.

I do not mean that no man is a Christian who does not perfectly obey the Christian law in his business life. No man perfectly obeys that law in any part of his life. All our performance is somewhat faulty. We never come up to our ideals. But I mean that we must recognize the Christian law as ruling all our business transactions, and must endeavor to live up to it. That the performance here, as everywhere else, will be faulty needs not to be said. But this must be our standard. We must have no other standard.

There are those who tell us that it is utterly impossible to recognize any such standard as this in the business world. Then it is impossible for business men to be Christians, and the sooner we tell them so the better. Then it is true that the vast realm of industry and commerce is and must remain under the power of antichrist. If this is the fact, let us face it. We want no more shilly-

shallying about this business. The Christian law is either practicable or it is not. The kingdom of Christ covers the whole of life or it does not. Let us take our stand on the one side or the other of this question.

A great English bishop—he was afterwards archbishop—said, not long ago, that the attempt to apply the principles of the Sermon on the Mount to the whole of life would overturn society. His conclusion was that they were impracticable. Not many ministers of Christ have frankly said so, but a good many have implied it, in one way or another. Let us find out where we stand on this question. Is Christ's law the rule of life, or is it not?

For my own part, I have no sort of doubt that it is the law of life, and that there can be no other law. I know business men who recognize it, and are living by it—not perfectly, of course, but conscientiously and loyally—and they are prospering, too. It is not nearly so easy for them to do it as it would be if everybody did it; but even in the midst of the egoists they manage to make their way. And nothing is more evident to me than that the whole world must come to recognize the law of brotherhood as the fundamental law of society, and to build upon it all its institutions and all its industries. The futility of every other scheme of life is becoming more apparent every year.

If we take this view of the kingdom of Christ, that all the kingdoms of this world are to be gathered into it and ruled by it—the kingdom of industry, the kingdom of commerce, the kingdom of art—every interest and occupation of mankind—then the inquiry whether religion can be admitted into business seems rather absurd. It is a little like asking whether you could bring the Atlantic Ocean into Chesapeake Bay. The one absorbing, all-encompassing, commanding thing is religion, not business. To any one who has an adequate conception of what allegiance to Christ implies, it is evident that he is not humbly standing on the threshold of the mart, begging to be admitted. The question is not whether business can make room for religion; it is whether religion can make room for business. And I am quite inclined to say that for the thing which we have called business, the mercantilism which is a law unto itself, the egoism which pushes its pursuit of its own interest, without regard to the obligations of brotherhood, there is no room in Christ's kingdom. Between the kingdom of Christ and that kingdom of Mammon there is deadly enmity; one or the other must go down in the conflict. I think I know which it will be. One day we shall have a religion which will be large enough to take in the whole of life, and men will know the meaning of the word which bids them, whether they eat or drink or whatsoever they do, to do all to the glory of God.

Columbus, O.



THE VISION OF JUDAS THE HAMMER.

ROSSITER W. RAYMOND, Ph.D.

I. IN the 168th year before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, on the 25th day of the month Caslen, which the Romans call December, did the tyrant Antiochus, having taken Mount Zion with the sword, and broken down the walls of the temple, and burned with fire the everlasting gates, defile also the holy place. For he caused swine to be slain therein, and with the blood and fat of swine was the altar of burnt-offering defiled, and therewith were the sacred books of the law sprinkled. And they worshipped Jupiter in the temple of Jehovali,

and Venus in the courts thereof, which was the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet. And the daily offering was made no more, and the perpetual light of the seven-branched candlestick shone no more; and the servants of Jehovah fled for their lives; and the abomination of desolation was come.

Yet had not the Lord forgotten His people. For it came to pass, after the space of three years, on the 25th day of Casleu, which is called December, in the 165th year before the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, to wit, on the same day of the same month in which the heathen had profaned the altar, that Judas Maccabeus (that is to say, Judas the Hammer of the Heathen, for that he smote them mightily and oft) did dedicate again with harps and psalteries and cymbals and songs and shoutings what had been defiled aforetime. For having victoriously taken again the Mount of Zion, he caused the sanctuary to be cleansed, and new holy vessels and a new candlestick, and the altar of burnt offering and of incense, and the table with the shew-bread, to be set therein as of old.

Howbeit, because the altar of burnt-offering had been profaned, they took away the stones thereof, and builded a new altar. But the stones of the old did they lay away in a closet of the temple, reverently. For they said, "These were once the altar of the Lord. And peradventure there will appear a prophet who shall tell us what to do with them."

Now there was in that day no prophet in Judah. For Judas and John and Simon and Eleazar and Jonathan, sons of Mattathias, the priest, albeit they were wise and valiant men and lovers of God and saviors of His people, yet was not one of them a prophet. So they looked for a prophet to come.

And having cleansed the sanctuary, Judas gave order that the place should be adorned with palms and evergreens and with lighted candles; wherefore the feast of the dedication is called the feast of lights by the Jews to this day. And upon the fore-front of the temple he hanged golden crowns and shields.

And when all things were ready, the Levites stood with cymbals, psalteries and harps, which were the instruments of David, and the priests with their trumpets, and the singers, the sons of Asaph, in white garments. And when the burnt-offering began, then began the song also; and the trumpets sounded, and the Levites played upon the instruments of David, and the singers sang. And all the congregation worshipped, and bowed their heads. And the candles shone like stars; and the palm-trees clapped their hands; and among the branches of the evergreens moved the Spirit of God.

II. Afterwards, Judas Maccabeus stood forth and commanded silence; and the singers and players ceased; and all the people stood up to hear. And there was no sound, save the sound of the slings and the bows from the outer wall, and the cries of the captains and the shouting beyond, where the battle was joined against the heathen in the fortress of Acra, on the hill opposite to the temple. For the heathen still held that fortress. Howbeit, the noise of the battle was faint in the court of the temple, so that every word which Judas spake could be heard and understood of all. And he, having come straightway from the front of the battle, stood in his armor before the people. And when they saw him, they blest him with tears; yet shouted they not, lest they should lose his words, and because he had commanded silence.

Now Judas, the Hammer of the Heathen, was called also the prince of the sons of God, by reason of his beauty and strength. For he was like Saul in stature, and like David in cheerful glory, and like Solomon in wisdom, be-

fore that Solomon was made foolish by women. His breastplate shone like the sun, and he was belted as with a belt of fire; and in his hand was the sword of Apollonius, the commander of the heathen, whom Judas had overthrown in the battle of Samaria, and had slain Apollonius and taken his sword. And this sword bare he thenceforth always, even as David the sword of Goliath. So stood Judas, as an armed angel of Jehovah, the terror of kings and the joy of Judah forever. And he spake, saying:

"They that trust in the Lord shall be as this Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth always. For as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people from henceforth, even forever. Yea, though the mountains be full of the enemies of Israel, yet is the Lord able to confound them.

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. Yet fear ye not the host of the enemy. For they come against us in much pride and iniquity to destroy us and our wives and children and to spoil us. But we fight for our land and our laws; wherefore the Lord Himself will overthrow them before our face. Be glad, therefore, feast and rejoice, the while your brethren stand in battle for you, and for the Lord against the mighty!

"For ye remember how ye have been oppressed, more than your fathers were oppressed in Egypt, and behold! now are ye delivered, as they were delivered in the Red Sea. For in the midst of your tribulation, your God raised up Mattathias, to slay the oppressor and the traitor, and he, dying, left unto me and my four brethren the cause of the Lord. Of whom I being chosen to lead the army of Judah, they have followed me with courage. And at Samaria we smote the great host of Apollonius, whereof this sword is witness. And at Beth-horon, with a small company, we leaped upon the host of Seron, and pursued them to the borders of the Philistines, slaying eight hundred. And afterwards, Georgias with five thousand footmen and one thousand of the best horsemen, came by night to rush in upon our camp and smite us suddenly. But we, being forewarned, left the camp in the mountains, so that Georgias found no man there. And when the day dawned, behold we had descended into the plain, and sounding our trumpets, we joined battle with the army which Georgias had left behind, in their camp at Emmaus. And albeit they were forty thousand, and we but three thousand, neither armed to our liking, yet the Lord fought for us, and we scattered them afar, slaying three thousand of the hindmost. Thereupon came Georgias returning with his host, whom also we put to flight, and afterwards took great spoil of the camp.

"Then Lysias, appointed chief by Antiochus, gathered again a mighty army of three score thousand footmen and five thousand horsemen, and we were but ten thousand. But we prayed unto our God, and sounding the terrible trumpets, joined battle at Bethsura, slaying five thousand, and the rest fled. Then we took again this holy mountain and have cleansed and dedicated anew the temple of our God.

"Howbeit, the heathen still hold the fortress hard by, and Lysias hath gathered a host greater than before, and purposeth to come again. Wherefore it becometh us to watch faithfully and to pray earnestly and to fight valiantly for our land and our laws; and in the name of our God we will destroy them. Rejoice therefore and be glad, while your brethren stand for you in the battle!"

And when he had spoken he turned his back upon the people, and went through the curtains into the holy place, which was between the court of the altar of burnt-offering and the holy of holies. And they saw him no more.

But the people feasted and rejoiced with singing and dancing all that night, by the light of the stars in the sky, and of the starry lights among the evergreens.

III. But Judas heard them not, for his heart was heavy within him, and he purposed to pray alone, and afterwards to return into the battle, while the people feasted. And being already weary with fighting, even while he prayed he fell asleep and dreamed. And in his dreams there stood before him a tall prophet, of a glorious appearance and an excellent majesty. And he knew it was Jeremiah, for him had he seen already in a vision. And falling at his feet, Judas desired to know of him the will of God, saying, "There is no prophet to declare unto us what the Lord would have us do, or what is His purpose concerning us; so that we can only pray and trust Him, and do our best, dying, if need be, for His law."

And Jeremiah said "O Judas, chosen of God! this is His will concerning thee and thy people, that ye pray and trust and serve, not knowing what shall be. For this is better than prophecy, foretelling the future, namely, that ye seek in your own hearts the present will of God, and do it. And if, with a pure heart, ye do anything amiss, your God will abundantly pardon and make it good. Nevertheless, lest thy soul be too much cast down within thee, I am bidden to show before thee things that shall come to pass."

Then without touch of hand the curtains of the holy of holies were parted, and Judas would have fallen on his face, fearing to look into the secret place of the Most High; but the prophet raised him up, saying, "Stand and behold!"

Now there was no more anything in the holy of holies. For the ark of the covenant and the tables of the law and the golden cherubim had the heathen carried away and destroyed. And the Shechinah, the glory of the Lord, did no more shine in that place. Nevertheless, Jehovah was there, in the darkness. And in the darkness Judas beheld as it were many battles, the issue of which he could not perceive. And he saw one like unto himself dying manfully in the midst of the battle, and all his brethren seemed to die after him. But the temple was not destroyed. Wherefore Judas said, "Amen! So let me die, for the glory of Thy house!"

And by and by the similitude of the temple became yet more glorious, so that not the glory of the first temple, builded by Hiram for Solomon, could equal it. And always, as Judas saw the temple, it was filled with palms and evergreens and with starry lights. And he praised God.

But presently the temple faded away, and instead thereof was a cave and cattle; and a place in the cave was, as it were, a hut of evergreens; and a candle burned there, and a woman nursed her babe; but the babe shone brighter than the candle. And before he could ask of the prophet what these things meant, behold the temple again, and in the temple the Shining Child, grown in stature, and in appearance like one in his father's house. And Jeremiah whispered, "It is the Prince of the House of David!"

Then Judas would fain have knelt to the young Prince, but the vision changed, and much confusion and tribulation followed. Then the Prince of the House of David cleansed the temple once more, bearing in His hand a knotted scourge, and wrath sat in His countenance and His words were as fire. And Judas would have shouted for joy that the sanctuary was again purified, even as he had purified it. But suddenly he beheld a great multitude with soldiers, and he saw that the Prince, taken captive by these, was hanged upon a cross and died. And

an earthquake shook the temple and the curtains thereof were rent.

Then, as one looking from the temple wall, he beheld the Prince once more, standing upon the Mount of Olives and blessing and departing. And speedily thereafter the temple fell together in crash and flame, so that not one stone was left upon another. And Judas wept bitterly and cried out, saying, "Woe is me! for I have seen the things that shall be, yet am I not able to interpret the vision. But this I see, that the house of the Lord is destroyed!" And the prophet said, "Nay, look again!"

So he looked, and saw in the darkness as it were the face of the whole earth. And there was no temple therein, but every synagogue and likewise every house was a temple of God, and with palms and evergreens and starry lights and song and feasting and good will the whole earth did make merry and give thanks for the coming of the Prince of the house of David. And again it was the 25th day of the month Casleu, which the Romans call December. And he saw and was amazed, that the heathen also rejoiced and were glad.

Then said Judas unto the prophet, "Shall we not hate and slay the *heathen*?" And the prophet answered, saying, "I also see, and do not understand the vision. He that shall come is greater than I, and He shall declare the whole counsel of God. Wherefore, seek no longer to know what shall be, but stand in thy lot till thy time come."

And Judas awoke and no man was with him. Neither were the curtains of the holy of holies parted, that any man could see within.

And he said: "I know not: peradventure the Lord hath some better thing for his people hereafter. Yet in this present time it is well that we fight for our land and our laws, and for the temple on Mount Zion, and that we slay of the heathen as many as may be."

So, going forth stealthily, that he might not be seen of the feasting and dancing people, Judas the Hammer hasted to the front of the battle, for to strike once more a mighty blow in the name of the Lord. And God was with him!

Brooklyn, N. Y.



BRIGHT, PURE HOMES.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

WE wish to bring the influence of women to bear upon the books read by children and young people and the pictures, statuary and dramatic representations that are placed before them, so that temptations shall be diminished and incentives to pure living increased. The standard of the home is the best and most reasonable of all standards, since the largest part of the average life is spent at home, and whatever tends to bring to its bright sanctuary the taint of unclean thought or action strikes a blow at the very heart of the people's life. The motto of those who work along these lines is, We come not to destroy, but to fulfill; not to break down, but to build up. We recognize the beauty and charm of the intellectual and artistic life. Our principle is set forth in that familiar declaration of John Wesley: "We do not propose to let the devil have all the good tunes." Neither do we propose to let him have the attractive books, amusements and picture galleries, for these are all adjuncts of a beautiful home life and must be for the good of the greatest numbers and guarded for their use and pleasure, rather than disregarded in order that the publisher, picture dealer and theatrical manager may make larger profits. These men

have no patent on the beauty and charm of genius and the world. The home is the first claimant, and the home makers propose, by organized and well conducted work, to restore to their children and young people all these pleasant gardens of delight with the serpent driven out.



THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

ANNIS FORD EASTMAN.

IN my country parish I gathered a company of boys for the study of Nature, and sent them upon voyages of discovery in the fields and woods about their homes.

One day they brought leaves of different kinds to my study. It was a beautiful collection, ranging from the tiny leaf of the moss-plant off the rock to the broad, thick leaf of the American velvet plant, as foreigners name it, but which we call plantain; from the narrow blade of grass to the wide raft of the water lily.

For a long time the children busied themselves in pointing out the differences between these leaves, when I suggested that they begin to look for likenesses. They were sure that none could be found, but before the hour was over they had learned one truth of science—the unity in Nature's form and processes underneath her diversity.

If we could assemble in one room an audience embracing types of man as diverse as the English and the Hindoo, the Greenlander and the Patagonian, the Chinaman and the African—and all grades of civilization, from that represented by a Gladstone to that embodied in a man-eating savage, with no word in his language for the ideas of home and love, our first glance at such a company would reveal only the hopeless differences in the physical, mental and spiritual characteristics that separated them. Yet we rightly include all these varieties of human beings under one descriptive term, because close study shows that the points of likeness are more numerous and more vital than the points of difference.

Man's progress in the conquest of Nature's forces, his improvement in the arts of life, have come through his growing apprehension of the underlying unity in the superficial diversity which characterizes all objects in nature, and all institutions of society.

The latest word of science has already been transmuted into poetry. "One life, one law, one element." One life, of which clod and star and man are different manifestations; one law, which guides Arcturus in his flight, and the sparrow in his fall, the course of the seasons, and the thoughts of men's hearts; one element, the spiritual, in which all have their being; and "one far off, divine event," sung by the morning stars, chanted by bard and taught by sage, and whispered in every humble heart that loves and suffers.

Unity in diversity is the story of the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth.

It should not surprise us, then, that the religions of mankind present an infinite diversity of faith and forms of worship. It does not seem to have been God's way to present anything to man in a finished state, even Himself. If, in respect to every other attainment in Himself—as the powers of sight and speech, and in the growth of every social institution, as the family and the nation, we see man in the past working out his own completion, we ought not to be surprised if the same method holds in respect to his highest attainment, spiritual sight and speech.

As soon as the social instinct began to assert itself men separated into tribes and nations, developed different customs and languages shaped by their environments, differ-

ent moral and spiritual ideals and institutions. The more advanced they become the finer are the shades of difference between them. Frances Power Cobbe, in illustrating the greater simplicity of character in the older generation of this century, says, that thousands of allusions, ideas, shades of sentiment and reflection which have become commonplace to us, were novel and strange to them; she gives the following example: Walking one exquisite spring day in an old garden with her aged father, who leaned upon her arm in a mood unusually tender, she said: "Father, don't you feel that a day like this is almost too beautiful and delicious—that it softens one's feelings to the verge of pain?"

"God bless my soul, what nonsense you talk, my dear! I never heard the like. Of course, every fine day makes everybody cheerful, and a rainy day makes us dull and dismal."

There can be no doubt that the questions which arise in the minds of our children are more complex than many which our grandfathers pondered in their mature years.

A famous theologian says that in the questions of his little daughter during the first ten years of her life, he found the statement of every heresy which has enlivened the history of the Christian church.

"The child is born a thousand years old," so complex a thing has life become. In the development of the human mind diversities are the most numerous, as any one may see who reads the conflicting views of scientists upon the same facts in nature, or consults a score of doctors for the same patient, or reads the platforms of rival parties, or studies the various systems of theology.

The causes assigned for our labor troubles were comprised under one hundred and eighty distinct heads in a recent congressional investigation. A study of the commentaries of the one Book which is supposed to be the only rule of faith and practice by the majority of Christendom, leaves one in the state of mind Taine described after he had written three volumes of the French revolution. He says, on beginning the fourth, that he has not yet been able to determine any great principles, except that "modern society is a vast and complicated thing." For "society" one would substitute "scholarship."

It is practically impossible that human beings should think the same things—the unthinking only agree.

The middle ages nearly attained the ideal of uniformity in belief and rite, but with the Renaissance and the Reformation, thought awoke and burst into flower in a myriad forms of beauty and power.

It is not the reproach but the glory of Protestantism that it has led to a multiplicity of sects representing different shades of opinion and sentiment.

Neither pope nor book have been able to unite men in their thinking—because God made them able to differ.

Who could in a month of Sundays enumerate the different doctrines gathered from the Book, and the conclusions reached as diverse as the following—that the world has been constantly growing better since the beginning; that thousands are becoming daily more obedient to the law of love, which shall finally bear rule in all hearts—and the very opposite conclusion announced in an American publication of recent date, which proves from the Bible that so far only four souls in the United States have been saved, of whom not one lived west of Indiana.

Is there a unity underlying these diversities which may gradually become the basis of at least helpful co-operation?

Organization in modern society has meant the co-operation of those who think alike. Is it possible to secure the co-operation of those who do not think alike?

The first step toward such a happy event must be the perception by all that the diversity in religion is the method of creation, not an instance of man's depravity.

This diversity ought to make the beauty of the spiritual world; without it there would be no opportunity for the growth of that finest virtue—charity. What chance is there in a family for the exercise of the noblest virtues, if the wife, the mother-in-law, the maiden aunt, the young son, the budding daughter, and the small boy, all echo the opinions and sentiments of the husband and father?

It were hard to decide which were in the more evil case, the echoers or the echoed.

Unity of spirit is the beautiful flower of diversity of opinion.

"If there were but one religion in England," said a student of social institutions, "its tyranny would be terrible. If two, they would cut each others' throats; but there are thirty, and they live in peace."

Our century has witnessed a great multiplication of religious sects, because the mental and moral life of the race has become more complex, but with this has been developed a growing spirit of tolerance. There is no longer a storm of persecution awaiting him who proclaims a new gospel of Christian science, or vegetarianism, or esoteric Buddhism. Some sneer and laugh, but the majority wait patiently for their fruits, for by these they must be known.

The wise student of religion will try to establish his own faith—not as against all others, but upon the underlying principles of all faiths. The sects of Protestantism appeal to the authority of the Book; but Protestant and Romanist are rooted in Christianity, and Christianity has its Greek and Hebrew roots, (and these run into those universal sentiments in the souls of men that were expressed by the most ancient peoples).

The search for likenesses among the faiths of men is more rewarding than the magnifying of differences, and to such study we must look for a basis upon which all men of faith may work for the betterment of their kind.

From unity to diversity, and through diversity to a higher unity, is the natural order.

The sentiment of worship, the feeling of dependence and obligation—the desire to come into some satisfying relation with the might and mystery which encompasses us—these are universal, and find expression in the sacred dance of the savage and the closest prayer of the Christian.

With these is almost always found the sense of obligation to men, a feeling out after a brotherhood of mankind in which alone the individual can realize his selfhood.

The rites most vital, too, are most common—baptism and sacrifice, purity, and the losing of life to save it; these are found in germ in all the great historic faiths.

It should be matter of joy to us that the study of the great faiths of the world reveals in all some points of resemblance to our own; and the wise missionary seeks for these bases for his teachings in the ancient faiths of those to whom he ministers.

We seem often to be anxious to prove that Scripture untrue which declares that "God hath not left Himself without a witness in any land."

Let us dwell upon principles rather than names, upon duties rather than ceremonies.

Would that we might have a Congress of Religions in which the inspired teachers of every nation (not the Scribes and Pharisees, self-constituted interpreters and guardians of their teachings), might be assembled to hold high converse together. Of one thing I feel sure—each would urge upon us the same universal duties.

How often are our disputes about words—and words have no fixed value. If this be true among those who speak the same language, may it not be much more true of those who are separated by race and tongue?

One man has said recently that we are on the eve of a great revival of religion—hinted at by the new reverence which science is showing toward the spiritual facts of man's history, and that this revival will land all sects in the bosom of the Roman Catholic church.

This may be true; but the Roman Catholic church will not know herself when she has received us all.

What of Christian missions? The world is every man's field. That which any soul has received let him declare, nay, woe be to him if he forbear. We have our master and our commission. Let us only beware lest we exceed our commission.

If we can go to China and put the divine life, which has quickened our own, into the hopeless and oppressed in that land, that is our mission.

A Brahman has said that missions in India are a failure, because none of the higher classes are converted. Only the poor and the hungry, and those who want education. That need not discourage us. We are not over-successful with the higher classes at home, that we should expect to win them abroad. Ours is the religion of the meek and lowly—the high and mighty have to become lowly to get it.

On the other hand, if a devout Buddhist can go into the slums and deliver men from sin and misery there; or if he can gather the elite of our cities into classes for the study of spiritual realities, and make them turn from their luxurious lives to the service of their kind, let us bid him God speed. If I have hope and love and faith, I am bound to impart them to him who has none; and in doing this I need not war with any lover of mankind who is striving in his way to scatter the same good seed.

Unity of the *spirit* would solve all the problems of religious society.

Elmira, N. Y.



"THE PROFESSION" OF A NUN IN LAGUNA.

ALICE CARTER COOK.

LAGUNA, the ancient capital of Tenerife, is a "city of churches and priests." Its founder, Alonzo de Lugo, was a conqueror of the true old Spanish stamp, coming with Bible in one hand and sword in the other, to offer to the inhabitants of the land Catholicism or death—often both. He chose this high, mountain-circled plateau for the seat of his government, and set an example zealously imitated by his loyal and wealthy followers, of putting aside from his own as well as from the public funds, a liberal sum for the establishment and support of churches and religious houses.

Indicative of the character of the iron-handed, iron-hearted Adelantado, and illustrative of the idea which is probably the corner-stone of many of these "sacred" buildings—is the history of a prison-like church which stands conspicuous in its solitude at the southern end of the chain of mountains which makes the eastern boundary of the city.

De Lugo is said to have taken his own son outside of the city and there to have murdered him in cold blood. Afterwards, pursued by remorse, he shunned the face of man, skulked through the streets at night hidden in his cloak, and built this church to atone for his crime. Tra-

dition also says that all the streets of the city were made crooked by his order, that in entering them from his palace he might not see through to the western land—the seat of the murder.

True or false, the story is characteristic.

Among the numerous religious houses which during the four hundred years of the city's life, have been abundantly enriched by the gifts of aristocratic patrons, are two convents. That of the Dominicans is on the Plaza of the Adelantado, and to-day numbers about forty sisters. Its church is small, having but a single aisle, but contains an elaborate altar, several expensive shrines, some strange old pictures and a handsome marble floor of modern construction. But its most curious feature is the gilded, iron grating at the end opposite the altar from behind which the sisters, safely separated from polluting contact with things mundane, hear services. It was here that a new nun took the veil a week ago.

All who think they might like to embrace celibacy, are admitted to the convent for a probationary year—after which they may, if they choose, take the vows of the order—remaining there during the rest of their lives within the convent walls employed in making fine embroidery and artificial flowers and in teaching little girls who may be sent to the nuns' school.

For several days previous to the ceremony, the church was externally decorated with banners and Spanish flags. On the appointed morning we found service well under way at 9:30, and a large number of spectators already gathered before the grating. As is customary, many had brought their own chairs, but we were fortunate enough to secure one and, carrying it to the crowd, wedged ourselves in as far as possible, and then following the example of our neighbors, mounted it, so obtaining a good view of what was going on beyond the grating.

It is a large, rectangular, carpeted space. On this occasion its centre was occupied by a flight of canopied, flower-strewn steps leading to a red and gilt throne on which sat the novice who was to take the veil. She was clad like a bride all in white and the long flowing veil did not cover the sweet girlish face. In one hand she held a lighted candle and from her girdle hung a broad chain of beautiful roses.

The nuns in the white robe and black mantle of the order, stood or sat on each side below the throne. Among them were eight or ten novices all in white. In a small space shut off from the body of the church by a low railing, and directly in front of the grating sat the father and mother of the neophyte.

The long, responsive, Latin service was intoned alternately by the nuns and three priests, who stood before the high altar. The usual bowing, kneeling, rising, crossing, kissing the Bible, etc., appertaining to the priestly rôle was extensively indulged in. In one case the fathers embraced each other, much as secular people do in the Virginia reel. Then followed a sermon by a Dominican brother, extolling the virtues of poverty, chastity and obedience. Poverty, before a disgrace, has been made by Christ a glory. Chastity saves from many sins and sorrows. The one relieved of the anxieties and cares of matrimony is free to perfect in the soul the heavenly virtues, and happy is she who renouncing earthly joys and passions, chooses the pure Christ as her bridegroom. Obedience to God alone is the highest liberty, and to none other is the celibate subject. The discourse ended with an appeal to the new-made sister to pray earnestly for those whom she was to leave behind in the world.

The three priests, having in the meanwhile changed their gilt braided, red robes for gold-embroidered, white

ones, now celebrated mass and then passing down the centre of the church entered the enclosed place where the nun's parents were and stood before the grating. One carried the consecrated wafer on a silver platter, another the black veil, and the third the service book. At the same time the novice slowly descended the steps of her throne and advanced close to the grating to meet them. A nun and a novice holding candles took position on each side of her, and in the meanwhile all the other nuns had lighted candles and stood, holding them.

All this was accompanied by a great pushing and jostling among the crowd. Those who had not chairs to stand on and who had not come in time to get places near the railing and were therefore excluded from all view of the succeeding ceremony struggled to wedge their way between the chairs to the great discomfort and sometimes nearly to the upsetting of their occupants. The priests hissed for silence, and when order was restored the service proceeded. A whisper went through the congregation that the officiating priest was the girl's brother. After multitudinous repetitions of the kneeling and rising acts on the part of the nuns, the priests passed through a side door into a small confessional, also separated from the nuns by a grating, but having an arched opening through which the holy wafer and black veil were passed.

When the nun again returned to the central grating her white veil was gone and its place taken by the black mantle of the order surmounted by an elaborate gilt crown. She prostrated herself on the floor—probably in symbolism of her complete self-renunciation—while the priest again intoned awhile. Then rising, she slowly remounted to her throne, balancing the heavy crown with some difficulty, and remained standing before it during a short address delivered by her brother. He began "*Hermana mia, y Esposa de Cristo*" (my sister and the bride of Christ) exalting her high calling (the cultivation of all the virtues as a preparation for receiving the heavenly crown) exhorting her to trust to St. Dominic, whose great power had brought all good to the order, and concluded with an appeal for her prayers for all mankind, especially the wicked, and asked her to remember before the throne of heaven her own family, united there to-day except for the absence of the "dear brother" who, far away, was exposed to cannon and pestilence in the Cuban war. Here his voice broke, the nun covered her face, the father and mother wiped tears from their eyes, and sobs came from many parts of the audience. For Cuba is a word which deeply touches hearts here.

The new made nun now descended the steps and made the circle of her sisters, embracing each in turn, then remounted and remained standing while the people dispersed.

In the evening the church was again opened that all who liked might see the empty throne and its flower-strewn pathway—the way of the world which the twenty-one year old girl has left forever. She will be queen in no home here. Will her heavenly crown have many stars?

La Laguna, Canary Islands, October, 1897.



UNION OF CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.

THE daring man who has presumed to hint at such a thing is Dr. Barrows of Chicago. He does it in a communication in *The Independent*. It is fine reading to us of THE CHURCH UNION. We have been looking for something of this sort. With a feeling of the inevitableness of

union among the Protestant sects, we have looked over at the large field of Roman Catholicism very longingly. Notwithstanding all the mutual prejudices, the dark history of the past, even the terrible red blood-stream that flows between Protestantism and Catholicism, still what union of faith and conduct there is behind all! One God, one Faith, one Baptism, one Service of love for the sick and suffering. One Faith, do you say? Well, if Catholicism can be led at all to the original simplicity of Christianity, as fast as Protestantism is being led, we will come to one Faith rapidly. What an immense fellowship there is in the common possession of the personality of Jesus! This could lead to any amount of union, if it had but free course, and it is gaining this every day. Christ is the recognized glory of Christianity, as dogmatism is its weakness. Up in that higher atmosphere we are one already, and have long shown it in our hymns, and our piety, while on the lower plain, we have fought about transubstantiation. God hasten the day when there will be but one Christian church in the whole world. We fancy the world is, like ourselves, sick of our divisions.

Dr. Barrows writes:—

"It is of the highest importance, that whatever bears the name Protestant should not be stained by injustice, uncharitableness, or bitter animosity. To introduce or palliate the methods of the boycott or of the inquisition in dealing with our Catholic fellow citizens, to seek to defend our Americanism and to commend our Protestantism by persecution and rancor and secret political organizations, is for the strong to exhibit weakness and for the magnanimous to become mean. It is not right to take any Catholic doctrine, like that of papal infallibility, and run it out to its ultimate logical results, and then hold all Catholics responsible for the conclusions which we force upon them. Men have taken the doctrines of Calvinism in the same way and pushed them to extremes of sheer diabolism, repudiated by all Calvinists. It is not fair to judge any church, Roman, Greek, or Anglican, nor any religion, Hindu, Buddhist, or Moslem, by its faults and failures alone; and it is not fair to hold men responsible for conclusions which they repudiate. Protestant bigotry is more offensive than Catholic bigotry, and deplorable indeed are the ignorant and violent criticisms of the whole Catholic Church made in Germany, Great Britain, and America by persons who have never read a single authoritative exposition of Catholic doctrine.

"While we venture to think that the Catholic Church is hampered by its past, and appears to be bound by a doctrine which makes it responsible for the papal and churchly teaching of other ages, we cannot fail to perceive the growing Americanism of our Catholic fellow citizens, and, I may add, their growing love for Protestants. When, three years ago, a beautiful Congregational church in Rockford, Ill., was burned down, the pastor received, within a few days, two checks for its rebuilding, for twenty-five and fifty dollars, both sent by Catholic priests. This is hardly a fit time for dwelling merely on the errors and sins of Romanism. The present Pope, one of the most gracious and wise of pontiffs, has said that liberty is God's greatest gift to man. His letter on the abolition of slavery in Brazil 'reads like a very radical document.' He has shown the tenderest sympathy for the poor, has pronounced in favor of self government, has stood by the Republic of France, and has urged the co-operation of Catholics with non-Catholics in good works. Let us remember that the Catholic church, like our own, is in the midst of a divine evolution; and let us not forget that vast theological and ecclesiastical differences may be maintained with great friendliness of spirit and a large degree

of co-operation in practical affairs. While proud of our Protestantism, let us be grateful that the Catholic church, as Dr. Schaff once said, 'still stands like an immovable rock, being witness to the fundamental truths and facts of our holy religion.'"



A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

S. T. C., Jr.

I stood alone by the sea
While the great waves broke with a roar
And I saw afloat
A rudderless boat
Without mast and with broken oar.

A boat, adrift on the sea
With never a hand to guide;
And I thought as I stood
By the ocean's flood
Of the *lives* which drift with the tide.

Of the broken and shattered things
Cast up on a barren shore,
Or wrecked on the shoals—
Poor rudderless souls
That have trusted a broken oar.

Then I raised my hands toward God
And I prayed in that lonely place,
That in years to be
He would pilot me
Through the mists, to the light of His face.

New York City.



AN EXPERIMENT IN MANUAL LABOR.

Scribners' Magazine for November contains an interesting account, by Mr. Walter A. Wyckoff, of an experiment of his own in actual hard work. Here is a section of it:

"The asylum was a State Homœopathic Institution for the Insane. I could see the large brick buildings on the highest area of spacious grounds, which spread away in easy undulations, with their natural beauty heightened by the tasteful work of a landscape gardener.

"Near the entrance to the grounds I came upon a large force of laborers digging a ditch for a water-main. The boss refused me a place, but not without evident regret at the necessity, and he was at pains to explain to me that, already on that morning, he had been obliged to turn away half a dozen men.

"It was with no great expectation of success at finding work there that I began walking somewhat aimlessly through the asylum grounds. The first person whom I met was an old Irish gardener. He painfully stood erect as I questioned him as to whom I should apply to for a job, and supported himself with one hand on my shoulder, while he told me of the medical superintendent, and the overseer and the foreman, who are in charge of various departments of the work. Presently his face brightened with excitement as he pointed to a large man who was walking toward one of the buildings, and he pushed me in his direction with a pressing injunction to apply to him, for he was the overseer of the grounds.

"The overseer listened to my request, and read in si-

lence my reference from the '— House,' and looked me over for a moment; and then abruptly ordered me to report at seven o'clock on the next morning, adding, as he disappeared within the building, that he was paying his men a dollar and a half a day. The old Irish gardener showed the heartiest pleasure at my success, and directed me to a boarding-house near the asylum grounds, where I was soon settled, and where, at noon, I ate a memorable dinner, the first square meal for thirty-six hours, and the first one which had about it the elements of decent comfort, since I left Mrs. Flaherty's table.

"At seven o'clock the next morning I was one of a gang of twenty laborers who were digging a sewer-ditch. The ditch had passed the farther edge of a meadow, and must cut its way through the field to the asylum buildings, two hundred yards beyond. Its course was marked by a straight cut through the sod, which was to furnish us a guide. Some of the men took their former places in unfinished portions of the work, and the rest of us fell apart, leaving intervals of about three yards from man to man. With the cut as a guide, and with the single instruction to keep the ditch two feet wide, we began to wield our picks and shovels.

"A thick, unmoving fog lay damp upon the meadow, already saturated with dew. The sun-rays, gathering penetrating power as they pierced the fog, were soon producing the effect of prickly heat. The atmosphere, surcharged with moisture, and lifeless in its sluggish weight, yet quick with stinging heat, was a medium in which the actual work done was out of proportion to its cost in potential energy. In the forceful Irishism of one of the laborers: 'It was a muggy morning, and a man must do his work twice over to get it done.'

"By dint of strenuous industry and careful imitation of the methods of the other men, I managed to keep pace with them. I saw, from the first, that the work would be hard; and, in point of severity, it proved all that I had expected, and more. To ply a pick and urge a shovel for five consecutive hours calls for endurance. Down sweeps your pick with a mighty stroke upon what appears yielding, penetrable earth, only to come into contact with a rock concealed just below the surface—a contact which sends a violent jar through all your frame, causing vibrations which end in the sensation of an electric shock at your finger-tips. A few repetitions of this experience are distinctly disheartening in effect. Besides, the sun has cleared the fog, and is shining full upon us through the still air. The trench is well below the surface now, and we work with the sun beating on our aching backs, and our heads buried in the ditch, where we breathe the hot air, heavy with the smell of fresh soil, and the sweat drips from our faces upon the damp clay.

"By nine o'clock, what strength and courage I have left seem oozing from every pore. The demoralization is complete, and I know that only 'the shame of open shame' holds me to my work. I dig mechanically on, through another sluggish hour of torment, and then I come to, and find myself breathing deeply, with long, regular breaths, in the miracle of 'second wind,' with fresh energy flowing like a stream of new life through my body.

"Through all the working hours of the day the foreman sat upon a pile of tools, silently watching us at the job. Now and then he politely urged that the ditch be kept not less than two feet wide, and nothing could have been farther from his manner and speech than any approach to abusing the men. It was his evident purpose to treat us well, but the act of his oversight, under the conditions of our employment, involved the practical wasting of his day, and cast upon us the suspicion of dishonesty."

CATERPILLARS, CHRYSALIDS, MOTHS AND BUTTERFLIES.

BY S. H. W.

IN these days, when William Hamilton Gibson's graphic pencil and facile pen have taught thousands of children to have "sharp eyes," and to go to Mother Nature for lessons in beauty and wonder, we are constantly surprised at the enthusiasm and perseverance of our little students. We are amazed at the store and the quality of the knowledge which they acquire from their loving teacher.

All seasons of the year we can study in some form of their development those airy creatures of the sunlight, the butterflies. As ethereal as the air itself, they are of the exquisite things of midsummer's luxuriance, while, like sleeping beauties, the fall and winter even have places for their enchanted castles. In the summer my little son, who loves everything that grows, goes from fennel spray to cabbage head, gathers dreadful green and black worms, and puts them away most tenderly in boxes. He looks very grieved if any one turns from them in disgust, for they are his treasures. So the hairy things which he picks up on the lawn, the horned caterpillars, that come creeping up our piazza steps, indeed, all the wriggling, crawling things that are unpleasant to us, he keeps and classifies and arranges in cases. Each is a special prize. He watches them with interest, and follows all their changing conditions until they appear as swallow-tail butterflies, or sphinx moths, or some variety of those flying bits of color and grace which we call moths and butterflies. All these wonders are within the gates of even the smallest city yard.

The difference between a moth and a butterfly is a question in the minds of the uninformed, but a convenient way to generalize the distinction is that moths fly at night, and from the head grow two beautiful little plumes; while the butterfly basks in the sunlight, and the growth from the head is like a thread, about an inch long, with a tiny ball at its end.

Our most common butterfly—those which fly about in parlors or schools—is the little white or light yellow one, which comes from the cabbage plant worm. It can be studied with ease anywhere in the country.

The winter is the time to find the large cocoons, which hatch into the cecropia and Promethea moths. One day our little student, seeing a fine cecropia cocoon on a high branch of an apple tree, too far out to reach by any climbing, took his Flobert rifle, and with it picked off the twig to which it hung, and so put the cocoon in triumph among many others in the library.

The Promethea cocoon is found hanging on low bushes. The worm settles himself upon a leaf, covers the stem with a glue so that it is made tenacious, and will not swing off in the winds as do the other leaves in the autumn. It will stand the severest storms. On this leaf he makes a warm bed, then wraps the leaf about him, tucks in the corners, fastens it tightly, and is ready for a long sleep, which shall last him all the winter.

One Sunday afternoon my little lover of nature came to me, in great eagerness, and said: "My most beautiful milkweed worm is beginning to change; it is very interesting; will you come and watch with me?" I was most comfortably fixed for a reading time, but I could not resist such pleading; so I took the book along and followed him. The object of our attention was in a box out on the lawn. The changing was long and tedious to me, but not so to him. He watched, with intense interest, every movement, and during the long lapses when the creature would remain motionless would say: "He is resting now."

He also had to remark sometimes : " It takes a great deal of patience to watch chrysalids." But when it was all out, showing it to his father, he said : " It is so beautiful that a jeweler would like to have it."

A few days since I killed a dreadful looking thing which I thought an enemy to my housekeeping, but not long after inquiries were made for a very rare specimen, which the naturalist had put carefully away in a safe place. When told its fate, I was informed, in a most sorrowful tone, that that kind was very scarce and hard to find, and would have made a Sphinx moth.

One day he brought in a prize, saying : " See my beautiful little stranger." I asked him why he was a stranger ; it was explained to me that his caterpillar grew and chrysalids formed on a little weed by the side of meadow brooks, and that he must have flown a long way to reach a yard in the middle of a city.

The numerous cocoons which roll themselves under our window ledges and in the crevices of blinds come out as small, buff-colored moths, spotted with white.

In the smallest area of observation there are many varieties of butterflies and moths, and wonderful lessons can be learned from them of the Heavenly Father's care for the least living creature. Some are very small and plain, and seem uninteresting, but with the magnifying glass each becomes a thing of beauty, and the grey coat is no longer despised.

When once our eyes are opened to see and to love even this little piece of creation, its vastness begins to fill our thoughts, and we want others to enter into our joy. If any little people become sufficiently interested to gather for their own pleasure, let them be sure to take with the caterpillar or worm a good supply of the leaf upon which it is feeding—they are great eaters—then let them be placed, with the leaves, in a good-sized box, for there must be plenty of air and room when he becomes a butterfly. Holes must be made in the box to give all the air that is needed.

A few days ago I shrank from a specimen, when my little philosopher said : " If you would only get acquainted with him, you would love him."

" Imperfection means perfection hid,
Reserved in part to grace the aftertime."

Bridgeport, Conn.



A PRAYER.

THOS. ELWOOD, 1639.

Oh, that mine eye might closed be
To what concerns me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thoughts might ever rest,
Or be conceived in my breast;
That by each deed and word and thought
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes ? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed, to Thee I cry.
Oh, take and purify my heart
And make it clean in every part;
And when 'tis clean, Lord, keep it so,
For that is more than I can do.

HOW A DOLL PREVENTED A BATTLE.

THE *Portland Oregonian* tells this story of Major John G. Bourke, once aid to General Crook:

" A gentleman from the ground up—the finest gentleman in the regular army," was the way an old Omaha reporter referred yesterday to a gentleman at the Hotel Portland, Major John G. Bourke, formerly aid to General Crook. And then, warming up to his work, the old reporter told the following:

" They used to tell a story of Mr. Bourke when he was down in Arizona with Crook, that shows the kind of a man he is. The general was trying to put a band of Apaches back on the reserve, but couldn't catch them without killing them, and he wouldn't do that. One day they captured a papoose and took her to the fort. She was quiet all day, saying not a word, but her black beads of eyes watched everything. When night came she broke down, and sobbed as a white child would. The fort was in despair until Mr. Bourke had an idea. From the adjutant's wife he borrowed a doll that was a beautiful creation, and had come to the adjutant's little girl the previous Christmas. When the young Apache was made to understand that it was hers to keep, her sobs ceased, and she fell asleep. When morning came the doll was still clasped tightly in her arms. She played with it all day, just as any child who had been educated to play prettily with its make-believe babies would have done, and seemingly all thought of ever getting back to the tribe, under the spell of enchantment placed over her by the doll, had left her.

" Not so the officers of the post, however, for the thought of having to keep the papoose without having the tribe make some inquiries as to its welfare bothered them to no considerable extent. Several days passed, with no sign of overture being made by the tribe, and, finally, in despair, the papoose, with the doll still in its possession, was sent back to the tribe. Major Bourke, who was then a first lieutenant, when the child was sent back to the tribe, had no idea of the effect his benevolent act to the papoose would have upon the crafty band of aborigines. When the child reached the tribe with its proud prize tightly grasped in its chubby hands, it created a sensation among the native Americans, and its mother later went back to the post with it. She was received in a hospitable manner, and kindly treated, and the effect of her visit was such that through her, overtures were made to the tribe, with the result that soon afterward the whole band moved back on the reserve.

" Major Bourke, in all probability, when the kind act was done, in order to placate the heart-broken papoose, had no idea of its ever being of such service to General Crook and his forces. It saved them from engaging in a bloody battle, in which the lives of the Apaches and Uncle Sam's forces would have been jeopardized to such an extent that many would have been killed or maimed for life, and made possible what is seldom accomplished—the placing of a large body of one of the most barbarous tribes on the American continent back on the reservation, without the loss of a single life. The Apaches were of the same tribe as that which Geronimo made do such deadly work not so many years ago."



MADAME GUYON went up and down in France and taught her own way of rest in God. The priests attacked her. One prelate said : " This woman may teach primitive Christianity, but if people find God everywhere, what is to become of us ?" Indeed, what would become of such priests as he ?

THE DISCOVERY OF THE LOGIA.

IN January last two fellows of Oxford University discovered in Egypt a fragment of papyrus, containing the very earliest record we possess of the sayings of Jesus. Mr. Grenfell, one of the discoverers, describes in *McClure's Magazine* for October the manner of the finding :

On January 11th we sallied forth at sunrise, with some eventy workmen and boys, and set them to dig trenches through a mound near a large space covered with piles of limestone chips, which probably denotes the site of an ancient temple, though its walls have been all but entirely dug out for the sake of the stone. The choice proved a very fortunate one, for papyrus scraps began at once to come to light in considerable quantities, varied by occasional complete or nearly complete private and official documents, containing letters, contracts, accounts, and so on ; and there were also a number of fragments written in uncials, or rounded capital letters, the form of writing used in copying classical or theological manuscripts. Later in the week Mr. Hunt, in sorting the papyri found on the second day, noticed on a crumpled uncial fragment, written on both sides, the Greek word *KARPHOS* ("mote"), which at once suggested to him the verse in the Gospels concerning the mote and the beam. A further examination showed that the passage in the papyrus really was the conclusion of the verse : "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye ;" but that the rest of the papyrus differed considerably from the Gospels, and was, in fact, a leaf of a book, containing a collection of sayings of Christ, some of which, apparently, were new. More than that could not be determined until we came back to England.



"DRESSIN'."

A MEMBER of the Washburn family tells in *The Atlantic* a story of a seacoast town in Maine, inhabited by men of a cross between farmers and skippers, therefore not fully proficient in either calling. Their land, naturally of thin soil, was neglected. The minister of a neighboring town, coming to exchange with the pastor, was joined by one of the deacons on his walk to the meeting-house, and, as there was something of a drought, was asked by the deacon to pray for rain. At a fitting place in the service the minister uttered himself thus : "O Lord, Thy servant is asked by this people to pray for rain, and he does so. But Thou knowest, O Lord, that what this soil needs is dressin'."

There are many places where dressin' would come in very appropriately before rain would be of much use. Said the plain-spoken brother to the young preacher who had prayed loud and long for "power," "Brother, you don't seem to need power so much as you seem to need ideas."

What power there is in the mighty words and thoughts and ideas of the living God ! And they are to be found in the neglected Bibles of people who are praying and crying for "power" and for "more faith." The Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth" ; and "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." A good liberal "dressin'" of God's Word would work a wondrous revolution in individuals and churches, and we should learn that the "Word of God is living and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even

to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart !" — *Armory*.



TOMMY HAS A VACATION.

I DON'T think much of it any more ; not near so much as when I was littler. Vacation, I mean.

It tires a fellow out so to be all the time doing errands for his sister or mother or hired girl or some other relation. I'd rather go to school where all you have to worry 'bout is not to throw paper wads or eat apples when the teacher's looking. 'Tain't near such hard work, an' don't make your arms ache near so bad. I expected to have a real nice time this vacation, but I hain't, cept when pa an' I was alone them two weeks. I was going to pay all my 'tention to birds, and see how many kinds I could find, an' then write down all about 'em, an' how they looked an' what color, an' what kind of nests they had, an' what sort of songs they sung, an' what they eat, an', O my ! ever so many things there is to birds. Pa helped me some them two weeks, but the rest of the time 'twan't no use. Just as quick as I'd get all nice and still out under the old chest-nut-tree, or behind the barn, or down by the hedge, or out in the south meadow, they'd want something, our folks would, an' they'd find me.

I went up on top of the house one day. I went awful still, 'cause I 'spected somebody'd want something brought down or something. I went up to watch some chimney-swallows. The teacher told us last winter how they live in there, an' how sometimes there's big families of em', an' that's what makes all that sound of business that we hear going on. It's them keepin' house. I got real interested, an' I wanted to see for myself.

I was having an awful good time that day watching 'em. They was just building, an' I never see no masons or carpenters any more busy or handy than them little twittering chimney-swallows.

Just as I was watchin' one lazy feller standin' round and bossin' the rest, an' thinkin' how natural it seemed, I heard a sound. First I thought it was a cow on the track an' the locomotive was shriekin' to get her off. Then it come a little nearer. Then a head come out of the attic-window, an' a broom was lifted away up high in the air, an' a voice said : "Tomme, Tommee, here, take this broom, now you're up there, an' sweep off the roof. It's going to rain, an' we don't want all that dust and leaves in the cistern." 'Twas ma.

That's just the way it's been all summer. I've had to do more chores than if I's a married man, an' had a houseful of boys of my own. 'Cause then I'd make them do 'em, I s'pose.

Ma, she's been off on a vacation, and just got home. She says she's "tired to death." She had to go to so many parties an' dinners, an' see so many callers. I asked her why she didn't do like she does here, an' send down word she ain't to home when she don't want to see 'em, but I guess she didn't hear me.

I don't see what vacation is for, anyway, they all act so tired out—all but pa. I heard Mr. Allen, the minister, ask him the other day if he had had a vacation. Pa said, "Yes, a good one." "You look real rested," said he. "Where did you go?" "Not anywhere," said pa ; "but the rest of the family did." The minister laughed as though he thought 'twas funny.

Ma said when she went to be sure an' keep the front blinds all shut tight, an' not put the piazza chairs out, so folks would think we was all having a vacation out of town.

Pa didn't, though. He opened the big long windows, an' left the chairs an' hammock out, an' we could sit in the parlor and on the piazza all at once. 'Twas awful nice. He let the sunshine right in all over the parlor carpet, an' it made the roses on it look like they was growing there, an' the pictures just shone beautiful. I wish ma would push the lace curtains all back that way.

Pa an' me had a good time in that parlor for once. He laid on the sofa, with the best silk pillow Viola worked under his head, an' nobody to say, "Hiram, you're mussing everything all up; come out in the back parlor." And my! what would ma say if she knew it! Pa had his shoes on, too.

The day ma an' Viola was coming home he shut all the blinds, an' put the lace curtains over the windows, an' shook up the sofa-pillows, an' picked up all the newspapers he'd had in the parlor, an' looked round under all the chairs an' things and on the window-sills an' on the piano. He said he guessed I'd better hunt round the piazza an' get the apple-cores all together an' the pieces of string an' paper where we made a kite, an' the whittlin's where pa mended my cart. It looked just as nice as though pa an' me hadn't had our vacation there, an' the parlor was lovely an' dark when ma come home an' went an' peeked in there the first thing.

Me an' pa had an awful nice vacation.

Ma's had to have the doctor three times, an' Viola lies in the hammock an' fans herself, 'cept when Alphonso is here; then he has to.

Grandma just come home last night. She stayed to Uncle Stephen's for her vacation. They wanted her to come, 'cause they had to have somebody to take care of the twins an' the poodle dog and the parrot while the rest of the family went to the seashore. Then Aunt Maria's sister thought 'twould be a good chance for her. She went along, and left Neddy, her boy, there at Uncle Stephen's with grandma. Then Aunt Maria's hired girl, where grandma was, had her little sister come to spend her vacation with her, and her little brother, Sammy, was so lonesome an' cried so for her, that he had to come, too. I heard grandma tell pa this morning she felt as though she'd been president of a orphan asylum, an' she was glad vacation was over, so she could rest.

Me and pa seems to be the only ones that's stood the vacation without impairin' their health.—*The Golden Rule.*



PLYMOUTH CHURCH SEMI-CENTEN- NIAL.

To those who love the newer light the name of Plymouth church is very dear. It stands for Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbot. It stands for earnest, clear thinking, and for free proclamation of earnest thought.

Plymouth church celebrated last month the semi-centennial of its history. Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, London, delivered the address on "Beecher's Influence in England." The address was a testimony of interest to a great man and his great work. We quote a small portion of it.

"By so much as the personality of Henry Ward Beecher made the world brighter, made God's thought clearer, made man's duty simpler, made life's sufferings easier to be borne—in that measure he was a fresh incarnation of the eternal love. We think of him to-day, we glorify God in him, and we pray that the succession—the true apostolic and saintly succession—of God's great and gifted ones may never cease until this weary world has passed through all the phases of its troubles and dis-

cipline. I am to speak of Beecher's influence on the thought and preaching of England. That assumes that Beecher had an influence there, and I am here to-day to affirm that he had a distinct and effective influence in these great departments of life. Now, put that fact into juxtaposition with another fact which helps to interpret and give it its full value. Henry Ward Beecher was seldom seen, seldom heard by the great masses of the people in my country. Only a fraction of the religious leaders and teachers ever saw the face that reflected so much of the sunniness of God. It appears to you quite clear, then, that his influence was not an influence of personal presence, of captivating eloquence, but was the influence of thought when reduced to the cold and lifeless level of the printed page.

"There is a foolish idea in many quarters that the orator and the thinker can never be one and the same man; that the orator is a person devoted to the tricks of speech dependent for his power upon resourcefulness and contagious personality, and that the thinker, on the other hand, is a man who necessarily must withdraw himself from all the activity of the world and from the influences of great public assemblies. Never was a greater mistake made in the two functions and faculties.

"Beecher was a thinker. Gifted with that fine faculty of vision, he saw into the depths all things of God; and what he saw God gave him tongue and lip to speak.

"Out of the great truth which Beecher helped to recover came another truth, namely, this, that the sources of theology are not to be found in books, not even in sacred books, but in Christian experience. Having found the living Christ he recognized Him. As the scientist goes to nature for his facts, and proceeds by methods of induction from observed facts to necessary conclusions, so did Beecher. Theology must so come into the realm of Christian facts. It is given there in the great body of Christian experiences.

"Calvin's name," said Dr. Berry, "is identical with the doctrine of sovereignty; Luther's with the doctrine of justification; Wesley's with the doctrine of sanctification. You will never identify the name of Beecher with any one single doctrine. But this we do in England, this I trust and believe you do in America—we recognize that this man who held so much of God in him, brought into the whole realm of theological thought a new spirit, a new outlook, which broke down ancient superstitions and made the way clearer for men to walk in new directions."



THE ELEVENTH HOUR LABORERS.

IDLERS all day about the market place

They name us, and our dumb lips answer not,
Bearing the bitter while our sloth's disgrace

And our dark tasking, whereof none may wot.

Oh! the fair slopes where the grape gatherers go!

Not they the day's fierce heat and burden bear,
But we, who on the market stores drop slow

Our barren tears while all the bright hours wea

Lord of the vineyard, whose dear word declares

Our one hour's labor as the day's shall be,

What coin divine can make our wage as theirs,

Who had the morning joy of work for Thee?

From The Century.



SECTARIANISM is just a bag of wind, but though so worthless, it makes a world of trouble.

THE REVISED VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

REV. DR. WESTCOTT, Bishop of Durham, has sent forth a volume entitled "Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament." The New York *Tribune* gives this strong utterance in an admirable critique of the book:

"The general indifference of the churches to the revised version of the Bible is hardly creditable to them. Certainly it would be discreditable to any school to retain in use a textbook in which a multitude of errors had been demonstrated after the appearance of a corrected edition. The need of the revision was long proclaimed and admitted. It was undertaken by the official authority of the Church of England. It was performed by the most trustworthy hands in England and America. Years of labor were expended on it. The most abundant safeguards were provided against any but thoroughly warrantable changes in the old translation. Great expectations were entertained of it. To get a copy of the revised version of the New Testament a few hours in advance of the mail, it was transmitted by telegraph entire from New York to Chicago. In a short time after this curiosity had been satisfied, the book fell dead, later declining to nearly nothing. At the end of twelve years from the completion of the work on the revised Old Testament there are comparatively few churches in which it is found, and most rarely is it found in that communion which authorized its preparation. Rarely has there been a more remarkable exhibition of the crass conservatism of the merely religious spirit.

"Of course, this was not without cause, if without reason. A lot of impracticable scholars fell foul of it with great fury. The reviews resounded with their outcries. It was merely a repetition of the onset made upon the authorized version at its first appearance. Nevertheless, it stiffened among the less learned that reluctance to change which is bred partly of ignorance, partly of indifference, and partly of fondness for old forms, however faulty. Probably the new arrangement by paragraphs, instead of the old by verses, modern and artificial as the latter is, has had much to do with the continued preference for the old. Bishop Westcott says that the old version did not gain favor more rapidly in its time than the new in our time. Whatever encouragement be in this it is but a sorry tribute to the modern claim of superior enlightenment.

"The apparent design of the Bishop's book is to promote that intelligent reception of the revision which has been too long delayed. He meets at the outset an objection which seems to have had weight among Episcopalians, that it has not yet been 'appointed to be read in churches,' as its predecessor was. This authorization is shown to have been simply permissive. 'But,' says he, 'if the use of the revised version is welcomed by a congregation, I do not think that a bishop has any power, even if he had the will, to prohibit it.' The Bishop refuses all controversy. He contents himself with stating that the revisers during their ten years' labor heard all the objections and arguments that have been used since, and that no subsequent restatement of them has in the least shaken his confidence in the general results of those prolonged conferences in the Jerusalem Chamber. There is no man in the English speaking world from whom such a statement is more authoritative.

"The points in which Dr. Westcott exhibits the superiority of the revision are elaborated in minute detail under general heads, viz., its grammatical accuracy, its employment of uniform terms for the same original, and of different terms for different in the original; its more vivid

preservation of the local and temporal color of the original, the added light which it throws upon religious doctrine concerning the Christian life, creation, providence and the person of Christ. An index of seventeen pages of references in fine type to texts which are examined and compared shows the thoroughness of his treatment.

"It is well to repeat on all occasions that the text of the Greek Testament is better evidenced than any other Greek text known to scholars. Not more than one-sixtieth part of the whole is open to serious question. Nor is the evidence for any Christian truth weakened by any alteration that has been made. Yet the omission of some familiar passages, especially that of the angel at Bethesda (John v. 4) and the heavenly Trinity (I John v. 7), has given an exaggerated impression. No part of the work has been more violently attacked than the revision of the Greek text; but no part of it, as Dr. Westcott believes, will more completely commend itself to scholars in the future. At the same time there is no doubt that traditional beliefs concerning what the authorized version renders in a number of passages as 'the end of the world' have received modification by the alternative rendering of the revision in its marginal reading, 'the consummation of the age.' This substitutes for the old idea of our cosmic world of space the new idea of the historic world, or worlds, of time, ancient and modern, and for the old idea of a final catastrophe the new idea of an evolutionary transition from age to age—the limit of one being the threshold of another. The influence of this change of a single word upon theological conceptions of the future is far-reaching.

"Cogent as is Dr. Westcott's argument for the New Testament revision, to which he limits himself, a vastly stronger argument could be made for the revised Old Testament. No one will pretend that the scholars of 1611 were as competent in Hebrew as they were in Greek, or that their translation of it is free from the most serious errors, which, especially in the poetical books, make it often false, and not seldom unintelligible. That well-educated clergymen should still be content to use the old version of the Testament in preference to the new is one of the most striking instances of the power of custom. The question of the responsibility for this indifference which attaches to the Bible societies we need not discuss. Its settlement has probably been delayed by those who have unjustly disparaged the revision. As to these, the unprejudiced student 'will look with something more than suspicion upon the criticisms of scholars who appear to find nothing more than solemn music in the English version of words of life, and to admit no hope of riper knowledge from the discipline of two centuries and a half.'



Editor of Church Union—Your first editorial in the October issue of THE CHURCH UNION so impressed me that I translated the new thought into the following words, which I send you—just as a token of my appreciation.

Sincerely yours,

JANETTE BRYANT.

The inspiring autumn days are here, the sternest of the year,

Of fierce north winds and biting frosts and ice-chains far and near.

The brilliant red and yellow leaves, now brown and sere, lie dead;

The sturdy warriors of the woods, their garments gay have shed.

Old winter blew his bugle loud—afar they heard it sound;
With seeming haste they bared their arms, and threw upon
the ground

Their gorgeous robes of kingly ease, so useless in a strife;
The living trees now sternly stand, strong for the stress of
life.

What though the winds blow fierce and long, the snows
heap high the vales!

The brave old trees now well prepared, withstand the
wintry gales.

They even snatch from winter's hands, his armaments so
bright:

Clad in an icy coat of mail, they glisten in the light.

So sturdy, strong, prepared for strife, each treelike hero
stands,

Deep-rooted in Eternal Love, alive to God's commands;
No "melancholy days" he'll see in autumn's changing
scene,

But courage for life's struggle gain—firm strength and
faith serene.

Southampton, L. I.



AMONG THE BOOKS.

THE CHRISTIAN. By Hall Caine. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

In spite of the dainty English and charming sarcasm of Andrew Lang, "The Christian" is not to be whiffed aside as an issue of little consequence in the literary world. The book is a solid fact, and its influence may be measured, to some degree, at least by its popularity. Public approval is not a stable basis of judgment, but to gain it an author must possess at least some elements of greatness. This novel is like a gorgeously colored picture, with some hues strong enough to suggest a master's touch and others so feeble and inadequate that they make the perspective untrue.

The philosophy of the book is sometimes incoherent, the fusion incomplete, as if Mr. Caine's studies in London slums had not had time to become well seasoned and ready to take their normal secondary places in such a novel of emotion as "The Christian" undoubtedly endeavors to be. In the midst of this busy, complex, modern life of ours, with the din of its machinery in our ears and its aims and ambitions holding us in like a net, against which we struggle in vain, it takes a sturdy imagination to picture the spectacle as it might appear to one who stands above and watches with disinterested eyes the moves and counter-moves of the human pawns below him. What wonder, then, if Mr. Caine at times flags in his task and loses his grip on reality for a moment. It is impossible for a quick, eager mind not to be so interested in its own day that it must express itself in some way, energetically or passively, in actions or in telling about them. Like Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Mr. Caine employs the novel for his conception of modern life. In "Sir George Tressady," Mrs. Ward pictures the arena political, but she signally fails in embodying in her work, vital human personalities. Her characters are rather lay figures on which she may hang her theories. She closes her book with the problem still unsettled.

Like her, Mr. Caine leaves his conclusion an open question. The theorem for Glory is stated, not proved, and the mission of John Storm's life ends in a love story. Truly a modern way of avoiding a decision which would make

George Eliot shudder in her grave. Her novels had to do with principles which worked out to an inevitable conclusion, but Mr. Caine, with the doctrine of "laissez faire" well inculcated, feels no such necessity upon him. Read the book and take your choice, he says. Make John Storm the type of Christianity in the nineteenth century if you will, but my intention is to make a good story. In intensity of interest and dramatic power "The Christian" is to "Sir George Tressady" as the sun to a tallow dip. Gloria Inayle lives, moves, and has being in the book. She is of like passions with ourselves; her letters are full of her winsome, tricky personality. One might meet her any day in flesh and blood, but "Sir George Tressady" could not be other than a wooden figure, put together with enough mechanical skill to give it a semblance of life. John Storm, and it is in his character that the philosophy of "The Christian" falls apart, is something of a puzzle. As a modern Christian, a failure, an unconscious hypocrite, he is anything but an attractive figure. Yet if he is to be considered particularly in his character of lover, why the title of the book and the emphasis on the religious aspects of the century? Until the closing chapters, the aim of the novel seems to be to show the ideals of first century Christianity applied to the nineteenth, but towards the end, the purpose frays out and the surprised reader is left with a wedding for a finis, and the remarkable confession that John Storm never was sincere at all. The conditions of the experiment were all wrong, and no solution is possible.

As a picture of nineteenth century life, "The Christian" is the best of its kind; as a novel, it fails in conception and workmanship to attain the highest. Many rounds of the ladder above Mrs. Ward though he is, he yet, like her, has a syncopated vision. There is no element of prophecy in "The Christian," no note that sounds true for this time and every other time that the fulness of years may bring.

COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES TO THE EPHESIANS AND TO THE COLOSSIANS. By Rev. T. K. Abbott, D.D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The editors and publishers of the International Critical Commentary have undertaken an elaborate and difficult task. It has been their aim to bring out by the work of British and American scholars such a careful, critical and solid product of scholarship as the great German commentaries of Lange, De Wette, Keil and Delitzsch. The work is expected to include something over thirty volumes by almost as many leading students, to each scholar being assigned that portion of the Scriptures in which, by previous work, he has shown himself especially versed. The result in this volume by Dr. Abbott is most highly to be commended. The work is primarily philological; it aims to seek the exact words used by the apostle in this epistle, and the exact meanings and force of those words. To this end the most careful comparison of manuscripts, and the most diligent weighing of commentators, both ancient and modern, has been summoned. Word by word, sentence by sentence, often in most fruitful and suggestive fashion, these two epistles are considered. This volume of the series at least will be a real addition to critical literature.

Much that is of homiletic value attaches necessarily to such work as is here given. Probably no amount of elaboration and application is more suggestive of thought than is just such accurate searching after the first and simplest meanings of the Bible word. There is help for students in such works as this, but there is help for preachers, too,

and for all those whose aim is to discover what the Bible writers really said. Both the Greek text used, and the translations given, are in most cases that adopted by the revisers.

THE SOCIAL TEACHING OF JESUS. By Shailer Matthews. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York.

We live in a sociological age. It were not surprising if much of the strenuous effort which during the nineteenth century has been turned to scientific progress were in the twentieth century given to sociological movements. It is not wonderful then that so many have restudied the teachings of Jesus to see what there might be of guidance there in these great matters. No work has gone into this study more carefully or more helpfully than the one which is now before us. The book has escaped the danger of vehemently declaring what Jesus ought to have taught, and devoted itself to the examination of what He did teach in such questions.

Christ's idea of the kingdom of God, His conception of the social place of the family, of the state, of wealth, of culture, all these are closely studied. The work is done in an eminently sane manner. The author is careful not to be carried away; some will think that he is too careful of such extremes, more careful than Christ was, with whom great enthusiasm and stern indignation were by no means unknown sensations, having their holy mission.

With Mr. Matthew's main conclusions we feel in the heartiest accord. That Christ's idea of the structure of social life and the development of social life centred around His teaching of the Fatherhood of God, and hence of the fraternity of man, we believe to be the truth. These were the cure-all which Jesus presented, and these He did present as a cure-all. He had faith in them Himself, and He prophesied out of His faith their conquering mission. It is pointed out that Jesus dwelt largely upon these great central ideas, and but seldom went into more practical and temporal applications of them. He lived and worked in the conviction that these, once started, would make their own applications and answer for themselves the continually changing social questions. Enough, however, of practical application in great and in petty questions is given in the teachings of the Master for us to see that He intended them to be applied, and, as the occasion demanded, was ready to make that application.

One cannot but be stimulated by this book. It is eminently thoughtful and suggestive. It is a work which is steadying to the thought on these questions at a time when steadying is needed, and yet it is stimulating to further thought, and by no means merely conservative.

There are pithy and even brilliant sentences, too. "It is by no means so easy," says Mr. Matthews, "to attract crowds by respectability as by eccentricity and sensations; it is infinitely easier to preach against extravagances and social absurdities than to recall men to gentlemanly, unobtrusive goodness. Too many men yet measure their goodness by the sense of deprivation, making misery the thermometer of holiness." This is a living book on a living question.

THE EYE OF ISTAR. A ROMANCE OF THE LAND OF NO RETURN. By William Le Queux. With Illustrations by Alfred Peace. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Of all the wild fiction written since the "Arabian Nights" was given to the world, this book bears the palm. Indeed, it is written in that same top-lofty style as that old

friend of our youth, and might very well have been penned by the same writer, or a lineal descendant of the same. The scene of the story is laid in the Soudan, shortly after the death of the Mahdi, that false prophet, who made so much trouble in that region at a time in the past easily remembered by the most of us. The hero of the tale, "Zafar-Ben-A'Zu, Arab of the Chowi and horseman of the Khalifa," is sent with an army to make war upon "Othman, sultan of Socoto," but with his detachment falls into an ambush, and is the only one who escapes alive, being rescued by Azala, daughter of the sultan, and hidden in her own apartments in the palace. They very naturally fall in love, but are thrown into despair at the apparent hopelessness of their love. They find out that each is branded by the mystic symbol, known as the "Mark of the Asps," and the interest of the story hinges on the hero's efforts to find out the meaning of this mark. To do this he must visit the "Land of the No Return," a locality of which he is profoundly ignorant, and of which the rest of the world seems to be equally in the dark. Undismayed by a little thing like that, the hero sets out at random on his quest, and after all sorts of impossible adventures finds the land, and later on leads an army against it and makes conquest of the country, and at the same time finds out by the Mark of the Asps that he is rightful heir to the throne. Zafar tells the story in the first person, which is a great comfort to the reader; for he knows all the time that whatever happens to the hero, he must come out all right. It is not a pleasant book to read, but those who delight in the impossible will doubtless read it with a certain amount of enjoyment.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. By James Lane Allen. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

Like a cameo picked out with the most delicate strokes, "The Choir Invisible" takes its place among the novels bold of conception and wide of sweep that follow the impressionist painting of the day. As James Lane Allen pictures it, the pioneer life of Kentucky, the rough edges cut away, seems like some fair Arcadia of the imagination. The wide spaces of the forest, the stars, the dew, the familiar miracles of nature, under his sensitive handling, make a setting for the story so quiet and soothing that something of the awe and restraint imposed by these nature descriptions, holds the reader even through the intenser scenes of the story. Pretty Amy, Mrs. Falconer with her quiet tragedy, and even John Gray with his more active struggles, do not disturb the reflective, meditative, retrospective mood that comes with the first chapters of the story.

Not once does Mr. Allen jar the reader by a false line. Everything is perfect, and if he lingers sometimes too long in the charming bypaths of the story, if he taxes an eager patience by many descriptions, they in themselves are so exquisite that the most exacting critic must perforce forgive him.

For the delightful English, the leisure that lets the author dally where he will, are in reality the secret of the book's perfection. They are what make the atmosphere, into which the story of John and Mrs. Falconer fits naturally. The story in itself is slight, but the manner of the telling may make it of as much interest a century hence as "Dream Children," a reverie, is to us now. Lacking the inevitable surety of touch, it may be, that restrained Charles Lamb from adding a line too much, James Lane Allen yet approaches him very closely in the gentle satire and the loving spirit that breathes through every one of his essays.

THE IAN MACLAREN YEAR-BOOK. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

It is a severe test of an author's writing, to cull from it the gems. One may not go far till he finds that the gems are exhausted. But Ian Maclaren stands the strain. He has great good sense, a subtle humor, is pithy, and abounds in pathos. Take "The Year-Book" up at any page, and you will be rewarded. Much of the pleasure is in memory, the bringing back of the delicious touches of "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Bonny Brier Bush." The book is not fugitive, but of permanent value. It contains a great deal of solid truth.

KINDLY LIGHT IN PRAYER AND PRAISE. By Pastor Quiet. Published by the Swedenborg Publishing Association, Germantown, Pa.

This is a collection of hymns and meditations, both original. There is, perhaps, an occasional obscurity in the style, but when one has become accustomed to it, he does not notice that. The thought is always very fine. It is profoundly devotional in a very fresh and delightful way. A man's heart could not long be troubled if he can receive this book. The love of God is its atmosphere, hope fills it, even the dark things are irradiated. Life seems to be what it is—a great and miraculous good. The vain things and the foolish things are very far below, as we read here.

It is not a book to be hurried through, but for the quiet hour, and the time when we are at our best, or want badly to be. If thoughtfully read, there will steal across the spirit the very peace of God. If we can persuade any one to lay down the daily paper for a moment, and take up this book, we should confer a great favor, but then there must be something in the reader as well as the book, that the book may be enjoyed. We honestly believe that it is just this kind of thinking and feeling that the world needs.

The book is in good type, on heavy paper, very fit for presentation to a friend.

THE PEW TO THE PULPIT. By David J. Brewer, LL.D. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York City.

Justice Brewer contends that a minister cannot be half a minister and half a politician; but this address delivered before the students of Yale Seminary convinces us that a man can be a wholly good lawyer and politician, and yet no incapable preacher as well. It is an inspiring address. It is full of common sense, of mother wit, and withal, it is of a high and spiritual power. His words should not be confined in their message to those who are professionally clergymen; they are such as inspire all who would bring any helpful ministry into the age. That is a helpful word for the ministers which tells them that while the prestige of the ministry as a profession may be waning, the opportunities of the ministry for ministering are increasing in a larger ratio. We can hardly speak too highly of this word. We are glad the students of Yale heard it, and glad that it now goes forth on what we trust will be a larger ministry.

A CONCISE HISTORY OF MISSIONS. By Edwin Munsell Bliss, D.D. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

We have needed a book like this. It will fill a valuable place. It is handy, concise, reasonable. Dr. Bliss is specially fitted for such a book, as his larger work, an "En-

cyclopedia of Missions," has put him in a place to be thoroughly acquainted with the field. This little volume includes a general history of Mission work. The Apostolic, medieval and early Protestant efforts, are briefly treated, the work of the great British, American and Continental societies of the present day following. Description of the most important fields follow. Each continent finds its place. The work of the great leaders of missions is brought into its place on the fields where they ministered. Methods, organization, and the place of education in mission work are discussed in the last chapters. One can find here in short space just the information which is usually wanted concerning modern missionaries and their labors.

NATURE'S DIARY. Compiled by Francis H. Allen. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,

this book is a welcome visitor. Giving, as it does, the time of the arrival of the birds and of the budding of the flowers, with what the wood-lovers in literature say of each, this diary should find a ready place among a people who love the rocks and rills, woods and templed hills, as do Americans.

ROUND THE YEAR IN MYTH AND SONG. By Florence Holbrook. Published by the American Book Co.

School readers have seen a wonderful change in a generation. Here is a reader intended for children of the third and fourth grade in school. It is made up from literature which any one might read and enjoy. It is illustrated profusely with copies of the great pictures and sculptures of the world. The classic stories and myths are told. The praises of nature from the best words of men are given.

The course of the seasons is followed in the book, beginning with the school year in September. One could wish one's self a child again, so as to use a modern reader.

ROMANCES OF COLONIAL VIRGINIA. By Maud W. der Goodwin. Published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston.

There are two of these books: "Head of a Hundred" and "White Aprons," and they are two of the most gracefully adorned little holiday volumes which have come to our table. The matter is interesting, for it treats of pre-revolutionary times in the history of our American commonwealth, and it needs not the cloak of story to make those times interesting to the American book-lover; but the *manner* of presenting the *matter* cannot be too strongly commended, for with a delightful exterior is combined a most pleasing collection of photogravures, which add greatly to the pleasure of a perusal of the pages.

THE GOD YUTZO OF B. C. 763. By Lord Gilhooly. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

Quantly bound in cloth, with loose edges, it presents an ancient appearance. The substance of the book is a collection of pithy sayings, many of them full of good sense. Here are specimens: "Many call ill luck that which is only neglect to improve opportunity." "He who thinks of crime is in danger of committing it." "A teased teaser is a tired man." "It's very easy to judge how much smoking and drinking other people should do."

LYING PROPHETS By Eden Phillpotts. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

The story well deserves its title. We should say that it was itself the best, or rather the worst, example of that which it describes, a lying prophet. Here we have the artistic sensualist, whose creed is regard to nature at her lowest and basest and no regard for nature at her highest and best; here we have the harsh, cold, Old Testament religionist, denunciatory, fierce and cruel; and here we have the simple hearts, who do right as best they can and trust in God; "religious egotists," these last are called, "who are ever wont to read into the great waves of chance, as here and there a ripple from them sets their own little vessels shaking, a personal, deliberate intervention to test their powers or ripen their characters." These are classed together as all lying prophets, and their ideas or their trust alike based on foolishness and falsehood. Those who crowd to churches "never will possess brain power worthy of the name;" such statements abound. Granted that a man has a right to have a prejudice against all religions and all philosophies, it hardly seems to us that the most effective method of venting that prejudice is to call all those who have a philosophy or a religion weaklings and ignoramuses, nor to describe them as such. That thing is so patently not true. Indeed, we never saw a book which better deserved to have its title applied directly to itself.

SELECT MASTERPIECES OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Richard G. Moulton. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

As the title indicates, this volume is made up of selections from the volumes of "The Modern Readers' Bible," which have been already edited. Those passages of Biblical literature which by their nature are the most striking, or in which the change of literary form brings out most strikingly the force of the writing, are here collected together. All the forms of that literature—the history, the lyrical and dramatic poetry, the oratory, and the philosophy of the Bible—are thus illustrated by at least one striking example. The selection of the most striking passages of the Old Testament has been made with excellent taste. One could not want such passages in a more convenient shape; while much meaning is added to them by the literary form in which they are cast.

QUO VADIS, a narrative of the time of Nero. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Two volumes. Price \$6.00

This is a beautiful illustrated edition of the well-known story. "Quo Vadis" has taken its place among the most able and effective portrayals of the early Christian life. The author has succeeded in making his story not only a most graphic depicting of the times, but a most interesting narrative. We do not think that this has been a usual combination. We have read stories in which the historic setting has been good, but the tale itself has been profoundly uninteresting. This is fatal. People do not read stories for the history, but they do read stories for the story. If they get the story, and a fine lot of history, they are much pleased, as in "Henry Esmond," for instance. Probably no historian has written the Queen Anne time upon the hearts of Englishmen and Americans as Thackeray has done in "Henry Esmond." "Quo Vadis" has, in its way, a like power. No one who reads it will ever forget Nero, nor the gladiatorial shows of Nero, nor the gen-

eral beastliness of the time. It would appear as if hell came very near the world just then, and the devil got about as much of himself into Nero as he often does into any one. The time was a time for striking effects, and the author has made use of his opportunity very effectively. The time loses nothing in his setting of it forth.

This edition is a fine specimen of printer's and binder's skill. It will be one of the best Christmas gifts of the season.

PRISONERS OF THE SEA. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Published by David McKay, Phila.

The interest of this story centres about the most mysterious figure of history, "The Man with the Iron Mask." Facts are here presented which claim to establish his identity as the twin brother of Louis XIV.

The story is full of wild and daring adventure and startling escapes from most imminent dangers. It gives a vivid picture of seventeenth century manners and customs.

It will hold the interest of the youthful reader as fully as did the author's "Titus and Paul."



THE NEW WAVE.

A great popular pure drink and pure food wave is just now passing over the country, and it seems to have come to stay.

More attention is being given to articles of food and drink than heretofore, and people are slowly learning that good health cannot be preserved under the present civilization unless the habits are of a more natural character. The apparently harmless coffee habit now numbers its victims by the thousands, producing obstinate stomach and bowel troubles, that will not abate except by leaving off the habit.

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It claims to be a direct and quick producer of new blood corpuscles by the natural method of good nourishing food, taken in a liquid form. It is quite a bit less expensive than coffee, and altogether its use appeals to one's common sense.

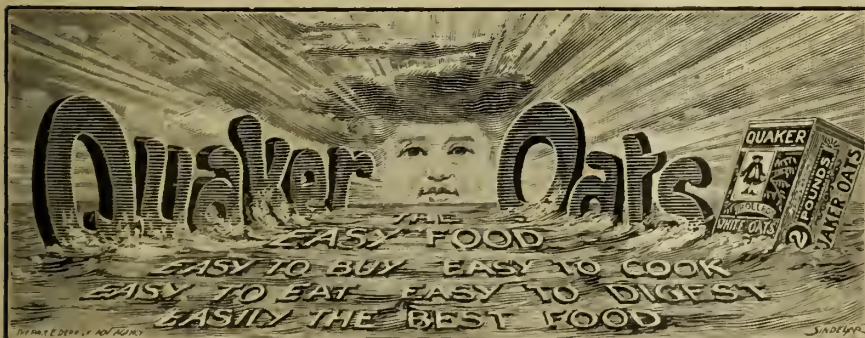
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MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP'S "Korea and Her Neighbors," will be published simultaneously by Fleming H. Revell Company of New York and Chicago, and John Murray of London.

MR. JOHN MUIR will contribute to early numbers of the *Atlantic Monthly* a series of articles which are likely to become the classic descriptions of, first, Great Government Reservation; second, The Yellowstone Park; third, The Yosemite Park, and fourth, The Sequoia Parks.

"The Tennyson Memoir" is reviewed at length in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for November.

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN, literary editor of *The Interior*, has a story of a woman's experiences in literature in the Christmas *Scribner's*. It is told in letters under the title, "The Martyrdom of Fame."

McClure's Magazine for December contains the first installment of a new story by Anthony Hope, "Rupert of Hentzau," being a sequel to the "Prisoner of Zenda."

Miscellaneous.

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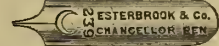
Miscellaneous.

No lamp is a good one without the chimney made for it.

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Miscellaneous.

MEASURE thy life by loss instead of gain, Not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth!

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice;
And whoso suffers most, has most to give. —H. Hamilton King.

THE society burglar in evening clothes has, it appears, long since ceased to be merely an effective fiction of the stage in a neighboring capital. There he is so every-night a phenomenon that when, the other night, a Parisian diner-out let himself into his flat, and ascertained by the light of his candle that he was confronted by a member of the profession as faultlessly attired for a social function as himself, he did not say anything, but simply shut the door again, and locked it, and went for the concierge. He explained to that official that his visitor was rather an awkward-looking customer who might give a certain amount of trouble but the concierge, an old soldier, laughed contemptuously, and led the way up without a moment's hesitation. Throwing open the door, he called upon the burglar to surrender. But, instead of a burglar in evening clothes, it was a ferocious-looking individual in a knitted jacket and a seedy cap who appeared to the summons. It was at once evident that there must be two burglars. Now the concierge was good for one, but he barred two. So he, in turn, clapped to the door and locked it, and went for a policeman. In his turn, the policeman flung open the portal, and, to his surprise, found a burglar in police uniform in front of him. However, in the name of the law, he proceeded to arrest him, when his hand encountered the looking-glass panel of a wardrobe door, which the diner-out had left open.—*The English Mail.*

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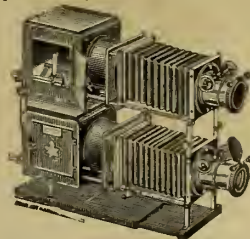
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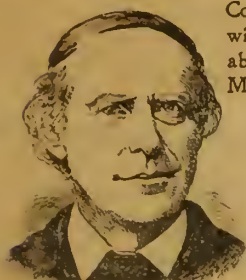
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*"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us;
that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."*

VOL. XXIV. NO. 9.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1897.

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Falling Leaves. SOME things lend themselves inevitably to sentiment. A great forest flames up in a dying beauty; that beauty falls away to ashes. What heart but rises up at the passing of that vision, and in its own language says: "Ichabod—the glory has departed."

And yet, is that the real lesson? is that the text or the sermon which from their high pulpits of the hills, the trees prophesy to us with nature's eloquence? Is it a mournful declaration of weakness and of death which we have here, of which the best that can be said is that every leaf desperately clinging to the bough or pitifully falling to the earth declares by its dying colors: "I cast my vote and lend my voice to proclaim a beauty even in the ways of death?" is it this, or is it rather, the challenge of strength? At the first sign of the foe, at the first beginning of the

struggle, grimly the ancient warriors of the forest begin to strip for battle. They say, "Ha! mine enemy!" They are as those who have had their taste of ease and luxury, and now comes not death, but the real stress of life. They cast down the guage of warfare. Even as a strong man rolls up his sleeves, so they make bare their arms for the conflict. Which is the sterner, stronger thing, the winds and the colds and all the hard rigor of the winter, or the living tree clean stripped for battle, and panoplied only in the glistening arms of frost and ice and snow, which from the very armaments of the enemy it has captured for itself?

To him who loves strength and courage, and the brave facing of life's struggle, to him there is something far other than weakness and death and "melancholy days" in the autumn growing always more gaunt and grim.



Love. LET us for a moment see how absolutely true the great first principles are. Take love, for instance, the first of all principles. How absolutely fundamental love is, how complete, how all things are with it, and without it nothing. Is there one thing else needed for the happy running of this whole great world? If love prevailed, the man who had strength would use it to bear the burden of him who was weak. Now, alas! strength is too often used to make his burdens heavier. He who had wealth would use it to relieve the need of the worthy sufferer. The phrase has been current that the capitalist should buy his labor in the cheapest market, and the laborer should sell his labor in the dearest market, in a diamond-cut-diamond way. All the clashing of caste has come from such rules. Suppose the principle were once adopted that the capitalist should give as large wages as he could, and the laborer should give as large labor as he could, would not that work better? Suppose they would look upon each other not as tools but as brother men, would not that bring something finer? If all kings were to bring themselves to Henry Fourth's way of looking upon things, that he was king of France with the purpose that every peasant might have his chicken in his pot every Sunday, would not this help the race of kings, and prolong their lease of power. It would be a good deal better plan than the old one of chopping off heads. If all the wise and knowing men held their knowledge at the bidding of the man who does not know, if all knowledge was not for enjoyment or display, but for humble use and help, how wise and happy the world would grow. If the old would sympathize with the young, and the young serve

the old, how merrily they could go down the pleasant way of life, hand in hand.

Now all this may be put away by saying, Oh, this is just foolishness and can never be. Saying this, is what makes it not to be. When the world has agreed to say it shall be, then it will come at once. All these glorious things are but waiting for a willing mind. We are holding back the millenium, all of us, by our unbelief and disobedience. To-morrow earth might be like heaven if we would only have it so. But we will not have it so. We will not pay the patience, the gentleness, the love that we must give for such a state as this. We stand off with the scoff upon our lips, that this is all Utopia and never can be realized, and then we make wild complaints because our sharpness, our hardness, our cruelty, cut and maim us. Let the love come, that is all; see, then, the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven with its gates of gold and streets of pearl, and no one wanting to shut its pearly gates nor steal its streets of gold.



Infallibility and Inspiration. It is a great and good thing to discern the things that differ. Inspiration is one thing. Infallibility is another.

The fundamental thing about Scripture is not that it is infallible, but that it is inspired and inspiring. Martin Luther was very much mistaken in his idea of the stellar universe; he insisted to the end that the sun must go around the world, but that does not in any way hinder the fact that Martin Luther had a word of God to speak to his generation. In the same manner it may well be that Moses and David and St. Paul were mistaken in some of their ideas, and that the traces of their mistaken thoughts are to be found in their writings, but that in no way changes or belittles the fact that these men had a true and wonderful Word of God to speak unto their age, and unto all ages. We take upon ourselves a great danger when we argue that these men were inspired, and therefore they must be always absolutely infallible, for then somebody comes along and shows that they are not always infallible, and therefore, on our own ground, they are not inspired. It were wiser to have made the distinction; let the case of their fallibility or infallibility stand or fall to itself alone; do not make the inspiration depend on that. The two are very different things; the inspiration is much the greater thing. We do not want to throw away the greater because we have been made doubtful about the less.

It were foolish for us to refuse to look at a great artist's picture, some madonna of Raphael or Fra Angelico, because we discover that in that painting a mistaken notion of the kind of clothes the Jewish people wore is evident. The artist's true discernment of womanly beauty and child-like purity is manifest even in their unhistorical portrayal of ancient raiment. It would be still greater a blundering error for us to refuse to consider or appreciate the value of a prophet's revelation of the Almighty

because that prophet held unsound ideas on the structure of earth worms, or on the order in development of plants and animals. Let us be openhearted to true inspiration whether we discern or do not think we can discern perfect infallibility.

It was a wise and thoughtful saying of the old divine, Richard Hooker: "As incredible praises given unto men do often abate and impair the credit of their deserved commendation, so we must likewise take great heed lest, in attributing to Scripture more than it can have, the incredibility of that do cause even those things which it hath most abundantly to be less reverently esteemed." It were not wise to hang the great and glorious quality of inspiration upon the unnecessary and perhaps frail cord of infallibility; it were better to examine the infallibility for itself alone, and to take and be uplifted by the inspiration through itself alone.



Narrowness. WE have enough of it, but let us be thankful that we have as much breadth as we do possess. In Russia it was made of importance whether the people said in worship: "Lord, have mercy," or "O Lord, have mercy." An archbishop declares that if the people say hallelujah only twice at certain parts of the liturgy, they do it to their own damnation. Shaving the beard, too, was deadly. The Patriarch of Moscow said: "Where will those who shave their chins stand in the last day? With the beardless heretics." When Peter the Great tried to introduce the custom of beginning the year with January, he raised a furious storm. They gave him this as a final proof that the year could not begin in January, that apples are not ripe then, and Eve ate an apple. One of the Russian fanatical sects opposed marriage, and the result was many illegitimate children; they got round that difficulty by saying, that in order to be saved a man must repent, and in order to repent he must sin. And we have no doubt that they were very positive about it. It was one of those Russians who murdered a traveler, but would not eat the meat that was in the traveler's cart, because it was Lent. Blessings on us, what a den and cave of darkness is this! And into this den superstition would force us all, but for the light that shines about us to-day. We may have some things to complain of, and some people may be a little loose in their theology, but, thank the good Lord, we are out of this pit of darkness.



Goodness. GOODNESS is final. There is nothing beyond it. We can go no further. God can produce nothing better. It is everywhere the same, free of all worlds, good in Greenland or the West Indies, in Jupiter or Saturn. It is God's central attribute, and the centre of all the universe. A pure heart stands first; it takes precedence, enters first, sits at the highest table, though ready to sit at the lowest. It is utter folly to try to pretend it; hypocrisy makes only laughter; its coarse alloy only the

blind would mistake for gold. Goodness shines in the face, beams in the eyes, glows in the heart.

Goodness is always safe. Some merchants insure themselves; goodness does. Tauler says: "Had all the devils in hell and all the men on earth conspired together, they would not be able to injure a thoroughly godly-minded, God-loving man in the least; but the more they strive to injure him, the more deeply he is rooted and the higher he is built up in God with all his powers. And if such an admirable man, bearing his precious fruit, were to be cast down to the depths of hell, he must needs turn it into the kingdom of heaven, and God and eternal bliss would exist in hell." That is a satisfactory way to put it; certainly it is not too strong, and being simply true, you and I have but one business, to grow good. If that is done, all is done; our complaints will end in absolute delight.



Hearing Straight. It is easy to hear, but a very hard thing to hear straight. Many a steamer has heard plainly the fog-horn's warning, and then steered directly into the danger, because it was so hard a matter to know correctly whence the signal came. A marvel of recent discovery has been a machine which is able to set the human ear right in this matter of its hearing. The accuracy and delicacy of the electric current are to correct the frailty of the human faculty. The child can hear, but it has taken all the man's greatest ingenuity and his most perfect appliances to bring into being a power of hearing straight.

We cannot but think that there is a needed spiritual lesson in all this. Hearing straight in spiritual matters has been almost as difficult of acquirement as it has proved to be with the physical man. The voices of conscience and of the Spirit are most plainly to be heard, but the exact direction in which they would lead us is not always an easy matter to discern. There has been a woeful lot of crooked hearing in spiritual discernments. It has brought forth fruit in much disastrous confusion and destruction. There is need of most earnest and thoughtful spiritual decision in interpreting the leadings of the clearly heard spiritual teachings.

A man may be very sure of the command to serve God which comes unto him, when carelessness or thoughtlessness or lack of common sense in obeying that command may lead him in anything but the way in which God would have had his service. A young man, who had a pathetically poor voice and a burdensome impediment in his speech, set out for the study of the ministry. He was asked by a sensible relative whatever put just that line of service into his thoughts. He replied that he had had a call, a very distinct call to the ministry. "Now, John," was the reply, "don't you think it might have been some other kind of a noise?" There is many a real hearing of the Spirit which fails in fruitfulness just from lack of the sense or the care to make it straight hearing.

Who doubts that many of those who lifted up their hands to persecute the church were like St. Paul, who did it ignorantly and honestly in unbelief? They really thought that they were doing God a service. They heard not straightly the commands of the Spirit of God. There are bitter quarrels among Christians where bigoted earnestness is convinced of its own righteousness, because what may be in truth a real communion with the Lord is not careful to be sure of the direction in which such service should lead it.

We cannot but think that the direction of the leading of conscience has been woefully lost, or miscalculated, when, with real earnestness, thinking that they did God a service, religious people have stood in the path of scientific or social or intellectual progress. The hearts of men may have truly heard the voice of God in the days when they rose up to denounce and, if possible, destroy the Copernican teaching in astronomy, or the Darwinian teaching in biology, but they went fearfully crooked in the way and direction of such hearing when they took such paths under its direction. It must needs be that we are quick to hear; but it may be just as well that we should be more slow and careful and self-distrustful in studying out the leadings of that which it is given us to hear, and to follow. We want to pray not only for the gift of hearing, but also for the gift of straight hearing in our spiritual endowments.

We greatly hope that human ingenuity has in truth come to the aid of the ears, and that many a brave ship will be saved, because sailors have had that given to them which will enable them not only to hear, but to hear straight, each other's signals; and we greatly hope that, generation by generation, men will run less foul of each other and of truth and progress, because, with continued hearing of the conscience and of the Spirit, there has come to be a more careful and correct judgment of the very straight way in which that hearing ought to bring them.



Regeneration. MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE has some very suggestive thoughts upon this theme. She remarks that the work of Christ may be based upon His words in the third chapter of John: that He came to do for the world what He says is done for the individual—regenerate it. The ancient world compared with the Christian world is like an unregenerate man compared with a regenerate. The language of the old world is satisfaction; of the new, aspiration. The old is sensual, the new is spiritual. This is a positive historic change, and it calls for an explanation. How did it come, when did it come? The turning point is unquestionably Christ. This is not a conclusion worked out by musty arguments, or from old books, or a matter of interpretation; it is a simple fact. Christ was much more than a mere teacher, more than a reformer; He was supremely a life, a regenerating force, that has made the world and the race live again. This is the life of Christendom. It is not in the cell of the monk alone, or in the closet of

the scholar; it is through the whole air, and is inbreathed by the race. So Dean Fremantle says that he would misunderstand Christianity who thought of it only as working a change in the heart of the individual; that wherever Christianity has gone, it has built or regenerated races and commonwealths, and has been the great moving power in the life of men. So also the end of all things is a regenerated world, New Jerusalem coming down from God, and filling earth with its splendors of goodness.

A workingman, member of the Oxford House Club, asked if one of the officers of the club were a Jew. On being told that he was, he said: "No, is he? Now I understand how Christ was a Jew." A leading Hebrew in New York city sold coal at low rates to the poor in time of scarcity. His young son was much interested—would that we could get all millionaires' sons to be so—and in supervising the distribution of coal one severe day, took a cold, from which he never recovered. As he was dying he said to his father, "Why not try milk at cost?" His father did it as a memorial of his son. Who can say how far this regenerating life of Christ reaches? Who can limit this divine energy?



Federation in New York City. THE practical fruitfulness of Church Union is manifested in a most striking way by the report of "The Federation of Churches and Christian Workers in New York City." United, the churches of New York are doing a work which would have been impossible for them when divided and warring with each other. This federation comprises many of the churches of all denominations in the city. These churches, understanding that knowledge of a field was the first step to an efficient working of that field, have begun a most painstaking canvass of the least known districts. A year ago an elaborate report was published of the results of the canvass of one assembly district—the fifteenth. This year a like, but still more carefully prepared report, has just been issued of the nineteenth assembly district.

The result of these efforts is, that there is given to the churches of the city, and especially to the churches of the region examined, an exact knowledge of the conditions immediately about them. They can see their work. It is the ploughing of the field; it is now thoroughly opened up to seeding and harvesting. The reports have of course been made with a special view to guiding religious and charitable work.

It is an interesting and stimulating thing to see a representation of many churches studying out a district of the city, and then declaring that in this place the Baptist church has a special call and duty; in this other the Presbyterians or the Methodists are in a place of special opportunity. This is, indeed, very much like the Kingdom of God on earth. What is there to be done? and who is in the best place to do it? When the churches are asking these things of each other, and of the world, times are

surely vastly changed, and vastly better than when it was all the cry: what can we do to get ahead of the Baptists? or, what shall we try next, in order to shove the Methodists out of their place of vantage?

It is the plan of this Federation of Churches to go on, as they have time and means, until their work of investigation and information covers the whole city.

We have no space to mention the interesting facts which the work so far done has brought to light. The important thing beyond all others, in our eyes, is the fact that Christian churches are coming together, and that in so doing they are proving that the church thus comes into its kingdom of ministry and of service.



Rainy Days. THERE are rainy days spiritually in our lives, as well as literally and financially. There are times when there is need of a reserve store of spiritual sustenance. There should be a laying up of faith and cheerfulness for the hour of need. Scripture is full of words of comfort; times are when we do not need comforting, but it is well for us if we have laid these words well to heart for the rainy day of spiritual despair. Scripture is full of words of strength for the fallen; times are when we seem to ourselves and to others to stand upright, but it is well if we have laid these well to heart, for the time when we be indeed cast down.

The soul of man should be like the vessel which starts off on a two-weeks' voyage with six months' provisions, for on the oceans of life, as of the world, there is no telling how long we may be out, or into what climes we may be driven.

It is not for us, then, to think any opportunity of spiritual culture needless, or any offering of spiritual consolation not meant for us. It is probable that God never puts before us any chance for a spiritual furnishing upon which there shall not sometime be a call. God doeth like the shipwright, who puts in no braces where there will not some day be a need for them. God giveth no strength upon which there will not some time be a strain. See that ye are well furnished throughout, lacking nothing; is not this what the Master meant when He taught His disciples all to watch and pray? Every day that is to come will demand something from us. Let us see, then, that every day as it passes is bringing something to us.



Partakers of the Altar. "THEY which wait at the altar," said St. Paul, "are partakers with the altar."

Where men offer up their worship and service, from that altar shall they receive their life's portion. We are partakers with the altar at which we wait. Where we bring our sacrifices, there shall we be filled. The man who makes all his real offerings at his business—health, strength, life—these are offered there; then from that altar shall he partake. He will receive what is upon such altars and nothing more. Oh how wearily

have people dragged their feet up to such service; oh how abundantly have they poured out their richest offerings there; oh how bitterly have they mourned because they never receive anything but what the worship of such altars can supply. They who make their real sacrifices to their pride; they receive what pride can return to them. They who wait at the altars of their pleasure; they receive what pleasures give. The hierophants of such altars, they have their reward. And they who bring their sacrifices to God's service, they receive from God. They who sincerely serve at the altar of the Most High, bringing what they have and offering it there, they too receive from the altar at which they serve; they become partakers with the holiest. As we desire earnestly the greatest gifts, let us circle our worship around the highest altar, and bring our sacrifices to the noblest temple.



The Reasonableness of Faith.

THE value of a faith is not to be measured by the difficulty of attaining it. It is a common error to

think that a special and great merit exists in holding a difficult position in faith. This goes way back to the times when it used to be said with much unction, "Credo, quia impossibile." Sir Thomas Brown was a most marvelous illustration of this spirit as he cried out, "Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith—I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an '*O altitudo!*'"

Surely this line of argument pushed to an extreme might well make a man say that he believed that right was wrong, or that truth was falsehood, because these things were essentially impossible. If it were a credit to believe in that which is difficult to faith, we might have to give our meed for estimable faith to Rev. Mr. Jasper as he cries out "The sun do move, the world am flat."

In truth faith should always take the line of least resistance. The things in which we ought to believe are, in the wide survey, the things in which it is easiest to believe. Indeed the matters which compel faith, in which it is almost impossible not to believe, these are the essential and important ones. In forgetting that fact, or departing from it there is great danger and disaster for a soul or a church.

The words and deeds of the Lord Jesus are not such as make it hard to believe that He was the Son of God, but they are such that they seem to force that faith. That is why men hold fast to it. We do not believe in the existence of God, or in the goodness of God, because it is hard to do so, but because it is hard not to do so, all things considered, and the more earnestly the more things are considered, it is unthinkable to us that anything else can be the case.

The theory that difficulty in faith is creditable to faith is responsible for a large amount of the foolish and false teachings which have been mixed up in Christian theology. They have made faith hard to great multitudes, but that

was considered rather creditable to them than otherwise. As the perception grows that what really makes faith difficult is certainly unessential and probably false, such matters begin to take their proper place in the background, or in the limbo of outgrown and discarded theologies.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was once asked by a lady to admire a "specially difficult" piece of music which was played by an expert. "Difficult, madam, difficult," the good doctor replied, "I would it had been impossible." Yes, there have been lots of difficult things believed and done which we would have been really impossible; they were so utterly useless, or even deleterious.

We would not be understood to say that it is always easy to discern the truth from the less true, or the good from the less good, but we do say that the thing which, upon careful and prayerful thought, seems harder to believe is not the thing upon which we should therefor hinge our belief, but rather the thing upon which we should refuse to rest our faith. Nor would we say that it is always easy to hold fast a faith, but we would say that difficulty arising in a faith is not a reason for cherishing it more fervidly, but rather a reason for examining it more carefully. Difficulties may be a test of faith, and a guide in faith, but they are never in themselves reasons for faith.

We do not believe the stone is a diamond because it is impossible to prove it such, but we hold it to be that precious stone when it is most reasonable and easy to believe it such after all the hard work of testing and examining is accomplished. Let us never dare to say that we believe in the treasures of God's Kingdom because we find it hard to do so, lest some one should retort upon us that he believes in the safety and happiness of the way of wickedness because it is hard to do so. No, we believe in the ruin of evil, because it is hard, impossible to believe anything else of it, and we believe in the joy of the Lord because it is hard not to believe in it, impossible not to see that "at His right hand are pleasures forever more."



The Merciful Severity of Truth.

"TRUTH is cruel." Pere Hyacinth never spoke a keener word than that. Truth

is like a surgeon's knife; it cuts down to the very roots of trouble. It is relentless in its progress. "Whosoever shall fall upon it shall be broken, but upon whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder." How often has the world had to see its most petted theories, philosophies, theologies crushed to the earth before the irresistible approach of truth! Truth has played what seemed to a great number the destroyer's part in the tragedies of every century. So pitilessly has truth thrust its keen stiletto through a theory that seemed to have enlightened us, or a thought that seemed to have comforted us, and taken the life all out of it, that we have wept and almost said, "that is too harsh and cruel, give us back our faith, even though it have to be in a fabrication, it was so pleasant to believe in it." Think God! the advance of truth is mer-

ciess, or rather it is merciful. It will not rest, nor let us rest. It will not even heed the prayers of the most faithful when they would delay its progress.

How many dreams lay cruelly crushed as the truth appeared that the world was not the centre of the universe! how much of man's dignity and importance seemed to have been whiffed off into far space as the truth revealed his world but a minor orb in a lesser system! How many minds were bitterly confused and startled when it came to knowledge that man was not made in a moment, some six thousand years ago, but that he had been growing here, and becoming man from beast for many thousand years! How many hearts were darkened for a season, how many thoughts sent a wandering when it was evident that one could not forever settle all the geology, astronomy and biology of the universe by simply quoting scripture texts! Yes, truth is often very cruel.

But this is a merciful severity. Of this let us never doubt nor be uncertain. Truth upsets our plans, and destroys our calculations because they were leading us wrongly. Truth causes us pain, and brings us sorrow because in these there is guidance. Truth is too merciful to let us rest, even though we rested patiently, willingly, and perhaps very happily in that which was untrue. It is hard to be told that we have lost our way when the way we go seems pleasant and satisfactory, but it would be worse than cruel, it would be wrong, to let us go on that way if it never brought us home. Indeed those bear a heavy burden who have it laid upon them to break our friendship with thoughts so old that they seem to have become grey-headed, and to make us learn to love instead of them, some pushing verdant and undeveloped youth. They are apostles to the world who must hear the reproach "What is this new doctrine?" They must endure the hatred, which shall test what they bring, whether it be the very truth.

In the legends of ancient Egypt truth is said to be always veiled; so brilliant were her features that none could look on them and live. In this were the legends prophetic indeed, for in the unveiling of truth through the years, many who look have been grievously afflicted. Thus this truth proclaims itself one of the Sons of God, for whose revelation the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. But all the suffering is even so not to be compared unto the glory which is thus revealed. Truth is cruel but it is that discriminating cruelty which dares to tear out the diseased part, and bringeth life.



IN BRIEF.

MANY people are congratulating Seth Low on his nomination by the Citizens' Union for the first mayor of Greater New York; THE CHURCH UNION would congratulate the Greater New York on its opportunity to elect such a mayor as Seth Low. It is a great honor to be selected by the independent and thoughtful citizens of a city of three million people as their candidate for first officer;

but it is an honor to even a great city, and it manifests the growing perception of the importance and dignity of civic duties that the head of a great college is willing to lay aside even such weighty functions for a season in order to do the work of a municipal office. We trust that Greater New York city may do Seth Low the honor and do itself the honor of electing him to be its first mayor.



UNDOUBTEDLY readers of THE CHURCH UNION have been disturbed at times by reports of the foolishness and inefficiency and general incapability of Christian missions and Christian missionaries. To all such we would advise the reading of the report which a wholly secular commissioner, sent out by *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, to investigate the famine conditions in India, gives of the work of Christian missionaries throughout the famine. Julian Hawthorne, a man of literature and of the world, seems to think that the one effective and business-like scheme of meeting the terrible ravages of the famine was to be found in the work of the missionaries. When we hear rumors of the terrible waste of money on missions, we are always moved to remember the story of the missionary and the tiger-hunter. The hunter was heard by the missionary loudly affirming that he had been years in India, and had never seen a missionary, nor known them to do anything. Hastening to him, the missionary replied: "Why, that is strange; here am I, a missionary myself, and have seen other missionaries innumerable; but I have been years in India myself, and have never once seen a tiger, nor heard of anything that one has done; I guess we must find what we hunt after."



As features of the new Franco-Russian alliance, it is duly reported that the President of France took many beautiful French dolls for the royal princes and princesses of the court, also that the French peasants have sent on innumerable French dollars for the loans required by the Russian government. This getting of an alliance with a big despotism is expensive business. One of the things we have to be thankful for as a people is that we don't want, and don't have to do it.



SEEING a goat, the other day, kneeling in order to graze with less trouble, it seems to me a type of the common notion of prayer. Most people go down on their knees for material blessings, but how few for those spiritual gifts which alone are an answer to our orisons, if we but knew it.—*Rev. Homer Wilbur.*



WATCH for the divine light so anxiously that you may never say that it is not divine from whatever heaven-blest quarter it may shine. When Christ comes out of Nazareth it is not Christ that is dishonored but Nazareth that is glorified.—*Phillips Brooks.*



GENIUS is protracted patience.—*Buffon.*
Genius is nothing but labor and diligence.—*Hogarth.*

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THE NEW CIVIC REFORMATION.

NEWMAN SMYTH, D.D.

We are living in the beginnings of an era of civic reformation. A new civic movement is gathering force and volume all over the land. The ebbing tide of public indifference has turned; we are on the flood of a new civic movement which is flowing in full of promise and of power. Those citizens are strangely unobservant, those political leaders are fatally short sighted, who cannot discern the signs of this better day, or who fail to take account of this revival of the sense of civic responsibility and righteousness in the great heart of the people.

Those of us who entered upon our manhood amid the enthusiasms of the war times, when a grand moral issue lifted politics out of sordidness, and youth was consecrated to the public service under a grand inspiration, have often since those memorable days said to one another, We have no moral issue in our politics now; we wish we had some ennobling question to call forth the real patriotism of the people. But providence never leaves a people long without moral issues which demand service and sacrifice; and in the test to which our civil institutions are now subjected in the government of our American cities, we have a moral problem second only in importance to the task which the nation accomplished in the war.

Then the problem which confronted patriotism was the unity of the nation; now the question concerns the preservation of the local units of which the body politic is composed. We fought on a grand field for the preserva-

tion of the unity of the nation; but if we fail to preserve the wholesomeness of the local units, the cells and nerve-centres of the body politic—the whole life of the country will be lost. This task of saving the wholesomeness of the cities and towns of our country does not offer opportunity for service so conspicuous and sacrifice so heroic, as did the grand call to arms for the salvation of the nation; but it requires the same spirit of patriotism, and this work must be accomplished if our civil institutions are not to fail.

The closing years of this century, the next decade in our history, mark therefore an era of the greatest moral importance; we have to determine, we must settle right, the question whether a free people are capable of honest and wholesome self-government in our cities.

We do not need to exaggerate in any particular the evils of which we are cognizant in our cities, in order that we may grasp the civic problems with which good citizenship is now called to wrestle. Fortunately it is not yet true in most of our cities of moderate size that we have anything like the systematic and general corruption with which investigations in New York have made us familiar. We may find, however, in our smaller cities, ominous conditions out of which worse evils threaten to grow. We may discover the bitter buds of which Tammany is the full grown flower of corruption. But in the administration of our smaller cities we shall be more apt to find jobbery rather than robbery; we shall observe low standards of official trust together with weakness, inefficiency and sporadic corruption, rather than as yet general disease and total civic depravity. But though we do not exaggerate any particular evils, there is enough in the conduct of our municipal affairs to give us pause, and to call for reform. There are alarming signs enough to call forth the action, the combined action of the better citizens.

The following causes of failure in municipal government may soberly be alleged. The first cause lies in the fact that we are as yet in an experimental stage in the science of city government. We have not yet worked out for ourselves the best possible form of government for our American cities. This is a reason for hope as well as for work in municipal reform, that in part the evils under which we suffer, result from the fact that we are still in an experimental stage; we must discover and perfect for ourselves the true charter for an American city. A great deal of thought and discussion must be given to this subject, the experiences of different cities under different forms of government need to be worked out and compared, in order that we may learn what form of city government is best adapted to the genius of our people, and most wisely fitted to meet the complex conditions of our civic life. The fact that so many cities are coming before our legislatures seeking for new charters or revisions of their charters, indicates at once the popular restlessness with existing conditions, and the need of further wisdom in the science of municipal government. Undoubtedly, in time, we shall work out the true charter for an American city, but we do not seem as yet to have found it. We have clumsily copied in our municipalities our forms of national government, or we have grafted city governments upon town roots. We have hybrid systems of city government; we have governments of shields and covers; we have charters in which opposite ideas are mixed and confused, but not organized into one responsible whole; we do not seem as yet to have worked out the city charter in which personal responsibility and business efficiency shall be secured with the least possible risk of partisan abuse. The new civic thought, however, will in time solve this hard problem; our present municipal machines

are so cumbersome, so often out of order, and so antiquated, that we shall have to invent and perfect some simple and efficient municipal machine.

Another and principal cause of misrule in our cities is the absurd subordination of local to national politics. All the evils of small local politics swarm and thrive upon the necessity of keeping up our great national parties. When we can learn to manage our local affairs as neighbors and friends, as citizens of the city, then we shall begin to be delivered from the local curse of party politics. We ought to hold our ballots very independently in municipal affairs. It should be regarded as great a heresy politically for one to say, "I am first a Republican or a Democrat, and then a citizen," as it would be a heresy religiously for one to say, "I am first a Congregationalist, or an Episcopalian, and then a Christian, when I can be conveniently." Citizenship should be placed above partisanship, especially in everything relating to the welfare of the city.

Not many of our smaller cities are controlled by a single boss; but most are governed by factions. The fortunate thing for us is the capacity of these factional bosses, like the lean kine in the dream of Pharaoh, to devour one another. Their keen appetite for one another's blood may be profitably encouraged. The people must have leaders, but if we cannot utterly dispense with the political boss, we may hope considerably to improve the breed. The boss is a caricature of the true leader. The new civic movement will retire the bosses, and put forward men of business character who are fit to be leaders. Another cause of our municipal troubles lies in the fact that the better citizens are often unwilling to take part in the direction of local affairs, and also in the general indifference of the more intelligent, educated and successful men of the community to municipal matters. Before we complain of the hopeless subjection of our institutions to the ignorant or the foreigners, we need first to cast the beam out of our own educated American eyes. Many an intelligent citizen may be conversant with the movements of life and thought in the great world, when the merest newsboy on the street could give him points as to the politics of his own town. A very simple line of distinction may be drawn between the good and the bad citizen; the good is the citizen who cares, the bad citizen is the man who does not care for the state of things in his own home. Patriotism needs with us to begin at home.

Much of this indifference may arise from a sense of

hopelessness; but want of faith in the people has always been a besetting sin of the educated. There is not a city on American soil that cannot be redeemed from the forces of misrule and plunder, any day that the better citizens will arouse themselves and work together for that end. The evil powers are quick in getting together when their spoils are threatened; the good seem to require time to mix. It is true also that the devils doing business in any city can pay for their protection out of the profits of their own business; while the good have to pass around the contribution box. But once put an aroused patriotism, put a revived sense of political righteousness, put love of the city into the scale, and all the powers of rum, plunder and patronage would count as the small dust in the balance.

The worst enemies of our cities are not the worst men in them. The bad can be counted. You can number pretty much all the corrupt politicians, and know what their pulls are in the city; but you cannot number the good, you cannot count the unseen powers of righteousness and truth.

It is the virtue of the new civic reformation that it is arousing citizenship to determined effort, not to be discouraged by immediate reverses, because sure of reaching through persistent endeavor, ultimate results. It is not simply some temporary crusade or passing endeavor of reform that is now demanded of us; it is enlistment for the campaign through which, after many a long march perhaps and by much endurance, as well as through many a hot fight, our cities are to be saved from the forces that would plunder and ruin our inheritance. We want men in this municipal warfare who cannot be discouraged or tired out. We want men willing to act together. We must keep up an organized vigilance towards all municipal affairs.

This is the necessity for good government clubs, and for other organizations of citizens whose patriotism begins at home in the love of their city, and who, subjecting partisanship to citizenship, are determined to support only honest and capable men for office, to keep up the standards of official responsibility, to maintain that public office should still be regarded as a public trust, and not as a private snap, to secure the enforcement of reasonable law in behalf of the public morals, and to gain the most wholesome possible conditions of life in our cities for the people and the children of the people.

New Haven, Conn.

THREE MAGICIANS.

A. C. COOK.

THE wind is awake in the palms,
The moonlight agleam on the sea,
The brook, 'neath a tangle of vines,
Wanders, rippling and gurgling in glee.

But 'tis not the voice of the palms,
Nor the light on a tropical sea,
Nor the song of the flower-arched brook
That speaks in the night hours to me.

For my soul is alive in the past;
Time and space are annulled. I am free,
And borne on the strong wings of thought,
The home land it is that I see.

And the wind is astir in the elms;
The moon gleams on oceans of snow;
The brook, under ice-spangled banks,
Sings a song that is tender and low.

For wherever the breezes may blow,
Wherever the brooklet may roam,
Wherever the moonlight may shine,
Their message to me is of home.

And the life and the love of the past
Make the life and the love of to-day;
And, thanks be to infinite God,
True living and love are for aye.

Canary Islands.

FRAGMENTS OF CRITICISM.

HENRY PRESERVED SMITH, D. D.

IX.—HYPERCRITICS AND ANTICRITICS.*

THE present series of papers has aimed to present some of the results of present day Old Testament study. I must be prepared to meet an objection often urged against the whole body of critical scholars, to wit: That the critics are so divided among themselves that they refute one another. The objection is urged as a reason why no one need accept any deviation from the traditional view of the Bible. It reminds me of an early experience of my own. When a comparatively young man I proposed in a ministerial association that we discuss the subject of Genesis and Geology. Most people will remember when that was one of the burning questions, and will understand why I wished light upon it, and supposed that my brethren would also wish light, or would be glad to give it, if they had any to give. On hearing my proposal, one of the older and more scholarly members arose and said, in substance, this: The geologists are so divided among themselves that there is no telling what they do teach concerning the date and process of creation; until they are united among themselves it will be impossible to discuss the question proposed; we can afford to wait until they come to an agreement. The argument was heard with evident relief by the majority of the assemblage, and it was of no use to push the question further.

Yet the argument, which so easily satisfied the ministers of whom I speak, was fallacious. There were, and are, differences among geologists. But there was a large measure of agreement as well, and for the laymen the agreed points of the science were sufficient to call for a sober and candid review of the question I proposed. The differences were only the differences which exist between the students of any progressive science. There always will be men, specialists even, who look on every new discovery with suspicion. They cling to the old and tried truths, and hesitate to admit anything that seems to invalidate these truths, or even seriously to modify the statement of them. On the other hand, there are always the radicals, enthusiasts, who hail each new discovery as inaugurating a revolution, who adopt it before it is fairly tested, and who scorn the mossbacks who suppose that our grandfathers knew it all.

It would be idle to deny that these two extreme classes exist among Old Testament scholars. There are those who still cling to the science of two centuries ago, and there are those who believe that the discovery of to-day revolutionizes the science of yesterday so thoroughly that its tradition is annihilated at a single blow. But while it is true that these two classes exist, we must not forget that the great body of scholars is to be counted in neither class. This great body, sober, reverent, and yet willing to see new truth, will not be the first to welcome the new, nor yet the last to reject the old. But they do accept the

new when fairly proved, and they are willing to cast off the old when it is seen to be untenable.

Now the points which have been treated in these Fragments are among the points which this body of moderate critics is coming more and more to accept as established. The composite nature of a large part of the Old Testament books may be said to be universally admitted. The Three Codes are very generally admitted. The dual or plural authorship of the Book of Isaiah is at least equally favored. The new importance and prominence of Ezekiel, and the postexilic date of the most of the Psalms are as yet regarded somewhat doubtfully by the more conservative of the moderate scholars. But they are making their way; while the facts of Pseudonymity in the case of Ecclesiastes is no longer questioned.

The division between the hypercritics and the anticritics is of course only relative. To one man I may be a hypercritic, because I concede a second Isaiah; to another I may be an anticritic, because I refuse to date the composition of the Book of Judges in the Exile. This fact should be borne in mind in judging the polemic which sometimes rages fiercely between different parties of the same schools, as fiercely as it rages between different parties of the same church. Prof. Sayce, for example, has a heavy volume directed against the Higher Criticism. But one needs only to examine the volume slightly to discover that Prof. Sayce is a Higher Critic himself. He is arguing against the hypercritics, but he himself would be a hypercritic in this country, and would be placed under the ban by more than one group of theologians.

As the concessions of a polemic often show most forcibly how much of his opponent's argument is sound, I have read with great interest the recent book of a follower of Sayce, which is avowedly published as a "Protest Against the Positions of Modern Pentateuch Criticism." And yet one notes the following points: The author repeatedly concedes that the Pentateuch is a composite book; he concedes that after the compilation of the books, the Old Testament text went through many changes before it took its present shape; he nowhere defends the Mosaic authorship of the first five books; he says that the alleged discrepancies of the books are not to be denied; he calls the Levitical legislation a pious programme, "until Ezra, a hundred years after the Exile, carried it through in earnest"; he finds that Dr. Green's argument for the Mosaic authorship "goes entirely too far, and cuts the knot instead of untying it."

Rightly to appreciate the force of these concessions, we must remember that they are all made in regard to the Pentateuch, with which alone the author professes to deal. How large his list would be were he to discuss the whole Old Testament we can only imagine, but it would evidently swell to very considerable proportions. Yet this is an avowedly conservative author, arguing against the positions of the critics. His book is published in English translation by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. The more we look at this fact the more astounding it appears. Ten years ago it would have been impossible.

In truth, the revolution is accomplished. When such a book can be put forth by such a society, with an avow-

*This is the ninth of a series of articles by Dr. Smith on the Higher Criticism, which began in the February number. The subjects of the previous articles were: I. "What is a Document?"; II. "The Two Histories of Israel"; III. "The Question of Isaiah"; IV. "Saul and David"; V. "The Three Codes"; VI. "The Temple Hymn-Book"; VII. "The Importance of Ezekiel"; VIII. "A Pessimistic Preacher."

edly conservative aim, it shows that the Higher Criticism has *come to stay*. It has captured the forces which suppose themselves to be fighting against it.

Let me add, for the benefit of anyone who wishes to examine the book for himself, that it is entitled, "The Tradition of Early Israel in the Light of the Monuments," and is written by Prof. Hommel, of the University of Munich. I have seen the German edition only, but the author himself speaks of its publication in England and this country.



HOSPITAL LIFE.

G. HERBERT CARTER, M.D.

A GLIMPSE of a life that is different from our own is often instructive as well as entertaining. The outside of hospitals in our larger cities is familiar to all. With the inside we have desired as little acquaintance as might be possible. Our chief inclination has probably been to get as far away, and to keep as far away from them as we could. Few of us have cared to go inside, and see what goes on there. Fewer still have any appreciation of the life led by the young physicians who make up the hospital "staff." It is a life that is unique, both in its value to himself, and in its ministry to others.

To the young physician whose good fortune it is to be a member of the "staff," the life is fascinating beyond description. The position is only obtained by passing through a competitive examination of the severest sort, and he who is successful is envied by his compatriots at the medical college. The experience that the hospital life gives him is invaluable. He sees more of disease in its diverse forms, and its expert treatment in the eighteen months or two years he spends as an "interne" than he will see in twenty years of practice. He sees more of the life of the lowly, the downcast and outcast, the drunkards and criminals, than he will ever see again. He spends his days and nights, at a time when he is peculiarly susceptible to his environment, literally surrounded by one hundred and fifty or two hundred sick people, all of them critically ill, many of them doomed to die, some of them actually dying, all of them looking to him for help.

The hospital staff has two divisions, medical and surgical. There are three or four positions on each division. The young physician, becoming a member of the staff, is for the first six months the junior assistant—called junior for short; for the second six months, senior assistant (or senior); for the third six months, house physician (or house). He spends his first six months learning how to obey orders and hold his tongue. He does what he is told to do, and not much besides. He cannot leave the hospital without getting permission from his house physician. If he gets that permission he must tell his house where he is going, and when he expects to get back. If his house thinks he wants to be gone too long, he tells him so, and the junior comes back sooner. He does the dirty work. If any patient has a stiff joint, or back to be cauterized, he does it. If a sick patient outside has to be brought into the hospital, he does it. If the sputum of any patient suspected of suffering from consumption has to be carefully examined for tubercle bacilli, he does it. If there is any patient whose blood is not normal, and whose blood-cells must, therefore, be counted, he does it, and it takes him from one to three hours to make the count for one patient. If his house happens to desire him to count the blood of three or four patients, he has a contract that will engage him some time. And the results of all

his work have to be recorded on the bedside chart of the patient interested, where the house and visiting physicians can see them when they make rounds. He has absolutely nothing to say of the treatment of the patients, or of the diagnosis of their diseases, or of the prognosis, unless his house physician should so far forget himself as to consult him on such matters—something he rarely, if ever, does.

The first time the junior makes "rounds" is a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. He hears his house physician's bell, and goes to his room, where he finds his house and senior prepared to march. The start is made. The house leads the way to the ward, the senior follows, and the junior brings up a modest and curious rear. They enter the ward, and the junior has an impression of a long line of patients on a long line of beds, an apparently endless row of white pillows, white counterpanes and white faces. He finds that all the white faces are turned toward him. All the patients know that this is the new doctor, and they want to see what he looks like. They feel just as much interest in him as he does in them. He sees them whispering to one another (no talking among patients allowed during rounds), and knows they are saying, "That's the new doctor—ain't he young!" With his head fairly confused, he is introduced by the house to an impressive and dignified young woman in spotless white costume, white kerchief and cap—the head nurse of the ward. The head nurse joins the line of march, falling in behind the junior, who rejoices to find that there is some one in the hospital who comes after him. From bed to bed the three physicians and nurse go. To the nurse the house gives his orders for each patient, at times consulting with his senior. The junior is expected to observe how things are done, and not get in the way. Occasionally the house (if he is a compassionate man) will turn to the junior and explain that this particular patient is of exceeding interest, having recovered from an acute catarrhal appendicitis which had threatened for some days to develop into a general suppurative peritonitis, and the junior determines to consult his medical dictionary when rounds are over. But he is usually left to himself. His first impression is, that it must be impossible to retain a clear and correct knowledge of each patient's case. There are so many patients, and there is nothing to indicate in any way from what disease they each suffer. But he discovers that his house physician knows perfectly what the ailment of each patient is, and further knows just what drugs each patient is taking; and, still further, can tell you just how long each patient has been sick, and how long he has been in the hospital. One year from that time the junior will find himself doing the same thing.

As "rounds" progress, the junior finds that the little group, of which he is a part, is the centre of observing interest of all the patients in the ward. As he looks along the line of beds on either side, he sees eyes of all colors and descriptions—some bright, some glazed and dim, some restless, with the unrest born of fever, all hollow and sunken, looking at him and his friends, the doctors. Occasionally a head is raised to get a better look, and drops again, wearily, upon the pillow. At times there is a long-drawn sigh, or half-stifled groan. Save for such sounds the ward is perfectly quiet, the quiet only broken by the low talking of the house physician. It is not strange that the junior begins to experience an unaccustomed sensation—a consciousness that he feels the need of fresh air. The silent appeal of so much suffering is telling on his nerves. He begins to fancy that each individual sick man is asking him to save him—to relieve his pain. The impression grows stronger upon and within him. He would leave the ward if he could. He has a conviction that it

will be impossible for him to live for two years with those sick eyes always looking at him, with so many pairs of wasted hands, stretched out on white sheets, around him. He glances at his house physician and senior, and they are entirely oblivious of everything but the patient just before them, for whom the house is even now prescribing. Have they never felt as he is feeling now? Assuredly. But they have found the remedy, and so does he. Only by interesting himself in the diagnosis, treatment, and welfare of the patient just before him can he get away from the oppressive influences that are threatening to break him down—or up. The house is observing with minutest care the appearance of the patient's tongue; he is solicitous as to his pulse; he listens with his stethoscope to his heart action and respiration; is noting the changes in his temperature; all to determine whether the patient is improving under his treatment, or is failing. That he is anxious about the patient is evident. The troubled look with which he turns away from him to the next bed reveals to the junior how near to the heart of his house physician is the desire to have his patients get well. Our junior feels a new interest in the work so quietly going on, and under the influence of that interest his previous discomfort passes away. He makes up his mind that he, too, must enter into a careful study of each case as it presents itself. When once he has begun to do this he finds he has an endless field of instruction of overpowering interest before him. That interest never leaves him; day after day the enormous variety of diseases and symptoms that he encounters are an ever-acting incentive to harder study. He finds a fascination in his work which no other profession or calling in life can furnish its devotees. But this does not all come in one day. Many a time in his first weeks of service the junior passes through experiences that try his metal, and that sorely. He sees a man, brought in on the ambulance, die on the stretcher while on his way to the ward. He sees another in raving delirium, tied hand and foot in bed, cursing his own wife and children who stand in sobbing sorrow by his bedside, with one herculean effort wrench his hands free, half rise in bed, and fall back dead with an oath on his lips. Almost daily, sometimes two or three times a day, he sees the two dead-house keepers go tramp, tramp, tramping down the ward with their long, black box, and return with their box heavier than it was before. All these things, and many more, give a tug at his heartstrings, and make him feel blue. In time sudden deaths, wild delirium, cries of pain, and even the black box, are but a minor part—an unpleasant but necessary part of the life that he is learning to spend in an intelligent attempt to alleviate the pain and distress of the sick.

Morning rounds over, the junior is dismissed to the laboratory, where he does all his chemical analysis and microscopical work—or so much of it as can be done before lunch.

A stranger dropping into the staff dining-room of one of our large hospitals would experience a season of considerable wonder and enlightenment. He would listen to a new thing in the line of conversations. The young physicians discuss in a free and easy way the cases of interest then present in the hospital, the operations to be performed, the number of deaths recorded for that week or month, and all in a delightfully informal fashion. The newly arrived junior is seated at the foot of the table, with the apothecary. The house physician is seated at the head of the table, and the rest of the staff, numbering eight to ten in all, are arranged according to rank, medical and surgical staffs, and gynecological (if there is one) all dining together. Conversation never flags. After the midday

meal (lunch) chairs are pushed back; pipes, cigars, and cigarettes are brought to light, and a half-hour of contented puffing prepares the staff for an afternoon's work. Our junior is then sent out on the ambulance to bring in some sick patient, or is sent up to the ward to cauterize some aching limb or back, or to open an abscess or cup a chest—or do all these things. In the doing of them time flies fast, and he is probably interrupted by the tinkling of bells that tells him that the visiting physician has arrived, and is going to make rounds. That means that the junior is again wanted to serve as the end of a tail for the professional kite that is to go flitting in and out through the wards. So he goes to his house physician's room, and for the first time meets the man before whom he trembles, and will continue to tremble as long as he is in the hospital—the visiting physician. That functionary recognizes the new comer by a nod, and continues to confine his conversation entirely to the house physician. Again the line is formed, and they enter the wards—the visiting physician of course at the head. If the junior is amazed in the morning by the knowledge of the cases displayed by his house physician, he is simply lost in wonder (and it *is* a wonderful thing) to see the ease with which the visiting physician in a moment of time seems to take in an entire knowledge of each patient's case, and its needs; and, further, he retains that knowledge with extraordinary tenacity. He may not spend more than two minutes at the bedside of a patient, and usually does not, but in that time he has made his diagnosis, has outlined to the house physician the course of treatment he advises, and has given his ideas as to what the probable outcome of the case will be. From bed to bed they go very rapidly, the junior's admiration of the "visiting's" acuteness and skill steadily on the increase. All too soon for him rounds are over, and the "visiting" is gone. Imagine, then, his surprise to hear his house and senior launch out into the freest criticism of their superior, who has just left, finding fault with his diagnosis and treatment, and suggesting much more correct diagnoses and lines of treatment of their own. The junior is horrified, but can say nothing. But in a few days he begins to chime in himself, to be vigorously sat upon by his two superiors at first—later, to be listened to as one who is beginning to acquire some little knowledge. But however much they talk, and however severely they criticize their visiting physician, the young men all have the greatest respect for him—the one who instructs them in the management of all their cases, and by his great knowledge, acquired through a large and long experience, and never-failing presence of mind, reveals himself a leader in his profession. To be a visiting physician or surgeon to some large hospital is the highest ambition of the successful physician in our large cities.

This second attack of "rounds" over, there is a short interval before dinner, to be devoted to recreation by the staff. The house physician has his say as to what he wants to do. After he has informed his staff as to his plans, the senior does the same, and the junior gets what is left, if there is anything. How much he gets depends largely upon his popularity with his house and senior. Meantime the surgical division has been spending the afternoon in the operating room, where the visiting surgeon operates on from two to five cases each afternoon. His staff assist him, the house surgeon directly assisting the operator, the junior giving the patient ether, and the two other members, one handling and caring for the instruments, the other holding himself in readiness to go out on the ambulance, or to attend to any case brought into the accident room demanding immediate attention.

Dinner brings the entire staff together again. For an

hour and a half the young physicians give themselves over to complete relaxation from hospital duties and cares. The entire day has been spent caring for the suffering people in the wards. How much of a strain such a life is on a young man only those know who have passed through it. The more need do the hospital staff have of a short time of complete freedom from thoughts of the sick folks in the wards. The dinner hour is that time. The staff make the most of it—so much so that the superintendent not rarely has to urge them to subdue their enthusiasm. Yet even here they cannot get away from their sick friends. For once or twice, sometimes five or six times, in the course of a meal, the waitress places a note by the side of the house physician or surgeon. Such an occurrence always brings an anxious look to the face of the house, telling him, as it does, that some patient's temperature or pulse has suddenly risen, or that some wound has suddenly begun to bleed, or that some patient has had a collapse, and the house physician's dinner has to wait—perhaps he gets none. Or the clang of the ambulance bell comes to tell the merry diners that the victim of some accident is being brought into the hospital, and must be cared for at once; or perhaps a sunstroke—most dreaded of all cases by the staff—is coming in on the stretcher. One case of sunstroke will keep the entire medical division busy for from half an hour to two hours. Imagine, then, what it means to them in the hottest days of July and August to have ten, twelve or fifteen sunstrokes brought in in one day, with all the other patients in the hospital to be cared for. No wonder they are used up by the time the hot spell is over. But we were at dinner—after dinner comes a long smoke and chat, and arrangements are made for the evening's work. The junior has little to do, and is allowed his evening to himself. The senior spends his evening writing up his histories of the patients. He must keep a complete record of every case, from its entrance into the hospital until its discharge; tell of every symptom, or change of symptoms; every drug used, and results of their use. The house physician makes rounds alone at eight o'clock. He then spends his evening reading and studying his cases, answering the frequent calls of nurses and orderlies, and writing up his report, which has to be handed in to the superintendent every month.

The staff all retire late; but the last of all to get to bed is the house physician. He has to make his midnight rounds. When there are ten or twelve critical cases on his hands he does not feel justified in letting them go from 8 P.M. until 9 o'clock the next morning without seeing them. So at midnight he enters the ward again. If we enter with him we will not soon forget what we see and feel. One light, half turned down, burns dimly at the entrance of the ward, and by its feeble gleam we get a glimpse of the two long rows of white cots. The patients themselves cannot be seen; but the air is full of heavy, irregular breathing. Occasionally we hear a groan, or low, uneasy muttering. At times there is rapid talking. Not at all rarely there comes a shrill cry, followed by loud laughter, or raving or cursing, which means that the coming of darkness has brought delirium to some poor sufferer. The nurse steps out of the darkness to meet the house physician. He asks after the most critical cases, and takes a look at each of them; perhaps finds it necessary to order the delirious one to be tied to the bed, or put in the straight jacket; perhaps finds three or four or five delirious ones struggling to get out of bed; perhaps finds that one cute chap, who had been tied in bed, has in some way slipped his leash, and is missing, not an uncommon occurrence. The house then knows that somewhere in the city there is a delirious man walking the streets in his

night dress. A call from some police station will soon come, asking where the prize that has been captured belongs. A few final orders are given to the night nurse, and the house goes off to bed. To sleep until eight the next morning? Not much! He is awakened whenever anything goes wrong in the wards—perhaps is called down to the ward to find, as the writer once did, four patients, all young men, lying dead in four adjacent beds, all killed by the most dreaded of diseases, pneumonia. He is awakened if any patient is brought into the hospital, or comes to the hospital and wants to be taken in. He must go to the office and examine such an applicant for admission. Or, a case of poisoning, intentional or accidental, by morphine or gas, may be brought in, which means that he must wash out the patient's stomach, or bleed him, or infuse him, and probably spend the rest of the night working over him. An unbroken night's sleep is something a house physician in any large hospital seldom enjoys. Yet, so accustomed does he become to being frequently awakened, and to making trips to the wards, that he soon drops off to sleep on going back to bed. Nor does he dream of white-clad figures groaning in pain or shrieking in delirium, but sleeps soundly, and is ready in the morning for another day's work. The experience the physician passes through is invaluable to him, and abundantly compensates him for his hard, anxious life. He receives no pay for his services, and desires none. By the tremendous assortment of cases with which he is brought into contact, he learns what an ever-widening study that of the diseases of the human race is. He learns to think quickly, yet carefully, and to act as quickly and as carefully. He learns, too, what a responsible and noble calling the physician's is.



PROGRESSIVE CORRELATION OF IDEAS.

REV. H. T. COLESTOCK.

MAN must ever know truth as he is able to know it, not as it is.

In each period in the evolution of human thought, man has clothed his conceptions of truth according to the standard and habit of thought of his age. In the poetic age of his race, his ideas, conception of the universe, of man and of God, are apprehended in poetic form. If handed down to posterity, these ideas are embalmed in inexact and imaginative language. In the age of scholasticism, his conceptions of truth must accord with the standard of authority. He will not look through Galileo's telescope, lest he become convinced, against his will, that the earth is not the centre of our planetary system; and his authority declares that it is the centre; he will not investigate the theory concerning the circulation of the blood; his authority has declared that the blood does not circulate. In the age of science man's habit of thought becomes exact; he asks, What are the facts?

Not only are these three habits of thought—the poetic, the scholastic, the scientific—well marked in the development of the race; they are prominent in the development of the individual.

Inherited ideas, vague and imaginative conceptions, early possess the mind of the individual, and powerfully influence him before the arrival of accurate knowledge. These early ideas, bound by reverence for what has come down from the past, bound by faith in the conclusions of early authorities, bound by the peculiar attractiveness of

poetic conceptions of truth, these early ideas become a part of the man himself. But in his development clearer and larger views of truth appeal to his reason; these, however, come into collision with questions which he has regarded as settled. The old ideas he cannot give up; the new views of truth he cannot reject; a struggle, to some the severest trial of human nature, now ensues.

The controversy between schools of thought has a similar cause. It is the friction of adjustment from one standard of thought to another. Recall the conflict concerning the origin and age of the world. The champions of the prophetic revelation, for a time, refused to read the drama, written large on the scattered pages of the book of nature; the champions of the scientific revelation, intoxicated with a newly-discovered truth, refused to interpret the prophetic revelation in terms of scientific thought.

This conflict has subsided only to be followed by greater ones. Is there, then, antagonism between science and religion? Between true religion and false science, between false religion and true science, there always must be antagonism; but between true religion and true science there is no antagonism; there can be none, for truth, whether revealed or discovered, is a unity. The warfare, where any exists, is between interpreters of science and interpreters of religion, who are measuring truth by different standards of thought. So long as this continues conflict is irrepressible.

The controversy, however, is not wholly a matter of regret. The struggle of one generation brings into view larger and clearer ideas of truth for the next. This generation is struggling with the conception of Deity, and is handing down to the next a view of God, no longer as an anthropomorphic deity, operating on nature from without, but as immanent in nature, "operating at all times and in all places," a view that God, as personality, not only transcends nature, but, as divine energy, is also immanent in nature.

One by one, religious leaders are accepting doctrines for the holding of which men of the past were placed under religious ostracism. The philosophical postulate that "beneath the plurality of persons and things, beneath the multiplicity of time and change," is an ultimate, eternal unity, a self-conscious personality; that this universe, with all its myriad manifestations of life, is a living, unfolding development of this unity; this postulate of monism, formerly a heresy of heresies, is now discussed in conservative religious conventions and accepted by presidents of Christian institutions. So that a truth, when understood and advocated only by the few, may be a heresy; the same truth, understood and advocated by the many, becomes orthodox doctrine. One of the men of this generation, to whom Christendom owes much, an eminent Christian professor, because he dares to interpret man in his origin according to indubitable fact, is banished from the lecture platform of religious assemblies, and tried by his own denomination for irregularity of belief. Not so would the coming generation treat Professor Henry Drummond.

Should not our attitude toward truth be one of willingness to adjust previous ideas to present standards of thought? Does not growth in one department of knowledge rightly demand a progressive correlation of ideas along other lines? Should we longer refuse any truth revealed to any prophet of the hour? Does not God reveal himself as man is able to understand his revelation? Is revelation a final statement of fact, or is it a "gradual and progressive unveiling of the human mind," that man may see truth more clearly and in its vital relations?

Religion has nothing to fear from the advancement of knowledge; but theology may have somewhat to fear.

For scientific facts are continually calling for a revision of theological conceptions. He who will not modify his early ideas is destined to be displaced as a teacher of living truth. The problem is one of education, of correlation, of adjustment.

To adjust previous ideas to an ever-increasing grasp of truth, to interpret poetic truth in terms of scientific thought, to reconcile the old with the new, to show that the whole truth is beneficent, and need be feared only by the dogmatist, the partisan, the transgressor, is the privilege, the duty before the Christian scholar. For the scholar best serves his God as he leads his brother into a fuller acceptance, a larger interpretation of truth.

Hamilton, N. Y.



JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO LIBERIA.

No. V.

O. F. COOK.

Friday, Apr. 1.—I started to-day for the interior (a day, as to the week, unlucky, and as to the month, foolish!), and reached Zo's place, and stayed there over night, and then went on to Suey.

Sunday-Friday, Apr. 3-8, 1892.—In Suey. Had an attack of fever Sunday, which, however, lasted only a day. On the previous Friday, after walking a considerable distance in the sun, I had all the preliminaries of an attack, but could not stop and lie down, as there was no place, and so kept on, and felt better. If I had stopped when I felt worse, I am confident I should have had a severe attack.

I sent Henry Stuart and men back to the Mission for the remainder of the goods, which I was unable to get men to carry when we started.

Saturday, Apr. 9.—At Boodjee. These people, like all others seen thus far, have suffered, and still are suffering, from the war which devastated the country last year. They had nothing to eat, except a few cassadas, which they claimed to have brought from endless distances. Notwithstanding their starving condition, the people had neglected to cut their farms until the rains were coming on, and the chances seemed good that there would be no further opportunities. There were no men to be had, even for short service. But as waiting would be useless, after much tribulation and the present of a piece of cloth to the king, a son of Zeppe, one Pessey man was induced to go with us to Boporu—a man whom King Sow had sent down with palm kernels for trade purposes. One of the men I had brought with me from the Mission, and who had agreed with me to go as far and stay as long as I might want him, backed out at the last moment, and refused to go further. I had to rearrange the loads of the other men and delay departure in consequence.

Monday, Apr. 11.—Leaving Henry Stuart behind to care for the goods, I started on with Charlie and three carriers. Soon after we had left Boodjee it began to rain as it only knows how to in the tropics. Two or three miles of dense woods brought us to the deserted town of Bou (gh). Three skulls, fastened upon stakes, bore witness that violence had been done in the vicinity. We went on through the deserted towns and half towns, the breast-high grass, saturated with rain, wetting us thoroughly. Even my rubber boots were full of water. The larger towns had been palisaded—a little less protection than a high board fence would have been. The people of this region seem to have the equipment of sheep in the way of

courage—cruel, cowardly sheep. They do not even know enough to run. Having built fences around their towns, they huddled in their houses until the enemy came in and chopped off their useless heads, and carried off their women and children as slaves.

At last we had passed the towns, with the grass and bushes of the old farms, and reached the "hard land," "bush," primeval forest, or whatever one should call it, where the path is not so encumbered with low-hanging vines, etc., as to make a creeping posture necessary. It stopped raining in the afternoon, and the forest became a little lighter. We crossed a brook, which came down over the rocks as cold and clear as those of our White mountains. I wanted to camp out there a day or so and enjoy it; but this was out of the question, for I must go on and send back the first procurable men after Henry and the goods. We also crossed elephant tracks. The great beast had passed very recently, bending and breaking the bushes as he went. Each footprint was as large as a half bushel measure. Between Suey and Boodjee a leopard had torn up the ground in many places. We saw also a deer and what appeared to be a wild hog.

This night we slept in the forest—a slightly dangerous proceeding, I suspect; but there was nothing else to do. The natives lie down on five or six sticks, an inch or two in diameter, and keep a little fire burning all night at one side, within reach. I was too tired to sleep. All day wet, I was nearly reduced to a one per cent. solution. But I do believe that one can get over the ground best on a rainy day like this. It is cool at least.

The paths become brooks in a very few minutes when it rains, and sometimes we had to walk in water from a few inches to two or three feet deep, for a mile or two at a time. There would be no possibility of traveling were not the ground so porous that the water quickly disappears.

Tuesday, Apr. 12.—Last night was a bad one. It did not rain, and if it had, I was on my cot, protected overhead by a good rubber blanket. But I was so unbearably tired that all the tissues of my legs and feet ached and ached. It was nearly midnight before I ceased to hear the unearthly cries of African birds, and took some quiet rest.

These birds, by the way, excel in making most fantastic noises. The palm bird's voice sounds something between a brass band, a mouth organ, a corn sheller, and a bad cold. I can't make up my mind which it is most like—because of individual differences in the birds, I suppose. The red-wing, a big, brown bird, barks and howls like a lunatic who thinks he is a dog—hydrophobia, perhaps. There are many others to supply an endless variety of squeals, squeaks, whistles and screams. Some of the smaller ones remind me of those at home. One suggests the robin—not in song, but in chirp; another makes me think of the orioles in the elm-trees in the pasture.

We started without breakfast, and went what seemed to me an endless distance to a certain creek. I was tired when we started, and almost concluded to stop here over night, for we had walked two or three hours. The Pessey man, however, held out the inducement of a half town within reaching distance that day, and we went on. We walked several times the distance which I should have refused to attempt, and still no half town. At last we reached a deserted place called Boum-Boum, and the Pessy man announced his town as near by. Another weary distance of several miles—I don't like to think about it—and we did come to the blessed place, where we had the good fortune to be able to buy a little venison—very, very tough it was.

Wednesday, Apr. 13.—After negotiations of consider-

able length with the drunken king of this village, I got a boy to take part of the loads of my men, which were really too heavy, especially as everything was still wet. King Sow's place, whither we were bent, was said to be only a short distance from this half town. We started, and kept on—through forest, old farm, half town, whole town—the entire day. On the way were several fine, large, clear, cool brooks, with pebbly or sandy bottoms. If one could only stay in the shade by one of these! The old farms and clear places exasperate and wilt one.

I became so completely exhausted that I had to lie down on the ground. The fact was, I was hungry. With an exclusive rice diet, it seems that, without knowing it, I had not eaten enough to last me. We finally reached Gunguia, a large place on a high hill, commanding a most beautiful outlook over the green country lying in waves as far as the eye could see, with ranges of larger hills, almost mountains, in the distance. I could have stayed in the "country kitchen," enjoying the cool breeze, for some days, but we must go on to the inevitable Sow.

Now we had expected to find this gentleman in "Sow's place," but, to my dismay, it appeared that H. R. H. had taken it into his head recently to build him another town, and for that purpose had removed himself some hours' distance from the place we had now reached. There was nothing for it but to stay all night in his former habitat. This is not deserted, and is the largest town yet seen. There are three lines of stockade around it, with doors of the roots of the cotton tree. Many of the houses are large, some of them quite as large as the cottages in which very worthy and very eminent people have lived and died, and quite as comfortable as thousands of habitations even in America. Plenty of people in the Canary Islands would think themselves uncommonly fortunate to have as good places wherein to bestow themselves. The houses are usually round. A waterproof thatch roof, conical in shape and well made, to the extent of withstanding the tornados which do here abound, is set upon a palisade of poles, stuck upright in the ground, held in place by tough vines and branches woven between them, and covered with a thick coat of dried clay. The clay floor costs nothing, harbors no vermin, is easily kept clean, and is by far the best thing for this country. A little fire every day keeps the whole dry and in good condition for two or three years, and as such a house costs but four or five dollars, its destruction would not ruin a man. It would be the easiest thing in the world to have a suite of such buildings for different purposes, and with improvements in the way of furniture, etc., life here could be as comfortable, and, as far as the house is concerned, much more sanitary than that of a goodly proportion of those who live in European dwellings in the civilized parts of the country.

A "country kitchen" is a roof, with supporting timbers, but no side walls. A bench-like pile of mud runs nearly around it, serving for sitters, and hammocks are strung up under the roof. The one at Gunguia was as pleasant a place as one might wish, and with the addition of a few rocking chairs, etc., would make an excellent summer house. Indeed, trying to live comfortably, happily and healthfully in this country would be an interesting experiment. True, the fever is bad, while it lasts—and some people have a way of getting plenty of it, and my opinions may be changed at any time by a good sound attack—yet the fact remains that I have been here over a month now without serious inconvenience, and that, if properly situated, it is possible for one to live without any discomfort worth speaking of from the heat. There is plenty of good, clean, cool water, supplied to the town here by a fine creek, running over large, smooth rocks.

Thursday, Apr. 14.—My advent was announced by special messenger to the royal Sow, and the inhabitants of his old capital evidently expected him to make a speedy return to welcome the "white man." His majesty, however, suffers from rheumatism, or some kindred disorder, of the ankles, and accordingly sent his favorite queens (two) to make excuse for his not coming, and to request that I continue my journey to his present abode. As I had induced several spacious and painful blisters on each of my Caucasian feet, I informed the queens that I was too lame to go. I should, nevertheless, have been sent off in a hammock had not the authorities of the town interfered and sent the suggestion to the king that he could adopt the hammock idea himself.

Friday, Apr. 15.—At about 10 o'clock the prince royal and heir apparent to the throne appeared on the scene, with a detachment of men and the whip of his father. I rather objected to the sentiment of this latter article, but it was explained to be the customary sign of authority, as the signet ring or royal sceptre. As the men were prepared to "tote" me in a hammock, I had not the slightest objection to going.

The journey was much longer than I had expected. There were numerous creeks to cross, where I had to get out of the hammock and ride straddle of some of my Pre-Adamic aids. Many old farms and villages attest the former presence of a large native population. Long before we came to Sow's town recently burned farms became common, and the first—a very large one—was pointed out as belonging to the king's "head woman." They use no titles except that of king. One does not hear of princes, queens, or dukes, but merely of "the kings son," "the king's brothers," etc.

As others, this journey came finally to an end. Sow's town is a large one, but the houses are very small—mere temporary affairs of thatch, and built close together.

I was carried to the door of the royal residence, and very summarily, and rather ignominiously, set down. I suspect the carriers were glad to be done with me. As soon as I could crawl out from under the pole, I was led into the royal presence.

The king is a rather tall, rather slender man, fifty or sixty years of age, and very active. He is said to be a Mandingo, and the bright and (for these people) rather deep-set eyes, as well as the abundant hair and beard, suggest the possibility of a little Arab blood, which many so-called Mandingoes have. The eyes are set a little obliquely, which adds to the somewhat unique and not unpleasing countenance.

The son before-mentioned looks like his father. He is a slender, active young fellow, seventeen or eighteen years of age (people think it would be unfortunate to know their own ages, so I guess at them). Sow has an abundance of grown up sons, many of whom are kings in the surrounding towns; but this one is a case like that of Solomon, I suppose, and takes precedence over his elder brothers. I am told they are raising three girls for wives for him. This will be a fair start for a harem. The king himself boasts of having, or having had, 400 wives. He brought around his favorite the other day, and expatiated on her excellent qualities. During the recent war troubles all his consorts ran away from him, except this one woman, and the king seems to appreciate her accordingly.

Saturday-Thursday, Apr. 16-21.—A bad time generally. I tried to start some men back this morning to get my goods and Henry Stuart. The king promised to send them—I could have a hundred men if I wanted them, he said—but somehow these seven that I did want didn't appear Saturday. I was informed that they would start Sun-

day, and knowing that my provisions were not sufficient to last long, I did not demur from Sabbatarian ideas; but the king's son (not the one mentioned above), who was to have charge of the men, was reported sick, and so things waited until Monday. I have since heard that they went the first day only as far as the old town, where they stopped to get palm cabbages to eat on the way. If they had gone on a reasonable distance they might have reached Boodjee in two days, for they have no loads, and they could return in three, so as to be here to-morrow (Friday). If they did not reach Boodjee until Tuesday they will not be here until Saturday, and by that time I shall be starved! The truth is that I have not dared to eat a full meal this week, knowing that no edible provisions were to be had. The king brought in a little musty and stony country rice yesterday, but it is hardly fit to eat. My men, though, are eating it, and glad to get it; for I have fairly starved them, knowing that I must eat and have something on hand in case of sickness. People in this country are used to starving, it seems.

One would think that in a country like this, where nearly everything will grow at any time, the people would have learned to manage and plant, so as never to be in actual want. It is more than a year since there was war here, but no one seems to have attempted to raise anything to meet the special conditions, and all have waited to follow up the usual times of planting, etc., as they did when the country was well established and rich.

Until Tuesday my feet were so sore that I could not move without pain, but now I need only rations to make me all right. I suspect that sundry fever symptoms would be dispelled by a generous meal, for they retire after what I am able to eat now.

I have not dared to go far for fear of getting too tired; and as there is nothing to be done in this immediate vicinity, I have kept in the house and made a minimum of exertion in constructing a basket! To-day I have "poked" about, reading a little in a very uninteresting German novel. All my other German stories are read through, I am sorry, very sorry, to say, for in fever and fatigue they have given me civilized society, which I constantly pine for now.

This morning I had a great time buying a spear. It is entirely of iron and ornamented, so that the natives prize it very highly, and I had to pay a horrible price to get it. Whether from ideas of hospitality or not, the king was going to buy it for me, and let me give him what I was willing to for it. He was going to give two boys for it, and I refused the whole proceeding—much to his disgust, for these kings like to do big things for visiting white men, and then brag to their rivals about it. I saw the former owner of the spear afterward carrying off an old flint lock, given in lieu of the two slaves, I suppose.

Africans have a passion for taking medicine, and the worse the medicine the better they like it. The other day the king came around, complaining of general debility, and I gave him a dose of quinine. More to see what he would think of the contrivance than for anything else, I did the stuff up in the wafers used for capsules in the Canaries. Instead of following my directions for swallowing, however, he deliberately chewed the thing up, and it seemed to be up to his expectations, for he pronounced it "good medicine."

The king knows a few English words, but most of our communications have to pass through two interpreters. My boy, Charlie, is the only one who can speak English, and of the native tongues he "hears" only Golah. Another speaks Golah and Vey, which latter the king can "hear." So we get along, for the shades of thought are mostly not necessary in our conversation.

I am writing in the evening, by the light of a little string hanging in a dish of palm-oil. The crickets are squeaking in the usual murderous way. Either I am getting nervous, or these African Orthoptera totally eclipse ours at home in the way of making a noise. Their shriek goes through one's head in a fearful manner. Frequently they get into the thatch roofs and close to one's ear, and "strike up." Sleep is out of the question. You must make a light and kill the thing, or rattle the thatch until he takes his racket elsewhere. There seem to be several species, with all varieties of songs—high, low, fast, slow.

Friday, Apr. 22.—It rained hard last night, and is cold this morning (74°). The sky is clouded and everything wet. It has not been so hot here as at Muhlenburg. I have not seen the thermometer stand above 83°.

This will be a day of breathless expectation, for if Henry doesn't come I shall be obliged to subsist to-morrow on one can of condensed milk. Of course I can take some quinine with it, to vary the thing a little.

My next-door neighbor has just come out of her house, and is splitting wood quite dexterously over a stone. People here have iron cutlasses, bill hooks, and axes, too; but they "work up" most of the wood for burning by breaking it over a stone. This lady accomplished the feat easily, notwithstanding the ponderous copper braeilet, nearly an inch in thickness, on each arm. I tried to buy one of these from her, but she would not sell, saying that it was given her by her mother.

I am now reminded how, a week ago last Sunday, in Boodjee, the people fed the dead. In front of the house of the king's brother, whose late mother was the special object of the ceremony, a round hole was dug, about eight inches deep and six in diameter. Its sides were made smooth, and some leaves fitted carefully in it to hold the viands. Two guns lay beside it. The people interested squatted around on the ground. When all was ready, the wife of the king's son brought out rice, soup and meat—the usual vile compound of the country. The whole was duly mixed by this lady and a man, who seemed to act as master of ceremonies. Then everyone took a handful and squeezed and ate it in the customary way, after which the king's wife and the master of ceremonies dropped several handfuls into the hole. Shortly after said lady and another woman each received a handful of rice taken from the hole by the master of ceremonies. The object of this, I afterward learned, was that they might give birth to sons the "next time." The next step was to find whether the dead woman was satisfied. This is done by taking the two halves of a kola (the embryo of the fruit) and tossing them on the ground till, in the same throw, the flat sides come under. This sometimes takes all day, but on this occasion the satisfaction became manifest on the tenth throw. Then rice is sprinkled about the houses and ground (this insures a good harvest and blessing generally), the hole filled up, and the show is over.

During the performance there was no sign of religious feeling. The people laughed and talked with each other, appearing to take it all as a mere technicality. Henry told me that in times of plenty large bowls are provided, and the affair is a "treat."

In the woods near the same town I noticed two "country gourds," such as drinking cups are made of, cut in halves and tied to trees—a means of averting ill luck.

Well, it is dark again. It rained this afternoon, and everything is steaming. Henry has not come. Charlie and my man, Ya, went back to the large town this morning to meet the party and, if possible, hurry things along; so I am here alone with the other man, Bongo, who does

not talk English, and who, like myself, is sick. My left tonsil is painfully swollen, so that I can hardly swallow the little food I have. I have been damp and miserable all day, my head aches, and I must somehow keep swallowing nothing, and I am hungry and think continually of the toast, etc., my mother would "stuff" this cold with; and there is nobody who can speak English within ten miles. Altogether I hope I'm as badly off as I'm going to be—I promise myself, on no condition, to go again so far from the base of supplies into a famished country like this.

Later. Sleep seems impossible. Babies are crying in every direction, and the crickets singing and the people are talking, as always, night and day. What they find to say is more than I can imagine, but there is enough talking done every day in this village to run the United States government. The people are almost all slaves belonging to Sow. There appear to be two ways of being king in this country. I might buy some men with my goods, start a town, and be a king, in short order. Or, I might go and build me one or two houses somewhere, induce a few friends to go with me, the town to grow gradually by the addition of free people, who preferred to live under my régime.

When a king suffers misfortune, or for any reason his people distrust him, or if he is unpopular, his subjects, one by one, steal away and lose themselves in the neighboring towns. A man does not take his family and goods and start. He sends a woman, perhaps to visit; a child goes with another excuse, till finally all have disappeared. Such desertion of a town frequently occurs on the death of a king, when this happens under suspicious circumstances, or when there is no desirable successor.

Notwithstanding the people are thus free (when not bought or captured as slaves), the king of a town has theoretically, and usually in fact, all power over them; and so large a part of the population are usually his slaves, that a man not of the dead king's family rarely succeeds him, the objection being that the late ruler's relatives would make him continual trouble by taunting him with the possession of the property of their father.

With names and with the words indicative of relationship, the native has no fixed method of application. They change their names, or their masters change them, at will. To speak of a man's father or "mammy" (never mother) does not in the least necessitate that there is any blood relationship. The son calls all his father's wives "mammy," and will insist that any one of them is his mother. Two kings may make an agreement, so that one becomes the father, the other the son. Thus the old man, now king in the old town, is said to be Sow's father, though he probably belongs to another tribe.

Saturday, Apr. 23.—It seems to me I have done the least imaginable to-day—the very next thing to lying flat on my back. One is not over ambitious on an empty stomach. I have waited all day for Henry, and he has not come. Charlie came back from the large town to-night, bringing some venison, which was good, what there was of it. Things begin to look serious. I don't know what can have happened to the men and goods, and, what is worse, there is no way of finding out.

But to-night my head does not ache and my tonsil has somewhat subsided, so that my condition is somewhat improved. On the other hand, starvation is coming nearer.

Sunday, Apr. 24.—A glorious morning—bright, clear, fresh and cool (74°). In momentary expectation of my people, I am waiting with what little breakfast I have—perhaps Henry will come, and it will be a full one!

NICODEMUS.

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. Wm. T. Brown, in the Congregational Church, Madison, Conn.

John iii. 1-3 and 9-12; vii. 45-52; xix. 38-42.

THE Bible is an album of photographs, not chiefly a collection of verses or even a library of books. It is an album of heliotypes—of pictures from life made upon these pages by the photography of the same sunlight—the light of the Sun of Righteousness. That is true of the whole Bible. It is very apparently true of the records made of the life and words of Jesus. John says of Jesus that He was the true light ever coming into the world. It is at least one function of light to reveal things as they really are. Blot out the light of the sun, obscure the light of moon and stars, and all things in the natural world look alike. There are no distinctions. But let the sun shine again over the world, and all is changed. Distinctions everywhere appear. Every feature of the natural world immediately has its own peculiar shape, and nature is infinitely diverse.

It is as startlingly true of the moral world as it is of the natural. The difference between the darkest moral barbarism of the darkest continent on the map of the earth and the highest civilization of the world is the difference between night and day. No moral light or next to none has dawned upon the mind of the cannibal, and almost no moral distinctions are known or recognized by him. But here in the midst of what we call civilization—that is, in the midst of these parts of the world into which has been coming for centuries the divine light of the Christian revelation, distinctions wide and deep exist. All men are not alike. All men do not stand on the same moral level. And however fiercely and brutally men may struggle to hide themselves here in their own moral darkness, the struggle is ineffectual and vain. They but make more clear and plain the dominant evil of their thoughts and purposes. One good man, one man true to the heart—honest, pure, earnest, righteous—in any community determines without any conscious effort on his part the moral standing and the spiritual rank of every other man in the community. All the other men of the town are what they are in the public mind, whatever their quality of character may be—pure or impure, honest or dishonest, brave or cowardly, truthful or truthless—they are what they are in the common thought because of what the one true man is. By a law as inexorable as the law of gravitation, by a principle as unvarying as that of cause and effect, you and I and all men fall into our moral niche in the esteem of men, because of the presence among us of even one true soul. Project this mental picture of existing moral conditions into the life of Palestine in the time of Jesus, and you have a portrait of life that was true then to this law. The one fact in this New Testament history worth knowing is the fact of the life of Jesus of Nazareth. If you do not know that fact, if you do not grasp it, do not realize its meaning, you cannot understand anything else. That is the supreme fact of this history—the person and character and life of Jesus of Nazareth. Given that fact, everything else follows. Because Jesus was what He was, because He lived as He lived, because His life and spirit and motive were what they were, the simple, unadorned, and even fragmentary and faulty story which a few unlettered men told or wrote is entitled above every other writing that the world has produced to be called Holy Scripture, is entitled to be regarded as the record of a divine revelation. If ever anywhere in history you may find life laid bare to its inmost secrets, it is here. The

glory of the mid-summer sun makes a hundredfold more glorious and beautiful every thing of beauty and majesty upon which it shines. But it likewise intensifies and deepens the hideous ugliness of every evil thing its light reveals. The appearance among men of that man who forever stands before all ages as the crown and glory of our humanity and for the unspeakable grandeur of God's thought and purpose for our life, has likewise shed a diviner lustre upon the commonest details of the moral world, and has burned into the conscience of humanity every mark of moral iniquity and perfidy and evil.

We are to see this morning one of the photographs that lie clear and distinct before us in this album. It is the photograph—the pitiless moral reproduction on the pages of the fourth Gospel of the man Nicodemus. His name occurs but five times in this record. You have but three brief glimpses of the man. But if you had lived by his side all your life you could not possibly know him so well as you may know him from this transcript of his character that lies before us in this book. We are not told how wise he was, who his parents were, how ancient or honorable his family tree, or what his assets were. Those things which occupy so prominent a place in the pictures which we are wont now-a-days to make of our contemporaries were not revealed by the moral photography of Jesus. This is what we know of Nicodemus from the Gospel according to John. He was a teacher in the Jewish synagogue, or, as we might say, a minister in the Jewish church. He was also a member of the Sanhedrin—a sort of civil and ecclesiastical court. We know that this man Nicodemus was convinced in his own mind that the message of Jesus was a true message, the life of Jesus a true life. Indeed of all men in Palestine he was the first, after John the Baptist, to recognize the divine authority of Jesus. Long before Peter, little knowing the import of his words, declared to Jesus, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," Nicodemus had in his secret interview with Jesus confessed, "We know that thou art a teacher sent from God." That was a confession as comprehensive as any of the disciples could have made when they attached themselves to Jesus. We know that Nicodemus was a cautious man. He acted with great prudence. He was a Pharisee and a teacher and a member of the highest Jewish tribunal. He would not risk his reputation by coming to this Galilean carpenter in broad daylight. He would not publicly make known what he privately acknowledged. From that secret interview in which Jesus declared to him the necessity of a complete regeneration, the necessity of entering the Kingdom of God as every new life is entered—from that interview the paths of Jesus and Nicodemus diverge. He goes back to his place among the Pharisees and his office in the Sanhedrin, while Jesus goes with the divinest message that ever came to men to the outcast and abandoned of Galilee and Judea. As time passes, the sect of religionists to which Nicodemus belonged becomes the bitter and malignant persecutor of Jesus. Not only so, but that sect becomes identified in the mind of Jesus with utter moral blindness and spiritual stupidity. It is the chief obstacle in the way of all that he is interested to do. And yet Nicodemus remains a Pharisee. No word of sympathy ever passes between him and Jesus. He still cherishes the old conviction that came upon him as soon as he heard of Jesus and His teaching. But no one knows

anything about it save himself. More than two years pass between our first glimpse of Nicodemus and our second glimpse of him. Jesus is nearing the end of His ministry and of his life. The sect of the Pharisees are pushing their persecution to extremes. The Sanhedrin to which Nicodemus belongs finally send officers to arrest Jesus, that they may bring Him to punishment because His teaching differs from their own. But the officers return without Him. "Never man spake like this man" they exclaim. Some of the members of the Sanhedrin, unable to comprehend the failure of the officers and suspecting some division among themselves, put the question, "Hath any of the rulers believed on Him or of the Pharisees?" No one answers that question. Finally Nicodemus offers a feeble protest that Jesus ought to be given a trial before He is condemned. But when his associates retort by squarely asking him if he is also of Galilee, that is to say, if he is one of the disciples of Jesus, his mouth is locked. He has nothing to say. He dare not before these men confess even the words he had spoken in secret to Jesus.

Once only after this do we have a glimpse of Nicodemus. It is after the crucifixion. Not a word from him when Jesus is on trial for his life. Not a word when He has been falsely condemned to death as an outlaw. But after all is over, after the shame and suffering of the cross, again in the twilight of evening Nicodemus ventures out with Joseph of Arimathea, another timid soul like himself, and together they place the body of Jesus in the tomb. There is an old tradition, invented, perhaps, by some one who shared the same moral timidity, that after the crucifixion this man who all those terrible months of trial and suffering, of heart-ache and disappointment, of divinest witness-bearing by the Man of Nazareth before a world that rejected His message and Himself—this man who all those potent, pitiful months had never given even a hint of faith in the genuineness of Jesus' mission, finally placed himself publicly among His followers. I do not know whether that tradition is true or not. But whether it be true or false, it can never find a place in this record. It can never change by one iota the picture which has been left on these pages of Nicodemus. Say all that you can say of him; give him the benefit of every charitable doubt that loyalty to the truth will allow: it remains true nevertheless that the picture of Nicodemus in the Gospel story is not the picture of a disciple or an apostle. It is not the picture of a life for which any man in this wide world would willingly exchange his own. I can conceive it possible that many a man would willingly share all the shame of desertion at the hour of trial which must be associated with the names of Peter and James and John and the rest. For the shame of that desertion is utterly lost in the contemplation of what preceded and what followed. We can never think of what discipleship to Jesus really meant and how literally and bravely that little handful of rough-faced, hard-handed fishermen left everything that they might be his disciples—we can never think of that without thinking of the divine possibilities of human life. But no such feeling ever stirs our hearts when we think of Nicodemus. No one in this world or any other can ever envy the character of this man. Look at him from the most favorable point of view you can find, your vision reveals to you nothing better or nobler than the spectacle of a lost opportunity, the one opportunity of life lost, gone, irretrievably. The coming among men of such a man as Jesus was, of such a man as every man and woman that lived within the circle of acquaintance with him knew Him to be, apart altogether from any consideration of divine claims—the coming of such a man into human society,

the living such a life precipitates the noblest opportunity that ever comes to a man. There can be none comparable to it. The life of Jesus—the form it took—the issues it created—the consequences it begot among men are independent of any theory or any claims. We need not ask why the fullest, clearest, realest, most transparent revealing of the life and spirit and purpose of God should have been what it was—should have appeared in the form of a peasant, a commoner, a man untrained in the schools, unacquainted with wealth or official position. The highest distinction any man can ever have is not that he has been born to a fortune or acquired one, not that he has been born to rank or achieved it, but simply that he is a man. The very sublimity of Jesus lies in the fact that he was the Son of Man—in all the fulness of what God meant that word to mean—a man. And the issue which this revealing of God made in the world was discipleship. No one could escape the summons. He became the supreme authority and the absolute Master of men, or else He was nothing to them at all. It was the supreme opportunity of life that came to men in the person of Jesus. It was the chance for an immortality such as men never dreamed of. To be associated in service and sacrifice with that true-hearted prophet of Nazareth whose word and deed were such as to compel the belief even of this member of the Sanhedrin, was to put one's self side by side with the Son of God, to leave one's name eternally enshrined in the holiest thought and the tenderest love of all the generations of men. That is what we know it meant. But to Nicodemus it meant the loss of position, property, associations, rank, prestige, and all the ties that bound him to his past and present. It meant personal discomfort and humiliation. It meant the giving up of the things which had grown congenial to him. What had such a man as he in common with Galilean fishermen? It meant identifying himself with an unpopular cause at the very time of its unpopularity. It meant, as he well knew, as everybody knew, and as Jesus had over and over declared, the subordination of all other interests to this one of making common cause with himself. No man could in the nature of things have become a disciple of Jesus who did not count all other things and all other ties secondary to that. No man would have become his disciple or could have done so, without paying that price, even if Jesus had never declared that an inexorable condition of discipleship. That condition was inherent and is forever inherent in the purpose and scope of such a life as that of Jesus. It was because of the very essence of Christianity, it was because of what Jesus was and what He was trying to do in the world, that such renunciation of all other things became the first necessity of any and every life which was to have any part in that redemptive purpose. Nicodemus would not pay that price. He was a man who would not bear the stigma of being a disciple. He was a man to whom the cross was a stumbling-block. He must never lose sight of what that discipleship meant. It not only meant the things of which I have spoken. They were the least of its meaning. Discipleship to Jesus never meant self-sacrifice or self-denial for its own sake. That would be to put it on the same narrow level of asceticism, the level of those who believe the mere suffering of physical privation is pleasing to God. That it never meant and never can mean. That is a denial of Christianity. That is a repudiation of the real Christ. Discipleship meant two things: the devotion of one's life to a man and the dedication of life to a cause. Two demands sum up the message of Jesus—and those two are one. His first words as a preacher—the first words with which His ministry began were the announce-

ment that the Kingdom of God is at hand. The Kingdom of God was the cause—the mission—into which He poured His life without measure. That kingdom was a most definite thing. It was not a vague vision of the future. It was not something into which people were to enter when they died. It was for this earth and only for this earth. It had nothing whatever to do with the life beyond the grave. It concerned men in this world and their relations to one another. It meant the realization here on this earth of the two-fold law of love—love to God and love to man. Those two things are one. They can never be separated. The attempt to separate them is infidelity—atheism. No condition of life is so utterly Godless, Christless, hopeless, devilish as that condition which attempts or presumes to make the smallest distinction between love to God and love to man. These two laws had never been regarded as one before. The men among whom Jesus lived did not so regard them. Indeed the number of men who regard it the same thing to love God as to love men is pitifully small. Do you doubt it? Do you not know that there are shoals of men who every Sunday in church and cathedral engage in something which they call worship and really believe that in that service—in prayer and song or in the partaking of the bread and wine that symbolize the very essence of Christianity—they are entering into communion with God—really think they love God and confess as much? And yet not one out of a thousand ever sees in his vision of the God whom he so worships the outline of a man. To the great mass of men it seems no contradiction—no infidelity—that even while they pray and sing and worship, the love of man, of humanity, the passionate longing to know and help and enrich the life of men is utterly absent from their thought. The very ministry of Jesus Christ is the eternal marriage of God and humanity. Their destinies can never be separated. They are one. That ministry, that life forbids their separation. He who stood in the place of God for every person who saw Him in Palestine was a man. The Man who appeared among men as one of the humblest and neediest of their number, who had not where to lay His head, was and is the only God whom they or you or I can ever know. That is what the ministry and life of Jesus meant. And because it meant that, there was no smallest excuse why any man who saw Him—heard Him—knew Him should not immediately leave all else and follow Him. To establish here in human society the order of the Kingdom of God was the mission of Jesus. That was His life. All its meaning was summed up in that. To that He called men. And because they could not all at once grasp the largeness of that purpose, He demanded that they should follow Him, which meant the same thing. That was what made its appeal to Nicodemus. That was the essential truth to which he responded when he confessed that Jesus was a God-sent man. That was enough to know. Nicodemus to the end of eternity could have no deeper conviction than that. He could never have a diviner vision of God than that which stood before him in Jesus of Nazareth. And that vision was only the vision of a man. What this member of the Sanhedrin refused to do was to put his life unreservedly at the disposal of a Man and into self-denying service of men. That is exactly what he refused to do. And in refusing to do that, he refused to be a disciple of the Son of God, he refused to have any part in the Kingdom of Heaven, in the work of redeeming this world to a higher life.

We have been thinking all this time of discipleship in Judea. We have been talking about ancient history, perhaps you will say. If it were any other history than that which was made in the presence of Jesus of Nazareth,

there would be some truth in that assertion. But because we have been looking at life through the revealing glass of Christian truth, we have been looking at life as it is always and everywhere. Life is not a different thing essentially now from what it was in the time of which we have been thinking. The world we live in is the same world. The life given us to live is the same life. Differences of custom or culture no more affect the principles of life, than differences of climate or scenery. We live as much in God's world as any one ever did. And life in God's world is everywhere surrounded by the same solemnities. Life in this world is an unbounded opportunity. It is as unspeakable an opportunity for you and me as it was for the apostles—as divine a privilege and as sacred a trust for the men and women of this age as it was for those of that distant period.

The one thing that can make your life and mine most worth living, that can transform it from a dreary drudgery to a holy enthusiasm, that can translate us from the monotony of a treadmill existence to the inspiration of an apostleship which shall far outshine any that ever was known by men, is the realization by us of what this Christianity which we profess means, to realize that it means now just what it meant then. It means loyalty to a man, the humblest and the poorest, to the man at our side who needs us, or to the great struggling millions of men all about us, men of whom Jesus was thinking when He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me; inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these My brethren, ye did it not unto Me." I must frankly say to you, my friends, that the common ideal of Christian life in these days seems to me not a whit better or higher than the religious ideal of that pietism which Jesus unsparingly condemned. I cannot see any great improvement over the Pharisaic system of religion in which men were taught to look back along the centuries to the great national hero, Moses, and practically worship him, I can see no moral or spiritual improvement over that dead and worthless system in the plan which we have substituted in its place, the plan of directing all our thought toward that distant past in which Jesus of Nazareth lived, and holding all our faith with reference to Him as an historic person. I do not question the supremacy of the life and character of Jesus. I yield to no man in reverence for him. But I must be frank to say that Christianity to me is not the attitude of life that is forever looking backwards. If this record is true, if the teachings of Jesus are to be regarded as authentic, then we are called upon to be something better than archaeologists. Christianity must mean for us as it meant to the disciples, loyalty not to some one who once lived but no longer lives among men. It must be our devotion to men in our own present. Where are we to find the counterpart of the Christ in our time? Where are we to find that which shall take the place in our thought and affection and service of the man who focussed all the thought and affection and service of the first disciples? In other words, to whom is our discipleship to be expressed? Not to a memory. Not to a character of history. That would be to deny the validity of that first discipleship. The twelve were not holding themselves as servants of some man who had lived in an age that was gone. They were not antiquaries. Their service could not have meant anything, it could never have been what it was, it could never have survived themselves, if it had been allegiance to a man who was dead. Christianity is not hero worship. It is service of, and enthusiasm for, a man, humanity. It is finding life a mission, that mission the realization of righteousness and love between man and man and between all

classes of society. That is what Christianity means. It means the announcement here and everywhere of the impending kingdom or republic or democracy, the kingdom or republic or democracy on this earth in which the life of Jesus is the only normal life—the life of sacrifice for others—the life of love for others—the life that devotes itself to men and for men. Christianity means the consecration of life—all of it—to the purpose that absorbed the energies of Jesus. It is the finding of God in man. It is the serving and loving of God in the serving and loving of men. You and I can pay a respectable homage to a Man who lived the life recorded of Him in these Gospels; we can profess a reverence for a deity whom we have no consciousness of having ever seen or known; we can grow warm in the defense of doctrines for which the world is coming to care not a straw; we can devote ourselves to the raising of funds by all sorts of expedients for the conversion of the heathen, funds that seem all the while to be less easy to raise; we can meet in our churches and go through the forms of worship, sometimes, no doubt, feeling after such service more contented with ourselves and with the condition of things in which we live; we can do all these things and a great many more that are usually regarded religious, and remain the same selfish creatures we were before. We can do all this and still live as the slave-holder did in blissful contentment with things as they are. It will cost us nothing at all. Nicodemus can remain a Pharisee and do all that. He need not make any uncomfortable change in his plans in order to conform to such an ideal of religious life as prevails to a greater extent than we perhaps suppose. And under any such thought of Christianity, the great mass of the sayings of Jesus about self-denial and service as well as all the life of Jesus become obsolete. They have no place in such a plan of life. The Christianity of the present time, let us be honest enough to say, is nothing other than the attempt to make the principles of the Gospel fit into things as they are. It is as foolish and vain as the attempt would have been in the time of Jesus to realize his ideals through the system of the rabbis. The Christ of to-day, the Christ to whom the loyalty and devotion of men are due, is no more a vague and unreal creature than He was in the days of which we read in our New Testaments. The Son of Man, the Master whose call men were made to hear and heed and in obedience to whom they are to find the supreme joy and inspiration of life, is a Man like themselves. The Lord of our supreme service is now as ever a being of flesh and blood. When you and I have seen a man who is devoting his life to the emancipation of his fellow-men from the bondage of their ignorance or their slavery, individual or economic; when we have seen a man forgetful of himself in his passion for the redemption of other men from the life of beasts of burden to the life of men; when we have seen or heard a man whose Gospel is good tidings to the poor, the setting at liberty of them that are bound, and the proclamation of the acceptable year of the Lord, the most daring of all utopias; when we have seen or heard such a man, or even when we have seen what it is possible for us to see every day in the week, what it is impossible for us to open our eyes and not see, a multitude of men whom no man can number, thronging our cities and tramping our streets, men who have not where to lay their heads, men who have not the smallest chance of ever having a place to lay their heads, men who are denied the privilege of being men by the monstrous iniquity of an economic system of which by our inaction we have become accessories in fastening upon these struggling slaves, when we have seen this multitude of men and women who this day and for thousands of days that are behind us, and God

only knows for how many days to come, making of themselves a vicarious offering for the redemption of this selfish world to a righteousness which shall be something more than a name, we have had as real and as divine a vision of the Christ as any man that ever lived in this world has had. No man ever had such a constant and pathetic vision of the Christ of God as you and I are all the while having. If we say "Are not these our fellow-men? Are they not men like ourselves? Are they not mere artisans? And can anything good come out of Chicago or New York?" we but echo the stupid outcry of the Pharisees, "Is not this the Son of Joseph? Are not His brothers and sisters with us? Is not this the Carpenter of Nazareth? Can anything good come out of Nazareth?"

Are you looking curiously or anxiously into the skies, that you may see God? Are you scanning the records of the past that you may find Him, or peering into the clouded future that you may get a glimpse of His face? O my fellow men, will you not know to-day the truth written large in these Gospel records, on the sacredest pages of all literature, that "No man hath seen God at any time"—that the only God into whose face men ever looked wore the face of a needy and suffering man? And will you not know that the only God you and I will ever see is the God who is all the while incarnating Himself not alone in some unique person who is entitled to be called the Christ, but in the person and need of every human being? Will you not know that the only opportunity for the worship of God or the service of Christ that men ever had was in the service and love of a Man like themselves? Must you not believe that the only opportunity you will ever have to serve God or enter the fellowship of Christ is that which now lies before you in the devotion of yourself with all that you have to the help and uplift of men? God is nearer to us than we have ever dreamed. We have stretched out vain hands into the empty air that we might touch Him, when the warm touch of loving service and Christly sympathy with the man at our elbow would have brought us face to face and life to life with God. If we will but listen, we shall hear the voice of the Christ calling as constantly, pleadingly, commandingly here in the nineteenth century as any one heard the voice of Jesus in the first.

And now as then it is the call of a man who "is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and as one from whom men hide their faces, he is despised and we have esteemed him not." It is still the call of a man, of humanity, to the service of men. Into that discipleship and fellowship of divinest service now as then we are all the while either silently entering in all the routine and activity of our life, in all its plans and purposes, or we are as silently refusing to enter when we let the claims of comfort or ambition or selfish contentment with existing conditions bar our entrance into this divine democracy of human brotherhood, which is only the new name of the Kingdom of God.

A truer message has not been uttered than that which Browning puts into the mouth of David as he speaks to Saul:

"O Saul, it shall be
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever: a Hand like this hand
Shall open the gates of new life to thee!
See the Christ stand."

Madison, Conn.

BEFORE BEDTIME.

A MOTHER'S TREASURES.

F. E. S.

Down the road sounds a merry whistle,
And my first-born comes trudging along,
With book-strap across his shoulder,
His heart brimming over with song;
Lessons to-day all perfect,
Deportment? well not quite so good;
Is it best, do you think, to chide him?
I'm sure *you* never would.

Sober and staid little maiden,
Seated quietly in the sun;
Study and work are over,
Vacation has just begun.
Why do you sit and ponder,
Can you think of nothing to play?
I'm too big for such things, now, mamma,
Why, I'm ten years old to-day.

Hurrah! hurrah! school is over!
Come, let's have a game of ball,
Or marbles, or par, or hopscotch,
It doesn't matter at all,
So long as we're having some fun;
Throw your books upon the floor:
And how old do you think is this lad?
He's only two times four.

Here, just around the corner,
Sits chubby, making mud pies;
Hat on the ground beside him,
Tangled hair shading his eyes;
Busily stirring and shaping,
Putting them out to bake;
Ask his age, his answer will be:
"Just five, when I'm wide awake."

Bonnie and blithe and happy,
Dancing the livelong day,
Singing while helping mamma,
Singing while busy at play;
Blue eyes, with pleasure beaming,
Smiles like the rippling water,
Golden hair loosely curling,
This is my baby daughter.

Huntington, N. Y.



ASLEEP.

A. F. PRATT.—(AGE 12 YEARS).

Asleep,
And dreaming yet,
Though eyelids, slightly ope'd, are wet;
Though, time and time again,
The heart strings break in twain;
But yet, asleep.

Asleep!

That word, when used, that hides all cares,
Entraps the soul in holy snares.
And, if in all the darkness of the night,
You should awake,—remember, God Himself gives light,
While yet you sleep.

Asleep!

And yet awake, through countless hours;
Then dream again, see birds and wondrous flowers.
And when, toil-worn, your head sinks on your breast,
Sleep comes, and brings with it sweet rest.
So sleep.

Asleep!

Oh, Lord, we thank Thee for the blessing,
When human souls, with work themselves distressing,
Can find no comfort, thought is there,
That Thou art here, to take away all care,
By sleep.



LINCOLN'S TENDERNESS.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was a giant in strength when a young man. He could sink an axe deeper, jump higher and further, and run faster, than any of his fellows, and no one could lay him on his back. But this young giant, six feet four inches high, scorned to use his strength as a giant. He stopped fights, quelled riots, repelled brutality and protected the weak, for his kindness and good nature were stronger than his strength.

As Lincoln and a companion were going home one cold night, they stumbled upon an acquaintance lying dead-drunk in the road. Young Abe proposed that they should carry him to the nearest cabin. The churlish companion refused to assist.

"All right!" said Abe. "If you won't, I will," and suiting the action to the word, he lifted the drunken man on his shoulder, and carried him a long distance to a neighbor's cabin, where he was restored to consciousness. "Abe Lincoln's kindness and strength," the poor fellow often said, "saved my life."

When he was president his tenderness frequently caused generals in the field to complain. "We can't shoot men justly condemned to die," they would say, "because their mothers or fathers secure Mr. Lincoln's interference by appealing to his compassion for the wayward."

Mr. Lincoln used to smile when these complaints were repeated to him, and promised to be more of a commander-in-chief and less of a man. But he wouldn't—the man, as the next case proved, was more powerful than the president—and the man had always stretched out a hand to the fallen.

One day, when he was a plain Illinois lawyer, he was riding, with other lawyers, from one court-house to another. The party rode two by two, Lincoln and a friend bringing up the rear. As they stopped to water their

horses, the friend came up alone. "Where's Lincoln?" they inquired.

"Oh," answered the friend, "when I saw him last he had caught two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest, and was hunting for it to put them back."

In a few minutes Lincoln came up, and the lawyers began chaffing him.

"I couldn't have slept," he replied, "if I had not found that nest and restored the little birds to their mother."

The kind-hearted giant could show a giant's rage if men tried to thwart his tenderness. During the Black Hawk war he was a captain, and one day a poor, old, hungry Indian came into camp.

The soldiers, possessed by the pioneer's hatred of Indians, and thinking the old man a spy, were about to kill him. He showed a "safe conduct" from General Cass, and also a certificate that he was the white man's friend.

The angry soldiers declared both documents forgeries, and cocked their muskets. In an instant Lincoln was among them, knocking up their guns. Standing in front of the Indian, he ordered the men away, saying they should shoot him if they shot the poor man.

A dozen muskets were aimed at both, and for several seconds it seemed as if the captain and the Indian would be riddled with bullets. Lincoln stood there, angry but resolute, and the angry soldiers lowered their guns, turning away like sullen dogs robbed of their prey.

—*Exchange.*



CORRESPONDENCE.

BELVIDERE, Ill., Aug. 5, 1897.

EDITOR CHURCH UNION: I have had the pleasure of perusing but one copy of your journal, and I like it, because it seems to be in the line of my own thought, and because, aside from this feature of its special aim, it is an all-round educator of human thought.

Church union is to be the question of the ensuing century, and you have not begun your work any too soon, if I understand your aims, which I believe to be the leading of the world back to the Messianic thought and spirit, from which we have been drifting in our multitudinous divisions, sub-divisions, and, consequently, in the absorbing interests of building up and maintaining sects. I believe the needs of the hour are similar to those in the days of John Baptist and Jesus. Then the moral and intellectual world famished and labored under the burdens of old superstitious rites and cruel and bloody sacrifices, but Jesus and John proclaimed the doctrines of divine Fatherhood and human brotherhood, the equality of the race, love as the door into heaven, and doing good as the fruits of that love as the highest duty and privilege of man. To-day the world grows tired of building strong walls of division between sects, tired fighting with money and brains, heart and hands, over questions of modes of baptism, communions, and thousands of unprofitable disputes that have little or nothing to do with the great and all-important work of practical doing good. There are many notions about the "second coming of Christ." May we not say that he has come again when THE CHURCH UNION ideals have been consummated, and the walls of ecclesiastical divisions have faded away, and one undivided church flourishes in this beautiful garden of God, having for its creed "One supreme Father," and upon its banner the practical motto, "Do Good?" To this end I subscribe myself a co-worker with THE CHURCH UNION.

FRANCIS M. YATES.

DEATH OF JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

IN *McClure's Magazine* for May a narrative of the facts in this historic case is given, written by a relative of Colonel and Lieutenant Baker, the captors of Booth. We quote the close of the article:

"Upon honor as a gentleman," he said, paling, "I will tell you all I know if you will shield me from complicity in the whole matter."

"Yes, if we get Booth," responded Conger.

"Booth is at the Garrett house, three miles this side of Port Conway," he said; "if you came that way you may have frightened him off, for you must have passed the place."

Garrett's house was an old-fashioned Southern mansion, somewhat dilapidated, with a wide, hospitable piazza reaching its full length in front, and barns and tobacco houses looming big and dark apart. Baker leaped from his horse to the steps, and thundered on the door. A moment later a window close at hand was cautiously raised, and a man thrust his head out. Before he could say a word Baker seized him by the arm.

"Open the door; be quick about it."

The old man tremblingly complied, and Baker slipped inside, closing the door behind him. A candle was quickly lighted, and then Baker demanded of Garrett to reveal the hiding-place of the two men who had been staying in his house.

"They're gone to the woods," he said, paling and beginning to tremble.

Baker thrust his revolver into the old man's face.

"Don't tell me that," he said; "they are here."

Conger now came in with young Garrett.

"Don't injure father," said the young man; "I will tell you all about it. The men did go to the woods last evening when some cavalry went by, but they came back and wanted us to take them over to Louisa Court House. We said we could not leave home before morning, if at all. We were becoming suspicious of them, and father told them they could not stay with us—"

"Where are they now?" interrupted Baker.

"In the barn; my brother locked them in for fear they would steal the horses. He is now keeping watch in the corn-crib."

It was plain that the Garretts did not know the identity of the men who had been imposing on their hospitality. Consequently, Baker asked no more questions, but taking young Garrett's arm, he made a dash toward the barn. Conger ordered the cavalymen to follow, and formed them in such positions around the barn that no one could escape. By this time the soldiers had found the boy in the crib, and had brought him up with the key. Baker unlocked the door, and told young Garrett that, inasmuch as the two men were his guests, he must go inside and induce them to come out and surrender. The young man objected most vigorously.

"They are armed to the teeth," he faltered; "and they'll shoot me down."

But he appreciated the fact that he was looking into the black mouth of Baker's revolver, and hastily slid through the doorway. There was a sudden rustling of corn-blades, and the sound of voices in low conversation. All around the barn the soldiers were picketed, wrapped in inky blackness and uttering no sound. In the midst of a little circle of candle-light Baker stood at the doorway with drawn revolver. Conger had gone to the rear of the barn. During the heat and excitement of the chase he had assumed command of the cavalymen, somewhat to the umbrage of Lieutenant Doherty, who kept himself in the background

during the remainder of the night. Further away, around the house, Garrett's family huddled together trembling and frightened.

Suddenly from the barn a clear, high voice rang out, the voice of the tragedian in his last play.

"You have betrayed me, sir; leave this barn or I will shoot you."

Baker now called to the men in the barn, ordering them to turn over their arms to young Garrett, and to surrender at once.

"If you don't," threatened Baker, "we shall burn the barn, and have a bonfire and a shooting match."

At that Garrett came running to the door and begged to be let out. He said he would do anything he could, but he didn't want to risk his life in the presence of two such desperate men. Baker therefore opened the door, and Garrett came out with a bound. He turned and pointed to the candle which Baker had been carrying since he left the house.

"Put that out or he will shoot you by its light," he whispered in a frightened voice.

Baker placed the candle on the ground at a little distance from the door so that it would light all the space in front of the barn. Then he called again to Booth to surrender. In a full, clear, ringing voice—a voice that smacked of the stage—Booth replied:

"There is a man here who wishes very much to surrender," and then they heard him say to Herold, "Leave me, will you? Go; I don't want you to stay."

At the door Herold was whimpering: "Let me out; I know nothing of this man in here."

"Bring out your arms and you can come," answered Baker.

Herold denied having any arms, and Booth finally said: "He has no arms; the arms are mine, and I shall keep them."

By this time Herold was praying piteously to be let out. He said he was afraid of being shot, and he begged to be allowed to surrender. Baker opened the door a little, and told him to put out his hands. The moment they appeared Baker seized them, whipped Herold out of the barn, and turned him over to the soldiers.

"You had better come, too," Baker then said to Booth.

"Tell me who you are and what you want of me. It may be that I am being taken by my friends."

"It makes no difference who we are," was the reply. "We know you and we want you. We have fifty well-armed men stationed around this barn. You cannot escape, and we do not wish to kill you."

There was a moment's pause, and then Booth said falteringly:

"Captain, this is a hard case, I swear. I am lame. Give me a chance. Draw up your men twenty yards from here, and I will fight your whole command."

"We are not here to fight," said Baker; "We are here to take you."

Booth then asked for time to consider, and Baker told him that he could have two minutes, no more. Presently he said:

"Captain, I believe you to be a brave and honorable man. I have had half a dozen chances to shoot you. I have a bead drawn on you now—but I do not wish to kill you. Withdraw your men from the door, and I'll go out. Give me this chance for my life. I will not be taken alive."

Even in his deep distress Booth had not forgotten to be theatrical. If he must die he wished to die at the climax of a highly dramatic situation.

"Your time is up," said Baker firmly; "if you don't come out we shall fire the barn."

"Well, then, my brave boys," came the answer in clear, ringing tones that could be heard by the women who cowered on Garrett's porch, rods away, "you may prepare a stretcher for me." Then, after a slight pause, he added, "One more stain on the glorious old banner."

Conger now came around the corner of the barn and asked Baker if he was ready. Baker nodded, and Conger stepped noiselessly back, drew a handful of corn-blades through a crack in the barn, scratched a match, and in a moment the whole interior of the barn was brilliant with light. Baker opened the door and peered in. Booth had been leaning against the mow, but he now sprang forward, half blinded by the sudden glare of fire, his crutches under his arms and his carbine leveled in the direction of the flames as if he would shoot the man who had set them going. But he could not see into the darkness outside. He hesitated, then reeled forward again. An old table was near at hand. He caught hold of it as though to cast it top down on the fire, but he was not quick enough. Dropping one crutch, he hobbled toward the door. About the middle of the barn he stopped, drew himself up to his full height, and seemed to take in the entire situation. His hat was gone, and his wavy, dark hair was tossed back from his high, white forehead; his lips were firmly compressed, and, if he was pale, the ruddy glow of the fire-light concealed that fact. In his full, dark eyes there was an expression of mingled hatred, terror, and the defiance of a tiger hunted to his lair. In one hand he held a carbine, in the other a revolver, and his belt contained another revolver and a bowie-knife. He seemed prepared to fight to the end, no matter what numbers opposed him. By this time the flames in the dry corn-blades had mounted to the rafters of the dingy old building, arching the hunted assassin in a glow of fire more brilliant than the lighting of any theatre in which he had ever played. And for once in his life, J. Wilkes Booth was a great actor. He was in the last scene of his last play. The curtain soon would drop.

Suddenly Booth threw aside his remaining crutch, dropped his carbine, raised his revolver, and made a spring for the door. It was his evident intention to shoot down any one who might bar his way, and make a dash for liberty, fighting as he ran.

There came a shock that sounded above the roar of the flames. Booth leaped in the air and pitched forward on his face. Baker was upon him in an instant, grasping both his arms to prevent the use of the revolver. But this precaution was entirely unnecessary. Booth would struggle no more. Another moment and Conger and the soldiers came rushing in. Baker turned the wounded man over and felt for his heart.

"He must have shot himself," said Conger.

"No," replied Baker; "I saw him every moment after the fire was lighted. The man who did do the shooting goes back to Washington in irons for disobedience of orders."

In the excitement that followed the firing of the barn, Sergeant Boston Corbett, an eccentric character who had accompanied the cavalry detachment, had stolen up to the side of the barn, placed his revolver to the crack between two boards, and just as Booth was about to spring through the doorway, had fired the fatal shot. He afterward told Lieutenant Baker that he knew Booth's movement meant death either for him (Baker) or for Booth.

Booth's body was caught up and carried out of the barn and laid under an apple-tree not far away. Water was dashed in his face, and Baker tried to make him drink, but he seemed unable to swallow. Presently, however, he opened his eyes and seemed to understand the situation

His lips moved, and Baker bent down to hear what he might say.

"Tell mother—tell mother—" he faltered, and then became unconscious again. The flames of the burning barn now grew so intense that it was necessary to remove the dying man to the piazza of the house, where he was laid on a mattress provided by Mrs. Garrett. A cloth wet in brandy was applied to his lips, and under its influence he revived a little. Then he opened his eyes and said with deep bitterness:

"Oh, kill me, kill me quick."

"No, Booth," said Baker, "we don't want you to die. You were shot against orders." Then he was unconscious again for several minutes, and they thought he never would speak again. But his breast heaved, and he acted as if he wished to say something. Baker placed his ear at the dying man's mouth, and Booth faltered:

"Tell mother I died for my country. I did what I thought was best."

With a feeling of pity and tenderness, Baker lifted the limp hand, but it fell back again as if dead at his side. Booth seemed conscious of the movement; he turned his eyes and muttered hopelessly:

"Useless—useless"—and he was dead.

When his collar was removed it was found that the bullet had struck the assassin under the ear, in almost the exact location that his own had struck the President. The great nerve of the spinal column had been severed, resulting in instant paralysis of the entire body below the wound.



AMONG THE BOOKS.

WOMAN AND THE REPUBLIC. A SURVEY OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES AND A DISCUSSION OF THE CLAIMS AND ARGUMENTS OF ITS FOREMOST ADVOCATES. By Helen Kendrick Johnson. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Some wise man has said that in order to discourse acceptably on any given theme, one must be full of his subject. The author of this book possesses, at least, that one qualification; she is full of her subject, hence she discourses thereupon in a very interesting way. She sets out with the statement that woman suffrage is undemocratic, and shows from history that the movement has had greater success under monarchical auspices than under a republic.

Secondly, she declares that every philanthropic movement in this country for the past fifty years has suffered from having the rider of woman suffrage attached to it.

Thirdly, she gives a list of the laws favorable to women in the state of New York, and shows that the great majority of them were passed irrespective of the suffrage movement, and that generally that movement has failed to receive favorable legislation.

Fourthly, she asserts, and gives plausible reasons for the same, that the suffrage movement has not opened to woman a single trade or profession that would not have been opened without it.

The chapters on education, the church and the home are very lively reading, especially where she pays her respects to the "Suffrage Woman's Bible," a subject that she handles without gloves.

It is quite probable that the suffrage party will not enjoy the book particularly, and one can easily imagine their horror at some of the author's assertions, especially where

she declares that woman cuts a more prominent figure under monarchy or anarchy than she does in a free republic. However, the book is well worth reading, whether the reader agrees with the writer or not; and the publishers have done their best to make it a pleasant book for perusal.

THE ADVANCED MUSIC READER. By Frederic H. Ripley, Principal of the Charles Sumner School, Boston, and Thomas Tapper, Examiner in Theory in the American College of Musicians. Boards, 4to, 320 pages. Published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

The last of the seven volumes in the "Natural Course in Music" is especially adapted for use in high schools, academies and choral societies. The music is arranged so that the bass voices can be used, if they are developed; but the music will be complete if they must be omitted. The piano parts are all independent, and are not necessary to the success of the music, although they are of course a great addition to the effect. The selections are largely new; the book is gotten out in a convenient and attractive shape.

THE STORY OF THE ATMOSPHERE. By Douglas Archibald. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Here we have, in compact shape, all about the air we breathe. What it is, and how it has come to be, its temperature, its movements, and its influence on light; all these things are considered in a short but comprehensive manner. The volume contains, appropriately enough, an interesting chapter upon flight, and upon the problem of atmospheric navigation, which is exercising so many minds in these days. This will be a valuable addition to the library of useful stories, of which it forms a part.

VOYAGE TO EUROPE.

To make it possible for people to visit Europe without the extravagant cost of the old methods has been an unsolved problem until now. Americans will not travel second class, and to go first class by the fast steamers, means a cost of \$200.00 to \$300.00 for the steamer ticket alone to begin with. The subject has been very carefully investigated and some new methods brought to bear, so that now the ocean voyage can be paid for at the rate of \$6.00 per month, for the round tour to the Paris Exposition, and \$15.00 for English and Mediterranean voyage next season, on monthly payments. No second class and no steerage carried on the steamers. This is an opportunity for the School teacher, Physician, Minister, Merchant, and etc., etc., to take a trip to Europe, which thus far has been an impossibility with many.

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THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. By the late Phillips Brooks. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

"And he being dead yet speaketh." We meet the same large, true heart and spirit here that we have all learned to love so well. There are two addresses in this little book. Both were delivered before the Church Congress—the one of them an address on "The Best Methods of Promoting the Spiritual Life," the other an address preparatory to the service of the Holy Communion at the Congress. We are especially moved by the second and shorter of these addresses. It is full of that beautiful and gracious spirit, which made all that Phillips Brooks said so attractive. Instruction, suggestion, thought, interest, these are here, and with them light and gentleness and a great nearness unto God.

A SHORT HISTORY OF MEDIÆVAL EUROPE. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D. Published by Flood & Vincent, Meadville, Pa.

This history of mediæval Europe is an abridgement of a larger work by the same author, on "Europe in the Middle Ages." It is intended for the Chatauqua literary circles and for high school work. In a concise manner, it goes over the history of Europe from the breaking up of the Roman empire to the transformations created by the renaissance and the reformation. The foundations of the modern nations of Europe are thus traced. Every year and every new investigation adds to our conception of the importance of these dark ages, as they were before time considered. This impression will not be diminished by the students of this book. The transformations of that millenium and their tremendous importance are both thoroughly appreciated and manifested in this history.

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MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

WALTER A. WYCKOFF, the college graduate, who for two years became a day-laborer, tells, in the October *Scribner's*, his experiences as a hotel porter.

The question, Are College Professors Contented? will be discussed by Professor Bliss Perry in this number.

A tale of life in a confederate prison camp will also appear in this number, under the title, "The Man With the Bacon Rind." Its author, William Perry Shelton, was himself a prisoner during the war.

"England and the European Concert" is an important contribution to *Littell's Living Age*.

"A Rose of Yesterday," Marion Crawford's latest novel, takes a strong and healthy stand in the matter of divorce.

A new story, by Frank R. Stockton, will be the leading feature of the *Pocket Magazine* for November.

The Hawaiian Islands are well described and well illustrated in an article by George H. Johnson, in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for October.

A work which is exceptional in its importance and timely interest is Miss Fielde's "Political Primer of New York State and City," announced for early publication by the Macmillans.

In juvenile literature Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. will issue new books by Martha Finley, of "Elsie" fame, William J. Abbott, Amanda M. Douglas, Beatrice Haraden, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and a new edition of "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales."

Mr. Ralph Easley writes in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for September on "The Sine Qua Non of Caucus Reform," advocating participation in party primaries by the so-called "better element" in American politics.

McClure's Magazine for October contains an article by Mr. Bernard P. Grenfell, one of the two discoverers of the new "Sayings" of Christ. It gives the first complete account of the recent discovery in the Egyptian desert of what has proved to be the earliest, by at least one hundred and fifty years, of all existing records of Christ's life. The article will be fully illustrated from photographs taken by the author himself on the scene of the discovery.



AN ANGEL'S VISIT.

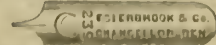
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An angel came in infant form,
Gladened our home a day,
And though our yearning love was warm,
It heavenward sped its way.

Our stricken hearts reluctant bow,
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Father, Thy home is nearer now,
Our loved one dearer still.

Huntington, L. I.

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PARTICULAR attention is called to the offer which we make elsewhere in this number to persons wishing to subscribe to other periodicals, in addition to **THE CHURCH UNION**. By taking advantage of it, any one may obtain some of the best periodicals of the day at a very small cost, in some cases the combined price of **THE CHURCH UNION** and another magazine being less than the publisher's price for the other magazine alone. Time and trouble will also be saved by having only one firm with which to deal.

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THE FRENCH MASTERY OF STYLE.

The October *Atlantic* is made notable in a literary way by an article on the French Mastery of Style, by M. Brunetière, the distinguished editor of *The Revue des Deux Mondes*—perhaps the foremost living critic. M. Brunetière's article contains a clear and instructive analysis of the success of the French as masters of the art of expression and of the French language as their instrument.

RUSKIN says of fine dresses made by starving people: "On these gay dresses of yours you might see, angels do see, strange, dark spots and crimson patterns that you know not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; and among the flowers that crown your fair heads and glow in your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted, which no one thought of, the grass that grows on graves."

Miscellaneous.

The only cheap lamp-chimneys there are in the world are Macbeth's—don't break.

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A young lady in New York City relates the curious case of her sister who suffered from a sort of nervous dyspepsia—that was what the doctor called it. She was despondent low-spirited, inclined to imagine all sorts of things. One thing especially seemed to be in her mind; that was the idea that abscesses were forming in different parts of her body. The sister who tells the story had found Ripans Tabules a specific for headache, and generally had a supply on hand. One day, more in joke than in earnest, she said to the afflicted one: "Try these: they'll cure you." Well, she did try them, and strangely enough the Tabules did cure her. The despondency left her. This was nearly a year ago. She took less than a dollar's worth in all, and has not taken one for over eight months now.

THE CHURCH UNION

Has arranged for a series of articles running through the coming months on present day themes and by thoughtful and earnest men, in part, as follows:

THE INTERMEDIATE STATE. Rev. Charles A. Briggs, D.D., in November.

RELIGION IN BUSINESS. Rev. Washington Gladden, D.D., in December.

THE NEW THEOLOGY. Rev. Benjamin W. Bacon, D.D., of Yale Theological Seminary, in January.

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT. Rev. Geo. Hodges, D.D., Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass., in February.

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A PRACTICAL and patriotic Scotchman assisted at a meeting of a certain improvement society, at which a Shakespearean scholar dilated upon the virtues of his favorite writer. At the close of the meeting the stranger approached the lecturer, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor."

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply.

"An ye think he was mair clever than Robbie Burns?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them."

"Maybe no, but ye tell us it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown.' Now Robbie would never hae written sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir?" thundered the indignant doctor.

"Aye, just nonsense. Robbie would hae kent fine that a king, or a queen either, disna gang to bed wi' the croon on their head. They hang it ower the back of a chair."—*Congregationalist*.

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Old head; and God forgive me if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers; I could not keep awake,
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without the heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part.
I love my fellow-men; the worst I know
I would do good to. Will death change me so
That I shall sit among the lazy saints,
Turning a deaf ear to the sore complaints,
Of souls that suffer? Why, I never yet
Left a poor dog in the strada hard beset,
Or ass o'erladen. Must I rate man less
Than dog or ass in holy selfishness?
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin!)
The world of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might yet be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate; "Never fear!
For heaven is love as God himself is love;
Thy work below shall be thy work above."

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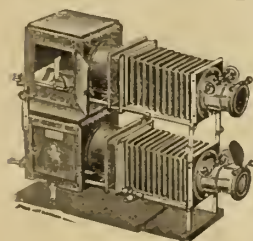
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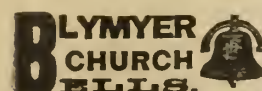
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Mid Winter. "As the days grow longer, the cold grows stronger." That is a most discouraging thing to the man who dreads the cold, and looks with longing for the springtime. The sun gets high, the days lengthen out, but it seems as if it were all bringing more cold and winter instead of more warmth and the blessed spring. It takes time, a good deal of time, for the new influences to get started. The turn is made long before its effects become manifest. We don't have the extreme weather at the solstice, but near the equinox.

Is there not something that is suggestive and encouraging in this? It may be the same with other influences of nature and of God. They exist long before they manifest their presence effectively. It is no reason for being certain that God has not come near to a heart because that heart does not show immediately all the graces and beauties of His presence. Give time, and the waxing days will bring in their witnesses of heat and life; give time, and a growing spiritual influence will accomplish all that spiritual influences do accomplish in a living soul.

How many are those who feel like saying "the harder I try the more I do not seem to succeed," "the more I struggle against temptation, the more do I seem to be tempted." Ah, the fiercer battlings of the cold mean the nearer drawing of the heat, and the fiercer wrestlings of a soul mean the nearer and more effective power of the spirit. Death may come by a seeming sinking into quiet and rest; life comes in with a struggle and a victory. Let us not be discouraged; the facts are sure, whatever be the seeming; as we turn towards the sun we are going to get its heat; as we turn towards the Lord, we are going to get His love and life.



Princeton and Temperance. THE whole question of temperance has been opened up by the action of some members of the faculty of Princeton University in relation to the Princeton Inn. The impression left on the minds of the religious community was unfortunate. The last step in the matter is an action taken by the trustees, warning the students against the use of intoxicating drinks and frequenting saloons. With this action we wish to express our entire sympathy. We are convinced that the great influence of our educational institutions should be thrown, in the most positive way, against the drinking customs of the day. Holding, as we do, the belief of the exceeding danger to our public and social life of the drinking habit, we hail the utterance of the trustees as an influence in the right direction. If it is objected that this action has resulted from a public clamor, we can only rejoice that there is conscience enough to be clamorous on this subject. The havoc wrought by strong drink among the youth of our land must cease, and blessed be hand or voice that helps.



On Being Right. IN the life of that estimable man, Dr. Philip Schaff, we find him visiting James Buchanan shortly after his election as President of the United States. Dr. Schaff writes: "I saw the Bible, the Way of Life, the Union Bible Dictionary, Rauch's Sermons and several other religious books on his study table." He goes on to tell a religious conversation that he had with Mr. Buchanan. But of all the presidents of the land, poor Mr. Buchanan made the most desperate failure. If one had gone to Mr. Lincoln's house, we doubt if he would have found these books on the table; but Mr. Lincoln made, with Washington, the great success of the Presidency. It is suggestive to find the books and the

failure joined together. Shall we argue from this that the books were poor books, or that it was a pity that they were on the table? No, that would surely be a blunder. But while Mr. Buchanan had the books and the talk, he was hiding in his heart a terrible callousness on the crying evil of slavery. He was unmindful of the woes of some millions of his people. Mr. Lincoln was fully awake, and had long been, to the sin and shame of slavery. They were both called to play a most prominent part at the time when that evil was in full agitation; the one failed, the other grandly met the crisis. The name of the one is always joined with an apology; the name of the other has been heralded round the world as a great benefactor of his race. Let this impress upon our minds the immense importance of being right. We may have good intentions, a good profession, good books on the table, but back of all we must be right; nothing will make amends if we be lacking in this.



Jesus Christ. MANY theological notions of great prevalence and of long and strong establishment are treated with scant respect to-day. They have been relegated to the dust-bin, or have been snubbed and cuffed and pommelled out of all shape, so that they can no more present a decent appearance. But it is a joy of heart that, amid all this hustling, the life and character of our dear Lord Jesus Christ rise ever high and higher in the thoughts of men. Men are not interested in the Trinity as a controversy, but they do love the Lord Jesus Christ. We believe there is greatly more love of Jesus Christ than there ever was in the world before. It is not from the lanterns that men have held up to show how grand He is; we do not need a lantern; feel like putting our foot in it. He shines in His own light, beautiful! beautiful!

Charles Lamb and some of his friends were talking in a jocose way as to what they would do if some of the world's greatest teachers and heroes were to enter the room, when one asked, "What if Christ were to enter?" At once Lamb altered the tone of his voice and said: "If Shakespeare were to enter, we would all rise and greet him with the greatest veneration, but if Christ were to enter, we should all *kneel*." Yes, that is the way to meet the Lord Jesus. "Every knee shall bow." We are glad of that; never more than now, every knee shall bow.



Science. SCIENCE is religion. It is not the whole of religion, of course; it may be counted by many as a minor element in religion. But it is religion none the less. Science is religion in exactly the same sense that prayer might be said to be religion, or that praise might be said to be religion, or that preaching might be said to be religion. These are none of them the whole thing; none of it alone make up the great world of religion, but they are all parts of that world. Search

for truth, which is search for God, is as truly religious labor as worship of God, or service of God.

Conflict of science and religion! one might as well speak of a conflict of worship and religion, of a conflict of doing good and religion; to be sure, there might be such a conflict, when the worship is insincere, or when the doing good is for show, or when the science is bigoted, prejudiced and disloyal to truth; then each one of these conflicts with religion; but then each one of these is at conflict with itself. Insincere worship conflicts with true worship, and a disloyal science is at conflict with the very spirit of science itself. Except in some such sense as this there can be no conflict. The body can not have a conflict with the arm unless there is a hurt in which the arm has a sore conflict with itself.

The Church must learn this lesson. We must discern the scientists to be true ministers, and of the apostolic succession. They are priests of God called to their special order of service in the temple. Do they sometimes tend to exaggerate their special manner of service? ah! what priests but have done that? Those who tended the altars and the temple of old exalted such service, while the prophets who were not of the temple service boasted of other sacrifices. That is part of the divine plan. God exalts each method of his service in the eyes of those who are engaged therein.

This is the only way in which to meet the vast enthusiasm and tremendous energy of scientific labors in these latter days; to oppose them as hurtful and evil is hopeless and ruinous; to fear them, is cowardly; to accept them may be wise.

These are fellow laborers in the vineyard. We must meet them as such.



Energetic Action. WE commend to the American Executive the example of Germany and Austria in the matter of the care of their citizens abroad.

Two German missionaries are murdered in China; action is immediate, vigorous and effective. Selfishness and ulterior objects may have prompted this, but it is safe to say that German missionaries will not be murdered in China thoughtlessly again.

An Austrian merchant is injured and harried in Turkey. A fleet goes before the city where the injury was done; drastic measures are threatened, and not only threatened, they are begun in spite of all the multiplicity of complications which might result. The result was that in twenty-four hours, indemnity is paid, the insult is apologized for, and it is safe to say Turkey will deal more respectfully with Austrian citizens for the future.

Meanwhile, two years drag along after frequent and continued injuries have been inflicted on American missionaries, and American property in Turkey. Statements are laid before the Sultan. Delays are incurred, and in the end Turkey escapes with her old feeling, that it does not much matter what is done with American property or American citizens; the American government can be safely

trusted to be both weak and inefficient. Indeed, an American ambassador can be safely objected to, because he is thought the kind of a man who might endeavor to enforce due and fitting regard for American interests, and respect for American citizens.

The spectacle is a humiliating one. To speak of it has usually brought down the reproach of "Jingo" on the head of him who has advocated an adequate defense of American rights. If this be jingo, we would there were more of that spirit abroad, and less of the commercial money-getting spirit which will sell all missionary, or other "sentiment" rights, as long as trade rights are not hampered.

We hope for a day when such things as this can not be told of American methods; when as immediate and as effective as is the method of English or German or Austrian monarchies shall be the defence which the great Republic extends everywhere to its own people.



Open Vision. IN the book of Samuel we read, "The word of the Lord was precious in those days; there was no open vision." Ah, how long those days have been! Are they not with us yet?

"We see but dimly through these mists and vapors." God and the things of God pass all bounds. The vision of God, the joy of full purity, the enchantment of perfect love, the delight of power used in high works, the fellowship of radiant spirits, the lapse of pain and death, the tears forever wiped away—can you put these into speech? Can you put these into thought? Can you even imagine them, leaving them to float in the realm of fancy, unexpressed? It is high; we cannot attain unto it.

But raise it high as you please, high as you can, here is one magnificent conception: that all these unspeakable things are ours, are open to our attainment, and not only so, but shall surely be attained by every one who bravely tries, the slave, the drudge, the imbecile, the offscouring of all things, who bravely tries. If this is not a gospel, good news, pray tell us what would be. All these highest, inconceivable things are for every one who does not oppose and rebel, trifle and reject. Time will unfold all these splendors. Then Sonship to God is not the trifle that we make it in our common thought and speech, stammering over it with a heart as cold as lead. It is all there, what we want is the open vision. May God give it to us, give it to us quickly, give it to us to-day!



Ministerial Courage. ARE ministers cowards? We don't mean to ask whether they are moved overmuch by physical qualms, but whether they are bold enough to dwell on the questions and speak the truths that drive the coward back; bold, as Tennyson says, "to track suggestion to the inmost cell." Are they willing to sweep their profession, their livelihood, all that they have, out of consideration, and simply stand up for

the right and the true, as God gives them to see it? Jesus was unflinchingly brave; would those hearing His ministers, and seeing their boldness, take knowledge of them that they had been with Him in this matter? If the devil happens to hold a particularly prominent pew in the church, is there any tendency to avoid blaming that special kind of devilishness? if he happens to be on the top side of society, is there any tendency to be more familiar with him and more lenient toward him than if he were in a different line of social stratification?

It is said of the great Quaker, George Fox, that he walked up to the squire of the little village where he lived, and facing him, in his leather suit, said: "My fat-faced friend, thou art a scoundrel, whom God will damn, unless thou mendest thy ways"; this was somewhat rough, and probably fruitless for any reformatory effects, but we wonder whether it were not the better extreme than the plush and velvet way of handling iniquity, which is so common and so insidious a temptation to us. In a small gathering, recently, some one said: "What is a sermon, anyhow?" "Oh," said a business man, "it is a literary discourse, carefully calculated not to offend any of the sinners in the audience." Was there any truth in the joking insinuation?

Oliver Wendell Holmes said, in one of his poems, that the millennium would undoubtedly be very near when the ministers told us all they really thought and believed. It may be we can help its coming by being more earnestly thoughtful and careful in this matter.



Reputation and Character. WE spend too much upon the first, too little on the last. We want to be endorsed, esteemed, accredited; let us be content with being faithful and true. There was One who was reputed a malefactor, a disturber of the peace, a heretic, and for all these things was crucified; but He stands first, because He was not a malefactor nor mere disturber, but the best of all. Among all the divine lessons of the life of Christ, none is better than this, the supreme importance of character. The contrast between reputation and character shines most clearly in His life. He had the worst reputation and the best character. He never seems to have cared for His reputation; He never ceased to care for His character. It is an endless and most unsatisfactory toil to make a reputation; it is an endless, but most satisfactory, toil to make a character. This last will take ages; but every advance is into heaven, and the smile of the great God rests on every step of the way. The rewarding crown of a reputation is given by Mrs. Grundy, poor soul! of a character, by Almighty God Himself. Mrs. Grundy soon takes off her crown, and lays it on the head of the next freak or impostor; God never removes His. The gifts and the calling of God are without repentance.

Here, too, let us follow Christ and the blessed ones, the sublime ones. Like the compass, let us turn always one way, toward *character*.

A Bar to Church Union.

THE New York *Tribune* gives these questions from a catechism, prepared by an Episcopal rector in

Wales :

Question 7—Who alone is the true ruler of Christ's church in this diocese ?

Answer—The bishop of Llandaff.

Question 12—How are we to know when men are true or real pastors ?

Answer—They must be priests or deacons ordained by the bishop or chief pastor..

Question 13—Are dissenting ministers ordained ?

Answer—No.

Question 14—Would it, then, be right to join any of their congregations ?

Answer—No ; it would be very foolish and wrong.

It will conduce to genuine effort after church union, if it be understood that there is no intention in the discussion of the matter, on the part of any sect, to abdicate in favor of another. On the basis of equal rights and authority, there will come co-operation, confederation, unity, and in some of the churches this progress is being made. But the Welsh clergyman is away off, and probably intends no motion towards unity. He is sufficient unto himself. If any of his sort talk of unity, they but provoke a smile. We think it was Dr. Huntington who said, in an Episcopal congress, that he did not believe the sects were making ready to cry : "Go to ; let us become Episcopalians." He was surely right. We have heard no such cry, nor anything similar to it. We have hopes that men of the style of the Welsh rector will join at last the march towards union, but they will come at the tail end of the procession.



The Financial Side of It.

WE are disposed to feel thankful that this misery of sectarianism has a financial side. That serves to keep the matter pressing. The bad business aspect of division is continually eloquent for union. In a letter received at this office, from one living in a small country village, cursed by too many churches, the writer says : "If the churches were rich, so that they could all live well, they might not get so ugly in their feelings towards each other." There is fact and truth in this way of looking at it ; all the evil and ugly features of division are manifested openly by the stress of financial matters, which the weakness of division compels.

In a letter to one of the denominational papers, a writer complains concerning the difficulty of paying off the mortgage on a church property, which mortgage is held by the Church Erection Society of that denomination, and forsooth, whence comes the difficulty ? Because for that village of 1,200 people, thirteen different church organizations have been formed, and yet the papers complain that Dr. Ecob made unwarranted charges in his now famous article concerning the multiplication of weak churches in small communities.

It is a thing to be thankful for, that thirteen different churches cannot be run in one village without getting into

financial difficulties. There ought to be difficulties of some kind, which should ensue, always and inevitably, when division has gone to such extremes. The financial side lays great burdens, no doubt, on many hearts, but, after all, it is a strong and a most continual voice of the Lord in the midst of the churches, protesting against their rivalries with each other.

Dollars are eloquent for union ; and, unlike too many human voices, they do not get tired of their talking in the cause, nor do they spend their eloquence in bemoaning our divisions, and then finish up by saying that, nevertheless, they are necessary, and there is no use endeavoring to come together ; they declare, and continue to do so, more and more emphatically, that we must come together. Divisions are bad, and they are so bad, that even on this low plane and for this carnal financial reason, if no higher impulse will serve, they will not be allowed to continue always and unchangeably.



A Sphere. WE may exaggerate the importance even of study and reading, good things as they are. They may be selfish, and if they are, then the best discipline and culture do not come from them. The shepherd of Salisbury plain, the mother who takes fine care of the children, the mechanic who puts his conscience and his hard toil into his work for you, have a better discipline and growth than the mere reader, over and over again. The one who does his duty bravely, cobbler or Plato, he is the developed man. The world wants to understand this ; so many are looking for a sphere, and losing sight of the sphere right under their hand, the very best possible sphere. Duty is everywhere, and so the possibility of the finest growth is everywhere.



The New Old Testament. MODERN study has made the Old Testament a different book. It still has for us difficult problems, but they are very different and much less embarrassing problems than those which we used to face. It still has much inspiring teaching, but it comes with a new force, and with something of a different sanction.

We think of the Old Testament now as a history of spiritual progress, and not as final authority in spiritual teaching. We think of it now as the revelation to the childhood of the race, beautiful with all the beauty of a childish vision, but limited, too, by all the incompleteness of a childish vision. We used to be vastly disturbed by the cruelties and brutalities, which seemed to carry with them the sanction of the name of the Lord ; now we see these to be immature and undeveloped conceptions ; they trouble us no more than when the little child of our own mingles with the childlike trust, which is so attractive, a childlike misconception, which would be almost blasphemy in those of wiser growth. We have learned to understand more clearly the meaning of Christ's words when He said so positively : "It was said by those of ancient time thus.

and so, but I say unto you otherwise." We have learned that the words of old were the first feeling after the wisdom of God, and not the perfect revelation of His teaching.

All this makes the Old Testament a new Testament to us. It is deprived, to be sure, of some of its ancient authority, but it is deprived also of all of its ancient burden and difficulty to the consciences of God's people. Not a whit of its old-time beauty is taken from it, and a great endowment of new beauty is added to its words, as we begin to set them in their proper surroundings, and see how truly, indeed, they were the word of God and of revelation to their times.

We are convinced that there are a great number to whom the higher criticism has made the Old Testament a readable book and a helpful one, when formerly, it is more than likely, it had almost dropped out of their lives, save as a tradition.

The old conception of the Bible was that it was a high table-land, all of it on one level, and all raised to a great height above the surrounding plane of life and literature. The new conception of the Bible is that it is a rising mountain height, reaching up from the lower levels, through glory unto glory, until it towers, in the high pinnacle of the life and words of Jesus Christ, above all that went before. This makes surely a new Old Testament from that which once we read, but to many of us it means a much more helpful one, and one very much easier to explain and to understand.



Giving God the Praise. We are too apt to be grateful to fortune, or to thank our lucky stars, when we should be giving God the praise. Theoretically, we profess to believe that God rules over all things; practically, we are prone to speak of chance, and to think of our own skilful manipulation. A certain President of these United States is said to have made it a constant boast that he was a self-made man; concerning which statement a prominent Congressman remarked that it relieved the Almighty of a tremendous responsibility.

We cannot too often call to mind that we are not self-made nor luck-directed; that there is no evil fortune nor ill star, but all things are divinely led.

Well may we make the refrain, which Rudyard Kipling brought in so effectively at the end of the great Jubilee celebration, the constant word of warning upon our lips, and say continually: "Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, lest we forget, lest we forget!"



IN BRIEF.

DR. TUCKERMAN of Boston gave up his church and devoted himself to a ministry to the poor. Why is there not more of this? In his sermon at Dr. Tuckerman's funeral, Dr. Channing said: "No favorite of fortune could have repaired to a palace where the rays of royal

favor were centered on him, with a more eager spirit and quicker step than our friend hastened to the abodes of want in the darkest alleys of our city." There are a great many unemployed ministers in the cities; here is a fine field of work for them. A room fitted up with a few seats and a good fire, with papers to read, and a good friend to counsel with, would shine like a candle in a dark place.



WE are all looking for light on the question of the future state. It is interesting to have this testimony from one of the most eminent and erudite Jewish scholars, Emmanuel Deutsch: "Of this you may be sure that there is not a word in the Talmud which lends any support to the doctrine of eternal torment. There is no everlasting punishment in the Talmud; there is only a temporary punishment for even the worst sinners."



A CERTAIN style of teacher says that every word of the Bible is infallible, and that the men who are of the new way are undermining the Christian religion. As he speaks we hear a most fervent Amen, worthy to come from a Methodist in a warm state; looking around, we trace this fine "Amen" to Colonel Ingersoll. What has awakened his devotion? Ah, he knows that is the kind of talk he has been making ducks and drakes of, these many days. That doctrine is almost as dear to him as the doctrine of Reprobation in the Presbyterian church. He loves them both, and he says to the speaker, after the manner of men: "Shake hands, my dear sir, I agree entirely with you."



In all the discussions concerning Hawaiian annexation, there has seemed to us a woful amount of dwelling on the topic: Would it be advantageous to the United States? That enters in very largely, necessarily, but the advantage to Hawaii seems to us to deserve at least a passing share of attention. "They that are strong ought to help the weak" is an injunction which has not gone out of force either for individual conduct or national problems.



VERY many of us would find it hard to receive religious admonition from a man with a patch on his elbow. We wonder how John Baptist would have fared with his camel's hair and leathern girdle. Would he be likely to receive a call? However, he has this to be said in his favor, that, judging from his pictures, he parted his hair in the middle.



In the life of Tennyson, his son tells that a week before his father's death he talked about God, "whose eyes consider the poor, who catereth even for the sparrow." He said: "I should infinitely rather feel myself the most miserable wretch on the face of the earth with a God above, than the highest type of man standing alone."



MISS HOLLIDAY writes from Persia how the Koords attacked the village of Var shortly ago. In front of one house, three women were shot by one Koord. He took a drink of water after he was through, and cried: "How this rests my heart!" What a revelation of a heart!

THE Congregational ministers of Boston discussed "The Relation of the Churches to the Labor Problem" and adopted the following resolution :

WHEREAS, Experience has shown that the honoring of divine law commanding a seventh day of rest is indispensable to the welfare of society in all its relations ; and,

WHEREAS, The employees of the great transportation companies, while often ostensibly offered are practically denied such rest ; therefore

Resolved: First—That we favor every wise effort to secure such speedy legislation as shall compel every transportation company to provide one day's rest out of seven for every employee. Second—That we ask every organization, both religious and secular, within our commonwealth, to aid by the most thorough discussion and general petition toward the desired end.



THE majority of Protestant churches are one in heart already; what is needed now is to say so; to drop all the divisive things and welcome each other to pulpit and altar and sacrament and service—and to be quick about it.



A PENNY for the collection and a dollar for the horse-show; and what does the Lord think as he balances the penny and the dollar in His pierced hands ?



THE longer we live the more use we have for the intermediate state. Heaven is very desirable, hell may be necessary in some cases, but we can not get on at all without the middle state. Most folks want polishing up a bit.



"God, who never betrays us; God, who never abandons us, and incessantly satisfies our desires; God, who can continually refresh his creatures with joy which is infinite and without alloy; God, who is never weary, and who always smiles; God, who pours unceasing treasures into the soul, who purifies, who is all harmony, and all flame; God, who sinks within us that he may flower there, absolves our vows, exacts nothing from us, when we are once his, but gives himself entirely, ravishes us, amplifies us, multiplies us in himself. God!"—*Balzac*.



IF any man thinks he approves himself to God when he does violence to his reason and his moral sense, he gravely misconceives God's character. If any man thinks he is honoring God when he insists on attributing to Him the ignorance and superstition which we find in the ancient Scriptures, he needs to revise his theology.—*Washington Gladden*.



THE dude and the tramp have the same ideal of life, food and clothes. The one has the supply, the other the high and insatiable yearning.



IN Athens interest was, in the time of Demosthenes, from 16 to 18 per cent., and much higher was common. In Egypt it was 18 to 24 per cent. The lowest rate at Rome was 12 per cent., and this has been in modern times the minimum in Eastern lands; and insolvency in the old days meant slavery.—*Dr. Whiton*.

How many earnest, rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor peasant Covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough, miry places, have to struggle and suffer and fall, greatly censured, bemired, before a beautiful Revolution of Eighty-eight can step over them in official pumps and silk stockings, with universal three-times-three.—*Carlyle*.



IT is a thing partly worth our wonder, partly our compassion, that what the greatest part of men most passionately desire, that they are generally most unfit for; so that they court that as an enjoyment, which upon experience they find a plague and a great calamity.—*South*.



THE average good man is equally at war with the bad man who is below him and the progressive good man who is above him. The reformer and the criminal are about equally obnoxious to the man of average goodness and intelligence. The prophets and the betrayers of their country are equally odious and promiscuously stoned. The Saviour is crucified between two thieves.—*Dr. Hyde*.



EVERY political question is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious one.—*Mazzini*.



WE fancy it would not be safe to give a copy of his Institutes to Calvin now. He knew too much when he wrote them; he knows more now.



A DEAD man has risen again, men marvel; so many are born daily, and none marvels. If we reflect more considerably, it is a matter of greater wonder for one to be who was not before, than for one who was, to come to life again.—*Augustine*.



COMMON things—the sun, the frost, a seed—are miracles that we are used to.



JUST when we get steam up to do any good work, our sectarianism is apt to put on the breaks.



SOME one has said that it would do a man good if he knew what even his dog thinks of him.



MAN's repentance is God's victory in the soul; God was right and I was wrong.



WITHOUT God, without anything; God and enough.—*Welsh proverb*.



HE who helps one man, helps one man; he who tells the truth, helps all mankind.—*Emerson*.

The Church Union.

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A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

REV. GEORGE HODGES, D.D.

It is now plain that the problem of church unity cannot be solved by the theologians. They have done their best to persuade us to think alike, and we have resolutely declined to do their bidding. The truth is that we were not made to think alike. The fact of difference is one of the elemental facts, and there is no evading it. We have, indeed, a measure of sympathy with Emerson's saying, "Difference from me is the measure of absurdity"; but we are properly ashamed to confess it. Others may differ from us, and yet we may both be right. When the truth which is under discussion is a great one, the probability is that we and our neighbor have each but a fraction of the everlasting verity. We need to have our two truths added together, and a great deal more added also, before we have even a distant conception of the whole truth. We will not all think alike till we all look alike; and that, let us modestly hope, will be a long time.

It is becoming plain also that the problem will never be solved by the ecclesiastics. It would seem a simple matter to decide upon a form of church administration which has on its behalf the testimony of primitive tradition and of common experience. If there is one way of conducting the church which is manifestly better than any other, it would seem an easy thing for sensible persons to find it out. And when it is found, it would seem easier still to adopt it; and the thing is done. The trouble, however, is that this discovery and this subsequent action must take place in a convention. It is not without reason that the old name for the popular assembly has been so changed that where our ancestors spoke of the Wittenagamot, or assembly of wise men, we speak of the Parliament, or company of talkers, or of the congress or convention, names which venture to assert only that men have come together, for what purpose it were unwise to predict. The ecclesiastical convention is made up of a certain proportion of talkers. They must speak though the skies fall; justice may be done afterwards. And no matter how right the cause, though the problem of church unity, for example, were propounded in the simplest and

most persuasive manner, there will forever be found those who will propose an amendment, and others who will offer an amendment to the amendment, and others still who will suggest a substitute for both. The time may come when the ecclesiastical assemblies will take hold of this urgent question and deal with it according to its urgency, and bring about some sort of ecclesiastical unity; but the dawn of that good day is not yet visible even upon the summits of the tallest mountains.

Failing these two solutions there is a third approach to the problem in which there is not only promise but performance. That which it seems at present impossible to effect theologically or ecclesiastically is being actually effected socially. The men who do not find it right as yet to say the creed together, or even to say the prayers together, are finding it both right and necessary to work together for the betterment of the community. Amidst the general wreck of theories of church unity, there is going on in various parts of the country, simply, quietly, but effectively, a church unity movement which is actually bringing about the chief results for which good men have been long praying. Without waiting for the theologians or for the ecclesiastical conventions, earnest men have joined hands with their earnest neighbors for the doing of tasks which demand the united enterprise of the Christian community.

After all, the great thing that we want is Christian social unity. Unity is needed not for sentiment, but for service. What gain is it to gather all Christians into communion under one government and name, unless the united church shall by its unity be enabled to undertake the great labors which confront society? And if we can get that united action without the theological or ecclesiastical preliminaries, is it not almost as well?

This approach to the problem from the social side was made some years ago in Pittsburgh, in a manner so simple and easy of repetition that it is worth while to set down the homely details for the encouragement of those to whom the problem of church unity seems a hopeless perplexity.

Pittsburgh is accurately described on all maps as a black spot. It lies in the sharp angle made by the junction of two rivers, the Allegheny and the Monongahela. As the angle widens the cloud of smoke lifts a little, and there, in what is called the East End, the fortunate people live who are able to escape the thickest of the reek and the blackest of the grime. In the East End are some twenty churches. They have the usual names to which long use has so accustomed us that we fail to see how absurd they are. St. Paul, who had some experience with divisions among Christians, and who has recorded for us a few of the denominational titles of his day, never dreamed of a time when Christians would gravely call themselves Protestant Episcopalians, or United Presbyterians. The twenty parishes represent a dozen or so of sects, the Presbyterian being the strongest. Oddly enough, the smallest churches have the largest names. One little congregation which had a wooden sanctuary on a back street was the Christian Church, while another, which held its scanty meetings in a hall over a grocery store, was called the Church of God.

These twenty churches were working on in the usual improvident fashion of divided Christendom. Each was trying to minister to the entire community, and was behaving as if it were quite unconscious of the existence of its neighbors. Of the twenty pastors there were a good number who had not even a speaking acquaintance with more than two or three of their brethren by whose side they were working. There was no concerted action.

Commonly, when the disadvantages of such a situation are seen, there is a proper amount of complaint and regret, and if the matter enter really into an acute stage there is a meeting called and a constitution and by-laws are drawn up. And that is very often the end of it. This fondness for constitutions and by-laws is one of our vices. It will be remembered that in Dr. Hale's story, "Ten Times One Is Ten," the fine impulse of a good example is almost lost at the start in a disagreement over a constitution and by-laws. That has happened times out of number. We must provide, we think, for every possible emergency. We must settle what shall be done in case the president, the two vice-presidents, the secretary and the treasurer all die on the same day of yellow fever. It is like the forethought of the knight in 'Alice in Wonderland,' who took a mousetrap with him when he went abroad on horseback; it was not very likely, he said, that there would be any mice on the horse's back, but he desired to be prepared for them in case they should appear. The only real merit which the Pittsburgh experimenters can claim is the merit of leaving the next day's evil until the next day. They made no plans; they had no theories. It occurred to some of them one morning that a certain easy definite thing might be done, and they went ahead and did it. And when that was in operation another thing presented itself, and they undertook that.

Thus, the whole matter started in an idea that it would be a good deed to get all the Sunday-school teachers of the neighborhood together once a week for the study of the lesson. The proposition was talked over by a few, and then at a general meeting was proposed to all the parsons. It must be confessed that it was not met with exuberant enthusiasm. One said that he had never found a teachers' meeting to be a success; he had no faith in the idea. Another said that he would go into the matter upon one condition, and that was that another day should be added to the week; he had enough to do already to fill up seven days. However, there was a general consent that the plan should be tried upon the basis which was proposed to Mr. Pickwick by the Pickwick Club. The club, it will be remembered, agreed that Mr. Pickwick should travel abroad as its representative, on condition that he pay his own expenses. The parsons were willing that the project should be attempted if the proposers would do all the work.

Such a contract was accordingly made. A committee began at once to draw up an outline of twenty meetings. It was arranged that the meetings for one month should be held in one church, and for the next month in another. It was provided that the programme should always contain two features: an explanation of the lesson for the following Sunday, taking the international scheme; and an address to the teachers upon some feature of their work. A list was immediately made of the names and addresses of the teachers in all the schools; and a statement of the plan was mailed directly to each teacher, with a blank card for reply to the question, "If such meetings are held, will you do your best to come?" Several hundred affirmative answers were returned, and the meetings began. The attendance was large at the start and grew larger and continued. The tangling of denominational lines was most intricate and interesting. The meeting would be held, for instance, in a Presbyterian church; the opening prayer would be made by a Baptist; the lesson would be taught by a Methodist; the instruction on work would be given by a German Reformed, and the assembly would be dismissed with an Episcopalian benediction. And the curious thing was that nobody unacquainted with

the community could have told the denominational badges which the speakers carried under their coats.

Having thus successfully assembled the teachers, it seemed well to arrange a regular meeting of the ministers. It was felt, however, that such a meeting had its dangers. It would never do to get the parsons with their disagreements into any theological or ecclesiastical collision. Nor was it enough to call them together, trusting that some good would in some fashion result from their united presence. The meeting must be worth while. It must have a genuine purpose. Unity for its own sake being manifestly but an idle proceeding, what then should the unity be for? The question was an easy one to answer. In the first place, the neighborhood was a growing one, a great number of new families moving out into its new houses constantly. It was plain that many of these new people were not well looked after. They had severed their old connections without making new ones. It was therefore desirable that the work of shepherding these scattered people, which was but indifferently done for lack of system, should be undertaken by the united parsons. Accordingly, at the very first meeting, the East End was mapped out into districts, and a district assigned to each of the ministers. It now became his business to report upon that district. He was to secure its immediate and thorough visitation, and to record for the general good the names and residences of all who were not attending the churches, together with the name of the church to which they would go if they were to go anywhere. The result was that the ministers' meeting became a clearing-house for the district. No parson dared to stay away; for he knew that if he missed the meeting he would lose something which would be of value to him.

Then, as this work went on, the cause of non-attendance began to be considered. And as the subject was discussed, it became plain that the great social forces lay behind much of the irreligion of the neighborhood. Evidently, then, the next business of the ministers must be to report, not only the non-attendance of their districts, but the conditions which there prevailed. The meeting resolved to make a moral war-map of the locality; to set down upon it the chief characteristics of the community, the centres of good and of evil influence, the churches, the schools, the saloons. Thus it would become evident, as the map was made and the districts were discussed, that now this and now that definite thing needed to be done. Here a kindergarten; there a boys' club; in the next street a reading-room. Some of the needs thus appearing would be beyond the power of any single parish to supply. Then the united church would take hold, and demonstrate thereby the practical significance of unity.

The teachers and the ministers having now been touched, it was felt that it were well to somehow reach the whole body of the people. What was wanted was a pulpit in the midst of the East End, with a sounding-board so large that the sound of the preacher's voice should be heard over five square miles of territory. Such a pulpit was found in the shape of a newspaper. The united church had a parish paper. This publication was issued once a month, was distributed in almost every church in the district, and was called "The Kingdom," a name expressive of its endeavor to respond to one of the petitions of the Lord's prayer. The publishers agreed to print the paper for nothing and pay the editors fifty dollars for the privilege, on condition that they might have several pages of advertisements. "The Kingdom" was thus relieved from any undue financial dependence. It could say what it would without reference to the subscription list.

These various projects had been undertaken with but

little assistance from the Roman Catholics. The priests had not sent their teachers to the meetings; that had not been expected. They had promised to come to the ministers' conferences, but they had never appeared. They had, however, taken part in the general visitation; and they had contributed to the parish paper, though they had not distributed it in their churches. In the paper, under the heading "The Church of Christ in the East End of Pittsburgh," the Roman Catholic churches were duly noted in the list. But they had had but little share in the proceedings.

In the meantime, in another part of the city, another church unity plan was in progress. The place where the two rivers meet is called the Point. It is a dingy district, filled with tenements and warehouses. At one of the churches in the East End there had for some time been special musical services on Sunday afternoons, for the rendering of the great compositions which great composers, inspired of God, had written for the Christian church. These had been given by a large choir and an orchestra. It occurred to some that the people of the Point might like to hear this good music. In the midst of the tenements is a large building which is used for a few weeks every year for the purposes of an industrial exposition. It has room in it for several thousand people. This seemed the proper place. It was easy to get the building and the musicians; it remained only to get the people. The residents of the Point are almost all of them Roman Catholics. The priest was accordingly consulted. The proposition was made to him that the East End would furnish the music and the money if he would furnish the audience. This seemed to him an excellent bargain, and the thing was decided. Admission to the musical services was by card. These cards were to be had at the priest's house. The result was that the audience was precisely of the sort that was desired; it was made up of the poor people of the neighborhood. So many of them came that once there were more than 5,000. Some who could not get in cried in the street. They listened with the most reverent attention. The music was the richest and noblest that the genius of man has ever written; the words were sentences from Holy Scriptures. Addresses were made at every service to impress upon the people the religious meaning of that to which they were to listen. The opportunity was taken to magnify those matters in which Protestant and Roman Catholic are blessedly at one.

After the series of services was over, a great fair was held for the benefit of two institutions for the care of children, one of them conducted by Roman Catholics, the other by Protestants; ladies of both communions joined in this good work, and a considerable sum was added to the two treasuries.

Presently, in another part of town, midway between the East End and the Point, a social settlement was founded, having on its board of directors a Presbyterian minister, a Unitarian minister, an Episcopal minister, and a Roman Catholic priest. It was felt that whatever these four would agree to do would probably be religious, but was not likely to be sectarian.

And that is the whole of the story. After it is told some may fitly question whether it were worth the telling. It is a narrative of small things. That, however, is the value of it. If it were a record of great achievement, we might be discouraged by it. This is within the easy reach of every community. As far as it goes, it is actual church unity. It means a better spirit of fraternity, a quickened social conscience, and a more effective undertaking of Christian social service. It is an endeavor in a

quiet way to realize the right relation of the church to the community.

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THE GREAT PARABLE.

F. W. HEWES.

CHRIST's utterance, "Ye must be born again," is the most complete of all his parables. The physical birth is a remarkable type of either mental or spiritual birth.

Physical life and development precede physical birth. Life blood courses through the baby veins, and builds the growing tissues before the separation of mother and child. Physical growth, with its attendant health or unhealth, progresses according to the laws of physical life, before, as after, physical birth.

All this, however, comes only through the life of the mother. The life blood is nourished by her eating, and purified by her breathing. If the mother eat unwholesome food, the unborn child is poorly nourished. If she breathe impure air, the life blood is poisoned, and the baby tissues are diseased. Although there is physical life, and it exists exactly in accordance with the same laws, before, as after birth, yet it all comes from and depends upon the mother.

The birth—the separation—does not change in any sense the development of tissue, or the purification of blood. These go on as before under the same laws of physical growth and health. The same blood is nourished by eating and purified by breathing. The same tissues are built in health or unhealth as before; only now it is by the child's own eating and breathing. The child's digestive system which never before had acted, now assimilates the food; and the child's own lungs which never before had filled with air now purify the blood which courses in its veins, just as it coursed before.

And this is physical birth:—the child's own assimilation of food, and purification of the life-giving blood; an independent physical existence, providing at length the ability to go and come without the aid of others; the ability for independent physical impulse.

The mental and spiritual birth are more than similar. They are identical. As the child life goes on, the mentality about it awakens mentality within it. From parent and neighbor, from brother and sister, from friend and foe, and from the products of mind about it, the awakened mentality receives development. The child thinks, but its thoughts are the thoughts of others, told and re-told into its receptive mind; through ear and eye and touch, by word and act and look.

It mentally moves on with the tide of thought about it, accepting the results wrought out by the minds of others; using as a matter of course, the devices for play, for work, and for rest which it finds already planned and fashioned for its use. This is to be expected while the physical stature grows toward manhood. If, however, the man is to become an independent mental force, he must be separated from thinking only the thoughts of others.

So long as he does this; so long as he merely thinks the thought of others; he has found no mental birth. His thought has developed by, and because of the mental forces and analyses of others. His thought has yet no separate existence. It is still enveloped by the walls of mentality within which the first dawn of thought awakened.

So far he has not become an independent mental force which will at length develop the power to give the world a mental impulse. He has simply used what others pre-

pared, and grown as far as that preparation could permit his growth. Before he can have an independent mentality he must go outside the walls. He must separate himself and by his own act analyze his surroundings, mentally digest and clarify his impressions; personally observe and test, and thus really come to know and practice independent thinking.

The conclusions thus reached may be the same as those heretofore accepted, but now they are his own intelligent conclusions. Now he understands the conclusions because he has personally reasoned his way through the analysis which is the basis of conclusion. Now he apprehends the conclusions. Before he only accepted them. Now they have a power, a meaning, a force, which they did not have when they were taken at second hand.

In so far as he does this, in so far he will have been born into the kingdom of mentality, in so much will he be able to aid in solving the world's problems, but never before. There must be a mental birth; a separation from ready made thought; a testing of propositions; an analysis of traditions, and a mastery of solution before one can become a mental power; before one can even enter into the kingdom of thought.

Many men and women are never mentally born. They are intelligent, but it is a borrowed intelligence. They are still hidden in the great nourishing womb of mentality. They have never found the real power to mentally impress friend or foe with clearer vision, or lift them up to newer higher intellectual levels.

There appear to be many who have been almost born into the Kingdom of Thought. They almost think for themselves, and both they and their friends are filled with expectancy; and hope for the complete separation from the thought of others, and a clarified mental vision which shall give power among men, but alas! it never comes.

It is so much easier to accept the thought of others without test or analysis, than to make the thought one's own, that the poor unborn thinker stays unborn, and the world goes on unenlightened, uninspired, unhelped so far as he is concerned.

A census of population includes neither unborn infants nor dead men, and yet its count is a great multitude. A census of the Kingdom of Thought should include only real thinkers, born and active, each in his own sphere of thought, whether mechanical, monetary, mercantile, legal, scholastic, social, theological, or spiritual. Would its count include all men and women arrived at twenty years of age? At thirty? At fifty? At seventy years?

What then would have been the count of those who have been born spiritually? As in mentality, so in spirituality, the awakening powers of the little child find spirituality pervading its surroundings in many forms. The training of parents, and the precepts of friends give the earliest preceptions of spiritual truths. The guidance of teachers and the contents of books give further development; and so, little by little, a knowledge of spiritual truths and the principles of righteousness gain a place in the child's development. Little by little, and unconsciously, they are excepted and become to a greater or less extent governing forces in personal conduct and social relations.

So far, however, they are not personal realizations. They are merely accepted realizations of others. They undoubtedly result in a spiritual life of less or greater importance; just as the physical and mental are real physical and mental life, although unseparated from parental or other forces which have poured the physical or mental life into and built up the unborn growth.

As in the physical and mental, there must be separation before there can be individual forceful life; so in the

spiritual, there must be a separation from the dependence upon, and the mere acceptance of, the experiences of others. As the physical babe must breathe, eat, and digest for itself before it can be accounted a born being; and as one must solve mental problems and digest mental impressions for himself before he can become a real mental force, so each soul must personally perceive spiritual truth, separate and apart from all others before it can be a "living soul."

To merely accept the teaching of prophet or priest as a rule of conduct, or a guide in business or social relations, is to remain still in the spiritual womb, a hidden, unpotential spirituality. To personally apprehend the principles of spiritual truth, the fundamentals of righteousness; to personally examine spiritual propositions, and thereby perceive truth, and, because of such perception, to guide one's life thereby, is to be spiritually born.

Such a soul becomes a real spiritual force, recognized and efficient in moving others to higher spirituality, and spurring others to separate themselves from the mere formal spirituality, which is still hidden as an unborn thing, not yet come out to the world to help it to a real spiritual life.

This new born soul may be that of a wood chopper, a coal heaver, or a most brilliant scholar; but it has found its own way to a touch with the source of truth. It no longer seeks God through prophet or priest, but apprehends truth for itself.

Would a correct spiritual census, include the reader as one "born again," omit him as yet unborn, or reject him as a dead soul? Christ's words are true. If one is to be a real spiritual force, among those with whom he comes in contact; if, indeed, he is to be counted as of the "Kingdom of Heaven," he "must be born again."

East Orange, N. J.



THE BIOGRAPHY OF TENNYSON.

THE pre-eminence of Tennyson in the present day world of letters cannot be questioned. The biography by his son has attracted great attention, and is full of interest. But we have to confess a feeling of sore disappointment in one direction. The Englishman is a grand man in many respects; in one he fails, and it is a serious failure. It is in the matter of snobbishness. There is no snob like the English, except one still worse, the American who tries to be "English, you know." He miserably transcends his master. We had heard the story of Tennyson taking off the lid from the dish at Max Müller's table, and saying, "Cutlets; like any second-rate inn." Also of his shouting to the young American, at table, "You are looking at me, sir." This is simply abominable, by whomsoever done. We have been impressed by finding in the biography this superciliousness. We cannot but contrast with it the lives of such men as Livingstone, Norman McLeod, General Gordon, in which there could not be, from the character of the men, the smallest trace of this disposition. Self-forgetfulness and courtesy are the inevitable accompaniments of the highest character. We trusted to have met these in the life of Tennyson, as we certainly do in that of Longfellow. Snobbishness and superciliousness are ingrained in the higher life of England; they are imitated in the higher life of America, and in both cases they are contemptible; but we hoped to find Tennyson far above them.

A writer in *The Saturday Review* speaks very frankly on this subject:

"The laureate, after declaring to Mr. Palgrave that, had he an unpublished autobiography of Horace in MS. in his

hand, he would burn it, because a poet's life is to be found in his work alone, did himself arrange with his son to have this prolonged biography produced, and to include in it, to the great increase of its bulk and its price as literary merchandise, the second and third-rate poems his finer taste suppressed during his lifetime. Without any fear of the 'ghouls,' there could have been a bonfire of these. The 'resurrectionists' were they of the poet's own household; and when they invoke his authority for the deed, they invite us to deny the sincerity of his constant protest against the publication of inferiorities, and to impugn for the first time the critical judgment hitherto held to be in him all but unerring. Again, with the suggestion of a pose, the poet writes to Mr. Gladstone: 'I heard of an old lady the other day to whom all the great men of her time had written. When Froude's "Carlyle" came out, she rushed up to her room, and to an old chest there in which she kept their letters, and flung them into the fire. "They were written to me," she said, "not to the public!" And she set her chimney on fire, and her children and grandchildren ran in—"The chimney's on fire!" "Never mind," she said, and went on burning. I should like to raise an altar to that old lady, and burn incense upon it.' Yet Tennyson, at this very time and always, had the habit of keeping nearly all the letters he received, including mere invitations to dinner; so that when they came to be turned to the purpose of a biography, two devoted friends of the Tennysons had to wade through over forty thousand of these human or inhuman documents. The smoke of their burning had made a fit incense indeed to offer to the 'old lady.' Some Tennyson letters indeed were burned; but the fact is not remarked with the exultation the reader might expect. 'All the letters from my father to Arthur Hallam were destroyed by his father after Arthur's death—a great loss.' The same confusion of pose and of practice confronts the reader again and again. The biographer has a partiality for letters addressed to dukes, and a preference—perhaps still more subtly mundane—for those addressed to workmen. . . . More allusions are made to the craving of the age for personalities; and then the eye lights on a passage which records that Mr. Ruskin has been to lunch and that he wore his accustomed blue tie. 'This horrible age of blab' is thrown at us once more, and then we hear that the poet's own 'anecdotes and sayings were taken down as soon as spoken,' and that, for instance, 'he admired much Miss Mary Anderson, and held her to be the flower of girlhood.' 'Confound the publicities and gabblements of the nineteenth century!' again he cries, when an Edinburgh paper has unblushingly announced a new poem of his as in the press. But turn the pages, and you are fully informed by his official biographer that he liked a dinner of 'beefsteak and potato, a cut of cheese, a pint of port, and afterward a pipe (never a cigar)'; and that, to take a random illustration, he once stopped reading to Joachim because the cook was in bed in the next room. By all means tell it; but do not interlard the recital with denunciations of other reciters. 'This 'gabblement' about 'gabblement' goes on until it is tiresome even as a study of human inconsistency. There is a Nemesis that awaits it too at the end of the Memoir. In the closing scene of his father's life the son records: 'At three o'clock he was pleased with the telegram about him from the Queen, but he muttered, "Oh! that press will get hold of me now!"' The day after that he died, and the day after that his own medical attendant published to the press what the biographer still calls 'the inedical bulletin' as follows: 'On the bed a figure of breathing marble, flooded and bathed in the light of the full moon streaming through the oriel window; his hand clasping the

Shakespeare which he had asked for but recently and which he had kept by him to the end; the moonlight, the majestic figure, as he lay there "drawing thicker breath," irresistibly brought to our minds his own "Passing of Arthur." Surely the irony of history could not further go, nor retribution be more complete.

"Again, it was a way with the bard to resent a stare. The New Englanders who came, lightheartedly certain of a welcome, to look over the wall at Farringford, and the British tourist who made picnic at Alum Bay in the hope of at least a distant glimpse of him, became the dearest object of his dread. Yet one must be forgiven the suspicion that he missed the tourists if they were not there. Readers of Sir Henry Taylor's 'Autobiography' will remember the diatribe uttered by Tennyson to Mrs. Cameron against the persecutions of autograph collectors: a diatribe which ended with the quite contrary lament that he had received no letters for three days, and that he feared there was an atrophy in the world about him and his fame. In that anecdote you have the man for whom, as Mr. A. C. Benson rightly says, you seek in vain in the Memoir. The mood was so variable that if one day he met in the lanes two girls who did not turn round to look after him, he would growl, 'They don't know who I am'; and the next, if they did look round, would cry, 'Americans!' His costume bore out the same delightful contrariness. The wide-awake, that Mr. Gladstone really did shy at when it threatened the House of Lords, he wore not as one who hates to be regarded by the curious eye. And there was one occasion when a little boy proved as frank as another of his age and sex in Hans Andersen's story. He had been out with the bard, who, returning, complained in deep tones of the intrusive eyes of man and woman. 'Then why do you wear that blue cloak?' was the home question that came back in a treble tone; and then all was still." Blessings on the boy!



A HISTORY OF AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.*

JAMES H. ECOB, D.D.

Four hundred and twenty pages constitute a very small package for so great a matter. To see that the essentials are all there, and that none of the precious room is wasted on non-essentials, not only requires insight and discrimination, but that far less common power of seeing things in the large. The historian, conscious of his limited space, is in danger, on the one hand, of the dry-as-dust statistical method; or, on the other, of the hardly less attractive classroom, didactic method. These besetting sins of the average historian cannot be laid to Dr. Bacon's charge. He begins at the very beginning of his story, as if he had half a dozen volumes in perspective, and tells it with most satisfactory fulness and truth. It would be hard to match anywhere in recent historical writing the second and third chapters of this book for vigorous, suggestive statement and swift and powerful outline. They are masterly cartoons. The author from some eminence sweeps his eye over a vast field of details, seizes unerringly the crucial facts, masses them according to their inner relations, and there is a map before the plain reader. Every hard-pressed minister in the land who stands aghast at three or four volume histories, and who has postponed such encyclopædic works as Winsor's to the millennium,

*"A History of American Christianity," by Leonard Woolsey Bacon: Published by the Christian Literature Co., New York.

will bless Dr. Bacon for this condensed, yet vital and picturesque, story of our national religious life.

The style has that eager movement and nervous force which belongs to Dr. Bacon by hereditary right. The swift action and serious purpose are constantly relieved by sly touches of wit, and the relish is sharpened by that penetrating, Yankee shrewdness which is a recognized characteristic of the Bacon genius. This is his Ann Hutchinson: "A clever woman, with a vast conceit of her superior holiness and with the ugly censoriousness which is the usual accompaniment of that grace. She seems clearly to have been a willful and persistent nuisance in the little community, and there were good reasons for wanting to be rid of her, and right ways to that end. They took the wrong way and tried her for heresy." Here are his Quakers: "In like manner, when the Quakers came among them—not of the mild, meek, inoffensive, modern variety to which we are accustomed, but of the fierce, aggressive, early type—instead of proceeding against them for their overt offenses against the state, disorderly behavior, public indecency, contempt of court, sedition, they proceeded against them distinctly as Quakers, thus putting themselves in the wrong and conceding to their adversaries that crown of martyrdom for which their souls were hankering and to which they were not fully entitled."

Dr. Bacon is a guide who not only knows the way he takes and takes it with a manful stride and clear purpose, but beguiles the tedium of the way by the most cheerful human *camaraderie*. Every now and then you want to call some one to share a particularly delectable bit with you.

The last chapter on church unity is a notable contribution to the literature of that subject. To find so sane and competent a judge, after his wide historical survey, coming to such conclusions is most reassuring and comforting to all of us who are waiting for and prophesying that far off divine event. What better service could our Tract Societies render than to scatter this chapter, thick as autumn leaves, over the length and breadth of the land? Our political history has culminated in national unity. Why must the kingdom of heaven be so far behind the kingdoms of this world?

Denver, Col.



NOMINATING BALLOT.

WE wish that a wide and careful consideration might be given to an article in one of the December issues of *The Outlook* on "The Nominating Ballot." THE CHURCH UNION has before this dwelt on the fact that here was the weak point in our democratic system of government. True government by the people demands that they exercise as much freedom in nominating as in electing candidates. Mr. F. M. Brooks has elaborated in the article mentioned a most complete and democratic, as well as practically feasible, system of popular nominations. One may not agree with every step of the plan, and yet feel sure that the matter is one deserving most careful study, and appreciate too that here it has been given such earnest and thoughtful consideration. It is a thing strongly in favor of all such nominating schemes that they inevitably demand a certain educational qualification (ability to read and write at least) for nominating candidates, whether there is such a qualification for voting or not.

A LITTLE FELLOW.

S. T. CARTER, Jr.

HE was only a little fellow,
As the great world judges size ;
But his ways were soft and gentle,
And he looked with mild surprise
On the deeds of his sturdy brothers,
Who, though strong, could not despise,
The weakness of little fellows,
With deep-set, wondering eyes.

His was only a feeble hand-clasp,
But it thrilled one through and through ;
For it told of the soul behind it,
As you've known hand-clasps to do.
And he watched the world about him,
As it strove for an empty prize,
With a wonder of sad amazement
In his gentle, questioning eyes.

For he sought the things which were highest,
He cared not for the rest,
And he taught, in his life, the lessons,
Which the child-life teaches best,
Of a faith that is pure and simple,
Of a trust that deepest lies
In the hearts of little fellows,
With their eager, trustful eyes.

So he lived in a world of sunshine,
Where evil could find no place,
Bringing joy and gladness about him
By the smile of his winsome face,
Till the great God called him homeward,
Where, some time, in glad surprise,
We shall meet the little fellow,
With the gentle, wondering eyes,
Meet and keep the little fellow,
With the God-light in his eyes.



THE NEWS OF LINCOLN'S DEATH AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

TOM PENDEL has been for twenty-three years chief-doorkeeper at the White House. He kept the door on the night of the assassination of President Lincoln, and this was the way in which the sad tidings were received at the President's home:—

There seemed to be a feeling of some impending calamity hanging over me, and when I heard quick footsteps approaching up the walk and then a violent ring at the bell I ran to the door, feeling sure that something had happened. The late caller was Isaac Newton, Commissioner of Agriculture. He was deathly pale, and his eyes glittered as though he had a fever. His voice had a sort of strained and hoarse sound in it as he blurted out, "Oh, my God, they've shot the President!" For a few moments I could say and do nothing. I was so absolutely horror-stricken at the news that I was unable to think or realize the situation, or even to make a move. Mr. Newton stood against the door with his hand over his eyes, and he was shaking and quivering with excitement and grief. It must have been nearly a minute before either of us said anything. Then, all at once it occurred to me

that the other occupants of the house should be made acquainted with the terrible news.

I left Mr. Newton standing at the door, and sprang up the front stairs, skipping two or three of them at a time in my excitement. Hastening along the upper corridor, I came to Captain Robert Lincoln's room, the President's eldest son. He had not gone to bed, and I remembered that he had a medicine bottle in one hand and a spoon in the other, as though he were measuring out some medicine, and it occurred to me even in my excitement and grief, that he had complained of not feeling well on the day before. I shall never forget, even to my dying day, the expression that overspread his face as I shrieked out my fearful news. He had looked up in surprise as I burst into his room, and as I told my errand he unconsciously let the bottle drop from one hand and then the spoon from the other. I could say nothing more, but gazed in a sort of fascination as the medicine slowly gurgled out over the carpet. I could only think how thick and black it was—my mind refused to take cognizance of anything else. But the words kept ringing through my mind in a low, monotonous song: "The President is shot—the President is shot!"

LITTLE TAD'S GRIEF.

After a minute, Captain Lincoln recovered some degree of command and ordered me to inform Major Hay, the President's military secretary—now the Ambassador to England—whose room was further down the corridor. Well, I got down there somehow and told him the news. I looked at him curiously as he listened, and I remember that his brilliant color—which I had often admired, it was so curiously like a beautiful woman's—faded out so quickly that it seemed as though some one had then and there painted his cheeks a deathly white. He did not talk much—only rushed into his things and hastened down town with Captain Robert. The news spread like lightning. Soon everybody in the house, all the servants, came crowding around me, and with them came little 'Tad' Lincoln, the President's 'baby,' and the favorite of every man, woman and child in the White House. The little fellow—he was only twelve years old—was half dead with sleep and grief as he came up to me, put his little arms around my neck and sobbed out in piteous tones: "Oh, Tom Pendel, they've killed my papa-day! They've killed my papa-day!" This was a pet name he had given the President, who loved him, it seemed to me, better than aught else, and was never so happy as when he had him on his knee.

I myself was crying with the little fellow before I knew it, but I managed to calm myself and carry little 'Tad' upstairs to bed. He was weeping so bitterly that I lay down on the bed with him; and after awhile he sobbed himself to sleep within my arms. I then laid him softly down, went down stairs again, and putting on my hat and coat, left for down town. All that night I watched and waited until the President breathed his last.—*The Philadelphia Times*.



ALTRUISM.

REV. FRANCIS M. YATES.

Those who treat the theory of evolution recognize, as special agencies, individualism, or the struggle for life, altruism, or the struggle for the life of others, and co-operation, or helping one another.

All these agencies are absolutely essential. It is the struggle for life, the tendency to which is God-given, that has raised the first beginnings of organic life, gradually, slowly to perfection, from inorganic to man. It is the

struggle for life that has perfected the human hand, and every member of the human body.

Then, it is the motherly nature, heaven-born, the struggle for the life of others, that has preserved and perpetuated the race. Out of this spirit was evolved the Christ-life; the true heroes, patriots and philanthropists of the world have been created under this law, and with all the selfishness, oppressions and wrongs of the world, still there is the mighty agency, irrepressible in the human race, and highly developed in many individuals—altruism, or the tendency to struggle, to sacrifice for the good of others.

Then comes the law of co-operation. The bee that gathers the nectar from the flowers repays for its sweets by carrying from flower to flower the fructifying pollen, necessary to the life and multiplication of the plant, as well as its wide diffusion over the earth. Flowers and odors combined to attract the insect, and are again repaid by their diffusion. The bright red, and the pulpy sweetness of the strawberry attract the birds, and in turn the birds sow the seeds for more berries, far and wide.

Out of this law of co-operation the family has grown, then tribes, villages, nations. Out of this principle the church has grown—a co-operative organization for the dissemination of those truths necessary to the welfare of the race.

There are various divisions of church fellowship, unfortunately, and it is an undeniable fact that among these differences we see too much individuality and not enough of the other essentials in the great law of evolution—altruism, or otherism, and co-operation—too much struggle for individual life and not enough for the life of others, without which there will ultimately be no others, and no individual. Absolute individualism will kill the church in the world.

Some one tells me that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and all kinds of beliefs to make the great Christian church of many branches. I answer that there are many kinds of people in the world which we do not need, and that there are many kinds of belief which we do not need. Altruism and co-operation in the church are to make the right kind of people out of the many wrong kinds, and eradicate the wrong beliefs, the false dogmas, and establish unity upon the basis of truth.

Belvidere, Ill.



DENOMINATIONALISM FALSE TO THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY.

CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D.D., LL. D., IN THE NEW YORK "INDEPENDENT."

NEITHER prior to the Day of Pentecost, nor for a considerable period subsequent, was there any discussion among the disciples as to the matter of church unity. Sense of unity was so a part of their life that they had probably no presentiment of anything different. For them all to be in accord was, up to that time, an essential element of Christianity. They belong together. They were under the governance of a communal life. It was not so much that they were pressed together by the outward exigencies of the situation as that they were drawn together by the interior and mutual tie of love to a common master and participation in a common divine life. They were one with each other, very much as the Father is one with the Son. That was Christ's prayer in their behalf: "That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me." In this prayer is expressed Christ's ideal of the Christian Church.

All men believe in the ideal, but there are very few who

believe in having the ideal actualized. To say of a thing that it is ideal means, to the great majority, that its actualization is impossible. This is the way of treating the matter that saves a good deal of effort and that ministers a good deal of cheap satisfaction. It is clear enough, however, that to Christ there was no necessary discrepancy between the ideal and the actual. He was himself both. That was one of the superb meanings of his life. When, therefore, he prayed that men might be one with each other as he and his Father were one, he meant it; and Christ's meaning is man's law. And in the early days of the church this ideal of his was fulfilled. His disciples were as separate stones organized into a single temple. They were as separate members organized into a single body. They were many men, but they moved as one man. They were many men, but they felt as one man. They were individual organs, but agencies of the single divine life by which they were all pervaded. And so long as that condition continued, it would be no more possible for them to fall into competition or schism than it would be possible for rivalries to spring up between the branches of the same tree, or for division or warfare to develop between the members of the same body.

All of that was true, notwithstanding the fact that there were the same mental incongruities and temperamental incompatibilities among the Christians in Jerusalem, that there are in the same number of Christians now. Indeed, contrariety of condition, temperament and bias, was one of the most characteristic features by which the apostolic Twelve was distinguished; it seems as though the Lord took pains to make the Apostles as widely representative as possible. He appears to have brought together in them types of character that were as widely discrepant as were producible. There would have seemed to be an almost infinite possibility of conflict between the intuitive John and skepticizing Thomas; or between the spiritualizing John and the matter-of-fact James; or between the impetuous Peter and all his other more deliberate colleagues. But the point made for us by the easy way in which all these were held within the embrace of a single Christian fellowship and could abide all of them, "in one accord," is that the mutual union of Christ's people is, in its essence, something which subsists entirely outside the jurisdiction of mental or temperamental proclivities.

If it is urged that denominations have their grounds in the inevitable differences which exist among men, it is sufficient to reply that those differences are no greater now than they were in the apostolic times when denominations had not yet begun to be thought of. There were the same essential incongruities and disparities as now; the same differences in schooling and in the way of interpreting Christian truth; but none of these differences were felt to cut into the substance of the matter, and therefore introduced no jarring note into the Christian concord of the first followers of our Lord. There was no proposition to have one church for the gifted disciples and another for the unschooled; one for the rich and another for the impecunious; one to the Peters who could put their loyalty to Jesus in one form of confession, and another for the Thomases who found it a little difficult to phrase their loyalty to Jesus in quite the Petrine form of declaration. It was with them all purely a matter of personal following, founded exclusively in the common commitment of themselves to their risen and ascended Lord. Consequently there could be but one church.

No doubt the church did not long continue in that primitive condition. The instant a Christian ceases to be completely bound up in his divine Lord his regards begin to settle back into the channel of his own individual pro-

clivities; and that is the genius of denomination. Denomination is made up not of the essence, but of the accidents of Christianity. A denomination is another name for some single strand of personal eccentricity selected from each of a number of counterparts and tied up into one bundle. Methodism, Presbyterianism, Episcopacy, are each of them a dignified way of designating a temperamental idiosyncrasy; and when enough of either of these three stripes of idiosyncracies are brought together, the result is a Methodist Church, or a Presbyterian Church, or an Episcopal Church, as the case may be.

That is the genius of the entire performance, then and always. Some of those Corinthian church people so far forgot that the entire reality of the matter was fulfilled in their own personal relation to their personal Lord, that they began to amuse themselves by calling themselves Paulites; then there were others who took their name from Apollos, who, although not schooled like Paul in the things of the Lord, nevertheless drew after him a following of those who were willing to mix the main matter with foreign ingredients and weaken the cord of their loyalty to Christ by replacing one strand of it with fealty to one of Christ's mouthpieces and representatives. The record tells us that there was another cleavage line started by the affinity of certain Corinthians for Peter. And this whole tendency to let other influences creep in, and, in their church relations, to let any motive operate except the single consideration of their individual relation to Christ, Paul sternly and without qualification rebukes, and tells them in effect that a divided church is consistent only with a divided Christ, and that denominationalism among members of the church is compatible only with disruption in the divine head of the church.

The point to notice is that the thing St. Paul censured is exactly the thing which we are tolerating, but which we are hardly conceiving of as in any particular a deviation from the intention of Christ and his apostles. This is a thing to think about. We talk about the Wesleyans, and we call ourselves by the name of Calvin; and yet for Christians to group themselves according to any other grounds than those laid down by Christ, and to classify themselves under any human leadership even though it be the leadership of an apostle, is exactly what St. Paul sternly rebuked when he forbade the Christians of Corinth to be known by the name of Paul, Apollos or Peter.

Such is the situation, and the best thing we can do is to face it. The fact that we are accustomed to the present condition of things, in this particular, has no bearing upon the case; the fact that it is the general usage of Christians to do precisely what apostolic word and example vetoed, and to allow churchly following to be affected by considerations that are aloof from the genius of this whole Christian matter, has no business to come into the account with us. It is not for us to ask whether undenominationalism is "feasible," whether it would be revolutionary, whether it would not issue in a general disturbance of existing relations. That is not our matter. Christ's will in the premises is transparently clear, and his will is our law. The thing he believed in, labored in behalf of, and prayed for was not a federation of doctrinal schools but a solid family of Christian disciples.



LETTER FROM WESTERN NEW YORK.

EDITOR CHURCH UNION :

The papers on "Fragments of Criticism" have been especially helpful and edifying.

THE CHURCH UNION increases in interest and is worthy a wide circulation.

The denominational papers are very chary in giving any room to the Higher Criticism, as are those ministers who prefer expediency to the freedom of the truth. The Higher Criticism must be true, because it is drawn from the books themselves, and thus is of God as much as the books are. It is only causing the books to give up more perfectly their history; it is included in the words "Every writing inspired of God is profitable." No writing can be inspired thus that does not agree with the spirit and teaching of Him who spoke as none before or since. Not that we have verbatim accounts of what He said; the writers of the gospels aimed to give correctly the substances of His teaching. The record is true, but the very words he used are seldom there. This is evident from the style in which the gospels came to us, the unities having their own individuality. For instance, what Matthew heard was spoken in Aramaic, he wrote it in Hebrew, then it appeared in Greek, finally in English, of the Tyndale translation, then in that of 1611, and now in the new version. The inspiration is there, but the writers do not claim it, and are unconscious of any supernatural agency.

Inspiration is a word used only once in the New Testament; just how it should be applied is as yet an unsettled problem. A new study of it is indispensable. Which books of the sixty-six have most and which least of this element is yet to be in evidence. The words of the Master about the Old Testament can be exegetically explained. The decisions of the Rabbins as to the authors of the Old Testament books cannot stand, even if they were accepted by the new religion in an uncritical age, an age that had so much else to accomplish.

We can conceive why the Master did not enter upon Biblical criticism. He did not mention any of the Sciences. What we can discover for ourselves, He left for us to find out.

That an Old Testament existed before the present one, was long since known. Much of that, however, must first have come in the Egyptian tongue, possibly in hieroglyphics, for the Hebrew language was not then born.

The new truths that appear from time to time lead to a rearrangement of what has been held as inspired. The fact of evolution as the method of creation, i.e., from lower to higher forms, compels us to consider the story of the Cosmos in Genesis as more an allegory than history, valuable for its monotheism, yet how little influence that monotheism had on Hebrew history until the great Captivity! The story of the garden is valuable for its study of the hard way of the transgressor, though mythological in itself. Human nature has not changed in its liability to disobey Divine law.

All theology, therefore, is to be reset in a new frame, the conditional view replaced by that of experience and the new light obtained from more accurate scholarship. Many years ago Prof. Hitchcock, of Union Seminary, spoke of the first of Genesis, as pictorial, a panorama. The elder Dr. Van Dyke replied that Prof. Hitchcock was unfit to aid in preparing young men for the pulpit. Many letters passed, but it has long since turned out that Prof. Hitchcock was correct and Dr. Van Dyke mistaken.

We are surprised in our day at what good men have thought they found in scripture, as, for example, the statements in the old confessions. The dead hand still often controls. We may say, however, "Because God is all wise there will always be new truths to be learned."

I have recently made an acquaintance who is neither Protestant nor Romanist, only Catholic. He holds that the Holy Spirit speaks through the Episcopate and that

the church should be governed by bishops, that the original and only church of Christ is this one, because it has a divinely ordered priesthood, with a service of the Levitical ritual, the Eucharist taking the place of sacrifices, but being itself a sacrifice, the elements not being transubstantiated, but really fulfilling the words recorded in John, that to have eternal life, we must eat His flesh and drink His blood.

As a Puritan, the spectacular is far from my taste, and the Eucharist is a simple memorial. The Apostolical Succession, confession to and absolution by a priest, must be found in tradition, as they are not in the New Testament. This form of religion looks upon Protestantism as "Anarchy," because of its denominationalism, but Christianity is so large that twice as many denominations cannot express it. We all agree that Christ is the atonement, and is the essential truth. Christian unity then is in holding the essential facts; after that let every man be persuaded in his own mind as to the externals of religion.

We can only account for what we find in St. John about the flesh and blood, by remembering that that gospel originated in the Greek Alexandrian school, they giving it the name it bears. The other writers having never heard the things related in the fourth gospel, that appearing about the end of the first century, when ritualism began its career.

F. O.



THE DEAD HAND IN THE CHURCH.

IN the October *Arena*, Rev. Clarence Lathbury speaks as follows of undue reverence for the past:

"This enthroning the Fathers and handing them the scepter of the present is simply puerile. We are the ancient. The world was never so old and wise as now. The modern man gathers up the erudition and experiences of all cycles of history, and supplements them with those of the present. He is, therefore, the conclusion and embodiment of all discovery and wisdom since the dawn of time. Why then should he go to the Fathers? It is more fitting that they should come to him. Science takes this only reasonable position. The university that should attempt to reiterate the past would die out and become an amusing memory.

"The dead hand in theology is even more ridiculous, for it enters a domain higher and grander. If it is intolerable in the science of the rocks, the stars, and the verdure, how is it in theology—the science of God? It is worse, for it throttles the moral life, arresting moral growth. It stupefies the God-given intellect and turns it into a thinking machine manipulated by persons who have lain in their graves, it may be for millenniums. It is a kind of animated Ouija or Planchette moved by spirits of long ago who are forbidden to return with intuitions gained since the terrestrial record closed. Why not restate theology in modern terminology, as well as biology, zoology, philology, psychology, or any of the other ologies? Why take a photograph of an ancient portrait that could never have been exact, when the living truth may be thrown up by a modern camera? Why ask what ancient theology said that the Bible said that Moses said that God said, when God is here in greater power and clearer vision than ever before? Why procure our sunlight by the roundabout process of the moon reflected from a mirror, when the dear old orb is shining in the heaven of to-day? Why take a report of a report of a report, when we may listen to God for ourselves?"

THE REAL CRUCIFIXION.

REV. WILLIAM T. BROWN. PART II.

Two facts stand out clearly in the gospel record: first, crucifixion was an ever-present fact in the conscientiousness of Jesus; and second, Jesus was conscious also that crucifixion must be the lot of His disciples, of every man who should follow Him. Consider these facts. For a large part of his three years of public life—perhaps for all of it—perhaps for years before he entered it—Jesus faced the certainty of a cross at the end. He felt certain that his countrymen would put Him to death. No one can read the four gospels or either of them without becoming aware of that fact. And side by side with it is this other fact: that the men who become His disciples, who accept His mission and teaching, shall share the same fate. A cross awaits them. Crucifixion must be theirs as much as it is His. “Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink? or to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?” He asks the two disciples who are thoughtlessly and selfishly seeking the best offices in what they think is to be a new political régime. They readily and selfishly answer, “We are able.” Jesus knew they had no conception of what was coming in the future for Him or them. But He knew that in spite of their ignorance and selfishness they would remain faithful to Him. They had committed themselves to His cause. They would be faithful to its demands when they knew what they were. So He said to them, “The cup that I drink ye shall drink, and the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized.” He declares that they shall share His lot. But when Jesus said that they should drink His cup and share His baptism, He did not mean that they were all to die on a cross as He did. When He over and over declared that no man could be His disciple who did not bear the cross, He was not thinking of the manner of their death. The cross of Calvary—the wooden structure on which Jesus was nailed—was not the real cross. The physical suffering He experienced there was not the real crucifixion. That was not the cross He bore and which He bequeathed to His disciples for all coming time, till there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. Hundreds of thousands of men and women have suffered physical torture with which the bodily suffering of Jesus cannot be compared. The tortures of an unknown army of martyrs for uncounted centuries, the tortures of the infamous Spanish Inquisition, and the unspeakably horrible tortures which have been practiced by Spanish officials on scores of innocent men and women within a few months for the purpose of finding out the perpetrators of the bomb explosion at Barcelona, these tortures make the sufferings of Jesus insignificant by comparison. Not only so, but the courage and calmness with which our Lord met His fate and His moral bearing in it can be paralleled unnumbered times in the lives of men. That was not the real cross. The keenest suffering is not that of the body, but that of the spirit. The crucifixion of Jesus was a spiritual crucifixion. And that is the only crucifixion in which every disciple of His can share and must share. That is the proof of discipleship. He is no disciple at all who does not share in that crucifixion. Let us try to understand what that spiritual crucifixion was.

The world has been so deeply concerned in asking the question, “Who and whence was Jesus?” that it has had little time or inclination to ask the more important ques-

tion, “What manner of man was Jesus?” For all these years the world has answered its question by saying either “Is not this the son of Joseph and Mary, whose brothers and sisters are with us? Is not this just a man like ourselves?” or “Is not this the second person in the adorable trinity? Is not this the divine sacrifice that avails for the washing away of all our sins?” I shall pass by both these answers, and ask you to join me in considering this other question, “What manner of man was Jesus?” You will agree with me in saying that He was a man completely controlled by the power of love. Love was personalized in Jesus. He loved. If we want to know what it means to love, we have only to think of Him. And no man can know what love means from any other source. Jesus is a man transfigured by love. What does that mean? It means many things. Love implies service and sympathy. Love brings with it sensitiveness. No man can love men without being sensitive to their needs and sorrows and sins and wrongs. He will feel what they feel. He will make their life and their lot his own. Every man becomes a brother and every woman a sister to the man who loves. And the service of love will go first and most to those who have the greatest need. So the ministry of Jesus is a ministry among the men and women whose lot is the hardest—the poor, the outcast, the morally and socially lost. Love seeks to restore a lost equilibrium in the world, or else to establish one. It sows the seed of brotherhood. Brotherhood means equality—the only equality possible or desirable. Brothers know no barriers between them. Each is devoted to the other. Jesus finds the world peopled with men who are either strangers or enemies. He knows that mankind is a brotherhood under one Father. To change this world from war to peace, from hostility to fraternity, is the task of Jesus. A diviner task could not be. From that motive He acts. But even He, the perfect man, finds that one man alone cannot create the divine order of brotherhood. He must have the help of other men. He feels that what he is doing is what all men who know God are under equal obligation to do. What Jesus does, He does because He knows God. He concludes that any man who knows God must do the same things, must have the same mind. And we must agree that He is right. The spirit of God does not contradict itself. It does not make one man selfish and another man unselfish. Now what is the fate of Jesus when He attempts to realize His gracious ideal among men? We find on the one hand that the common people heard Him gladly. The men whose minds had not been biased by conventionalities welcomed His message. They recognized its truth. But Jesus found Himself opposed from the first by the men who were supposed to know God, by the men who preached and the men who prayed, by the men who revered the temple and taught in the synagogue. The voice of the church of His time speedily spoke out, and that voice ran against Him. It condemned Him. It declared that He was a bad and dangerous man. And it immediately took measures to suppress Him. So bitter did its opposition grow, that it soon contemplated nothing less than the taking of His life. And in the brief space of three years it accomplished its purpose.

Jesus could not be unconscious of, or indifferent to,

this opposition. It was not its design upon Him that affected Him. It must have been because He saw that it was deceiving itself and the people, because He knew that in hating Him the existing church was hating God and men, in rejecting Him it was rejecting brotherhood and love, that He felt Himself under the necessity of dealing with it as He did. People began to say to each other, "Can this man be the Messiah? The rulers, the teachers and the Pharisees do not believe on Him." Not only so, but Jesus had found that these same religious leaders who opposed Him were in other ways the enemies of their fellows. He found that the men who persecuted Him for preaching the gospel of brotherhood were the men who least wanted brotherhood realized among men. They were the social sinners of that day. And the time came when it was necessary for Jesus to expose the utter hollowness and evil of the scribes and Pharisees who made long prayers and yet devoured widows' houses and had no care for their unhappy brothers and sisters in want and sin. Nothing could be a more stinging indictment of the whole system of religion in His time as infidel and worthless, than the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Not only does love involve sensitiveness and service, but for that very reason it demands the fearless utterance of the truth. It knows no policy. It requires that a man speak all the truth He has. And nothing better describes the habit of Jesus. There was no thought of policy in the mind of Jesus. Neither did He hold back the truth for fear that men were not ready for it. "All things that I have received from the Father I have made known unto you," He said to His disciples. The world has not even yet overtaken the truth spoken by Jesus. It does not even yet understand it. It is no more ready to receive it than it was when it was first spoken. No one ever spoke the truth with such disregard of all consequences as Jesus. No one ever so rashly antagonized existing thought as He. He declared that men were more than any ancient custom, however sacred, even though it were the Sabbath. He declared that the temple in Jerusalem was not more holy than any other spot. He could not have said anything more offensive to the religion of His time than He did say. And it was for what He said rather than for what He did, that He was put to death by the Jews.

Now what was the penalty for His preaching? It was the cross. The penalty Jesus paid for being true to the truth that was in Him was a crucifixion that lasted from the beginning to the end of His public ministry. And that penalty was not the wooden cross. It was the spiritual suffering He must have experienced when He found that the church He had been trained to revere was a hollow shell, an empty sepulchre, a profane and useless cumbrance of the earth, and the most persistent enemy of the truth. But even that was a small part of the real crucifixion. Jesus was crucified in the house of His friends. The spiritual pain that entered His soul at the opposition of His enemies was insignificant compared with the sorrow that filled His heart when He was compelled to face the misunderstanding, the indifference, the unbelief, and even the open protests of His friends. At almost every turn he was compelled to endure the pain of the desertion of those whom He had regarded His friends. His own family, His mother and brothers and sisters had no faith in Him. His disciples protested against His course. I have no doubt that if we had a full record we should find that He was being constantly crucified by the well-meant protests of would-be friends who had not a glimmer of the meaning of redemptive life. We can imagine what they would say to him. Indeed, there is no need of de-

pending on imagination. They were all the while saying to Him, "Why do you take this strange, unnatural course? Why do you live this life? What is the use of throwing your life away? You will not change the world in your day. You will have your toil for your pains. This idea of a kingdom of God on the earth is a chimera. The principles you are advocating are Utopian. They are impracticable in this world. They can never be realized. Men will never love their fellow-men as you are demanding that they shall do. They will never trust one another as brothers. It is against nature. The world has always been selfish and always will be. What is the use of pursuing a forlorn hope? Why say these rash things? Suppose they are true. The truth is not to be spoken at all times. People will not understand you. Not even your disciples understand you. Besides you are arousing an opposition that will surely overwhelm you some day. And then what will all this talk and effort of yours amount to? It will amount to nothing. Why not let well enough alone? Why not take things as you find them and make the most of them?" Such things were what Jesus was doomed to hear. And the hearing such atheistic sentiments from the lips of those who ought to have known better was the bitterest pain in the spiritual crucifixion of Jesus, as it has been in that of every man who has been in any real sense a disciple of Jesus in all the centuries since. I have no doubt there are people to-day who really think it would have been better if Jesus had been a little more prudent. He might have cut out a part of his discourses and lived thirty or forty years longer. How much better to have given the world thirty or forty years of milder service than to have given a bare three years and end his life in a tragedy!

And there are not two crosses. There is but one. There are not two crucifixions. There is but one. And the crucifixion of Jesus is not different from the crucifixion to which any man must submit who is true to the truth which he has inherited from the Man of Nazareth. I wonder if we understand what this crucifixion is which is always and everywhere the price a man must pay for the giving of the truth to other men. Put yourself in the place of Jesus for a moment. No man can be a disciple of Jesus who will not put himself in the most real way in His place. The outlook of the disciple must be the outlook of the Master. It may not be the same in degree, but it is the same in kind. Put yourself in the place of Jesus. You are conscious of a glorious ideal for men. You cannot have a glimmer of the vision of Jesus if you have not a glorious ideal for men. You have seen what God made men to be. Perhaps your vision is not so great as that of some other man. But it is the most sacred thing in your life. If you have anything as a sacred trust, it is that vision of higher things for men. You dare not part with it. And if you are not a despicable coward, you will not dare or think of hiding your conviction. It burns within you. To refrain from speaking would be your moral suffocation. You feel the hollowness of life about you. You see the worthlessness of the existing religion. You cannot help seeing its utter moral impotence. It tolerates without protest the most shameless violation of the law of brotherhood. You feel the utter inadequacy of the ideals and motives which the leaders of religion about you are proclaiming. You are under the supreme moral necessity of your conscience to declare the faith that is in you. You know that unless men have hope they must die. Unless they are made to fix their thoughts on a glorious and inspiring goal, like the man who is climbing a precipice and takes his eyes off the top to look back at the depths from

which he has come, they are lost. You see that the goal must be kept before the minds of men. A thousand influences tend to make men see anything but the true end of their being and the goal of human progress. That goal is a divine thing. It is God's ideal for men. How are God's ideals for men to be realized? Not by never thinking of them, by trying to trim your sails to every breeze that blows. They can be realized only as they are kept in sight, only as you insist upon them as the standard of judgment on all life. What will you do with your vision? What ought you to do with it? What was it given to you for? Was it that you might secretly gloat over it? Is it your property? Have you any right to keep it to yourself? Are you not under as solemn obligation to give that vision to other men as Jesus was under, to share His vision with men? Is it not as much a crime against the souls of men for you to keep that truth which has been entrusted to you as it would have been for Jesus never to have given to men the truth which He had received?

You decide that question. You can find but one answer to it. The truth you have does not belong to you. For you to keep it to yourself, for you to refuse because of some possible consequence to yourself to utter that truth, would be an act of moral perfidy, the basest of which you are capable. You speak your message. You are sure that time will justify your words and your deeds. And yet what is it that you must meet? You must meet at once the hostility of every man whose interests are not served by the truth you speak. You must expect the hate and opposition of those who do not want the fulfillment of your ideal, and you must also meet the disheartening indifference, the silent disapproval, or even the open protests of those whom you have called your friends. They are offended in you. From friends they are changed to enemies. They regard you as a disturber of Zion. They harbor bitter thoughts of you as one who has broken the peace of the church or community. You have precipitated an issue. You have drawn a moral line. You have laid men under the necessity of making a disagreeable moral choice. You have uncovered a moral sore in the social body. Immediately men feel injured, not because the sore is there, but because you have been so unkind as to disclose it. They say that sores are to be covered up. Besides, these sores are incurable. Why stir people up over something that can never be changed? And then, too, you do not succeed. You do not build up a strong organization. You are guilty of the unpardonable crime of failure. I know nothing more dangerous, more profane, more despicable and disheartening than this snug complacency with which the majority of us measure the worth of all Christian preaching and work by results and issues, the exact opposite of those which marked the teaching and work of Jesus. We measure values by our gain in membership, by the harmony we produce in the church and community, by the success with which we keep all the big fish in the net, or by the skill with which we avoid offending the rich and politic in our preaching. The successful preacher of to-day often is the man who can keep selfish men in his church or draw them to it, who never offends any such person, and whose preaching nets the largest offerings for the support of the church and the maintenance of missions. The world has largely forgotten that no such results ever attended the preaching of Jesus. The truth is, there is little cross in the gospel of the present day, with very rare exceptions. At least there is little cross that makes any moral demands on men. There is little cross that disturbs any man's selfishness.

Why is it that life does not bring to you and me a taste of the crucifixion which Jesus affirmed to be the lot of all who became his disciples? Why has the cross no such meaning to you and to me as it had to Him? It is because you and I do not aim at anything, do not seek the fulfilment of any ideal that offends the selfish interests of selfish men. You can go through this life and never dream of such a thing as a cross, never have it suggested to your consciousness. But you cannot live the life that Jesus lived and do that. The moment you accept as the measure of righteousness for men something that makes a great moral demand on them, that moment you decree for yourself a cross, the cross of Christ.

Here is the only doctrine of the cross that has any moral meaning to me whatsoever—the doctrine of the cross which is illustrated and verified with terrible distinctness in every phase and part of the life of Jesus. It is the only meaning of the cross that can have any real power in your life or mine. It is the only doctrine of the cross that corresponds to the teaching of Jesus that the cross is as much for the disciple as for the Master.

It will be asked, What is the spiritual value of the cross? What good purpose does it serve for a man to lose his life for the sake of living and speaking for a little while what he believes to be true? What is the moral or spiritual good that accrues to the world from the loss of all things for the sake of serving men and witnessing to the truth? What is the moral economy of the cross? How does it bring good to men? The moral value of the cross, whether it is borne by Jesus or by any other man, lies in the fact that only so are the great hopes and ideals of the higher life of humanity communicated or communicable from one man to another. No truth can come to being in this world, in the world of morals, I mean, no good can be given by any man to another, for which the giver does not experience a spiritual crucifixion.

A man once came to Talleyrand with a scheme for a new and universal religion, and asked the great statesman what he thought of it. He replied: "Your scheme seems to me perfect in detail. There is but one thing left for you to do to make it a success. You must manage to get yourself crucified." There is a glimpse of the tremendous truth which lies at the heart of Christianity. No religion can be permanently propagated in this world which lacks the element of crucifixion. No truth is vital for which a man is not willing to suffer the loss of all things. Crucifixion is the fertilizing pollen of every plant of the higher life for humanity. Crucifixion is the sole method of evolution into a higher moral and spiritual life for men. That man who will speak the truth that is in him, who dare demand of society the realization of its divine ideal, who will be hindered from delivering his message by no barrier, though it be at the sacrifice of friendship and affection, that man alone can propagate a spiritual type of humanity. No other man can take a step in that direction.

A year or so ago—perhaps less—a great Philadelphia merchant was invited by a club of Socialists in that city to meet with them for an evening's friendly conference over economic problems. The merchant readily accepted the invitation. A well-known economist was selected to present to the merchant the claims of a better economic order. This economist does not call himself a Christian. He rejects some of the cardinal doctrines of our churches. The merchant is a prominent member of an evangelical church and active in many lines of so-called Christian work. The economist in his plea for the application of better principles to the existing industrial conditions, suggested that the merchant apply in his great store the prin-

ciples on which Jesus lived his life. The merchant's reply was in substance this: "If I were to attempt to run my business on the basis on which Jesus lived his life, I would be ruined in a short time. I cannot run my business on that plan." The economist replied by saying that it was a sad commentary on any business to say that it could not be managed on Christian principles. He affirmed his belief that the merchant could manage his store on Christian principles without going into the hands of a receiver. "But," he added, "suppose you could not; suppose such an attempt should turn out as you say; would not the moral value of such a failure be beyond computation?" In other words, the principle which this man who is called an agnostic urged on this other man who is avowedly a Christian, was the principle of the cross. What the merchant was unwilling to do was to accept the cross of his Master. He admitted the validity of the Christian principle, but he would not accept the crucifixion which it involved. This merchant, admitting freely that the law of the life of Jesus and the law according to which he conducts his business have nothing in common, deliberately made his moral choice and preferred to sacrifice the law of Christ to his business success rather than sacrifice his financial prospects to the law of Christ. It was Jesus who said, "Not every one that says unto me Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom, but he that doeth the will of my Father." "And there are last that shall be first, and there are first that shall be last."

"God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And of all things on earth least like
What men agree to praise.

Oh, blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible!

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blind-fold eye!

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world thro' shame,
And beckons thee his road.

And right is right, since God is God;
And right the day will win;
To doubt it is disloyalty,
To falter is to sin!"

Madison, Conn.



PRESSING NEED OF CHURCH UNION.

It is no new thing that we have discovered respecting the serious danger of our divisions. We find very much the same line of thought in a back number of *The Forum*. It comes from the pen of Dr. Hyde, president of Bowdoin College. Dr. Hyde takes up the subject of the neglect of churches in the rural districts of New England. The picture that he gives in his essay on this subject, shows President Hyde so much impressed with this retrogression, that he calls his article "Impending Paganism in New England." He quotes statistics and the statements of careful observers to prove that in not a few country places the churches have so dwindled as to have on their rolls only the names of a few women, with hardly enough men to do the practical work of a church organization. In one county in Maine, for example, where there

are 6,987 families, 4,850 attend no church; in another county, where there are 7,288 families, 4,577 attend no church. President Hyde maintains, however, that the discouraging fact shown by these figures is not the worst feature of the situation. Worse than this is the unchristian-like rivalry between the several denominations in places where there is a total church attendance hardly large enough to maintain a single organization. The cause of this decline he finds chiefly in the fact that each denomination is so jealous of the other that the work of the churches has ceased to be the building up of character, and has degenerated into a scramble for membership. The problem that is presented by this state of affairs, President Hyde calls "the most serious spiritual problem that confronts American Christianity." "For its solution, neither conviction, nor men, nor money are lacking, but the one thing needful is a plan of action whereby the forces that are now so wastefully divided may be united and applied to a higher purpose." Since this decline has been caused by the preaching of a barren theology and too great insistence on pure theological doctrine, the remedy, he finds, is for the practical exemplification of Christian conduct, not simply by the leaders of each church to its own members, but as between the several churches.



THE CHRIST OF GOD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHURCH UNION:

May I be permitted to indorse and emphasize your commendation of the book by the Rev. Charles H. Mann, with the above title. The clue which is therein given to the philosophy of the incarnation is more fundamental and helpful than almost anything I have ever read. This clue or key is expressed in the following paragraph from the book, which I would like to quote for the benefit of your many readers who will never see the volume itself.

"If one would rightly interpret the life of Jesus Christ in the light of the doctrine that He is the 'only begotten Son,' he must never forget that the Son of God, in the form in which He can appear before the eyes of man, cannot represent God as He is in Himself. As He is in Himself God transcends every possible apprehension of man. 'No man hath seen God at any time.' God as He is in Himself was never a babe, nor a boy twelve years of age, nor a man of sorrows. It is God as He is in man's life that is represented by these degrees in the growth of Jesus Christ. It is the hold that we have given God in our hearts that is the subject of temptation, of sorrow, that is persecuted, suffers, is crucified and rises from the dead, and redeems us from our sins. No true judgment concerning the divine nature of Jesus Christ, nor any satisfactory law for the interpretation of His life as the 'only begotten Son' of God is possible except in the light of this principle defining the meaning of the doctrine that Jesus Christ is God." X.



MACHINERY AND EMPLOYMENT.

THERE is a great need, on both sides of the Atlantic, for emphasizing the truth that the introduction of improved machinery confers distinct benefits on the working classes. Valuable testimony on this point is supplied by Mr. Maxim, inventor of the famous gun.

If a clever machanic, with no tools or materials but those which were available a hundred years ago, were to-

day to make a bicycle, he would spend six months on it, according to Mr. Maxim's calculation; and the product would be so costly that practically no market could be found for it. But at the present time a good workman can turn out a hundred bicycles a year; and they are so cheap, in consequence, that almost everybody can and does purchase them. The business of manufacturing them, therefore, is an enormous one and employs thousands of mechanics. Similarly, Winchester rifles made by hand would cost \$300 and sell for \$500, and buyers would be exceedingly scarce. Automatic machinery now produces such rifles at an actual cost of \$6, according to Mr. Maxim, and at a retail price of \$15 or thereabouts they meet with a ready sale. Hence the production is vastly increased, and forty or fifty times as many mechanics are engaged in the firearms industry as would be so occupied if it were not for machinery.

The manufacture of watches affords a still more striking illustration. A century ago these were articles of luxury. They were hand made and represented a great deal of skilled labor, but only wealthy people carried them. The sale was exceedingly limited, and only a few workmen were required to supply the demand. To-day the vast body of workingmen, to say nothing of the women and children in their families, carry watches, and thus is created a necessity for the employment of a far greater proportion of the population than formerly in the business of making and repairing pocket time-pieces. The result has been reached, however, only by the use of machinery, which has reduced the cost of production. This cheapening process and the amazing increase in output have converted the working class into a purchasing class, and "have increased a thousand-fold the sale of the luxuries of life." "Two hundred years ago," says Mr. Maxim, "the workingman had to be content with a stone or a mud floor. To-day it may be said with truth that the workingmen in America purchase more square miles of carpet than was sold in the whole of Europe during the seventeenth century."—*New York Tribune*.



SPEECH OF THE CONTRIBUTION BOX?

AN agent had addressed the congregation, a contribution had been taken, and the pastor was about to pronounce the benediction, when all were startled by a voice from the Contribution Box, which the deacon had just placed on the table:

"Wait a moment, good friends, and give me a chance to speak. I have long had something on my mind, and must unburden myself. The truth is, I am much abused. Sometimes for weeks together I am allowed no part at all in your Sunday services, though prayers and *alms* should come up together for a 'memorial before God.' But I am tucked away out of sight, where I get only dust and cobwebs.

"Worse still are my grievances, when I am allowed to come around from pew to pew in aid of your devotions. I always come with a heart full of good will, ready to confer on you all the great blessing of giving. Yet, O, what treatment! I don't mean now the tricks of fun-loving boys, who give me old buttons for pennies. I can put up with their mischief, especially as I never get so full but that I can carry a few buttons extra.

"But I do mean you, for one, Mr. Blind. Why do you never see me when I come? Your face is turned toward the orchestra, or you are hunting for something in the hymn book, or your head is down, as though you had just

then an extra touch of devotion. If it had been by accident, you would have sought me after service. But you hurried out right after the benediction. How much of the benediction did you carry home? You're rightly named Blind, for none are so blind as those who won't see." (Mr. Blind here put his head down out of sight.)

"And what were *you* doing last night, Mr. Keptight, after your clerks left the store? Why did you look over the money drawer for that counterfeit bill, in anticipation of the collection to-day? You thought nobody would know who put it in. But I saw you, and I'm not bound to keep your secret. I wonder if you think God doesn't know counterfeit money and counterfeit charity too. I shall give your bill to the church-mouse for his nest. That's all its good for. No, stay; I'll keep it as a witness when God shall put you on trial for passing counterfeit money." (Mr. Keptight turned very pale when the box spoke of a 'trial'.)

"Closefist, you put in this *torn* bill. You knew it would be at a discount at the bank. Don't tell me it was accidental. You have done the same thing before, and it isn't for want of whole ones, either. You had better go home and read what Rev. Dr. Malachi says in one of his discourses, about the man who brought that which was 'torn' as an offering to the Lord.

"Have you lost your large pocketbook, Brother Prudence?" [Prudence clasps his hand suddenly on his pocket.] "Don't be alarmed. You left it at home, and brought only a little wallet, for fear, as you said, that your feelings would get the better of your judgment. You needn't be so prudent. Your benevolent feelings are the last things to get beyond your control."

"Whose turn next?" whispered the excited crowd.

"Loveself, why did you instinctively feel for your cigar case first when I came? Confess the truth, now, that you have spent more for cigars the last three months than you have contributed during the whole year.

"Where's Demas, Jr.? O! he isn't here to-day. He is generally missing when a collection is expected. His father, I remember, forsook Paul for love of the world.

"Drop that rich veil over your face, Mrs. Display. You'll need it to hide your blushes, while I tell the congregation that you have not given me so much this year as you have paid out for those ear-rings and that point-lace handkerchief; and here, to-day, you have been thinking about buying a \$500 diamond ring. And you profess to love the Saviour, and the heathen who are perishing for want of His gospel?

"What now shall be said to *you*, the richest man in the whole society, a member of the church, a teacher in the Sunday-school, a regular attendant at the prayer-meeting? I see I don't need to name you." (Dr. Penurious is hitching nervously in his pew in the broad aisle.) "You speak and pray well. You have much to say of sound doctrine and liberality, and consecration to Christ. But whenever you are asked to give, you always say, 'I have too many calls, too many calls.' Yes, but they get no *answers*. If you answered any of them liberally, I could excuse you. To-day, you have given me one dollar, when fifty dollars would be nearer your share. You have a 'call' to study that book which says, 'Covetousness is idolatry.' And soon you'll have another 'call' which you must answer, to leave those money bags, and go and settle accounts with Him who owns them all." (The perspiration starts out on the doctor's face, he wipes it vigorously, but has nothing to say.)

"Now I have something for you all to hear. When, at the end of last year, you footed up the contributions of the church, and said it was quite a fair sum, I ached to

tell you that your pastor and another in the church, from their slender incomes, had given fully one-third of the whole. It would have been still more but for Brother Whole-souled and Brother Generous, who are always liberal. And Mrs. Humble, too, dear good woman, let me not forget her; the five dollar bill she put in was fragrant with prayer and love and self-denial, and shed a sweet perfume through the whole. 'She hath done what she could.' There was a quarter, too, that dropped most lovingly from little fingers that had made themselves weary in earning it. Ah! dear Mary, we shall want you for a missionary by and by.

"My good friends, the agents [turning toward the pulpit] often mortify me. They are dry—don't give fresh facts—don't feel the facts they do give, or affect to feel them so much they whine and disgust folks. Or they don't know when to stop—talk an hour or more, when forty minutes would open purses wider. I've seen many an X at forty minutes, changed for a V at fifty, and for an I at sixty.

"The pastor is sometimes too timid, and instead of seconding the agent's appeal with all his eloquence, will say that he hopes the people, though they have given to so many objects, have a little left for this good cause, when the truth is, few of them have denied themselves a pin for their contributions.

"I have one secret more to tell. I am something more than I seem to be. You think me only a wooden box—a convenience for gathering up your donations. Know, then, that a messenger from your Saviour is here. Yes, I represent His pierced hand outstretched toward you, and your returns to me are registered as an index of your love for Him. As I pass from pew to pew, I gather something more than money. These tales of your secret history, and a thousand others, are all put on record, and will be read 'in that day' before the great congregation."

The voice ceased, and the good pastor, in tones trembling with emotion, said: "Let us all pray for pardon before the benediction."—*Advance.*



ROYALTY AS A LIFE-WORK.

THE October *Century* publishes a letter written to her mother by Marie-Antoinette, when she was Dauphiness. On reading it the question arises in the natural mind, whether kings and royal families are a valuable ingredient of society. What is the reason of their being? In the French Revolution, this question was asked with much emphasis. To embroider a vest in a few years is hardly worth the large salary paid a Dauphiness.

"Your Majesty is very kind to show so much interest in me, even to the extent of wishing for an account of how I spend my time habitually. I will say, therefore, that I rise at ten o'clock, or nine, or half-past nine, and after dressing I say my prayers; then I breakfast, after which I go to my aunts', where I usually meet the King. This lasts till half-past ten. At eleven I go to have my hair dressed. At noon the "Chambre" is called, and any one of sufficient rank may come in. I put on my rouge (then recognized as a part of court dress) and wash my hands before everybody; then the gentlemen go out; the ladies stay, and I dress before them. At twelve is mass; when the King is at Versailles I go to mass with him and my husband and my aunts; if he is not there I go with Monsieur the Dauphin, but always at the same hour. After mass we dine together before everybody, but it is over by half-past one, as we both eat quickly. (Any well-dressed

persons were admitted to see the dinners of the royal family, which they witnessed separated from them by a railing only. Marie-Antoinette greatly disliked this custom.) I then go to Monsieur the Dauphin; if he is busy, I return to my own apartments, where I read, I write, or I work; for I am embroidering a vest for the King, which does not get on quickly; but I trust that, with God's help, it will be finished in a few years (!). At three I go to my aunts', where the King usually comes at that time. At four the Abbé comes to me; at five the master for the harpsichord, or the singing master, till six. At half-past six I generally go to my aunts' when I do not go out. You must know that my husband almost always comes with me to my aunts'. At seven, card-playing till nine; but when the weather is fine I go out, and then the card-playing takes place in my aunts' apartments instead of mine. At nine, supper; when the King is absent my aunts come to take supper with us; if the King is there, we go to them after supper, and we wait for the King, who comes usually at a quarter before eleven; but I lie on a large sofa and sleep till his arrival; when he is not expected we go to bed at eleven. Such is my day."



JESUS AT JACOB'S WELL.

ELIJAH WOODRUFF.

UNDER the burning orb of day,
Toiling on His weary way,
Jesus came to Jacob's well;
Rested there, that He might tell
Her who from the city came,
Stained with all its grief and shame,
Of a pure and living stream,
Springing in eternal gleam
O'er all her pathway.

Smitten with the word of grace,
Straight she hastened to her place;
"Come," she said; "See One who told
All I've ever done—behold!
'This the Christ must surely be.'
Then she told how tenderly
Of their worship He had spoken;
Not to scorn Gerizim's height,
Not to boast of Zion's right;
The truest worship heart has tendered
From any mountain could be rendered.
So the lesson of the human
Given was to humble woman;
No more Jew, Samaritan,
But the brotherhood of man;
For all mankind in equal right,
Worship, love and heavenly light
The wide world over.

Washington, Conn.



DR. R. HEBER NEWTON ON MODERN RELIGION.

DR. NEWTON preached a sermon on this theme, which has been widely noticed in the daily papers. We quote a part of the sermon:

The end of this century has been looked to by prophetic students as the end of a dispensation—the opening of a new order. Our fathers believed that Jesus Christ was

to come again somewhere about this time. What does all this expectancy in the air mean? An old order changeth before our eyes, giving place to new. Within the new order that is arising everywhere a new soul is needed—a new religious inspiration growing out of new religious complications; a renewed faith, hope and love.

In the intellectual realms the modern world is passing through the greatest change which has ever been experienced by man. Before this revolution in knowledge and in thought the old intellectual system, within which religion has enshrined itself, is breaking up on every hand. New sciences displacing old sciences, new philosophies ousting old philosophies, new histories displacing old histories, lead inevitably to new theologies refashioning our old theologies. An invisible hand is shaking the intellectual kaleidoscope, and the figures familiar to generations are changing before our eyes. A new universe with a new man confronting seems forcing upon us a new thought of God, of His relationships to nature and to men, of man himself, of all the problems which have constituted the material for dogmatic theology. The traditional systems of divinity which have guided the course of the Western world seem to hosts of men to-day of as much help as the charts of New York Harbor drawn up by the primitive Knickerbockers would be to our monster steamers.

The mass of average intelligent men are slowly and painfully realizing that there is no answer in the Thirty-nine Articles and Westminster Confession for us in the year of 1898. Their whole thought is as antique and obsolete as the language of Chaucer and Spencer. Men ask now for a Gospel in the vernacular of the nineteenth century; not necessarily a new Gospel, but at least a translation of the old Gospel of the mediævals and ancients into a "tongue understood of the people."

Sublimely unconscious of the day that is breaking outside the church walls, our priests go on droning the old refrains about an impossible Bible and an unnatural Christ, and anathematizing those who don't care to come in and listen to their music of the past. Pulpits are timorous and silent on the questions of the age. Conventions reauthorize, at every triennial session, as text-books for theological seminaries, learned treatises which are as accurate maps of our present knowledge as the celestial charts of the Ptolemaic astronomers with "cycle and epi-cycle scribbled o'er," or the sixteenth century terrestrial globes.

A RECENT WILL.

The will of one of our citizens, given to the public during the week past, is a pathetic illustration of the confusion which is prevailing all about us in consequence of the changed outlook. It seemed to this estimable man that all religion had become unreal, and he therefore foreswore it in his last will and testament. We can readily see that it was not religion itself that he was foreswearing, but simply the theological systems, the traditional beliefs of our religion, which have become largely outgrown, but which the churches still persist in clinging to. The traditional system in which he was brought up has indeed ceased to be capable of guiding our thought or of satisfying our inquiry. Had his church honestly distinguished between this system of thought and essential Christianity, there would not have been this mental confusion, this moral tragedy.

This intellectual change, with confusion attending it in the epoch of transition, is responsible for the moral confusion which we see on every hand to-day. While under the constraint of this imperious system of theology which has so long dominated man's mind, he mastered his lower instincts and impulses and constrained himself to seek for

the things of the spirit. As that system relaxes its hold, this strenuous spiritual effort slackens. There is a recoil from the effort. The passion for holiness subsides into a desire for respectability. Man seeks pleasure again—as in the new birth of our modern world, the Renaissance. Everywhere this passion for pleasure is overriding the institutions and customs of religion, threatening, as the lecturer to the Ethical Society the other day indicated, that most remarkable benediction of society, the day sacred to the Spirit. What is needed is not denunciation, but the quickening of a new idea and the kindling of a new ideal which shall once more guide and inspire man to a life higher than that of pleasure.

The modern worship of wealth is part of this same recoil. The good things which God has prepared for them that love Him no longer seem real to the man who has lost faith in God Himself. The other good things which the world hath prepared for them that love it, he seeks with all his heart. Give him a vision of God and he will again seek God's good things. With such a vision in his soul riches no longer satisfy him. Till that vision rises, what else can he seek?

The old order of State changeth before our eyes. The close of this century has witnessed the growth of monster nationalities. Are they under the inspiration of the Christian law? It does not look much like it as we see the great Christian powers standing around China, waiting to dismember it. Have our Christian States become pirates, flaunting above their ensigns the black flag? The Bishop of Breslau may invoke a benediction upon the fleet which goes forth "for the protection of the cross," but the average man smiles cynically at such conception of Christianity.

The characteristic feature of political life in the modern world is democracy. The set toward it is universal and resistless. It is a tremendous experiment upon which humanity is entering—one wholly unparalleled in history. The dangers of it have been foreseen by thoughtful men. Those dangers are now realized by the blindest. They resolve themselves on analysis into the decline of religion within the heart of the people. Democracy can be trusted under high enthusiasm when seeking a lofty ideal while owning the rule of a real religion. Can Democracy be trusted without religion? The three ideals of Democracy each show themselves to involve a real religion. Liberty without law is license. What law other than self-interest can bind man long without the vision of that higher life in which we are all members one of another; all parts of a divine whole? Freedom is possible only to the free man—the moral being, capable of discerning right and able to choose and obey it. Equality is a will-o'-the-wisp, if by it we mean equality of gifts and powers and advantages. The real equality possible to man lies in something independent of circumstances, superior to conditions—something back of and above matter and material things. Men are equal only as they are parts of an all-inclusive whole, which lifts all alike into a common life. It is as men are souls that they are equal one to the other, and only so. Fraternity is an iridescent dream unless the human brotherhood is the expression of a life born of a Divine Fatherhood. If we are to have a democracy, man must have a soul born within him capable of guiding and inspiring him.

The era of competition is ended. The era of combination has opened. All business is concentrating. In this mass of capital there is coming to be an absolute domination over the wage-worker, over the interests of the people at large, over the life of the State itself. Yet this movement is natural and necessary. It is in the line of

economic progress. The real question concerning it is: Can these new orders grow a soul within it—a spirit capable of mastering these monster powers and using them, not for self-aggrandizement, but for human service? If it cannot, there is a revolution ahead worse than any the world has hitherto known. If it can, there opens an era of boundless, beneficent progress. This is a question of religion. It is the old need of an ever fresh faith and hope and love.

Plainly, a real religion of some sort is imperatively needed—more needed than ever. It is the one thing which alone is really needed. All else will flow from it. Without it all else will disappear—political institutions, wealth, civilization, everything. As Mazzini said: "Every political question is rapidly becoming a social question, and every social question a religious one."

Religion must renew itself—must again clear the vision of man's mind and give him a new thought; freshen the life in man's soul and give him a new moral impulse; bind men together in a new enthusiasm and lift above us all a new ideal, which we shall seek with joy. Our duty, as we find ourselves in this epoch of transition, is to keep our minds open for the new light that God is preparing to send forth into the world and our heart eager for the new life into which He is preparing to lead us.—*New York Tribune*.



AMONG THE BOOKS.

CHRISTIAN INSTITUTIONS. By A. V. G. Allen, D.D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Much theological writing is polemical, combative, divisive. Much also is irenic and conciliatory. Dr. Allen's work is eminently of the latter order. The aim and method of the study is not to prove a certain class of Christian institutions to be wholly mistaken and unwarranted, and another class of Christian institutions to be possessed of exclusive divine sanction and approval, which method has been followed by writers not a few. Dr. Allen labors to discern the advantage in all. The work is wonderfully unprejudiced and impartial. It is honestly appreciative of each form or method, which, at any time, Christian worship or belief has claimed for itself, and labors to show how there was in that form or method a special adaptation to its time, and a special preparation for that which was to come after it. In this way, the work is illuminating, indeed. Even such institutions as monasticism, the practice of selling indulgences, the worship of saints and of the Virgin, are not dismissed with scorn. They are examined, to discern whether there might not have been a genuine yearning of true spiritual desire manifested in them, which, being first manifested in that crude form, would yet yield something better, and bring forth good fruit.

We cannot commend too highly the earnest thought, the careful, scholarly research, and the wise critical judgment, which have been put into this task. The book is up to date; it is one which can never be disregarded in the future by those who would examine the evolution of ecclesiastical practices, or understand the reason for modern methods.

The most elaborate and, it seems to us, the best work of the book is the first work, in which the evolution of the Christian ministry is discussed. It is to us wholly satisfactory. It is not aimed to defend the practice or the orders of any church, but to examine the facts of early

church history, and to travel over the road by which the varying results in all churches have been attained. The origin of Presbyteriate, of Episcopate, in its varied forms, and of independent systems are all treated in a most careful and unprejudiced manner.

With some of Dr. Allen's conclusions, when we leave the consideration of the ministry, and turn to that of the sacraments, of the creeds, and of the worship of the churches, many will go readily, while with others, we are sure, there will be much hesitation. Dr. Allen leans more heavily on the great church councils than many can be brought to do. He endeavors to get a more logical and direct connection between the monastic systems, as distinguished from the Episcopal system, in the Roman Catholic church and the Reformed churches than seem to us wholly justified. In all this, however, there is much that will excite attention, demand examination, and stimulate thought. We do not hesitate to say that this work will take place immediately as a standard production on the subject which it considers. It is a credit alike to Dr. Allen and to the International Theological Library, to which it is the latest addition.

PRACTICAL IDEALISM. By William DeWitt Hyde. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

We can understand this kind of idealism. Dr. Hyde takes a philosophy, which is to many, who are not philosophers, almost meaningless, and points out clearly a helpful and simple truth in it. We have an idea that the philosophical idealist will think the idealism is entirely too clear and understandable to be the genuine article, but, for ourselves, we like it much better than any variety which we have before seen of that school of thinking.

Dr. Hyde studies the world under two great divisions, first considering the world of nature, and second the world of men. Under the first of these, the world of our senses, and the world of associated ideas, which grows out of this, the world of science and the world of art are considered. Under the second, we have treated the world of persons, the world of institutions, the world of morality and the world of religion.

Dr. Hyde's central idea is that the real world is, according to his own quotation from Prof. James: "One big, blooming, buzzing confusion"; that, out of this mixture of all kinds of happenings, each man fashions what is for him the real world, but which is, in fact, only his intellectually-built ideal world, fashioned out of the general confusion about him. We each live in a world which we each make for ourselves. We all have very much the same materials to build our world out of; yet each man makes his own world according to his own individual mental power.

Starting from such a basis, the most practical questions are considered, and helpfully considered. Especially in the second part, where marriage, citizenship, moral duty and religious privileges are studied, are there many most helpful lessons. The book is full of much which is intellectually stimulating, and full, too, as its title signifies it was meant to be, of much that is practically helpful.

SIR TOADY LION. By S. R. Crockett. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

The book is written, as its title page indicates, for old boys, young boys, good boys, bad boys, big boys, little boys, cowboys and tom-boys, and there is much that cannot fail to interest all these classes; for Sir Toady is no ordinary individual, and his adventures are unique and invariably exciting. Some of the sketches are delightful,

notably the one in which the boy-soldier, standing by the roadside, with all the seriousness of his little make-up, salutes, with his tin sword, a passing squadron of cavalry, and is saluted in turn by the grave officer and the members of his troop. Others of the incidents, we must confess, seem to us very ordinary, and hardly worthy of the hand which so skilfully portrayed the life and stirring adventures of Cleg Kelly. The characters are exaggerated, too; but we suppose it is too much to ask for another such portrayal of boy-life as is furnished by Cleg, for some time, at least. So we give "Sir Toady" room on our shelves very gladly, with the hope that when the days of the tin sword and bass drum have passed, he will be just as true to his comrades and as fearless in his defence of what he believes to be right as he is now in his boyhood.

IN SEARCH OF A SOUL. A SERIES OF ESSAYS IN INTERPRETATION OF THE HIGHER NATURE OF MAN. By Horatio W. Dresser, author of "The Power of Silence," "The Perfect Whole." Published by the Philosophical Publishing Company, Boston.

The purpose of this book is indicated by its first paragraph:

"A new epoch in the world of human thought begins with the discovery of the large part played in the great drama, which we call life, by mind, or consciousness. To a large extent, we are concerned with the objects and events in the world around us. The needs of our physical life are such as to demand continuous attention, and it seems remarkable, from one point of view, that man has had even the faintest desire or opportunity to search for the realities of the spirit. Apparently, too, the outer world is so vigorously real, so obtrusively *there*, and so little dependent upon us for existence, that the most natural conclusion is to deem it entirely separate and independently substantial."

The book is an earnest and able analysis of the method or process by which the reality of the unseen world is brought into consciousness; or, in other words, by which the soul finds itself. If the author's treatment of the subject had been metaphysical or abstract, the volume would have little practical value. But his study of the question is vital. It has reference entirely to the development of character. The soul he seeks is the soul which expresses itself in life and conduct. Hence the treatise is highly suggestive and instructive on practical lines.

THE SCHOOL FOR SAINTS. By John Oliver Hobbes. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

A somewhat careful reading of the aforementioned book suggests the question: What or where is the school for saints? Is it the quaint little village in Brittany, where the story begins and ends, or is it in Paris, in the more or less shady society, where it takes a sort of second departure? Perhaps it is in London, which, at the time covered by the narrative, was a perfect hot-bed of political intrigue. Or it may have been over in Spain, where we are taken into the Carlists' uprising of 1869. If it be in none of these places, in the name of all that's curious, where is it? May be the title was meant to be taken, as Artemus Ward used to say, in a "sarcastical sense." In that case, there is no such school, and we need puzzle our brains with it no longer.

In this book the author has turned out a quasi-historical novel, although the history comes in incidentally, rather than as a serious part of the book. Occasionally we come

across a historical character, notably Disraeli, of whom the writer draws a good portrait, and old "Dizzy" acts and talks very much as we should expect him to do.

The story has few of the elements of popularity about it, as that term is commonly understood in these days; and yet it is well told, and is interesting. The hero and heroine are especially strong, although the author puts them through a fearful lot of trouble, and, just at the end of the book, marries them into a worse trouble than anything they have experienced before: for, be it known that their marriage is not lawful, as there was an inconvenient husband still in the flesh; but of this the poor souls were profoundly ignorant.

One cannot help a shrewd suspicion that the writer left matters in this shape, of malice prepense, as a bait to attract the public to the sequel, which is promised in a modest little note on the last fly leaf of the book. Just at this point we are seized with the idea that the "school for saints" may be the Roman Catholic church, which occupies considerable space in the story: if not, where is it?

SUCCESS AND FAILURE. By Robert F. Horton, M.A., D.D. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Dr. Horton has given us a fine little book on this familiar theme. He goes to the roots of things, and writes with honest boldness, making an open show of the common, tawdry success of the world, which, in all true accounting, is coarse failure, and contrasting with it the divine success, that is built upon true worth, and appears in the blear eyes of the world as failure. According to the teaching of Dr. Horton, Uncle Tom, in his cabin, was a magnificent success; Disraeli, in his chair of state, a miserable failure. We believe he is profoundly right. The book is a good one for our young people to read; it will help them to aim aright, and the aim is everything.



ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"BOB" BURDETTE, in a recent lecture, said that it was not work that killed people. No one ever died from hard work. It was impure foods and bad habits that caused a large per cent. of the deaths.

The coffee drinking habit has slain millions. A well-known physician said a short time ago that he believed it caused more deaths every four years than the late civil war. But few people know of the long train of diseases that follow the constant pouring in of the poisonous alkalis of coffee into the stomach.

Some time ago a specialist, after a great deal of study, discovered that the mixing of a number of grains and their proper preparation would produce a beverage that had the deep seal brown color of Mocha. When boiled full 15 minutes after boiling commences, it tastes like the better grades of Java. But instead of tearing down the system it would build it up. He called it Postum Cereal Food Coffee and started in a small way at Battle Creek, Mich. Now it takes two large factories to supply the demand. Physicians who have tried it are recommending this healthful beverage as a cure for nervousness and dyspepsia. It is more economical than coffee, a 25-cent package making more than twice the amount of beverage that the same value of coffee will.

Concoctions sold as "Cereal Coffee" contain injurious ingredients. Genuine packages of Postum have red seals, and the words, "It makes red blood," thereon.

SEEKING THE KINGDOM. BEYOND THE CLOUDS. By Charles Brodie Patterson. Published by the Alliance Publishing Co., New York.

The above two books are similar in scope and purpose. They are both an unfolding of religious truth, from the standpoint of the divine immanence. They are an exposition of the laws of character-building. They treat Christianity from the practical rather than the theoretical side. Especially they are an exposition of all the sets of ideas, which grow out of the truth that we are spirits, with a temporary abode, called the body, rather than bodies, inhabited by spirits. The cultivation of the spirit is the underlying thought in all the instruction given. A brief quotation will illustrate the point.

"First of all, strongly desire tranquility and restfulness of mind, in order that truth may mirror or image itself in the mind. Forgiveness is also needed. Do not hope to attain to a true knowledge of spiritual things, when your mind is embittered or your heart hardened against any one who may have injured or wronged you in any way; by so doing, you bar your way to the true unfolding."

HUGH WYNNE, FREE QUAKER. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Published by The Century Co., New York. 2 vols.

A very pleasing story of the Revolutionary period. There is a fine tone through the whole of it. The story is well sustained. The episode of Maj. André is well told, and gives life to the narrative. The ways of the early Quakers are faithfully portrayed. Washington holds his usual commanding position. It is noticeable how often he appears in our best fiction, and always gives dignity to the scene. Those who love the historical romance will find "Hugh Wynne" an enjoyable addition to their library.

THE AMERICAN WORD BOOK. By Calvin Patterson, A.M., Principal of Girls' High School, Brooklyn. Published by American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This new spelling book follows a carefully developed and progressive plan for teaching the forms and values of English words in common use. It is a marked improvement on all others of its class, and the child is indeed fortunate who can have the advantage of its use in learning to spell.

MAKE-BELIEVE MEN AND WOMEN. By Maud Humphrey and Elizabeth S. Tucker. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This is an exceedingly attractive book for the little folks, with full-page colored plates, representing the small people in their world of dolls and teacups—a very busy world, withal, and one of which we never tire of having a glimpse.



MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

AMONG the contributors to February *Scribner's* are ex-Police Commissioner Andrews of New York, who describes the machinery necessary to poll that city's vote, Captain Mahan, who gives a vivid picture of the naval campaign which ended in the capture of Burgoyne, and Thomas Nelson Page, who continues his serial, "Red Rock."

The Klondike craze is brought before us again in an exhaustive article, profusely illustrated, in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for February, entitled, "Practical Information for Klondikers." The article is by Henry Clay Colver, a resident of Seattle, who therefore ought to know whereof he speaks.

The third instalment of Anthony Hope's New Zenda novel appears in February *McClure's*, as does also an article from Nansen, giving his views on future explorations to the North Pole.

One of the most interesting articles in the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for January is that from the pen of Lord Brassey, on the present condition of the British navy, followed by Theodore Roosevelt's comments thereupon.

Germany occupies a conspicuous position in the February *Chautauquan*, three articles on that country appearing in that issue, notably an illustrated article on "The Rhine Country," written by H. A. Guerber.

Colonel T. W. Higginson continues his experiences in public life in the *Atlantic* for February. Among the other contributors to this number are F. Hopkinson Smith and Kate Douglas Wiggin.

Captain Charles King, the specialist in war stories, contributes the complete novel to February *Lippincott's*. It is entitled "A Trooper Galahad," and deals with the life at an army post in the Southwest.

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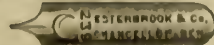
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Miscellaneous.

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Reserve, Re-Insurance (Inland),	91,814.98
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Fire),	311,027.22
Reserve, Unpaid Losses (Inland),	58,562.95
Other Claims,	168,613.11
Net Surplus,	4,433,719.36
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Surplus to Policy Holders, \$8,433,719.36

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Miscellaneous.

THE world seeks to take out a man's soul and substitute therefor an amalgam of traditions, conventions and maxims.—*W. H. McElroy.*

THIS item is interesting as being from a Roman Catholic paper. Protestants have not been accustomed to look in that quarter for recommendations of Bible reading. It is good to light on one: "It is a good custom to read a chapter in the Bible every day, especially of the New Testament. It will take but a very few minutes, though it is well, sometimes, when not in a hurry, to pause and meditate for a few moments on striking passages. One thus learns to appreciate and to love the Scriptures. It not only increases one's knowledge, but strengthens one's faith, and is a stimulant to zeal and devotion. The Word of God is a feast to the soul."—*Sacred Heart Review* (Roman Catholic).

THE usual annual session of the Tuskegee Negro Conference will take place in Tuskegee, Ala., Wednesday, Feb. 23d. The Workers' Conference, composed of officers and teachers of the various colored schools in the South, takes place Feb. 24th, at Tuskegee. These conferences present an opportunity to study the condition of the negro that is afforded nowhere else. Further information can be had from Booker T. Washington, Tuskegee, Ala.

Price has been reduced on the original old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at 8 cents a bar, two bars for 15 cents. Quality same as for last 33 years, "BEST OF ALL." Ask your grocer for it.

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THE annual statement of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co. for the year ending Dec. 31, 1897, which is the fiftieth anniversary of the company since its establishment in the United States, shows the total assets to be \$9,681,864, of which \$2,255,400 are invested in U. S. 4 per cent. bonds; \$3,674,371 are represented by loans on bonds and mortgage; \$677,632 cash on hand and in banks, and \$2,753,610 in real estate and in other admitted assets. The surplus of the company now amounts to \$4,486,097.05.

Miscellaneous.

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CURE



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FITS

"Not to take
a cure for
an otherwise
fatal disease
is to commit
suicide."

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AN Irish gentleman was recently attended by an eminent London physician, who, pausing, and looking at him with an inquiring glance, said: "I should like to know, sir, if your family have been long-lived?" "Long-

lived, is it?" responded the patient, thoughtfully. Well, doctor, I'll just tell you how it is. Our family is a west of Ireland family, and the age of my ancestors depended entirely on the judge and jury who tried them."

—*Tit Bits.*

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Miscellaneous.

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50TH ANNUAL STATEMENT

UNITED STATES BRANCH—STATEMENT DEC. 31, 1897.

ASSETS.

REAL ESTATE.....	\$1,745,000.00
U. S. GOVERNMENT 4 PER CENT. BONDS	2,255,400.00
STATE AND CITY BONDS.....	320,850.00
LOANS ON BOND AND MORTGAGE.....	3,674,371.14
CASH ON HAND AND IN BANKS.....	677,632.10
ALL OTHER ADMITTED ASSETS.....	1,008,610.98
Total Assets.....	\$9,681,864.22

LIABILITIES.

UNADJUSTED LOSSES.....	\$556,098.00
UNEARNED PREMIUMS AND ALL OTHER LIABILITIES.....	4,639,669.17
Surplus.....	\$4,486,097.05

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	JOHN J. MARTIN, Agency Superintendent.

THE *Lancet*, London, England, has the following in a recent issue regarding the superiority of Quaker Oats:

"It is well known that, owing to the fat becoming rancid, the flavor of ordinary oatmeal deteriorates. In 'Quaker Oats' this flavor would appear to be preserved for an indefinite time. That the oats selected for the rolling process are of a superior quality is evident from the following analysis which we recently made: Starch, etc., 65.77; albuminoids, 15.43; fat, 8.00; mineral matter, 1.35 per cent.; moisture, 9.45 per cent. Thus 'Quaker Oats' contains a maximum proportion of each of the food constituents which place the oat above other cereals in regard to nourishing and sustaining value."

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A-FISHIN'.

WUNST we went a-fishin'—me
An' my Pa an' Ma, all three—
When they was a picnic 'way
Out to Hanch's Wood one day.

An' they was a crick out there,
Where the fishes is, an' where
Little boys 'taint big an' strong
Better have their folks along.

My Pa he ist fished an' fished
An' my Ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home; an' Pa
Said he wished so worse'n Ma.

Pa said if you talk, er say
Any thing, er sneeze, er play,
Haint no fish, alive or dead
Ever goin' to bite! he said.

Purt' nigh dark in town when we
Got back home; an' Ma says she
Now she'll have a fish fer shore!
An' she buyed one at the store.

Nen at supper, Pa he won't
Eat no fish, an' says he don't
Like 'em—an' he pounded me
When I choked—Ma, didn't he?

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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WHEN Andrew D. White, now the United States ambassador at Berlin, was our minister to Germany, nearly twenty years ago, he received some queer letters from Americans, asking for his influence, in their behalf, in court circles. Perhaps the funniest of all was a very mandatory epistle from an old lady living in the West, who inclosed in her letter four pieces of white linen, each some six inches square "We are going to have a fair in our church," she wrote, "and I am making an autograph quilt. I want you to get me the autographs of the Emperor, the Empress, the Crown Prince and Bismarck, and tell them to be very careful not to write too near the edge of the squares, as a seam has to be allowed for putting them together."—*Youth's Companion*.

ONE of the bishops of the Methodist church, as Dr. Roads relates in *The Christian Standard*, was at Spokane, Wash., while the Endeavorers were holding a meeting at a railroad station. There were hundreds in the crowd, and among them a certain sneering infidel.

He joked and scoffed at first, but the enthusiastic singing and impressive but joyous spirit of the Christian young people, moving everybody, reached even his heart. Soon he brushed away an unbidden tear, then he leaned eagerly forward, and listened with keenest interest.

After the service he said, earnestly: "I really never saw such Christians. They are a new type," and walked thoughtfully away. The bishop says that in every place the Endeavorers made a profound spiritual impression.

At the meeting of the Worcester Antiquarian Society the other day Senator Hoar said that when he was a boy in Worcester a catechism was in use of which the following is a sample:

Where is hell?

Under the earth—a place of darkness.

Who live in hell?

The devil, his angels and bad men.

What do they do in hell?

They curse God and sin continually.

Do you deserve to go to hell?

I do.

On a tombstone in Indiana is the following inscription: "This monument was erected to the memory of John Jenkins, accidentally shot as a mark of affection by his brother."—*The Kingdom*.

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Rocks, trees, the worm, work
toward Humanity,
That man at last beneath the
church-yard spire,
Might be once more the worm,
the rock, the tree ?

—JOHN HALL INGHAM.

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Union
of
Christians

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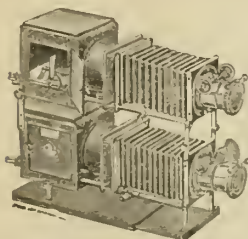
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VOL. XXV. NO. 3.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1898.

\$1.00 A YEAR.

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Lent. We think the growing tendency among other than the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches to observe Lent and Holy Week is distinctly a step towards union. We do not see why these celebrations should not be kept with more or less divergence of form and method in all churches. Indeed, one of our ideals in union is that wherever there is a good custom in any church, it should be not only tolerated, but also imitated by those who have it not. Those churches which are often very ready to invite the Episcopalians to join with them in the week of prayer should be no less ready to return the compliment and join with the Episcopalians in remembering Holy Week.

But aside from any spirit of comity in the matter, is not the custom in itself a most helpful one? Should those who have by this time heartily acquiesced in a fixed season for commemorating the birth of Jesus, be slow to join in a fixed time for remembering his death? It is a good custom in itself, and so one worthy to be used for the bringing together of God's people.

THE CHURCH UNION feels sure that it will be very helpful to those of its readers who happen to be Episcopalians to attend the services of other churches during the week of prayer, and that it will be equally helpful to those who are not Episcopalians to attend the services in the Episcopal churches during Holy Week. We commend such practices of union among Christian people.



Calvinism Without Reprobation.

DR. BURRELL has written an article in *The Observer*, maintaining that Calvinism has been holding its own all along the line; but, he says, it is Calvinism without Reprobation. We are persuaded that in this Dr. Burrell represents the mass of moderate Calvinists of to-day. But what is Calvinism without Reprobation? We will give the standard authority, the Westminster Confession: "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and fore-ordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished." This is perfectly plain; but what then is Calvinism without Reprobation? If, by election, you take a part from the whole, is there nothing left? What is water without its oxygen? What is air without its nitrogen? The same is Calvinism without its Reprobation. They are not water, nor air, nor Calvinism. Find us a whole that is not made of its component parts, and we will find you a Calvinism without its Reprobation. The men who hold their Calvinism without Reprobation, are sacrificing their consistency and reason to their sentiments. Yet they had better do this than hold fast to the old Calvinism. The thing is inevitable, for never again will the sober common-sense of Christian men believe or declare that, in the language again of the Confession; "The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to that unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth, for the glory of His sovereign power over His creatures, to pass by and to ordain them to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice." To the praise of *what*? His glorious justice? And is this justice? A vast mass of human souls condemned, according to the teaching of the Confession, to an eternity of torment, unchangeably and unalterably condemned by the eternal decree of God,

on the ground of His good pleasure. Is this justice? Do the army of good people who style themselves Calvinists mean this? Most surely not. They hold their Calvinism without Reprobation. They would rather be inconsistent than outrageous. And they are right.

This Calvinism, like all the other 'isms, has some grand ideas in it. But it will clearly have to be "closed for repairs." If the elect are elect for service, elect to minister to the non-elect, to be the first-born of many brethren, then the Calvinism becomes something very different. Dr. Briggs, in his article in the November issue of *THE CHURCH UNION*, suggested certain modifications of Calvinism, in connection with the middle state, which relieve the situation amazingly. But the strenuous advocates of Calvinism will not admit these or any other modifications. Then they need to be shown their entire inconsistency, with their Calvinism without Reprobation. They must be made to understand that the Christian people will not permit this "paltering in a double sense." A man must have an honest and self-consistent faith.

We think the Doctor is wrong in maintaining that Calvinism still holds its own, in the sense that all men mean when they speak of Calvinism, the Calvinism of the Confession of Faith. A Calvinism without Reprobation means an entirely reconstructed Calvinism. We must have that or the whole thing goes, and ought to; and we must be patient with one another's modifications. We think also that Calvinism is not to those who hold it, what it once was; it was the Faith, it is now one of the theories about certain lesser matters of the Faith. The Faith is now what it was at the beginning, what the Apostles' Creed declares it to have been; better yet, what the Lord Jesus declares it to be. Let us stand by that.



Francis E. Willard. As we go to press comes word of the death of Miss Frances E. Willard. It brings home to us, as few deaths have done, a sense of deep loss. Miss Willard was one of the most remarkable women of our time. Endowed with large gifts, she combined with them an unusual practical judgment in their use. With this also went a great devotion to all highest work. Such a combination as this seldom occurs, but whenever it is found, it means a large service to humanity.

Miss Willard stood in the front rank of those who see and do. So many can see if they could but do, and so many others could do if they could but see. This woman saw the world's needs, and was quick to meet them, to seize the very tool and give the very touch that was needed. As a teacher, she was an inspiration to every pupil; as a thinker, she saw straight and spoke clear, and her voice reached far; as a reformer, she was wise as well as zealous. And through all flashed a disinterested devotion which made hearts bow and wills bend before her. What she has done for temperance, no one else has been able to do. She saw the monster, worse than ancient Minotaur, that

desolates the nations, and while learned men, and even ministers were toying with it, or speaking soft words of it, this brave woman meant one thing, to slay it, and has done as much as any living soul to accomplish that coming death. She lived in the day when her own sex has made a progress in few years that is beyond the advance of many centuries; in it all she has moved at the very front.

In the particular line of work of *THE CHURCH UNION*, Miss Willard was one of our warmest helpers. Profoundly religious, she was without trace of sectarianism. We thought of her as a type of the coming race, who would have zeal without narrowness. Her whole soul went with the battle against the shibboleths. Her heart was too big to be confined by any ecclesiastical walls. A Methodist by training, she was far more a Christian than a Methodist, and she deeply desired the union of all good people, as the great souls do to-day. It is but a few days since she promised her valued help in the columns of *THE CHURCH UNION*, and now all that is passed. If we had known, how should we have desired one last word for the cause she loved so well. May others be raised up with at least some portion of her zeal and devotion for church union.

We have said that she was profoundly religious, yet was she free from all the common prejudices and superstitions that so often accompany the religious disposition. She welcomed, as few have done, the fresh light of these grand days. The modern thinking found a ready home in her breast. Her voice was one of the firmest and bravest to hail the new day and bid the dawn hasten. We will greatly miss her here.

Wise and good and brave, she has changed the moral aspect of the world as much as any soul upon it. As a result, few of all our time will have as many and as sincere mourners. The only sufficient consolation in such a loss is the greatness of her gain; for her to depart has been far better.



Primary Elections. A NATIONAL Conference for primary election reform was held in New York in January. It is evident that this is a reform strenuously demanded by all who have the welfare of their country at heart. And it looks as if it was in a fair way of being accomplished. A most encouraging feature of the time is that while we may have many evils, they are well ventilated. It is much harder than ever before for them to hide in secret and spread their foulness. This is true of our terrible political corruption; it is undoubted, but it is known. We do not sin in ignorance when we support corrupt politicians. This makes our sin worse, but we trust it will make it shorter.

The centre and source of this seething mass of corrupt politics is the primary. We have laid hold of corrupt voting with our Australian ballot, but the primary is yet generally untouched. Much good does it do us to be freely able to vote for bad candidates. Primary reform intends to give us good candidates. When it has done this the whole political horizon will clear.

The central thought, which commanded universal acceptance in the Conference was that primaries must be direct from the voters. A second suggestion was that the primaries and the registration should be combined. To make it as easy as possible for the voter, he votes for his candidate when he registers his vote. This is the method of the Kentucky law, which has worked so well.

The real source of danger was said to be indifference. Beware, too, of the man who does not want any religion in his politics; if he is a business man he will probably cheat you; if he is a politician, vote against him every time. The Christian who does not love his country, has to begin all over again. He has misunderstood Christianity, whose second precept is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." That includes politics. It is probable that the monstrous conduct of the bosses has hastened the coming of primary reform; if so, we owe them our thanks. It needed a cyclone to awake our people. Tammany makes a good cyclone. The boss has aroused disgust enough to save the state; may he make his exit in one universal hiss from San Francisco to Boston.



Catechisms. THERE have been a very large number of catechisms produced from all sorts of sources. A chief feature of many of them has been that they asked questions that no normal child ever would have asked, and gave answers that no normal child cared one straw, whether they were true or not. Some of them abounded in those abstruse theological conundrums, which have been the delight and despair of recluses more or less religious. But children! bless your heart, they never trouble about them. If we did not almost surgically inject them, no mortal child would come within gunshot of them.

There was a famous German metaphysician who received from a brother in the trade a most abstruse and incomprehensible treatise, which he frankly confessed he could make nothing of. "What did you do about it?" he was asked. "Oh, I gave him as good as I got; I sent him my treatise on the Trinity, and I defy him to make anything of it." So the dear children, if we stump them with our catechism, meet us with theirs, which is perennial and runs along all the ages, as when the little girl who was admiring her new hat, asked her mother whether God ever had a new hat. We fancy she had to wait for an answer. But seriously, this endless catechism of the children is a wonderful thing, and if we should watch it and ask our questions more in the line of it, we think our children get more religion, and more enjoyably.

We much doubt whether a council of divines could ever make a good catechism for little children. We should prefer one made by a council of mothers, assisted by a company of kindergartners. We think the children, also, would vote for that.

Our Plan. WE have been asked over and over again:

Have you a plan? What is your scheme for Church Union? We have no one fixed plan, which we advocate before all others. We believe in union; we believe that it is going to come. We believe that it should be the desire and the labor of all true-hearted Christians to hasten its coming. We believe further that when the desire in the hearts of God's people to come together becomes strong enough there will be a plan. We have not gotten the final plan yet, because we have not grown into the fervent desire as yet. When the young people fall in love, they usually manage to discover some practical way and method to get married; we imagine that when the churches fall genuinely in love with one another, with a very Christ-like devotion, they will find a way of binding themselves one unto another.

And yet we do believe that along certain lines there lies the largest promise of progress towards union in just these days. We think that federation is the most practical and possible present endeavor. The experience of the non-conformist churches of England in their federal union; the results of many smaller local federations in American communities bear witness that this is a perfectly possible step, if not the final one. It is a vast improvement on present arrangements. We welcome all other experiments, but we think that of all experiments so far tried, federation has born most fruit in the past, and has the promise of greatest fruitfulness in harmony for the immediate future.

We have presented in the columns of the CHURCH UNION many other proposals and shall continue to do so, but towards this open way of federation we find our personal efforts most naturally turning, and our personal hope and faith most ardently aspiring.



Alcohol and a Nation.

IN an investigation which has been undertaken by one Mr. Bateman, for the English board of trade concerning the consumption of alcoholic liquors in European countries, the ominous fact is brought out that in France the consumption of liquors, not of light wines, or beer, but of the heavier spirits, such as brandy, absinthe and whiskey, is for every Frenchman ten and a half little glasses a day. That is, as we understand it, ten and a half doses of three fingers' strength, as we Americans call it. It is said that the French departments are much exercised by this revelation. Ten and a half glasses of strong liquors a day is sufficient to produce rapid and permanent alcoholism in any man who indulges to that extent. If that is the amount of indulgence used on the average by Frenchmen, the necessary inference must be that the average Frenchman is a drunkard or on the way to be one very speedily.

We do not wonder that such a report greatly exercises the leaders of a nation. Whether its cause be the result of a universal use of light wines leading the people to demand something stronger as some think, or, as Mr. Bate-

man declares, a mental condition of pessimism, unbelief, and craving for excitement among the people, the results of such excessive and growing use of alcohol in its most violent and poisonous shapes are bound to be deplorable. Frenchmen have often laughed at the narrowness and provinciality of the abundant American teetotalism; it may well be asked of them whether they are pleased with the fruits of the universal drinking custom as manifested by this present condition. Indeed we can hardly be called hasty in our inferences if we connect the facts which are revealed by this report very closely with the spectacle of diminishing population in France, and deteriorating physical stature and strength among the French people as manifested by the reports of the physical examinations for admission to the French army. It is certainly possible, if the report of Mr. Bateman be accurate, that this people are being made few and small by strong drink.



Doctors Briggs and Smith and McGiffert.

DR. HAYDN has written to *The Evangelist* that the financial troubles of the Presbyterian church are to a degree owing to the action of General Assembly in the matter of the Professors. It cannot be questioned that there has been a great fall in the denominational thermometer since that action; indeed it could not be prevented. To have a man suspended from the ministry because of opinions which you hold yourself, cannot conduce to your enthusiasm. The liberal side of the Presbyterian church is sorely exercised over the discipline of the Professors. They have no smallest desire to discipline the other side. If the other side enjoy their beliefs, the liberal wing is perfectly content that they should. There has never been the least movement towards ecclesiastical trial on the part of the liberals. But they claim the same generous treatment from the conservatives, and when they meet instead with resentment and persecution, they naturally lose somewhat of their zeal for Presbyterianism as at present constituted. The financial pulse immediately feels the influence and beats very slow.

The conservatives are engaged in the impossible endeavor to make $\frac{1}{2} X = X$. No earthly arithmetic can ever accomplish that. George Eliot says that a certain class of people seem to think that twice two may be made five, if they only make sufficient fuss about it. The conservatives appear to be after this, but as always the attempt must fail. The finances of a church depend absolutely upon the zeal and interest of the whole church, not of a half or two-thirds of it. And just now the liberals feel considerable doubt how well they are represented by the present church. They certainly do not want to give money to carry the sentiments of Dr. Birch, for instance, round the world. As long as they so feel, collections must suffer.

Dr. Sawyer, in a letter to *The Outlook*, suggests that the Presbyteries of New York and Cincinnati pass resolutions of confidence in, and sympathy for, the men who have been condemned, as a first step in the right direction. If this

could be done, it would be a great relief. We might also suggest that other Presbyteries take the matter up, by way of most respectful overture to General Assembly, expressing their conviction that the time for reconciliation had arrived, that old animosities should be buried, and that the two divines should be restored to full standing in the church. We are confident that there are Presbyteries that would pass such an overture, if couched in becoming language, and by so doing give General Assembly an opportunity to hold out the olive branch. It would be like the historic branch of ancient days, that sweetened the bitter waters.

We are sorry to see that in some quarters there is a call for instituting proceedings against Dr. McGiffert. There surely ought to be some understanding what of the Confession of Faith is ground of action in a heresy trial, and what is not. If it is the whole thing, then trials will go on until there are only two men left in the Presbyterian church, one a liberal and the other a conservative, and these would proceed to cast each other out. Professor Seeley says that Poland divided and divided until there was no more Poland to divide, and then she stopped. Would the men who are attacking Prof. McGiffert cast Zwingli out of the church? They might try, but we do not think they would succeed; they might shut the door, only to find themselves out and Zwingli in, by the voice of the general Protestant church. But Dr. McGiffert does not depart from the Catholic or Lutheran or even Calvinistic opinion, more than did Zwingli. Let us have peace.



Revised Version. THERE are few things which show the weakness of extreme conservatism more than its persistent preference of the old to the revised version of the Scriptures. There can be but one opinion among those who are capable of judging as to the great superiority of the revised version. Those who really want to know their Bibles should not hesitate which of the two to use. The revised version is founded upon a far better basis of manuscripts and versions. It has had the benefit of a larger familiarity with the original Hebrew than the older men possessed. It has the advantage of all modern scholarship, with its vast additions to the stores of the ancients. It escapes many blunders of the older time; as for instance the "three that bear record in heaven" of John's epistle. The substitution of "eternal" for "everlasting" in reference to the punishment of the wicked gives the language of the original and relieves many hearts and consciences. But we cannot give all the superiority of the new version; it is a great advance along the whole line of Scriptural truth. It is mortifying that in spite of all this the mass of our people still cling to the old translation. It is one of the most striking evidences of *vis inertiae* and the power of the dead hand. But it cannot abide thus, always, and by mere force of its excellence the revised version will forge ahead at last. THE CHURCH UNION would like to add its testimony most earnestly in favor of the revised version.

Spelling Reform. HAVE you ever been thrown closely in contact with a lively ingenious youth who is just starting into the mysteries of English spelling? If so, you have seen stern wrestling with silent letters, c's and k's, ough's and all the rest. You will come to the conclusion that humanity in general pays a severe tax to the worthy gentlemen who insist that we must keep up the old way in order to preserve the traces of the origin of our words. It would appear only fair that a few men had better work a little harder to find out the derivation of words than that the whole nation should sweat and groan under the task of spelling. It is said that it takes a Chinaman as long to learn his alphabet as it does an American to get a finished education. This horrid spelling is in the same line. Either let us simplify our spelling or let us spell, hit or miss, like Shakespeare. There are enough loads on our poor humanity; what with the horrors of arithmetic, and grammar, and points of etiquette, and toothache and rheumatism, surely there might be a little let-up on spelling. What an immense relief all round the civilized world to spell laugh, laf. There would be more laughing and less crying, and that is worth trying for. We just hug ourselves to think what a happy world this will be when even the altogether unnecessary nuisances, that we have laboriously invented, are abated; just as wigs and tight-lacing have been. All hands up for spelling reform!



Universalism. WE certainly desire to include Universalists in our thought of the ultimate Church Union. We think that a modification of universalism is tolerated as Christian without anything but benefit to the Christian Church. Especially is this the case since recent developments have made it manifest that there is more of universalism in other churches, and more of the doctrine of retribution in Universalism than was the case not long ago. On the one side there is no doubt that the thought of a limited salvation in the plan of God is almost dead in the world. If the matter rested with the love of God, with the desire of God, or with the power of God, we feel sure that a great majority of almost every Church would gladly declare that all would be saved. It is because the intricate problem of free-will makes it intellectually and morally impossible for many to think of all men as to be saved even by divine power and love, that the Churches hold back from universalism.

On the other hand the Universalist has departed, as one of the leaders of that Church has recently declared, from the "death and glory" type. The idea that bad and good, the basest and the purest will all meet in exactly the same lot at death is in these days as foreign to Universalism as to the faith of any other church. They with us, and we with them, believe in a retribution for sin, which is as certain and as inevitable, and as righteous as the sure rewards of well-doing.

The distinctive question between the Universalists and

the Evangelical churches is one as to the nature, the character, and the endurance of the retribution for sin. On this question the Evangelical churches have never been at harmony among themselves. They are united in acknowledging the necessary retribution for sin, but divided concerning the nature of it. Theories of eternal punishment, of restoration, of conditional immortality, of future probation, of annihilation, are mingled in endless profusion throughout the theologies of the various Evangelical churches. It would be a confident man in these days who would say positively that one of these doctrines rather than another represents the true Evangelical faith.

Under such circumstances, it seems to us more than trivial to continue to class Universalists as unevangelical on the basis of this one doctrine.



An Out-of-Doors Religion. Too much of our religion is of the shut-in-the-house variety. It smells of close rooms, and not of the free air; it is cramped by four walls instead of being high as heaven, and broad as the earth. This it is which has at times made it seem, to the young especially, somewhat musty and unattractive.

We must not forget that God made the outdoors long before men made houses, and longer still before they built temples. We often think and speak of the light in great churches being religious because it is rather dim and uncertain; we ought rather to think that the clear light of the high noon-day is religious because it is bright and very sure. The freest, clearest, simplest, brightest things, these should first of all and most distinctly of all declare God unto us. Sentimentality makes much of artificial stimulants; the true sentiment walks with God in the most natural ways.

There are few things that our faith needs more than to have the fumes and the fogs swept out of it, which have been gathered over it all by the speculations of distorted and unnatural minds. Faith should come to be to us as clear as conscience is, and sure and simple as are the impulses of the warm and beating heart, as convincing as are the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. Men think of religion as an unusual experience, or a highly wrought state of feeling, or an intellectual grasp of an abstruse theological speculation, when they ought to think of religion as a happy childhood, a cheerful and self-controlled youth, a hearty, helpful, strong manhood, and an undismayed and beautiful old age. Not the shut-in things, which are narrowed by their very nature to a class here, and a clique there, but the widespread impulses which touch the lives of all men, in these is the true and the deepest religion.

One great misery and fault of sectarianism is that it shuts in religion to this and that or the other peculiar and exclusive way. The great glory of the kingdom of God is that it is human, widely and inclusively so; it is concerned with those matters which reach and move men everywhere.

Candles and altars and chanted services move some and have but little influence on others ; creeds and doctrines and metaphysical speculations deeply interest some and are a bore to others ; stirring feelings, mystical enthusiasms are real and powerful in their influence over some, but very unsatisfactory and illusive to others ; all these are of the artificial, the man-built faith ; but righteousness and peace and love, these speak to the hearts of all men. They are the power of the Spirit of God. They enter into the narrower places which men have fashioned, even those of which we have spoken, but they do not confine themselves to such narrower ways ; they dwell outside also, among all those in whose hearts they find a yielding to their power.

We like to see our churches full and growing, but beyond that we desire to have our eyes opened that we may see all those who worship in the temple not made with hands, and lift up their hearts, if not their voices, in holy service.



Duration of Punishment. THIS has been the theme of endless discussion. Surely the answer to the question is of the simplest ; punishment will continue as long as sin, and it will continue no longer ; though chastisement from the good hand of the heavenly Father will continue, and be both wise and welcome. This throws us back to the real question, How long will a sinner sin ? Who can answer that question for us ? The answer depends on the pride, the bitterness, the obstinacy of the sinner ; and who can measure that for another ?

Practically the question should be settled by every wise man for himself : " My punishment shall end, as far as my ability can accomplish it, at the very first possible moment." It is the madness of foolishness to continue wrong-doing with the idea of stopping in the future. It is but to roll up a heavier account, surely to be settled at last. The Bible word, " To-day," is the dictate of common-sense. We must have no more of sin. The call to immediate repentance is the kindest call that ever fell on human ears, combined as it is with the sure promise of forgiveness in the Gospel of Christ. If there is one truth which has commanded the conviction of men in all generations, it is the hand of punishment following the course of sin. If there is one duty which should control us at this moment, it is the duty of immediate repentance. When we have repented and humbly sought the mercy of God, the consequences of our wrong-doing may not cease at once, but our punishment does.



The City of God. THE City of God, where is it ? Is it not everywhere ? Are not the beautiful fields part of it, and the whispering woods ? Is it not on the great wide sea, and is not the sublime mountain a portion of it. It is where God is, and God is the One who is everywhere. Perhaps this is the reason

why we enjoy all these things so well, why they have such a sweet beauty, they are part of the golden street and pearly gate.

Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

Yes, for they are the inhabitants of the City, and they are here for it is here. More wonderful still, the crowded slum of a metropolis is a part of the City ; where the poor waif lies and dies, helpless and forgotten ; where the little children live like the unnoticed birds, and die, alas ! like sheep. The far-away wilderness where the savage builds his hut and seeks his prey is another part of this great City of God.

If it be so near, how do we enter it and when do we leave it ? There is one rule that governs this ; " There shall not by any means enter into it anything which defileth." When we do wrong we go out, whoever we are, wherever we are. We may be the stoled priest, the mitred Pope, but out we go, without, among the dogs. And when we bow the proud head in humility, and repent and confess, the pearly gate, " on golden hinges turning," opens again to us. Let us all put away the sin, let us bow the proud heart, let us hasten to enter into the beautiful City of God.



Two Educations. WE ought to go to school to more than one set of schoolmasters. There is the series of lessons from those who have taught the head ; there should be another course of instruction given to every life by those who teach the heart. He who has not learned from the heart-teachers has made as bad a mistake as he who neglected his lessons at the high school.

It is a miserable pity to grow up incapable, with a faulty or incomplete education in that task of life at which we must labor. It hampers us at every turn. But it is a pity too to grow up skilled in physical or mental instruction, and an ignoramus in all matters of the heart. The life is ill-equipped which knows how to work, and how to think, and how to play, but does not know how to feel, and how to pray and how to love. The heart schools of home and friendship and church and charity ought to be furnished with those who diligently seek therein the knowledge of deeper mysteries and clearer insights than those of science and philosophy.

A growing man will be one who is becoming able to think more clearly, to do more efficiently, and to speak more pointedly, but he will be one, too, who is ever becoming able to sympathize more deeply, to help more greatly, to give more generously, and to pray with and for men more fervently. A man whose business is growing, whose knowledge is growing, whose wealth is growing, but whose heart is not growing, he is like one who is all the time building himself a bigger house, and all the time getting to be a smaller man.

So should we train the children. Watch their growth of heart as surely and carefully as we do their growth of

bodily power and mental capacity. It is most woeful miscalculation to have them taught to multiply figures, and trace the course of rivers, and calculate the interest on dollars, and to comprehend the intricacies of the harmonic scale, and not to have them growing in perception and appreciation of affection and sympathy and helpfulness and reverence. The heart of the child will have far more to do with the making of its future happiness than will the head. For its own sake wake its powers to know the deeper things than hearing and seeing and explaining and gathering gain, and for the sake of the world which the children grow up to serve, a world which needs comforters even more than laborers, which needs those who shall inspire it far more than those who shall enrich it, for the sake of the child's labor in the world educate the heart.

In our homes, in our churches, in our schools, let it not be forgotten, two great fundamental educations are needed; not one—two, though they combine beautifully together in one; there is the education of the head, and the education of the heart.



IN BRIEF.

A FIST which will strike a solid blow sixteen miles out at sea; that is what the United States government has prepared for New York City in the new hundred-ton gun just cast at the Bethlehem Iron Works; this may be wise and necessary, but we prefer the friendly handshake with which, further out than that, the flash of the great statue of liberty greets all new comers.



AT the dinner given in his honor the other evening in Philadelphia, Dr. McVickar, the new Bishop-Coadjutor of Rhode Island, told this characteristic anecdote of the late Phillips Brooks: "I remember a few years ago I was traveling with one of the grandest bishops and one of the grandest men of the century. I was sauntering with him from church in Luzerne, in Switzerland, and he said something so boyish and fresh, just as he was ever wont to do. I stopped and looked at him, and said: 'Brooks, it seems so strange that you should be a bishop.' He looked at me with almost a startled expression, and he said: 'McVickar, it seems so strange to me that sometimes when I am putting on my clothes, I have to stop and laugh.' It was just the freshness of that man which always kept him young, and which I am sure you will understand as I give it, for I venture to say there has never been such a bishop in our or any other church."



MANY of our readers have received notice from a far-away post office that there is a letter for them there with insufficient postage, and that if they will send stamps the letter will be forwarded to them. This appears to be an insane law. No one objects to paying deficiency of postage for a letter when it is handed to him from the office. But here is a letter, perhaps with most important intelligence, which is delayed at San Francisco till another letter goes across the continent and asks for a stamp to be sent. It is grotesquely ridiculous. We advise our readers never to forward the stamp without sending a protest with it.

DR. FAUNCE, in a sermon lately preached, used this good analogy as to Sunday observance: "There is in this city—in which the first question which is usually asked is, Will it pay?—a remarkable reservation for the happiness of our fellow-creatures. The reservation is called Central Park. What a disadvantage it has proved to a few of us who have wanted to pass from the one side of the city to the other at times! Then, again, what a fine place it would be for residences and business blocks! But I know of no way in which a man could make himself unpopular so quickly as merely to hint at an encroachment of business enterprise upon that spot, so highly prized by rich and poor alike. Now, Sunday is a reservation in time corresponding to the reservation of space I have alluded to. That park blesses merely a few in this city. Sunday blesses the whole world. It is our most precious inheritance. The Sabbath was made for you. God needs no Sabbath."



REV. C. L. DODGSON, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," wrote these beautiful words: "God does not mean us to divide life into two halves—to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out of place to even so much as mention Him on a week-day. Do you think He cares to see only kneeling figures, and to hear only tones of prayer, and that He does not also love to see the lambs leaping in the sunlight, and to hear the merry voices of the children as they roll among the hay? Surely their innocent laughter is as sweet in his ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from the 'dim religious light' of some solemn cathedral. And if I have written anything to add to those stories of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame and sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled) when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows."



MRS. BROWNING gives this utterance as to her faith: "I should throw up revelation altogether if I ceased to recognize Christ as divine. Sectarianism I do not like, even in the form of State Church, and the Athanasian way of stating opinions, between a scholastic paradox, and a curse, is particularly distasteful to me. But I hold to Christ's invisible Church as referred to in the Scripture, and to the Saviour's humanity and divinity as they seem to me conspicuous in Scripture."



WHEN Hall Caine was a boy he lighted on a book with the story of the Reformation. He was greatly interested, and one night so far forgot himself as to light a candle to read. He was caught by one of his aunts, as she came home from the milking. She was very angry, crying, "What's to do? Candles? Wasting candles on reading, on mere reading!" He was beaten and sent to bed, full of indignation.



THE Lord Jesus was crucified between two thieves, and one of them was good and one of them was bad. So his cause has been crucified ever since between the bad folks who want to do all manner of evil, and the good, who won't have good done in any other way than theirs.

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SOCIAL PARASITES.

AMORY H. BRADFORD, D.D.

PARASITISM in nature is one of the largest and most important subjects with which scientists have to deal. Through all gradations of being, from the lowest form of vegetable up through insect and animal to man, runs this remorseless reality. A parasite is one form of life which lives at the expense of another. The characteristic of parasitism is that the weak prey upon the strong, rather than the strong upon the weak. When it comes to man, this principle only apparently fails, since those willing to exist without effort can hardly be called either the strongest or the best. Such growths as vines cling to trees, and slowly sucking the vital forces out of them, show parasitism of one kind. The infinitesimal creatures which live on plants and animals afford another illustration. Most human disease is caused by microbes which are taken into the system by means of what we eat and drink, and these microbes feeding on our vitals create abnormal conditions. Parasitism is one of the most terrible and universal problems which the student of nature faces. What is its meaning? Why is it permitted? What use do parasites serve? Why might they not have been omitted in the creation? When we rise higher and consider the same fact as it is manifested in corporate human life we are still more perplexed, for there is a new factor in the problem—parasites in society are usually such from intelligent choice. So far as we know in other orders of being they act without volition. A cholera germ is not responsible for the evil which it works; but if a man lives at the expense of the best interests of his brother, he does so voluntarily and is responsible for what he does.

By social parasites we mean those intelligent and free beings who add nothing to the common wealth and welfare, who seek their own gain and pleasure, who get what they can and do as little as possible. They are found among all sorts and conditions of men. Society, it has been truly said, is a moral person. We think of an individual as an organism with many members; we must also think of society as an organism with many members. The crea-

tures which prey upon this social organism and work its ruin we are now studying. Social parasites have volition, and choose to be what they are; therefore they are infinitely more dangerous than those in the lower orders of life. Let us consider some of the growths which imperil society.

Those who will not work. All who live ought to contribute toward the sum total of the conditions which make existence endurable and enjoyable. There is no place in the human hive for drones. Every one adds or detracts from the sum of the world's well-being. Those who detract are parasites. At opposite extremes in this class are the poor idlers whom we call beggars, and the rich idlers who, for lack of a descriptive name, we will simply call "gentlemen of leisure." The tramp who begs from house to house, refusing to work, is a near relative to those who, having vast wealth, use it only for themselves, never allowing it to make the world better or to contribute to the happiness of others. The tramp problem is large and increasingly difficult. Many causes operate to make tramps. Some are born with a tendency to a Bohemian life; they have nothing, do nothing, and get but little more than enough to exist. They are physically weak. The physical and moral traits of one generation are transmitted to another; and tramps are largely the children of tramps. The tendency to this disease is inherited, as the tendency to other diseases. This class not only lives at the expense of the public, but it is constantly multiplying its own kind, and helping to make conditions which tend to degrade others. Such creatures exercise a malign attraction on many who would otherwise be healthy and vigorous members of the social body. The problem of pauperism, which is really one form of parasitism, is by no means solved. What shall be done with the pauper? He must be treated in some way which will not confirm his evil or increase his number. It is easy to denounce tramps and beggars, and to pass municipal and state enactments against them, but what shall we say of that other class who are equally the enemies of society? When a man has earned his wealth he is entitled to enjoy it, for none become rich in an honorable way without at the same time doing much for others. But there is a rapidly-increasing number in this country, like those in the older nations, who are living on their ancestors and who recognize responsibility to no one. They forget that they owe much of what they have inherited to society. The members of a wealthy family have profited by the increase of the metropolis; they hold property which has been made valuable not by anything they have done, but by the growth of the city around their land. They are fabulously rich, made so neither by the prudence nor foresight of their ancestors, but solely by nature and society. If, now, they were to say, "We own this; it has been given to us by those who earned it," they would be wrong. Society has made it valuable, and society has rights in it. Society will not complain so long as they recognize that they are trustees, but the moment they presume to absolute possession it utters its protest. Those who, like the lilies, "toil not, neither do they spin," whose life is spent in pleasure-seeking, who neither spend for the sake of the world, and denounce as an intrusion the suggestion that the world should be considered, are parasites. I denounce as utterly false the doctrine that any man has a natural right to spend that which he holds as if it were entirely his own. Multitudes seem to have no object in life except to travel from one fashionable resort to another, to keep yachts and race horses, to attend receptions and theatres. Lady Henry Somerset tells of women who ride in Hyde Park daintily wiping their delicate faces with fifteen-dollar handkerchiefs, and I cannot help asking, "How much more are they doing to make

the world richer or better than the beggar who goes from house to house, getting barely enough to keep his poor old body from hunger and cold?" The one gets a living by begging; the other, by using that which she has never earned and for which she makes no adequate compensation. The class of social parasites is large; it is composed of those at the two extremes of the social scale who do nothing for the public welfare and who live to get and not to give. It is difficult to characterize such persons. The term parasite is too mild. Parasitism among human beings is usually criminal, because it is voluntary. I go farther, and say that since those at the upper end of the scale have the ability to improve the human condition and do not use that ability they are more dangerous evil-doers than tramps. He who spends \$100,000, which society earned for his great-grandfather, in pictures for himself which he allows few except his own family to enjoy; and she who, without one thought of the hunger which compels her sister to starve or sin, daintily uses her "fifteen-dollar handkerchief," are no more virtuous than the poor creatures who, driven to desperation by suffering, take that which they have never earned, and for which they are promptly punished as thieves. The wrong is not in the possession of property, but in the way in which it is used.

Another class of social parasites add to the wealth of the community at the same time that they are working injury and loss. They are not idlers, often they are hard workers; but they are selfish, and the most pitiful examples of the parasitic influence because they show intelligence, and sometimes culture, consecrated to pernicious ends. A gambler may spend more effort in trying to diminish his chances of losing than a philanthropist spends in trying to alleviate the sufferings of a community, and yet the one is a parasite and the other a blessing. What shall be said of a man who knows that he gains his wealth by the impoverishment of the community, and that he is enriching himself by degrading his fellowmen, and who not only deliberately continues his business but seeks every opportunity for its enlargement? No form of parasitism is more inexplicable or terrible than is seen in men building houses, buying horses, filling their coffers, growing opulent, out of money which belongs to the poor; cementing their houses with human blood, and rising in the world by trampling on broken hearts.

Another class of social parasites is composed of those who, without engaging in things evil in themselves, act from motives purely selfish and exalt or enrich themselves at the expense of the municipality or the state. No denunciation is too severe for that man who sees thousands of persons out of work and is willing that they should remain unemployed if he can get some law passed which will set the wheels of his factory in motion and send the dollars in a golden flood into his treasury. Or for him who, from the time he appears on the stage of political activity until retributive justice brings him down, plans first and foremost and all the time for personal aggrandizement. He seeks not what is best for the state, but what will put him a round higher on the political ladder. He buys votes and offers bribes as if bribery were as virtuous as integrity.

Parasites are sometimes organized into a society which attaches itself to the political body and remorselessly sucks its life-blood. The political parasite is the peril of democracy. In this country we have thrown off the rule of the autocrat, and the reign of the democrat has begun. If democracy can be kept pure, intelligent, honest, incorruptible, the outlook for man will be bright. The voice of the people, when the people are pure and good, is the voice of God; but when bad men rule, when incompetence gets possession of power, when selfishness subordinates

public welfare to personal greed, the social fabric trembles to its fall. The chief peril of democracy is not from the mob, or even from honest ignorance, but from the social parasite.

These are some of the forms of parasitism which threaten society and the state. Hundreds of thousands of tramps without consciousness of responsibility move from city to city and from house to house. The bottom of humanity is degraded, and yet neither more degraded nor more criminal than the top, where those with abundance which they never earned lavishly spend it on themselves as if the world were indebted to them and they were without responsibilities. They forget that all men are brethren, and that society can advance only as all co-operate. Gamblers and liquor dealers not only flourish but actually receive recognition from the state. Other parasites masquerade in the garments of patriotism, and forcing themselves into municipal, state and national government, use its varied machinery for ambitious ends.

But no good will result from the simple enumeration of social parasitism. The most important question is, what shall be done with the parasite? Shall it be endured? Shall conditions be made to favor its growth? or shall such conditions be sought as will work healthful and therefore improving transformation? The soil which breeds vermin is always foul; they grow out of filth, and their tendency is persistently toward death. In society that which tends to multiply them must be removed, or the human mass will be made corrupt and the breeder of corruption. The full treatment of this subject requires more time and space than is at my disposal. I therefore condense what I would say on this point into a few propositions.

I. Whatever is done, it should never be forgotten that those whom we call parasites are not only men but brethren. The question is, Shall society be improved at their expense? or shall it purify, ennoble, and make them fit to be absorbed into the body politic? A heathen society may adopt the former course; may argue that it has but one duty, and that to protect itself; that if men will not work they not only shall not eat but shall be destroyed. But a Christian society must be governed by the teachings of Christ. Christians recognize that even parasites have claims upon them in proportion to their weakness and foulness. My proposition, then, I state as follows: In our treatment of the social parasite we must always remember that he is a man for whom Christ died and is embraced equally with ourselves in the Divine love and purpose of redemption.

II. Society should make it impossible for anyone to live as parasites. The tramp and the beggar should never be encouraged to ply their degrading business. There should be no idlers in this world. A man may not be called upon to work for a living, but he is obligated to use his wealth for the good of the community; and those who have nothing may at least make the world richer by their labor and example of industry and frugality. The deserving poor may properly expect help, since the right to life, and therefore to a living, is a natural right; but none should be encouraged to expect anything if they are not willing according to ability to help themselves. What the poor most need is inspiration, the consciousness of an outlook, an opportunity to do something, to have ambition stimulated, not to be fed by the doles of those who find it easiest to give. The parasite at the other end of the social scale—the rich idler, who does nothing but spend what society, even more than his ancestors, has earned for him, should be made to feel that he who is willing to live in idleness is not even a gentleman. Beyond certain limits it should be made impossible for a man to bequeath

his property without regard to the state which had helped in its accumulation. We make our children parasites by leaving them more than they need, thus encouraging them to be idlers rather than producers.

But what of liquor dealers and gamblers, and those engaged in still more disreputable occupations? The time will come when they will be made to feel that they are guilty of crimes against humanity, and when even if the state legalizes their business they will be ostracised from the society of the good and true. But it should not be forgotten that even those who are so forgetful of their possibilities are our brethren and fellow-heirs of the love of God.

What shall be done with social parasites? The answer is simple. Idlers, both rich and poor, should be compelled to go to work, and kept at work according to their ability. Laws should be enacted which would make it impossible for any one to be an idler all his days. Business which ruins manhood should be considered a disgrace and a crime, and those who will not turn away from such things should be treated as vampires, sucking the blood from the social order.

One more thought. The parasite should be saved from parasitism. None are harder to reach than those who have lost aspiration or who are satisfied with indolence. We have been too willing to deal with these subjects at arm's length. We should go into the life of the poor and find out the causes which stimulate the growth of pauperism; and we should tell the truth to such of the rich as contribute nothing to the social well-being, and no longer flatter them with lies. Laws against saloons and gambling are useful, but what is even more needed is men with the spirit of Christ who will not antagonize, but, by loving, seek to save those engaged in forms of traffic which lead to death. We want no more crusades like those which two decades ago swept over our Western states, when women, with the best motives, knelt in saloons and prayed to saloon-keepers by way of Almighty God; but we do want men and women who shall use loving hearts in kindly ministries, and thus make evil-doers who are fitted for better things realize what they are losing.

The only way to cure the social parasite is to love him out of existence. The only cure for human ills is love. That in its very nature is redemptive and transforming. Parasitism is an awful and well-nigh universal reality. It is most hateful when seen in human society. No man can be a parasite who has within him the spirit of Christ; any man may be a parasite without that. Therefore the cure for social parasitism is essential Christianity—which is love.

Montclair, N. J.



THE COLLAPSE OF THE PLAN OF UNION OF 1801.

WILLIAM SALTER, D.D.

THE success of the American Revolution and the establishment of the Constitution "in order to form a more perfect union" naturally tended to engender a fraternal spirit among the Christian people of the United States. They began to adjust themselves to the new circumstances. An enlargement of religious liberty followed in the wake of civil liberty. As soon as the least misgiving was felt upon the subject an amendment was made to the Constitution, that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." The superiority which under the

Colonial period the "standing order" (Congregational in New England, Episcopal in Virginia) had enjoyed, passed away, and all denominations came upon an equal footing.

As the Episcopal Church in the Colonies belonged to the "Church of England," an impression prevailed that it could not continue in the new nation, which had cast off the authority and rule of England. In these circumstances, the year before the close of the war, the Rev. William White, afterwards bishop, published a "celebrated pamphlet, devising an Episcopal Church with Episcopacy left out." He advanced broad and latitudinarian views in the interest of harmony and Christian unity," without criminating," he said, "the ministry of other churches, as is the course taken by the Church of England." At that period the Lutherans and Episcopalians in Pennsylvania acted in a friendly way with each other, as did the Episcopal and the Dutch churches in the city of New York. Patriotic feeling got the better of ecclesiastical differences. The Book of Common Prayer, 1789, noticed the miscarriage of "the great and good work" of change and alteration in the church service, attempted a century earlier in England upon the accession of William and Mary, and spoke in a candid way of the changes that were made in the new book, and also made kindly allusion to "the different religious denominations of Christians in these states."

In the Colonial period Congregational and Presbyterian people were neighborly and friendly with each other. In 1758 Jonathan Edwards was called from Massachusetts to be president of the College of New Jersey at Princeton. From 1766 to the outbreak of the Revolution, a general convention of Congregational, Con-sociated and Presbyterian churches was held annually. Its object was "to gain information of this united cause and interest, to unite our endeavors and counsels for spreading the Gospel and preserving the religious liberties of our churches, to diffuse harmony, etc." After the war, as people from these churches entered the wilderness, and planted their homes side by side, their co-operation in the support of religious institutions was seen to be desirable and necessary. In the same spirit Union College in New York was founded, which took its name from the co-operation of several religious denominations in its organization. That college was meant to stand, as Bishop Potter said at its centennial, 1895, "for a larger and more comprehensive spirit, a wider-minded and reverent faith, and the fundamental virtues."

Before the close of the eighteenth century, efforts and plans were made to promote a union of Congregational and Presbyterian people in the new settlements. In the last year of that century the younger Jonathan Edwards president of Union College, reported in the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church a plan of union, consisting of four regulations:

1. Enjoining on missionaries to promote mutual forbearance and a spirit of accommodation between those who hold the Presbyterian and those who hold the Congregational form of church government.
2. Providing for a Congregational church with a Presbyterian minister.
3. Providing for a Presbyterian church with a Congregational minister.
4. Providing for a congregation consisting of both Presbyterian and Congregational people, that they should have a standing committee with authority to call to account any member who shall conduct himself inconsistently with the laws of Christianity, with liberty if a Presbyterian to appeal to presbytery, synod, and general

assembly, or if a Congregationalist to the body of male communicants of the church, and to a mutual council; also providing that a member of the standing committee should have the same right to sit and act in presbytery as a ruling elder.

This plan was proposed by the Presbyterian General Assembly to the General Association of Connecticut and was unanimously approved by both bodies in 1801. It was the harbinger of the national benevolent societies which were soon afterwards organized as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Bible Society, the American Education Society, the American Home Missionary Society, the American Tract Society, and the American Sunday-school Union, in which societies ecclesiastical differences were merged in the interest of a common Christianity. Denominational names were dropped in favor of the larger-mindedness which the name "American" implied.

The plan of union continued in force for thirty-six years, and a great work was accomplished under it in establishing churches and educational institutions in different parts of the country, especially in the vast region from Western New York to the Mississippi River. The mention of a few well-known names will illustrate its work and influence. Under the plan of union, or in harmony with its principles, Lyman Beecher came to Ohio, Henry Ward Beecher came to Indiana, and Edward Beecher, Julian M. Sturtevant, and Asa Turner, afterwards the patriarch of the Congregational churches of Iowa, came to Illinois.

At length, however, the spirit of accommodation and harmony was overborne by personal differences as to who should have the pre-eminence in seats of authority and honor, by theological differences, by political differences relating to slavery, and by ecclesiastical differences as to missionary and benevolent societies, whether they should be conducted upon the voluntary principle or be under ecclesiastical control, until the plan of union was abrogated by a small majority in the Presbyterian General Assembly of 1837, and several hundred churches and ministers which had been attached to that body were thrown out of its connection. A division of the Church followed, and continued for thirty years, during which period there were two bodies, each bearing the same name and claiming the same authority, until the removal by death of the leaders in the strife, the subsidence of theological controversies, and more especially the changes of feeling which the civil war brought about in the country, including a secession of all the churches in the Confederate States, led to a reunion of the Old School and the New School in the northern states in 1869.

Meanwhile a General Congregational Convention met at Albany, N. Y., October, 1852, and recognized the repudiation of the plan of union by the Old School General Assembly, and also recognized its acknowledgment as still in force by the New School General Assembly, but in view of the ambiguous state of things advised that it was inexpedient for new Congregational churches to become connected with presbyteries, that Congregationalists and Presbyterians should exercise toward each other the spirit of love which the Gospel requires, should accord to each other the right of pre-occupancy where but one church can be maintained, that in the formation of such a church, its ecclesiastical character should be determined by a majority of its members, and that Congregational churches then connected with presbyteries should maintain the principles guaranteed them by their union.

In 1869 the New School finally concurred with the Old

School in a definitive determination of the plan of union, and the reunited General Assembly ordered the last vestige of the plan to be swept away by the year 1874. The order was euphemistic, but decisive, as follows:

"Imperfectly organized churches are counselled and expected to become thoroughly Presbyterian as early within the period of five years as may be permitted by the highest interests to be consulted; and no other such churches shall hereafter be received."

Of this history there was probably no more profound and philosophical observer than the late President Sturtevant, of Illinois College. His experience under it, as narrated in his instructive and sparkling autobiography, taught him a distrust of ecclesiastical authority in general, and led him to appreciate the ancient order of the New England churches for its divine simplicity, clothed with no power but that of light and love, as the solvent of sects, making Christian character the condition of fellowship, wickedness the only heresy, uniting men in the Gospel, and putting no other yoke upon their necks. And he uttered the prophetic warning that "Unless Congregationalism adheres to its great function as God's instrumentality for breaking the bands of sect and fusing the whole Christian brotherhood into that spiritual kingdom which the Son of Man came to establish, it will ultimately be absorbed into bodies bound together by unscriptural bands of ecclesiastical authority."

Burlington, Iowa.



IAN MACLAREN ON HENRY DRUMMOND.

WHEN one saw the unique and priceless work which he did, it was inexplicable and very provoking that the religious world should have cast out this man, of all others, and have lifted up its voice against him. Had religion so many men of beautiful and winning life, so many thinkers of wide range and genuine culture, so many speakers who can move young men by hundreds toward the kingdom of God, that she could afford or have the heart to withdraw her confidence from Drummond? Was there ever such madness and irony before heaven as good people lifting up their testimony and writing articles against this most gracious disciple of the Master, because they did not agree with him about certain things he said, or some theory he did not teach, while the world lay around them in unbelief and selfishness, in sorrow and pain? "What can be done," an eminent evangelist once did me the honor to ask, "to heal the breach between the religious world and Drummond?" And I dared to reply that in my poor judgment the first step ought to be for the religious world to repent of its sins and make amends to Drummond for its bitterness. Then growing bold, I ventured to ask why the good man had not summoned Drummond to his side as he was working in a university town, and knew better than any other person that he could not find anywhere, an assistant so acceptable or skilful. He agreed to that, but declared at once that if Drummond came, his present staff would leave, and that two men could not do all the work, which seemed reasonable. Nothing more remained to be said and I rose to leave. Never did my friend say one unkind word of the world which condemned him, but it may be allowed to another to say, that if any one wishes to indict the professional religionists of our time for bigotry and stupidity, painful and unanswerable proof lies ready to his hand, in the fact that the finest evangelist of the day was treated as a Samaritan.

Dr. Watson adds this beautiful tribute to his friend: "One takes for granted that each man has his besetting

sin, but Drummond was an exception to this rule. After a lifetime's intimacy I do not remember my friend's failing. Without pride, without selfishness, without vanity, moved only by good will and spiritual ambitions, responsive ever to the touch of God and every noble impulse, faithful, fearless, magnanimous, Henry Drummond was the most perfect Christian I have ever known or expect to see this side the grave."—*The Ideal Life*.



REMARKABLE UTTERANCES ON RELIGIOUS UNION.

THE New York *Journal* prints certain wonderfully interesting sentiments from religious leaders, upon Union. These are a good deal more than a straw to show which way the wind blows. It is simply astounding the drift of thought and feeling towards Union. We begin to fear lest THE CHURCH UNION may be left behind in the race. The question seems to be, who will be first in accomplishing the great work. Well, it is a pleasant rivalry, and THE CHURCH UNION will not begrudge the honors that any other may gain. We are only wondering what next astounding thing will be reported in the direction of religious Union.

RABBI GUSTAVE GOTTHEIL EXPLAINS HIS THEORY OF THE
"NEW RELIGIOUS ERA."

The central thought which I attempted to convey in my sermon was the closer union of all the various creeds. I did not, as many people seem to think, argue for a new religion, or for all the creeds to amalgamate, but I wanted to show how much more helpful to each other we might be, what better results we could all attain, if our relations were less restrained, if there were more united effort on the part of all.

It seems to me that the trouble is that we pay too much attention to little things and neglect the big things, the real end for which we all strive. Moody in his revivals seeks to reach all classes of people, and I believe he is honest and sincere in his efforts. Because he differs in his methods should we refuse to encourage or help him, or in a petty spirit decry his ways? I say no, but yet the spirit of the past has been to do just that very thing. The Paulists are giving what they call a mission, and no doubt they bring many within the fold of Christ. Are their efforts to reclaim the wayward unworthy of encouragement or sympathy because we disagree in matters of faith?

Now, the thought that suggested itself to me was some sort of a unification of all these conflicting efforts—a getting in closer contact with our differing brethren. I do not advocate the giving up of any dogma of faith by any of the creeds, but I do say we should devote less attention to the unimportant and preach more of the brotherhood and fellowship of man.

We waste much valuable ammunition in trying to convince those who differ with us that they are wrong, and that we alone preach the true word. This kind of preaching drives away many who might otherwise be brought in contact with us in our religious efforts.

Why should we not find some common ground on which we all could agree to work without surrendering anything vital in the faith we cling to? Is there any reason why ministers should spend their time in trying to convince people that some other minister is not preaching sound or true doctrines? Do we not miss many an opportunity of bringing home some fundamental truth to some man or woman eager to hear and receive it by continuing this old-time method? It seems to me that we do.

Now I advocate nothing radical or nothing unusual. I merely ask why in the religious world we cannot do just as we do in the business world. There we see men of all faiths and creeds working side by side in brotherly friendship, each trying to help the other, but when it comes to religion we have a new theory, and we begin to fight and argue about the petty rather than the important.

I propose to give a series of sermons on this "New Religious Era," which I think is bound to come. In these discourses I will elaborate what I have said and explain how I think this unity, or this working together, can be accomplished in a way that will be helpful to the Catholic, the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, the Jew and every other religious sect. I will also show that with this more helpful spirit better results can be accomplished, and greater work in the uplifting of the masses will be the outcome.

I notice that there is more fellowship among us now than formerly, and wherever this spirit is manifest we see better results in our efforts to reach the people.

FATHER DESHON, HEAD OF THE PAULISTS, GRANT'S CLASSMATE AT WEST POINT, GIVES HIS VIEWS.

There is growing tendency for a better feeling among all existing creeds. To-day there is less vituperation, less denunciation, less ridicule of the Catholic church. As we become better known, as our teachings become better understood, the barriers of opposition are fast swept away.

During the past few weeks we have been giving a mission in our church, and it has afforded emphatic evidence of the Christian sentiment which prevails among our people. We try to reach not only the Catholic, but the non-Catholic. Catholic and non-Catholic are neighbors, and right here we try to exemplify the spirit of unity by bringing them within our influence. It has been a glorious outpouring of the true Christian spirit. It is hard to say just how many we have reached who formerly were outside the Church, but that the list is a large and growing one we are assured.

Broadness and liberality mark our work. This little prayer, recited daily during the mission, will show how we reach out in brotherly love for all:

Send down Thy Holy Spirit into the hearts of all—that the good ones amongst us may become better, that the sinners may be converted, and that the careless and indifferent may be enlightened, and that there will be a complete and thorough outpouring of the Holy Spirit amongst us all.

SAYS DR. VAN DE WATER: CLOSER UNION THE WATCHWORD.

I agree with Rabbi Gottheil when he argues for a closer union—a more helpful spirit among all the creeds—but it seems to me that one religion is a beautiful dream, an entrancing vision. There is on every hand striking evidence that all the Christian bodies are getting more closely in touch with each other, and that where essential principles are not at stake we are all willing to work together in the common cause of Christ.

In works of charity we see that nearly all denominations make it a common cause, and on many occasions we see the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian working hand in hand. Not only in charity, but in other fields of Christian effort we find this unifying force breaking down old prejudices, sweeping away barriers that had hitherto kept us apart, and erecting in their stead a strong bond of fellowship among us.

Why should there not be closer union among all the creeds? We all have at heart the same purpose, although each may have a different belief. Therefore when essen-

tial principles are not involved why should we refuse each other the encouraging hand of good fellowship? It is a remarkable evidence of the evolution of religious tendencies when a rabbi will have the courage to get up in his pulpit and advocate a unification of all the creeds or a closer union among them in Christian work. It is surprising to have this come from such a quarter, but it is only a straw in the general trend of religious thought.

I welcome any movement which will bring us together in closer bonds of friendship and make us loyal brothers in Christ's work. It will perhaps be a long time before our dreams are fully realized, but when they receive an impetus from so influential and unexpected a source as a Jewish rabbi it shows that our hopes are based upon solid and enduring foundations.

I, however, do not agree with Mr. Gottheil when he says that the present religions do not reach the great majority of the civilized humanity. I think this is a very broad assertion, and one which impartial investigation will not sustain. When the rabbi says "At the bottom do we not all strive for the same ultimate end, whether that be the great honor of God or the more assured and extensive welfare of man?" he strikes the keynote where agreement is possible for all.

All imbued with Christ's spirit, all working for the common good of humanity, let us hail with joy and satisfaction every effort which seeks to bring the creeds in closer union, in more Christian fellowship.

CLOSER UNION, MORE BROTHERLY LOVE AMONG ALL THE CREEDS, SAYS THE CONGREGATIONALIST.

Dr. Gottheil's able appeal for a unification of all the creeds is a striking evidence of the evolution of religious thought now going on around us. Coming from such a source, it is deserving of the greatest consideration, for it indeed emphatically points to a "new era in religion."

I surely believe that the signs of the time point to the fulfilment of Christ's prayer when he uttered these memorable words:

"Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in me through their word. That they all may be one, as thou, Father art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us."

Look at the "Federation of Religion," a society composed of every religious denomination. It is doing a great and noble work for humanity, and it is working along the lines suggested by Rabbi Gottheil. Its mission is to bring the word of God to all sects and classes. It is in no sense denominational. It works among all the creeds, and although little is heard of it, it is doing a wonderful work in the uplifting of all classes.

Let us imitate the Lord in our Christian efforts. Let the spirit of peace and good fellowship prevail among all the sects, and let us all unite, without losing our individuality, in Christ's battle against sin and error. Let us not waste our time and strength in battling for non-essentials, but let us all try to find some common ground where we can fight the battle for Christ.

It seems to me that the signs of the time point to a radical change in the relations of all the creeds. The demand is for a closer union, less attention to the non-essentials, and more united action in the great work of bringing the masses in closer union with Christ. We can accomplish much more when we work in brotherly spirit than when we quibble about the unimportant and forget the all-important motive of our efforts. Happily a new era is upon us, when all creeds shall work in brotherly love, and the federation of Christian effort so earnestly desired by all shall become more than a dream—a living reality.

UNIFICATION, AS REV. DR. BRIDGMAN, OF HOLY TRINITY, WOULD LIKE TO SEE IT.

While I do not look for a Christian millennium—the time when there shall be one religion only—I will join in saying a word of encouragement for the principle enunciated by my esteemed friend and co-worker, Rabbi Gottheil. I am glad to see that he, too—one of the greatest expounders of Judaism in this country—is not unappreciative of the remarkable development in Christian thought during the past few years.

A unification of all creeds? I do not exactly look for that, nor, if I rightly interpret the remarks of the Rabbi, is that what he argues for. He wants what we all wish—closer union, more brotherly feeling among those who are empowered to preach the Gospel. We want more of the spirit of Christ, and less of the spirit of intolerance; we want a broader interpretation of non-essentials, while we stand firm when essentials are at issue.

Perhaps Bishop Potter himself exemplified the new spirit at a recent banquet when he said that we should all know each other better. He meant that the different creeds, each working for the salvation of men, should show more brotherly love and sympathy, and unwillingness to fight each other unless some grave dogma of faith was at stake. That is the spirit which he imbues all his ministers with, and that is the spirit which we see manifesting itself on every hand.

I believe in the federation, not the unification, of the creeds. We see the inestimable good accomplished in the field of charity and missionary effort when we all work together. If there were not unity in this respect, could we do the same amount of good? I do not think so. Why then can we not put the same principle to work in other departments of our ministerial duties?

It seems to me that with our different rituals, our different faiths, there is no reason why brotherly love and charity should not have a unifying influence on everything except the fundamental principles of our beliefs. Take, for instance, the efforts of Mr. Moody. He has a very strong personality, and I have no doubt in his peculiar way does a great deal of good.

Now, I honor any effort—not grotesque, nor irreverent—which stirs the minds of men and sets them to thinking. Because Mr. Moody does not accept our methods for reaching the hearts of the people, there is no reason why we should refuse to give him credit for what good he may accomplish. His methods may not be ours, but the same spirit actuates all who honestly strive to bring men to a clearer conception of God and their duties to their fellow-men.

I believe that in ordinary church work, in our missionary duties, we ought to get closer together; there should be more willingness to realize that we all seek the same purpose. We should honor and respect all honest reverent attempts to uplift the masses, and to imbue them with the spirit of Christ. Let us show a willingness to concede all that is good in other beliefs, and reject only that which is bad.

The best evidence that conditions are changing, and that men are more tolerant with each other's religious beliefs, are the actions and utterances of such men as Rabbi Gottheil. A few years ago people would stand aghast at such an appeal from so distinguished an exponent of Judaism, but to-day they consider only the natural evolution of the religious trend of the time. This augurs well for the "new era" so eloquently portrayed in the Rabbi's remarks.

Every unprejudiced minister is daily realizing that this religious federation, this spirit of helpfulness to each other,

is absolutely necessary. There is less carping at the religious beliefs of one another, and more real sympathy and active interest in what the other denomination is doing to attain the glory of God and the redemption of man. We are all working in different ways, but each has at heart the same object. Therefore the closer we are united in sympathy, the closer our bond of federation becomes, the better work we shall be able to do for the glory of God.

I cordially embrace every opportunity to promote this fellowship, or unity, among all the creeds. Wherever it is possible I say yes, let us have a "new era in religion," and let us, while each clinging to his individual creed, be not unwilling to promote this spirit of federation, which is fast gaining ground around us.

The future is bright for a fulfilment of Christ's wish that "all may be one," and the spirit of federation, or unity, as some call it, is only one of the many manifestations of His providence.



THE LION PATH.

I DARE NOT!

Look! the road is very dark—
The trees stir softly and the bushes shake,
The long grass rustles, and the darkness moves
Here! there! beyond—!
There's something crept across the road just now!
And you would have me go—?
Go there, through that live darkness, hideous
With stir of crouching forms that wait to kill?
Ah look! See there! and there! and there again!
Great yellow glassy eyes, close to the ground!
Look! Now the clouds are lighter I can see
The long slow lashing of the sinewy tails,
And the set quiver of strong jaws that wait—!
Go there? Not I! Who dares to go who sees
So perfectly the lions in the path?

Comes one who dares.

Afraid at first, yet bound
On such high errand as no fear could stay.
And then—?

He dared a death of agony—
Outnumbered battle with the king of beasts—
Long struggle in the horror of the night—
Dared, and went forth to meet—O ye who fear!
Finding an empty road, and nothing there—
A wide bare common road, with homely fields,
And fences, and the dusty roadside trees—
Some spitting kittens, maybe, in the grass.
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson in "In This Our World."



SHADOW OF COMING EVENTS.

THE Congregationalists and the Christians have appointed committees on the subject of union. These committees have adopted the following resolutions. We look upon them as a very important step towards the general union, and as indicating how it may be gone about. May they have the fullest realization.

Resolved, That a union of the two bodies be recommended on the following basis:

1. Mutual recognition of the Christian standing of each other's churches and ministers, with no doctrinal test beyond the acceptance of the Bible as the only standard of faith and practice.

2. One name for the highest representative body, such as the General Council of Christian Churches.

3. Present organizations, institutions, and usages not to be disturbed by this action.

4. That it be advised that new enterprises or churches be established under such a name as "Christian," or the equivalent thereof.

As co-operative measures we recommend:

1. That ministerial associations of either body, where there are also ministers who are members of the other body, invite such ministers into full membership.

2. That local conferences of churches and ministers, and state or district conferences or associations of either body, invite churches and ministers of the other body into full membership for purposes of local fellowship and co-operation without disturbing their existing denominational relations.

3. That in state or any local home mission enterprises the boards of the two bodies act together in such a way that neither shall interfere with the work of the other, but that jointly they do that which shall best promote the interests of the cause of Christ.

4. That there be maintained between the churches and ministers of the two denominations such a fellowship and mutual understanding that when members of a church of one body remove to a place where there is no church of their own, but is one of the other, they be encouraged to take letters to such church of the other body; and that if a minister of one body accept a call to a church of the other, he shall not thereby impair his membership or good standing in his own body.

The committee recommend the local or state associations or conferences in which delegates to the National Council or American Christian Convention are chosen to authorize such delegates to act in a general conference of Christian churches, in case such a conference shall be advised by the National Council and by the American Christian Convention.



LEADERS OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

IN the course of his address in Plymouth Church, Dr. Charles A. Berry said: "But when we turn to ask what, in this realm of thought, was Beecher's contribution to modern Christendom, we confront a task less easy; for during the period of Henry Ward Beecher's life we in England at least, and you in America, I dare say, came under the sweep and influence of a whole host of new thinkers and new workers. I will speak of the land I know."

"In England, during these fifty years past, we have seen the rise of Colenso and Biblical criticism; and, young as I am (despite appearances), I am old enough to remember the virulent and contemptuous abuse heaped upon the head of Bishop Colenso for his daring pioneer work in the task of rightly understanding the Scriptures of God. But his name and presence have been influential these fifty years in guiding the thought and method of Christian teachers. During the same period, at the very opposite extreme, one sees John Henry Newman and the Oxford Movement leading men away from all inquiry and from all research into absolute surrender to ecclesiastical, not to say papal, authority. Right in the midst of this same generation rises a figure, refined, modest, little seen while yet the figure lived, much loved since the man within the figure has passed up into the eternal. Frederick William Robertson, of Brighton, has been in England perhaps the most widely potent religious force of the Victorian era,

introducing preachers to a method of Biblical interpretation which made the Book more divine by making it more human, lifting the truth of God into celestial light by showing how its ramifications reached through all the darkneses and shadows of human life. There, in a quiet little retreat, among souls kindred with his own, sits John Frederick Denison Maurice, seeing deeply, speaking simply, so throwing himself into his message that men from the professions, and especially from the legal profession, gathering around him, got so much of the man that they could not hold him, but gave him forth throughout England, and made him one of the foremost of our theological teachers. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, in the Abbey of Westminster, shedding that sweetness and light of which Matthew Arnold spoke so much and exhibited so little; George Macdonald, writing novels, but into them throwing the new religious spirit, and interpreting through literature some of the profoundest, some of the loftiest, theological truths; A. J. Scott in Manchester, and Baldwin Brown in London, bringing back to men the great truth about the Fatherhood of God, and making that Fatherhood, instead of the ancient sovereignty, the centre of theological systems—these, and the like of these, have all been busy in England during the Victorian era, teaching, enlarging, sweetening the Church of Christ.

"And yet, among them all, not hindmost, but foremost, was the man who was pastor of this church; foremost in thought-leadership and influence, because speaking to men as preacher, not as mere academic student, not as mere recluse reading books and thinking thoughts in silence, but as a preacher who had seen visions, and dreamed dreams, and gripped problems, and found out new ways to emancipation and progress. Beecher thus shines as one of the brightest stars of our modern firmament, one of the beautifullest of the gifts of God to these later days.

"What shall we say was his precise contribution to this manifold and greatly enriched age? I will say Beecher's greatest work was that he helped to bring back Christendom to the realization and enjoyment of the living Christ.

"Beecher's work has been to open men's eyes to the fact that He who makes the star to glow, He who lifts the hopes and purposes of Christendom, is none other than the Son of God, and that He is not dead but risen and living; and that He who lives and sits upon the throne descends and dwells with us, nearer to us than breathing, closer than hands or feet."



WASHINGTON IRVING AT THE MUSIC HALL.

WASHINGTON IRVING told Orville Dewey that he went one day to a music hall in London. He took a convenient seat. There were three or four gentlemen in the hall. One of them turned to Mr. Irving and said to him, in a very top-lofty style, "That seat is engaged; take another." He quietly moved to another seat. After a few minutes he heard again, "That is engaged also; take another." He took a third, and one of the first things he heard was this same individual crying to one of his friends, "Did you ever read Irving's description of the band of music?" Then the speaker went on to give a most delighted rehearsal of the funny account of the different members of the band. They had an immensely happy time over it, and filled the hall with their laughter. What an interesting scene would have been produced if Mr. Irving had revealed himself, which, however, he did not do. One almost wishes he had. It would have been a life-time's memory to have seen the face of the top-lofty gentleman.

PRAYER TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ABBE VICTOR CHARBONNEL.

O GOD! O unknown God, whom I find at length in the silence of my soul! long I sought Thee, looking forth afar in the darkness. And Thou art here, so near, O God of my conscience! I feel Thy presence within, I hear Thy voice; Thou fillest me, O inspiring Power, O inner Word of love and life, the secret of my being, O my God.

Not in wilfulness, just God, did I wander far from Thee, on adventures of faith, of thought, of enthusiasm and of love. Thou knowest what strange allurements draw men, as if they wished to turn from Thee and Thy holy precepts, to people, the heavens, the earth, the glowing days and the gloomy nights, and even the heaven of conscience, with false gods which they fashion in their dreams. I heard the voice of men, the voice of prophets and those that proclaimed a revelation, and I served the gods that they preached. Pardon me, Thou true God, this transient yielding to their seduction. Here am I, I stand at the doors of Thy temple.

As for the religion which in the sincerity of my soul I made for myself, I have seen that priests and doctors of all sorts claim the sacred right of communicating it to me, of making themselves masters of it and administering it like a piece of property of which they have charge: "God is in the heavens, in our temples, much more than in men's hearts. He is our property. We have Him in our power. His word comes down to men only as it passes through our lips. His precepts are a restriction which we are commissioned to impose. And the virtue, the strength, the divine help which all need who desire to live, it is we alone who spread among men these blessings, having them, as it were, shut up in magic formulas, in signs and rites supernaturally potent. God, in short, is that Power in quasi-human form that holds in His hands happiness and misery, joys and sorrows, good and ill, but with whom we have private intercourse and whose plans we guide according to our desire."

Almost nothing of Thee, O inner Precept, O mysterious energy, welling up in the most remote regions of my being, can be found in the laws which are proclaimed in the name of the outer gods. Thou art the eternal unrest within, the disquiet, the movement and the effort. Thou art the sublime audacity that seeks a perfection ever higher. Thou art the unfaltering exaltation of the ideal. Thou art life, the life that ceaselessly seeks to be and realizes itself in liberty. And there is only outward regularity, discipline, conventional routine and dead passivity in the respect of external divine precepts such as the fancy of men conceives or interprets them. There is only death, death of the soul by servitude. I would have life, not this death.

O my God, I would live. I will not despise any of the words that come to me from the multitude. I will rather recognize there Thy hidden word. The precepts of all men have a measure of goodness. It is Thou whom I see in them among the disquietudes, among the beliefs and the adorations. Pardon them, O only God, that they have made of Thee images manifold and false. Such a mass of errors is nevertheless a testimony to the unknown truth. Humanity has not lost the great longing to discover Thee. Ceaselessly it seeks Thee, it seeks its God. It has faith in Thee, O God within, whose revelation is but beginning. And because this faith is not bounded by near horizons, because its eternal unrest in a longing to explore the mysterious obscurity in which Thou art hidden, it is in itself salvation. To seek Thee is to live. O my God, I would live. — *From Le Christian Français.*

THACKERAY.

THE biography of Thackeray contains a paragraph written by his friend Syngé—a paragraph which will deeply appeal to the hearts of those to whom the great writer's memory is dear. His friend says: "Just before I sailed for the Sandwich Islands, and when I was staying in Thackeray's house in Palace Green, my host and I one day met in the library. He said: 'I want to tell you that I shall never see you again. I feel that I am doomed. I know that this will grieve you; but look in that book, and you will find something that I am sure will please and comfort you.' I took from its shelf the book he pointed out; out of it fell a piece of paper on which Thackeray had written a prayer, all of which I do not pretend to remember. I only know that he prayed that he might never write a word inconsistent with the love of God or the love of man; that he might never propagate his own prejudices or pander to those of others; that he might always speak the truth with his pen, and that he might never be actuated by a love of greed. I particularly remember that the prayer wound up with the words: 'For the sake of Jesus Christ our Lord.'"



THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN.

A WRITER in the New York *Tribune* gives these sad incidents in the life of Francis Joseph, for fifty years Emperor of Austria: "Domestic calamities may be said to have contributed as much as national misfortunes to sadden the reign of this most kindly of monarchs. It was the mental affliction of a father, as well as of an uncle to whom he was deeply attached, that brought him to the throne, and although he was passionately in love with his beautiful wife, yet, owing to the imperious character of his mother, the Archduchess Sophia, and her pronounced aversion for the Empress, an estrangement arose between the imperial couple which was not healed until the loss of their only son under the most appalling circumstances at Meyerling brought the two bereaved parents once again together in their grief. Francis Joseph likewise lost his favorite brother by violence in Mexico, Maximilian's execution on the plain of Queretaro being followed by the insanity of his widow, who has been demented ever since. A cousin to whom the Emperor was much attached, the Archduchess Helene, was burned to death in the Palace of Schönbrunn almost under his eyes, a nephew was mortally wounded by an accidental discharge of his gun while out shooting three years ago, and, indeed, there is no sovereign either in modern or ancient times whose family life has been marked by so many tragedies as Emperor Francis Joseph."



WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

WE find these admirable words of his quoted in *The Outlook*. We are glad to pass them on: "This presumptuous imposing of the senses of men upon the words of God, the special senses of men upon the general words of God, and laying them upon men's consciences together, under the equal penalty of death and damnation; this vain conceit that we can speak the things of God better than in the words of God; this deifying our own interpretations, and tyrannous enforcing them upon others; this restraining the word of God from that latitude and generality, and

the understandings of men from that liberty, wherein Christ and the Apostles left them, is and hath been the only fountain of all the schisms of the Church, the common incendiary of Christendom. Take away these walls of separation, and all will be quickly one. Take away this persecuting, burning, cursing, damning of men for not subscribing to the words of men as the words of God; require of Christians only to believe Christ, and to call no man master but Him only; let those leave claiming infallibility that have no title to it, and let them that in their words disclaim it, disclaim it likewise in their actions. In a word, take away tyranny, which is the devil's instrument to support errors and superstitions and impieties in the several parts of the world, which could not otherwise long withstand the power of truth; I say, take away tyranny, and restore Christians to their just and full liberty of captivating their understanding to Scripture only; and as rivers, when they have a free passage, run all to the ocean, so it may well be hoped, by God's blessing, that universal liberty, thus moderated, may quickly reduce Christendom to truth and unity. These thoughts of peace (I am persuaded) may come from the God of peace, and to His blessing I commend them."



MAX MULLER'S CREED.

"My interest in all religions is chiefly historical. Our religion is certainly better and purer than others, but in the essential points all religions have something in common. I believe in one revelation only—the revelation within us, which is much better than any revelations which come from without. That inward voice never allowed me the slightest doubt or misgiving about the reality of a future life. If there is continuity in the world everywhere, why should there be a wrench and annihilation only with us?" Speaking of personality, he said: "If you mean self-consciousness, I do not see how you can have continuity without it. An existence that does not know itself would at once cease to be. I believe in the continuity of the self. I have no doubt of the persistence of the individual after death." Of the Scriptures he said: "So far as the Christian Scriptures contain the doctrines of Christ, they are inspired by Christ; and inasmuch as Christ stands much higher than the ancient sages and prophets, they are inspired in a higher sense." He does not, however, regard them as infallible, but thinks that they were written down to help the memories of those who were forgetting the words of Jesus. In regard to the person of Christ, he asks: "What for us can there be higher than a man? Angels we have never seen, nor anything higher than man." But while speaking of the humanity of Christ, he also added: "Everything in this world is supernatural, if we consider how we came here, what we are, what we are meant for." In regard to the question of eternal punishment, Professor Müller was very pronounced. He said: "I have always held that it would be a miserable universe without eternal punishment. Every act, good or evil, must carry its consequences, and the fact that our punishment will go on forever seems to be a proof of the everlasting love of God. For any evil deed to go unpunished would be to destroy the moral order of the universe." In regard to the religion of the future, he says: "I hope it will become simpler and simpler. The shorter a creed is, the better and the truer. With the ordinary people the tendency is toward simplicity, but not with the bishops and deans and Pope. Religion cannot be killed, though it may be smothered for a time by theology."—*The Outlook*.

GEMS FROM DRUMMOND.

THE character most hard to comprehend in the New Testament is the unmerciful servant. For his base extravagance his wife and children were to be sold and himself imprisoned. He cries for mercy on his knees, and the ten thousand talents, hopeless and enormous debt, is freely cancelled. He goes straight from his knees and from the kind presence of his lord, and meeting some poor wretch, who owes him a hundred pence, seizes him by the throat and hales him to the prison cell, from which he himself has just escaped. How a man can rise from his knees, where, forgiven much already, he has just been forgiven more, and go straight from the audience chamber of his God to speak hard words and do hard things, is all but incredible. This servant truly in wasting his master's money must have wasted his own soul. But grant a man any soul at all, love must follow forgiveness. Being forgiven much he must love much, not as a duty, but as a necessary consequence; he must become a humbler, tenderer man, generous and brotherly.

From Plato to Herbert Spencer reformers have toiled to frame new schemes of Sociology. There is none so good as the Sociology of Jesus. But we have not found out the New Testament Sociology yet; we have spent the centuries over its theology. Surely man's relation to God may be held as settled now. It is time to take up the other problem, man's relation to man. With a former theology man as man, as a human being, was of no account. He was a mere theological unit, the X of doctrine, an unknown quantity. He was taught to believe, therefore not to love. Now we are learning slowly that to believe is to love. The fact that Christ led no army, wrote no book, built no church, spent no money, but that He loved and so conquered, this is beginning to strike men. This is the hope of the world that we shall learn to love, and in learning that, unlearn all anger and wrath, and evil-speaking and malice and bitterness. This will indeed be the world's future. This is heaven. The curtain drops on the story of the prodigal son, leaving him *in*, but the elder brother out. And why, is obvious. It is impossible for such a man to be in heaven. He would spoil heaven if he were there. There are many heavens in this world from which we may shut ourselves out—heavens of friendship, of family life, of Christian work, of help to the poor and distressed. Because of some personal pique, some disapproval of methods, we play the elder brother, we are angry and will not go in. This is the naked truth of it, we are simply angry and will not go in. And this bears its own worst penalty; for there is no severer punishment than just to be left outside, perhaps to grow old alone, unripe, loveless and unloved.

An office is not a place for making money—it is a place for making character. A workshop is not a place for making machinery—it is a place for making men; not for turning wood, for fitting engines, for founding cylinders; to God's eye it is a place for founding character, it is a place for fitting in the virtues to one's life, for turning out honest, modest-tempered, God-fearing men. A school of learning, is not so much a place for making scholars, as a place for making souls, and he who would perfect himself must attend to the religious uses of his daily task.

It was not the way the world treated the Saviour; it was not the Pharisees; it was not something which came from His enemies; it was something His friends did. When He left the carpenter's shop and went out into the wider life, his friends were watching Him. For some time back they had remarked a certain strangeness in His manner.

He had always been strange among His brothers, and now this was growing upon Him. He has said much stranger things of late, made many strange plans, gone away on curious errands to strange places. What did it mean? Where was it to end? Were the family to be responsible for all this eccentricity? One sad day it culminated. It was quite clear now. He was not responsible for what He was doing. It was His mind that was affected. He was beside himself. In plain English, *He was mad!* It was the voice of no enemy, it came from His own home, from those who knew Him best. It was His own mother, perhaps, and His brethren, who pointed this terrible finger at Him; apologizing for Him, entreating the people never to mind Him, He was beside Himself—He was mad.

There should have been one spot surely upon God's earth, one roof at least in Nazareth, with mother's ministering hand and sister's love for the weary worker, but His very home is closed to Him. He has to endure the furtive glances of eyes that once loved Him, the household watching Him and whispering to one another, the cruel suspicion, the laying hands upon Him, hands which were once kind to Him, and finally the announcement of the verdict of the family, "He is beside Himself." Truly He came to His own and His own received Him not.—*The Ideal Life.*



WHAT SCIENCE HAS DONE FOR US.

"IN days of yore, ere science had advanced to its present high state of perfection, there were drunkards among us. Fie! How awful! Worse, there were regular 'boozers'! Fie! How still more awful! To-day no such persons are to be found. We have, indeed, some people among us who are suffering from dipsomania. But that sounds very different. Moreover, such 'boozers' used to be possessed of all sorts of nasty qualities and outward signs of their state. Such a fellow for instance, would, in his disgusting state, see things double. That does not occur in our days. The most that can be said is that there are people suffering from amblyopia. But that sounds much better. On the morning after his dissipation a drunkard used to have all sorts of aches and pains. 'His ears tingled,' or he had 'a head as big as a bass-drum.' 'His hair hurt him,' he had the 'shakes,' and the doctors brutally termed it 'seediness.' Suffering humanity does not know these things to-day. It happens occasionally that a man has an attack of tinnitus aurium, that his hair is subject to paræsthesia, that his frame is slightly convulsed by chorea. Such little ailments do not exclude us from society. 'The disgusting fraternity of 'boozers' would also 'be as blue as blue can be' when they sobered up and had not the wherewithal to have another bout. Science has left us to-day only people who suffer from 'nervous attacks.'

"There was once upon a time a certain class of people called 'smutty.' They are dead and gone. There are, indeed, some people left who delight in telling nasty stories in decent society; but we call them erotomaniaes.

"But the greatest gratitude we owe science is for its almost complete extirpation of crime. How thankful we feel when we remember that the thieves who formerly infested our cities are gone, and that only a few sufferers from chronic kleptomania are left! Those who do not appreciate sufficiently how little harm, comparatively, is done by pyromaniacs should talk to the few old people still living who saw the day when 'firebugs' were dangerous to the community. Nor should we forget that to-day murder is solely due to hypnotism or any other old thing with a learned name."—*Translated for 'The Literary Digest' from Staats Zeitung.*

THE LONELINESS OF CHRIST.

MARY E. CARDWILL.

CHRIST surrounded himself with disciples who became his intimate friends and companions. He went about among the people, mingling with them in all their affairs, entering into their joys and sympathizing with them in their sorrows. Yet it is a pathetic, perhaps the most pathetic circumstance of His life, that He at all times seems apart and alone.

To many, it may be to most people, the loneliness of Christ, His separation in spirit, thought and personality from the world around Him, represents a natural, necessary attribute of his divinity. But surely that is a mistaken idea since he deliberately and with great purpose took upon Himself the form of man; and He should be judged simply as a man in all things that concern His humanity. It is as a man He is lonely, for it is as a man He is great. If His human greatness sprang from His divinity, or were a result of His divine power, our adoration of Him as God would remain, but how could we ascribe to Him any special merit for the deeds done by Him in the body? Would they not have been inevitable and performed without what we understand by human effort and human sacrifices? "For verily He took not on the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." That is He was thoroughly and intensely human in all points like as we are.

Some one has said all great men are lonely men. It is the penalty of superiority that it raises its possessor far above his fellows; no mutual bond of sympathy exists to draw them to his side, or to share his feelings, though, if he be great enough, he will enter into theirs.

It is sometimes said that a great man represents the culmination of the upward trend of humanity as a mass, just as a mountain peak is the culmination of the body of the mountain above which it rises and by which it is supported. The simile is to a degree expressive, but, like all such comparisons of the material to the moral or spiritual, imperfect. We can look up to the great man, and have a certain realization of his greatness. We can feel, to some extent, his emotions, because they are never superhuman. But those only who are nearest to him, most like him, can perceive other than a dim, mysterious, though potent, light marking the summit of his greatness. He, on the other hand, can apprehend clearly the breadth and depth of other men's emotions, because they are almost invariably reflected in his own.

It is not difficult to apply these observations to men of genius. Genius suggests a vague something, incomprehensible in its methods if not in its achievements. The old word inspired, so full of meaning in a spiritual sense, as a rule, serves to account for everything not plainly perceptible to the common mind. The prophets of old, the great geniuses of the Hebrew nation, whose inspiration was directly divine, and so understood by all, were evidently lonely men. Yet, in every-day affairs, where no demand was made upon their unusual powers, they walked well-trodden ways, and took an interested and influential part in the life of their time. That is, they were set apart only in the exercise of their office. No doubt, wherever they went, and whether they were known or unknown, men said of them what is ever said of men marked by nature, men who are geniuses and men who are not: "We cannot get near them; we never feel intimately acquainted with them." The seal of superiority, not always understood to be such, is the seal of God, set in the foreheads of those recognized instinctively by the world to be of a higher type than others; yet, often the superiority is interpreted as

eccentricity, because society still fails to appreciate the high things bound up in character, and emanating only from a life in no worldly way eminent or conspicuous.

In connection with the idea that a man is never a hero to his valet, it may seem doubtful whether genius always impresses itself upon its possessor plainly enough to be perceived by his familiars, or to create the awe implied here by loneliness. Shakespeare has been described as one who was hail-fellow-well-met with his companions. His genial nature is attested continually in the words and spirit of his plays. Such a nature could scarcely fail to lead to an appearance of intimacy in the dramatist's relations with those among whom he was thrown. It is the characteristic of genius of the highest order that it winds its tendrils of sympathy around the hearts of all mankind. And it is not difficult to imagine Shakespeare cracking jokes with other actors, and joining in their pleasures and even in their dissipations. At times they probably felt that they stood upon the same footing with him, and regarded him simply as one of themselves, though the one, it may be, whose company they most prized.

It is not the appearance of things, however, not the outward, but the inward, signs that tell. All the manifestations of friendliness that Shakespeare exhibited—and who can doubt that they were many—would not have removed the sense of his aloofness from those even who knew him best. The very joy taken in his company, the fact that he was best beloved, evidence an appreciation of his difference, though it might not have been acknowledged or understood.

Often the greatest, if not the only real, solitude of the great is that described by Byron as felt in a crowd, "when we are least alone." Not infrequently genius finds a companionship it loves away from the haunts of men, where the earthly, or rather the human, does not intrude, and the communion is the communion of spirit with nature. Here the lonely man can be oblivious of the lack of human sympathy that creates his loneliness, for great, warm Mother Nature takes him to her heart, and he feels it beat in unison with his own.

It is true a deliberate standing away from others does not infrequently characterize a lower order of genius, if it can be called genius. Perhaps it is scarcely fair to use the term "deliberate," since the act is an unconscious one in those who cannot enter deeply into feelings foreign to their own, who fail from inherent inability to grasp the highest elements of sympathy, who are not penetrated by the universal—the world-spirit. Carlyle, great and original of mind as he was, could not look with patience upon those who ignorantly or justly viewed conditions of life from other elevations than his own. And through the very strength of his individuality he was thus doubly barred from those with whom he came in contact, and his loneliness had not the consolation of that of greater men who are able to be tolerant because they can enter into the feelings of their inferiors whose limitations they comprehend. A high order of genius inevitably leads to patience with everything except a lack of sincerity.

Genius is everywhere recognized as a gift approaching the divine, so mysterious and unaccountable it seems; hence it creates a natural separation of man from man. The same inescapable effect is produced by another, higher human possession, not as universally esteemed—a noble and upright character, manifesting itself in deeds of righteousness beyond the world's demands. The moment a man takes a step in advance of what is at the time the world's ultimatum in ethical or spiritual matters, he is compelled to stand almost entirely alone. The human mind tends to be conservative in the extreme and becomes

unconsciously antagonistic toward progress if it is too noticeably different from the existing order of things. The moral development of individuals as well as of races, follows in the line of material development, even lags perceptibly behind the latter, and is always a slow process. Every new point reached involves increased responsibility, and this, vaguely felt, is vaguely, or rather unconsciously, resisted. People are not to be wholly blamed because they do not keep up with the advanced man, the reformer. They are not to be wholly blamed if they misunderstand men who through the superiority of their manhood unhesitatingly take the vanguard far ahead of common or universal standards of conduct. It is impossible for the general mind to appreciate the motives of these forerunners in moral evolution although the sure effects of uprightness in noble lines might serve for enlightenment. Some selfish thought and aim is almost certain to be imputed to deeds not clear to general comprehension. Nor is this strange, since the great mass of mankind, even in the present era of civilization, regard a personal motive not only as something to be looked for but as essentially righteous. To the world altruism appears to be a sort of delusion, something akin to insanity, and any approach to it a step towards a shattered brain. Men as a rule, including most good men, those who seek to obey the dictates of duty, interpret loving their neighbors as themselves to mean justice to them from material points of view; that is, the command does not at any time signify to them a complete ignoring of self. Self-immolation, as a duty, apparently appeals alone to the rare great ones of the race to whom it becomes the dictate of love. I dwell upon this, for it was the first great line of isolation drawn between Christ and the world. Even His disciples could not, perhaps were unwilling to, believe that he was not working for a temporal kingdom.

He stood so far above even his own chosen companions in character that, while they might abhor the world's persecution of him, they never apprehended nor sympathized with his heart-felt indifference to riches and honor until he was taken from them. Men in authority at that time naturally distrusted him because they saw that his virtues, even his humility, won him the large following which argued personal power—what else could that mean but a scheme to undermine them. Many others honestly believed Him to be an imposter, a blasphemer using the livery of heaven for his own ultimate aggrandizement. It was in the power of all to know Him as He was, but their failure to perceive the truth and to appreciate the noble motives of the lowly Nazarine sprang naturally from their humanly perverted point of view. Men often see and feel the difference between selfish and unselfish acts, yet their inability to sympathize with the latter, unless they are a plain matter of charity or benevolence, leads, as has been said, to a suspicion of their underlying motives. Without a high standard of measurement high deeds cannot be measured. Nature no more truly abhors a vacuum than do men abhor that which is above their ability to explain in the conduct of others.

This feeling probably arises in part from a sort of unreasoning instinct in humanity that a man unlike the mass and better is a sort of reflection upon the whole, and a disapproval of him serves as an apparent moral self-protection, a heading off of self-criticism. Men do not like to be reminded of their shortcomings, and according to the strength or weakness of their unconscious resistance to righteousness in another will be its influence upon them. In little matters of every-day life, where action is rather a matter of impulse than of deliberation, most men are capable of generosity to the point of self-sacrifice.

But the struggle for existence, rivalry, the instinct of self-preservation, and all the multitude of incentives to promote self-interest, combine with a strength that makes selfishness, called by other names, seem a duty. And the uneasiness of conscience, sometimes caused by the sight of a disregard of self in another, may be quieted by interpreting the other's act as, at best, a failure in duty to self.

Whatever the reason, certain it is nothing arouses dislike to an individual more quickly than a general recognition of superiority of character. And the enmity will be manifested by an attempt in some way to discredit the superior man's goodness. Nor is this attempt always, perhaps scarce ever, malicious. It is often the expression of what is believed to be a righteous condemnation of self-righteousness.

Aristides was banished because men tired of the fact ever thrust upon them that he was a just man, aggressively unswerving it may be, in the path of rectitude. No doubt he seemed unnatural, as well as hateful, at best wanting in ambition and the self-esteem that would give him zeal in seeking his own. Why otherwise, indeed, should the possession of a characteristic, that might have been, if they had thought it desirable, common to all, be continually brought to public notice? There is no evidence to support a possible belief that Aristides posed as a person better than his associates, or than any other citizen of Athens. His biographers do not give the impression that he showed any special desire to appear just; he simply was so. The effort for appearance, if he had made it, would have been based naturally upon self-seeking, and would have been understood and probably forgiven, or in any event have been met with some kindness since there would have been reason for reproach and consequently for an act of beneficence in the pardon. But to be good and especially to be absolutely just, with no ulterior, selfish motive, was then, as always, inexplicable; it separated this just man from his fellows and they resented the natural isolation, and with one accord they resolved upon its punishment. "He thinks himself better than we, too good to associate with us," they thought within themselves, and perhaps said one to another, as they banished him from their presence.

The same ostracism is visited to-day, upon those whose lives are guided in any direction by principle unmarred by self-interest. In politics it has come to be thought almost the absolute duty of a man to stand by his party regardless of right; if he does not, he places himself entirely beyond the range of political preferment, no matter what his fitness for it may be, and, what is worse, he is almost invariably accused of "bolting" because of personal reasons. In church relations, the idea of sacredness of the church organization and the duty of upholding the church under all circumstances and conditions have become so strong that criticism, no matter how sincere, is stamped as uncharitable, and not unfrequently as an absolute proof of an unregenerate heart. The reformer in the church to-day, be he priest, or be he layman, must consent to a spiritual suffering akin to that of Luther and to a like ostracism. While the world lasts the man in advance of his time in moral or religious ideas will be condemned to wear the crown of thorns. He will have ever before him the possibility of being spit upon, despised, hindered in every way in his efforts for the elevation of the race, and in social ways shunned, if not crucified.

Without irreverence, we may say that the persecutions of Christ represented the price he paid for his perfection of character. Though equally entitled to be called blasphemous from his teachings, he might have passed un-

molested among the crowd, had there been no conformity in his conduct to the lessons he taught. It was not chiefly the new creed he preached, but the perfect life he lived that became the stumbling-block to those who refused to open their minds and hearts to his preaching and influence.

Christ was set apart from man by his high and noble character. This gives peculiar value to the great main purpose of his life, to be an example for mankind. The command, "Be ye also perfect" would seem a mockery were obedience to it an impossibility. To show that it was possible Christ the Son of God put on mortality. And as a man he became perfect through suffering, the suffering that is the inevitable accompaniment of superiority of moral and spiritual character. Christ the man Jesus found himself strengthened by endurance and resistance. He suffered thus voluntarily, not to deter men, but to encourage them by showing that no price was too high to pay for what would be for all, or any, a grand, ennobling result.

The crucifixion of Christ symbolized perfect love—the triumph of perfect character, and so became the culmination of His human as well as of His divine purpose. Had the latter been all, He could have been sent into the world full grown, and in a few short years preached redemption through belief upon Him as the Son of God, and have performed His final mission of salvation of the world through the atonement.

He had first another work to do, one which would bring Him closer to the people and make His purely divine work more effective. And who will say that the living of a perfect life was not, according to human judgment, the greater sacrifice? In that the bitter cup of loneliness was drunk. The social nature of Jesus, as perfect as His moral, craved sympathetic companionship, the flower of all human relations; yet not even His much loved and loving disciples could watch with Him through one hour of supremest agony. With them, He was not of them, and to them He spoke in parables because that mode of speech was clearer to their comprehension than a plain statement of His own perfect law of human conduct.

New Albany, Ind.



STORY OF TAULER.

TAULER was told that if he went to the church porch, he would find a man who would show him the way to blessedness. He found a poor man whose feet were torn and dusty and his clothes not worth "three hellers." Tauler said, "God give thee good morrow."

"I never had an ill morrow."

"God prosper thee," said Tauler.

"Never had I ought but prosperity."

"God bless thee, how answerest thou me so?"

"I was never other than blessed."

"Explain to me this."

"Willingly: I never had an ill morrow, for am I hungry, I praise God, does it hail, snow, rain, is it fair or foul, I praise God, and therefore I have never an ill morrow. I know how to live with God, I know what He doth is best and so I never have adversity."



THE report of the proceedings of the first Congress of Mothers, held in Washington in February, 1897, has been published. It contains the addresses delivered at the Congress and they are very valuable to all engaged in the care of children. The price of the report is 35 cents in paper and \$1.15 in cloth. The next Congress will be held in Washington, D. C., May 2d, 1898.

WHAT A CENTURY!

WAS there ever another such a time? It makes the recollections of a single life marvellous—President Bartlett of Dartmouth College, on his eightieth birthday, said: "The changes in the transition from my earliest days until now are almost like the passage to another planet; changes in the art of war and the arts of peace, and in the whole comfort, convenience and healthfulness of living and working, in sanitary precautions and in the relief of the sick and the suffering. For a single example, I have seen the first surgeon of the country chip away with his chisel and mallet at the necrosis of the tibia by the half-hour, with nothing to deaden the pain or prevent the supuration, till one by one we crept into the open air from very faintness. My memory goes back to the flintlock gun and the smoothbore cannon, to the sickle and the scythe, to the open fireplace, the universal wood fire, and the tinderbox; for I saw the light a dozen years before the first friction match emitted light. I heard the hum of the spinning-wheel, and have seen the shuttle fly back and forth in the hand loom."



A CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN.

A LADY was traveling from Providence to Boston with her weak-minded father. Before they arrived there, he became possessed of a fancy that he must get off the train while it was still in motion; that some absolute duty called him. His daughter endeavored to quiet him, but it was difficult to do it, and she was just giving up in despair, when she noticed a very large man watching the proceedings intently over the top of his newspaper. As soon as he caught her eyes he rose and crossed quickly to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "you are in trouble. May I help you?"

She explained the situation to him.

"What is your father's name?" he asked.

She told him, and with an encouraging smile he bent over the gentleman who was sitting in front of her, and said a few words in his ear. With a smile the gentleman arose, crossed the aisle and took the vacant seat, and the next moment, the large man had turned over the seat, and leaning toward the troubled old man, had addressed him by name, shaken hands cordially, and engaged him in a conversation so interesting and so cleverly arranged to keep his mind occupied, that he forgot his need to leave the train, and did not think of it again until they were in Boston. Here the stranger put the lady and her charge into a carriage, received her assurance that she felt perfectly safe, had cordially shaken her hand, and was about to close the carriage door when she remembered that she had felt so safe in the keeping of this noble-looking man that she had not even asked his name. Hastily putting her hand against the door, she said:

"Pardon me, but you have rendered me such a service, may I not know whom I am thanking?"

The big man smiled as he answered, "Phillips Brooks," and turned away.



TWO POINTS OF VIEW. A FABLE.

THERE were three of them, little Golden Curls, brown-eyed Billy and the preacher, and they walked together. A snake lay beside the road. The preacher kicked it, Billy scrunched its tail, but little Golden Curls, said:

"The snake is dead. Let us bury it;" and she dug a grave for the snake and it was buried.

The preacher said to Golden Curls, "Why did you bury the snake, little one? A dead snake will hurt no one." "It was not of that I was thinking," said Golden Curls, "God made the snake as he made me--if I die they will bury me, and they say an angel soul will go to the throne of God. I have buried the snake, and, perhaps from its grave some fairer thing may spring which will make the world beautiful," and little Golden Curls bowed a sad face as she thought of the poor dead thing which had lain in the mire until her fingers touched it. But the preacher had his sermon that day as he thought, "The little maid is right. From the death of what is evil comes what is good. As I bury my lower self, I rise to the higher."

But brown-eyed Billy, whistling, struck at a passing butterfly until it fell, and then, laughing, shouted, "I have killed this butterfly for you Golden Curls so that it, too, can rise to something higher."



TEMPTATIONS FROM GOD.

GOD tempteth no man with evil: yet very many of the things which we think of as temptations are the drawing near of God. Indeed, the temptations which of all are the hardest to overcome are those which are caused directly and solely by the approach of God, rather than by the approach of sin.

Where we most often fail, is it not where there is a better way opened before us instead of an old and customary way? that better way is all of God; it is his gracious gift and opportunity; but to enter in, to throw aside the trammels of habit and custom, and perhaps common approval for this new, diviner portion; that is a course surrounded by struggle and difficulties.

Polygamy, for instance, never became a temptation to men until God opened before the world the purer custom of the single family circle; in the divine revelation of a higher life there was manifested for the first time any temptation in the old and common habit. Before that there had been no temptation, for there had been no thought of sin. Sin came, not by the drawing near of a tempter unto evil, but by the revelation of a new and glorious good.

To keep slaves never became a temptation unto men until God had revealed through the grace of the Gospel of Christ, working out its necessary fruits in the understandings of men, the inherent right to freedom which belonged to human life. Before that to hold slaves was not a temptation, for it was not suspected to be a sin. The temptation came with the revealing of a better way. Temptation came when God manifested his will more abundantly amongst his people.

Is not this, too, something of the course of experience in every life? Many are the distinct approaches of sin and degrading wrong; these are not of God, but after all the fiercest struggles of the life are in the endeavors of the true heart to follow after the continued promptings of the heavenly good. God coming near us, God revealing new ways of glorious service to us; in this, too, is the place and reason of many hard temptations. Peter and Andrew, James and John never knew it as a temptation to stay at fishing, or to turn to it again, until the voice of Christ had called them; "Follow Me."

Light is given us here on that Apostolic teaching which says: "Rejoice when ye fall into manifold temptations."

Indeed there are many of those trying hours when we are tempted, which are not caused by the presence of the evil one, and the power of sin, but which are indeed the hours of the fresher revelations and the higher leadings of the Lord. That which holds us back or keeps us back, that is of sin; but the power which brought in the struggle, and made the temptation was the gracious power and glorious presence of the Lord our God.



A FAMOUS STORY OF SECTARIAN BIGOTRY.

MR. BUSHROD WASHINGTON JAMES, in his book, "Alaska," tells it. William Duncan, a layman, visited the shores of British Columbia and found a vicious class of savages and cannibals. Through all sorts of terrible trials he persevered, till a Christian settlement was founded and maintained, called Metlakahtla. When all was prosperous and in good working order, the Episcopal church sent a "properly ordained" minister to the town. Soon all was in utter confusion. The people could not be induced to attend his ministry, though Mr. Duncan left the place to prevent trouble. A cry went up from the distressed people, and in answer to it he returned. They knew Annette Island, ninety miles away, within the lines of the United States and applied to our government for permission to occupy it. Permission was given, and to this place a thousand of the twelve hundred people sailed with Mr. Duncan. They founded New Metlakahtla, which soon became flourishing as before. Too late the Bishop and his clergyman saw their foolish blunder. They were left forsaken, while the new colony flourished with its loved and faithful leader. If only all our sectarianism could meet with as swift and sure a penalty as this!



SECURITY OF LOVE.

HE who has entered into the love of God and abides there, can look up to the face of his Heavenly Father and can say, with the deepest humility yet confidence, "My Father thou canst not harm me." He can see all God's greatness and power, he can look on the lightning and the storm, he can hear the story of disaster and death, and still feel this sublime confidence. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him," is the cry of his heart. The revised version has it, "yet will I wait for Him." He cannot harm, I will wait. And he will not be disappointed. God cannot harm the child that trusts in Him. The mountains may be hurled from their solid seats, but nought can move him. He looks up into the Father's eye, and waits in absolute security. There is nothing so sure as the security of love.



LAST WORDS WRITTEN BY JOHN STERLING.

Could we but hear all Nature's voice
From glow-worm up to sun,
"I would speak with one concordant sound
Thy will, O Lord, be done.
But hark! a sadder, mightier prayer
From all *men's* hearts that live;
Thy will be done in earth and heaven,
And Thou my sins forgive.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

THE RITSCHLIAN THEOLOGY AND THE EVANGELICAL FAITH.
By James Orr, D.D. Published by Thomas Whitaker, New York.

The scholastic theology failed utterly to satisfy either the rational requirements of the modern mind or the spiritual ones of the soul. A vast multitude has revolted from it. A still larger number has simply dropped it. The present age has seen many endeavors to find something in the way of a system of theology which would prove more true to the spirit of Christ and more in accord with the revelations of modern thought.

Among these attempts at a new systematization of theological and religious teaching, one stands supremely prominent in Germany. The influence of the Ritschlian theology has there been most widespread. Almost every leader of German thought to-day acknowledges great dependence on the method and inspiration of Ritschl's system. American readers, however, have usually very indefinite ideas both of Ritschl's teaching and its influence. Professor Orr's book aims to state in a popular way the special and peculiar features of Ritschl's teaching, and at the same time to give a concise estimate and criticism of them.

There is no doubt that theological systems are in a chaotic condition just now. We find ourselves sympathizing with Dr. Orr's criticisms of Ritschl's theology, while by no means inclined to enthuse over his contrasting exaltation of what he calls the old evangelical theology. The fact of the case is that there is a slow and probably long shaping process going on in theological thought. The doctrine of evolution and the results of Bible study have brought in new elements, which must thoughtfully and slowly be adjusted to the truth that is in the old theories of the incarnation, the atonement, and the scheme of salvation. This work is not to be done by one generation, nor by one man. It is a great work, and the thoughts of many must be spent in it. The church must work its way out through unsatisfactory theories before any theory or theology as generally acceptable as, under the old conditions, the evangelical theology was, will be elaborated. It is useless and foolish to exalt the old theology without including these new elements in it. It is the manly and thoughtful course to do as Ritschl has in Germany, as the new theology thinkers are doing in America, labor on to conserve the old and include the new in some higher and truer and more comprehensive form. We value highly this book as a simple statement of the work which Ritschl has done in this line. We value it, too, but less highly, for the criticisms, usually careful and just, that are made on the resulting Ritschlian system.

THE STORY OF JESUS CHRIST. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

The world wearies not of this story. While it is not easy to improve on the Gospel narrative, an unusual welcome has always been given the nineteenth century story, which in its telling brings in the life of the Christ of Nazareth—witness "Ben Hur," "The Light of the World," "Titus, a Tale of the Cross," "Barabbas," and "Let us Follow Him." In the simplicity of the story lies its beauty. If any one attempts to tell the story of the life of Jesus with high-sounding phrases and lofty periods, it is safe to say that he will look in vain for hearers.

The charm of Mrs. Ward's book lies, then, in its simplicity. In addition to her great talent as a writer, too, she brings to this study the earnest devotion and eager sympathy of a disciple. The little Galilean villages, which witnessed the wondrous healings; the vine-clad mountains, upon which the great sermons of the world were preached; the lake shores, where the nets of the fishermen lay forgotten while their owners followed the leadings of their teacher—all these are beautifully portrayed and made very real to us. With some of the scenes in the story we have become so familiar as to lose something of our appreciation of them. The power of such a book as this is in the fact that new phraseology often means new lines of thought.

In the portrayal of the Christ there is much that is beautiful; much, we confess, however, which does not altogether appeal to us. Mrs. Ward reads into His life things which we did not think, and do not think, are there. The doubts as to His own power, as to His identity with the One who is "to redeem Israel," as to the results of His commands when He directs the lame to walk and the sick to be well, are not in accordance with our views of Jesus.

But through the story the notes of sympathy and tenderness are so strong and predominant, and the loving, unwearying life of self-sacrifice is so beautifully set before us that, on laying the book down, we have somewhat the same feeling which the authoress, in her preface, states to be hers in writing the book—one of wonder as to "what noble being entered the door? In what delightful, in what high society have I been?"

The beautiful pictures of Hofmann and others lend an additional delight to the reading of the book.

SEVEN PUZZLING BOOKS? By Washington Gladden, D.D.
Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

We have always thought that "Who wrote the Bible?" is about the best resumé of the late studies on the Bible; at once safe and brave, candid but not rash. "Seven Puzzling Books" is a supplement to the other, and in the same vein. Judges, Esther, Job, Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, Daniel and Jonah are discussed in this book. The best cure for the people who are badly frightened by the higher criticism is to read such a book as this. There is nothing to be alarmed about; it is helpful all the way through. It should provoke gratitude rather than alarm. We lose nothing and gain so much. If we should lose Balaam's ass or Jonah's whale, we find our dear heavenly Father, and it is a fine exchange. The gift of the Bible to men is the Father, as revealed in Jesus Christ. We must get that out of our Bibles, or we get nothing. The old theology did not give us that, and here is its condemnation. The new theology and the higher criticism do give us that; make room for them! We commend the book most heartily to those who want to know their Bibles.

THE IDEAL LIFE. By Henry Drummond. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

We feel greatly favored to hold in our hands another book by Prof. Drummond. It is like a voice from the other world. There are very many to whom Drummond is one of the most helpful religious teachers of the generation. They have not forgotten the sense of personal loss that swept over them when they heard of his untimely end.

We are favored here, too, in having memorial sketches from the pens of Ian Maclaren and Dr. Robertson Nicoll. They are a distinct addition to the value of

the book. We enjoy in them reading the expression of our own deep feelings toward Drummond, but an expression based on a much better information and a worthier appreciation than our own. The language employed is superlative, but, we are sure, every word is deserved. Dr. Watson closes his warm, heart word with this sentence—ah! how seldom can such language be truthfully used: "Without pride, without envy, without selfishness, without vanity, moved only by good will and spiritual ambitions, responsive ever to the touch of God and every noble impulse, faithful, fearless, magnanimous, Henry Drummond was the most perfect Christian I have ever known or ever expect to see this side the grave."

The address upon "Clairvoyance," which works up the fine idea that we are to look through all the seen to the unseen and eternal which lies beyond, is most impressive and after Drummond's best manner. The addresses upon "Ill Temper," "The Eccentricity of Religion," and "Penitence" are also admirable. All is interfused with the good sense, the sweet spirit, the insight and spiritual vision of the author. And all is given to us in the clear and beautiful style, which carries the reader on like some fine Pullman car, sweeping through fertile prairie or towering mountain scenery of a continent. We are grateful for the book, for the beauty and spiritual profit of it.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES. By Rev. G. F. Moore, D.D., of Andover Seminary. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This is the first volume of the Polychrome Bible, edited by Prof. Paul Haupt of Johns Hopkins University. "The Book of Judges" is translated and edited by Rev. G. F. Moore, of Andover Seminary. The design of the Polychrome Bible is to present the results of modern scholarship in such a way as to be readily discerned by the reader. The product of each of the writers to whom a part of the book is assigned by the judgment of scholars is printed in a different color from the others, so that a glance suffices to indicate the author. The Book of Psalms and also Isaiah will shortly appear, and other parts may be expected in the present year. Of course, the permanent value of such a work depends on the ability and faithfulness of those having care of it, and the hands in which the volumes are placed insure a careful oversight and fine accomplishment. The Polychrome Bible is in the line of the coming study of the Scriptures. The mechanical part of the labor is beautifully rendered, and the result in every way pleasing.

WHAT IS GOOD MUSIC? By W. J. Henderson. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The theoretical side of music has been unquestionably neglected. This, perhaps, is natural when there is so much that is entrancing in the *practical* side. But this is not as it should be. The artist studies not only how to wield the brush himself, but also, and primarily, how the greatest artists used theirs, and probably the most successful artists are those who have studied most carefully the paintings of their illustrious predecessors. It is not so with the average music-lover. He is contented if he can sing or play comfortably well such pieces as may be "going the rounds," and he cares not a whit for the theory which they illustrate, nor for theory, anyway, in connection with such a pastime as music. It is for such a class, and we confess that we belong to it, that this book is written. It gives in very readable language what one who at all aspires to be a musician should know of music, treats of rhythm, melody and harmony, differentiates the intel-

lectual from the emotional, the romantic from the sensuous in music, and is altogether a very welcome addition to musical literature.

A NATIONAL CHURCH. By William Reed Huntington, D.D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is a plea for church union from a leading Episcopal divine. It clearly shows that this thing of union is not a matter of church connection, but of individual character. Some are, by the whole bent of their being, inclined to it, and others just as much the other way. We need not say which we admire the more. If all Episcopalians were constituted like Dr. Huntington, a very large share of union would come very fast. The same fact holds good of all the sects; individuals are far ahead of churches in this matter.

Dr. Huntington has a wonderfully bright, pleasing way of putting things. He is one of the men of whom, as you read, you say: "Why, of course; he carries you right on with him." It is largely from his good sense and solid information and kindly temper. The book is not large, but it is a valuable addition to the growing literature of church union. And the thing is growing faster than the literature.

AN IMPERIAL LOVER. By M. Imlay Taylor. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

This is a companion book to "On the Red Staircase," by the same writer.

That book dealt with Russian court life at the time preceding the accession of Peter the Great. This book deals with the times of that emperor. The story is told by a marshal of France, the gentleman, indeed, who, as a young diplomat, by a brilliant series of manœuvres, won his bride in "On the Red Staircase."

This time it is his young attaché, who, after a somewhat similar series of experiences, and with the czar of all the Russias as his rival, wins a fair Russian maid for his wife.

The book is full of exciting adventure, and proves the authoress to be a master hand at this style of writing.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER. By W. R. Huntington. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

To obtain a history of the Episcopal prayer-book, it is first necessary to have a history of the Church of England prayer-book, from which it is formed. This the author gives us, very briefly, but carefully and not uninterestingly. He evidently belongs to the "low church" party in the Episcopal church, as he seems to approve of many of the changes made in the prayer-book at the time of the Reformation to an extent not common among Episcopalians. With this exception, however, the book, as a whole, is, as a history to be a history should be, remarkably free from prejudice. Episcopalians, who are not well posted concerning the history of their prayer-book, cannot fail to find this book valuable.

UNCLE ROBERT'S VISIT. By Francis W. Parker and Nellie Lathrop Hilm. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Dr. William T. Harris, United States commissioner of education, has undertaken to edit for the Appletons a comprehensive series of "Home Reading Books," presenting upon a symmetrical plan the best available literature in the various fields of human learning, selected with a view to

the needs of students of all grades in supplementing their school studies. Under such auspices, it is not difficult to believe that this project will solve the long-standing problem as to what kind of reading shall be furnished to the young, and what will most benefit them intellectually as well as morally.

"Uncle Robert's Visit" is the third volume in the sub-series edited by Col. Francis W. Parker, under the title of "Uncle Robert's Geography," appearing under the general division I of the series entitled "Natural History."

Colonel Parker is so well known as the president of the famous Cook County Normal School in Chicago, that his name is a guaranty of the worth of this latest publication in the series. In material, arrangement, illustrations and typography, this book fully sustains the reputation already gained for the "Home Reading Books."

A LIFE FOR AFRICA. By Ellen C. Parsons. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

This is an excellent biography of A. C. Good, a missionary of the finest spirit and devotion.

Full of the greatest interest in his work, with a self-sacrificing spirit, his robust religious life had a wonderful influence on those whom he sought to Christianize.

He labored for twelve years, amid many difficulties, doing pioneer work, contending manfully against the obstacles thrown in his way by the French government, and leaving his impress upon the people.

The book is fascinating, abounding in incidents of peril and privation, but showing throughout the spirit of consecration and devotion, combined with good, practical common sense.

THE FACTS AND THE FAITH. By Beverley E. Warner, D.D. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

We have read Dr. Warner's book with great interest. It follows the line of the Apostles' Creed; takes up the doctrines in order, looks at them in the light of Christian experience to-day. There is no harsh dogmatism about the treatment of the theme, but great fairness and mildness, while the true inwardness of the doctrines is maintained. The preacher has the art of putting things. After all, the great truths need only a fair statement to commend themselves to thoughtful minds; the more pity that they do not always receive this handling. All sorts of readers will be the better for the perusal of these sermons. We commend them most heartily to all.

PRAYERS FOR THE CHRISTIAN YEAR. By Charles R. Baker, D.D. Published by Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York.

This is a most excellent volume for devotional purposes. The prayers are arranged for each Sunday morning and Sunday evening of the year. Additional prayers for Lent, Saints' days, and special occasions being added. The spirit of the prayers here gathered is devotional and reverent. The language most simple and appropriate. As the author well says: "The stately forms best adapted for liturgical and public prayer are for that reason often less fit for family or private use." Those who desire help and guidance in family or personal worship will find much of value in this volume.

ENGLISH LANDS, LETTERS AND KINGS. THE LATER GEORGES TO VICTORIA. By Donald G. Mitchell. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is the fourth volume of the English Lands and Letters series. The author, in his own charming way, intro-

duces us to the Lake school poets, and makes us feel on familiar terms with Southey, Wordsworth, De Quincey and Christopher North. Byron is dealt with with rare tact and discrimination. The work shows accurate scholarship. We experience, as we read, a renewed interest in and love for our old friends, Scott, Hazlitt and Hallam, who have candid judgment passed upon them in this excellent resumé of their labors. The book will be attractive to all interested in English literature.

A FOUNTAIN SEALED. By Sir Walter Besant. Published by F. A. Stokes Co., New York.

The illustrious author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," treats us now to a genuine love story, with George III. as the hero.

The story is a quiet one, and represents the prince as a man of good principles. The pictures of the men and women of the past are effectively drawn. The book is full of pathos, and one feels much sympathy for the young Quakeress who is courted by the prince.

HOW TO BECOME LIKE CHRIST. By Marcus Dods, D.D. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

The first sermon gives its name to this book. All the sermons are most thoughtful. Dr. Dods wastes no words; he uses words to express his thoughts. Every sentence tells. He deals, too, with the very heart of things. There is nothing goody-goody here. And he is in dead earnest. One is very much the better for all he says. Brief, pointed, earnest, we commend these sermons heartily to our readers.

THE YOUNG AMERICANS.—By Harry Pratt Judson. Published by Maynard, Merrill & Co., New York.

Patriotic readings and recitations make up this book. The stirring events of American history, and the finest tribute of national poetry are brought together. There are many illustrations—pictures of the great men and places of our country. It is a book for the young, and a good one for them to have and to use.

GEMS OF SCHOOL SONG. Selected and edited by Carl Bets, supervisor of music, public schools, Kansas City, Mo. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago.

This is a choice collection of songs suitable for children of all ages and for schools of different grades. The songs represent a large and varied repertory, including those favorites of the past, which are ever fresh, and the latest and best of the present.

AN OREGON BOYHOOD. By Louis Albert Banks. Cloth, illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This book is a description of the scenes and adventures of a boyhood and youth in the far western country.

School life, mountain climbing, life in the mining camps in the early days of gold mining, are among the subjects described, which make this a very interesting book for young and old.

THE ADVENTURES OF MABEL. By Radford Pyke. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

Just the story for children. The dog, the horse and the little girl all have their proper place. Marvelous and exciting adventures attend their way. These will make the

little one's eyes open very wide. The book is in large print, very tastefully and originally illustrated. We think many children will have a good time over it.

THE HAPPY SIX. By Penn Shirley. Cloth, illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is the third volume of "The Silver Gate Series," which has already become deservedly popular with the little ones. This book describes the trip of the children from the Pacific coast to New York, and thence across the ocean to France. The author maintains her reputation for being a very graceful interpreter of child life.

DREAMS IN HOMESPUN. By Sam. Walter Foss. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Mr. Foss is one of those genuine humorists who have something to sing, and know how to sing it. In its philosophic suggestions and earnestness of thought, his poetry is unique.

A POLITICAL PRIMER OF NEW YORK STATE AND CITY. By Adele M. Fields. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

This little book should be read and re-read by every citizen in the Greater New York. It presents the whole scheme of government embodied in the new charter in a marvelously clear and simple manner.



MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

We are glad to welcome *The Arena* to our exchange list, a magazine which has always sounded a very certain note, and among whose contributors are some of the strongest writers of the day.

In the February number the editor, John Clark Ridpath, contributes an article on "The Finances and Our Party Leaders," and B. O. Flower, its former editor, a paper on "The Corporations against the People," a theme in which he is an adept.

Another very welcome visitor is *The Great Round World*, giving, briefly and pithily, the world's happenings from week to week. It fills among those of the younger generation the place filled by the *Review of Reviews* among those of the older.

Walter A. Wyckoff's experiences among the workers in the West are begun in *Scribner's Magazine* for March. Interesting as is the account of Mr. Wyckoff's trial of the lot of a day laborer in the East, this new series is said to be even more thrilling.

The article in the February issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* on the "Capture of the Government by the Money Power" deserves a wide and careful reading.

Professor Drummond's book, "The Ideal Life," of which over 20,000 copies have been sold, has been most heartily endorsed by Robertson Nicoll in a recent review.

An article in the February issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal* treats helpfully of the very practical and sometimes serious question, "How to Treat the Mother-in-law in the Home."

A new translation of the New Testament has been issued by the Funk & Wagnalls Company. This translation is from the layman's point of view, being made by a deacon in the Congregational church.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

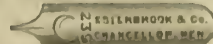
- D. APPLETON & Co., NEW YORK.
C. Frederick Wright, D.D., LL.D. Scientific Aspects of Christian Evidences. \$1.50.
Frederick A. Olier. Crusoe's Island. 65 cts.
- BONNELL, SILVER & Co., NEW YORK.
Rev. S. B. Rossiter, D.D. Curlers' Sermons. 50 cts.
- THE CENTURY Co., NEW YORK.
S. Weir Mitchell. Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker. 2 Vols.
- DODD, MEAD & Co., NEW YORK.
Jane H. Findlater. The Daughter of Strife. \$1.25.
Robert F. Norton, M.A. Success and Failure. 50 cts.
Henry Drummond. The Ideal Life. \$1.50.
Book of Judges. Polychrome Edition of Holy Bible. \$1.25.
- FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., NEW YORK.
Translated by Robert D. Weekes from the Greek. The New Dispensation. \$2.25.
- HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., BOSTON.
Edited by Annie Fields. Life and Letters of Harriet Beecher Stowe. \$2.
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. The Story of Jesus Christ. \$2.
- CHARLES H. KERR & Co., NEW YORK.
John Brown. Parasitic Wealth, or Money Reform.
- LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.
Penn Shirley. The Happy Six. 75 cts.
Rev. Louis A. Banks. An Oregon Boyhood. \$1.25.
Virginia F. Townsend. Dorothy Draycott's Tomorrows. \$1.50.
- THE MACMILLAN Co., NEW YORK.
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Rev. Andrew Murray. Money. 25 cts.
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Rev. C. Armand Miller, M.A. The Way of the Cross. \$1.00.
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A. C. McGiffert, Ph.D., D.D. A History of Christianity. \$2.50.
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W. J. Henderson. What is Good Music? \$1.00.
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Anthony Hope. Simon Dale. \$1.50.
Edited by Walter Learned. A Treasury of American Verse. \$1.25.
- SUNSHINE PUBLISHING Co., PHILADELPHIA.
Bushrod Washington James. Alaska. \$1.50.
- THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK.
Dr. James Orr. The Ritschlian Theology and the Evangelical Faith. 75 cts.
W. R. Huntington. A Short History of the Book of Common Prayer. 25 cts.
Edward A. Warriner. The Gate Called Beautiful. \$1.50.

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Miscellaneous.

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"Don't Worry" is a prescription worth all the medicine-chests in Christendom. I have read it repeatedly, and lent it to friends."—FRANCES E. WILLARD.
"I was for some years professor of Ethics in a Unitarian theological school, but must confess that 'Don't Worry' takes the lead every time. The Unitarians are fairly beaten in the scientific presentation of religious truth by this little book. Its author has the true spirit, and is a chosen instrument of the Spirit in this age of the Spirit."

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"Go PUT your creed into your deed
Nor speak with double tongue;

"For He that worketh high and wise,
Nor pauses in His plan,
Will take the sun out of his skies,
Ere freedom out of man."

—Emerson.

"WHAT is the use of the vermiform appendix?" asked the teacher of the class in physiology. "The vermiform appendix," promptly answered Tommy Tucker, "is useful to keep things out of."—Chicago Tribune.

To LIVE content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.—Wm. Henry Channing.

A THEOLOGICAL creed must, in the nature of things always be more or less behind the times. Just because it is the conviction of the many, it cannot adequately represent the maturest convictions of the competent few. A creed is valuable as a conservative force to preserve what is precious in the thinking of the past. When however, it is set up as a barrier to the progressive thought of the present, it is mischievous and pernicious. Then belief in a dead creed is substituted for faith in the living God; and the church relapses into stagnation and decay.—Dr. Hyde.

"TAKE my influence," cried a sinful man who was dying; "take my influence, and bury it with me." But that is just what you cannot do.

HERE and there are good soft benches,
On the road of life, but then
As a rule it always happens
They are full of other men.

—Chicago Record.

How very beautiful is the characterization of Hope, given by Wordsworth:

"The paramount duty which heaven lays,
For its own honor, on man's suffering heart."

Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

ST. PETER, from the door of Heaven,
one day,
Sped two young angels on their happy
way,
For the first time to see the world in
May—
Both bearing baskets.

They were to bring back flowers more
fragrant far
Than budding rose and blooming
hawthorn are;
They were to bring the praise of all
the star
Back in their baskets.

The Angel of Thanksgivings, full of
glee,
Donned a huge hamper half as big
as he;
But the Collector of Petitions—see!
With a small basket.

When they returned, St. Peter, as
before,
Sat with his golden key beside the
door;
But each appeared to be in trouble
sore
About his basket.

The Angel of Petitions bore a sack
Cram full, and bound uncouthly on
his back;
Yet even then it seemed that he had
lack
Of bag or basket.

The Angel of Thanksgivings blushed
to feel
The empty lightness of his mighty
creel;
“But there!” he muttered, turning
on his heel
To hide his basket.

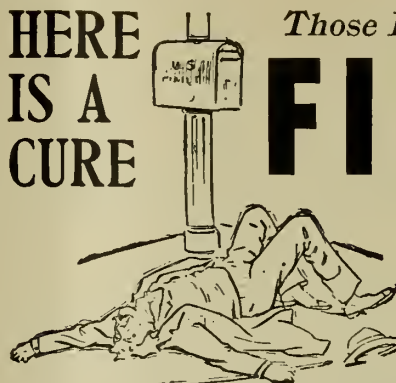
Then spoke St. Peter: “When again
you go
On a prayer-gathering you will better
know
That men’s petitions in the world
below
Fill a big basket.

“But when you go to gather up their
thanks
For prayers well answered and for-
given pranks,
For health restored and disentangled
hanks,—
Your smallest basket!”
—Quoted in the *Sunday-School Times*.

Price has been reduced on the original old-
fashioned Dobbins’ Electric Soap, so that it
can now be bought at 8 cents a bar, two bars
for 15 cents. Quality same as for last 33 years,
“BEST OF ALL.” Ask your grocer for it.

Miscellaneous.

HERE
IS A
CURE



Those Dreadful

FITS

“Not to take
a cure for
an otherwise
fatal disease
is to commit
suicide.”

If you suffer from Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus’ Dance, etc., have children or relatives that do so, or know people that are afflicted, my New Discovery, **EPILEPTICIDE**, will cure them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Bottle and to try it. I am quite prepared to abide by the result. It has cured thousands where everything else has failed. Please give name and full address. DR. W. H. MAY, May Laboratory, 96 Pine St., New York.

“THAT” AND “SAY.”

IN thirty-five words how many “thats” can be grammatically inserted? Eighteen. “He said that that ‘that’ that that man said was not that that that that one should say, but that that ‘that’ that that man said was that ‘that’ that that man should not say. That reminds

us of the following “says” and “saids”: “Mr. B——, did you say or did you not say what I said you said you said? Because C—— said you said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?”—*Exchange*.

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Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

SOMEHOW it seems to take the English to do genuinely irritating things. Of all those who harried the covenanters of Scotland in the days of the Stuarts, probably no man was more notorious than Grierson of Lag. No doubt he fought the battle of the English Kings bravely enough, but he fought those battles in such ways that his name has come down through history covered with the most heinous opprobrium. The historian says that he not only butchered and tortured his victims, which he was perhaps expected to do, but that "he was in the habit of mocking them while under torture in the coarsest terms;" he was one of those who like Nero, and Caligula, seems to have taken a fiendish delight in the sight of others pain. And to whom has it seemed fitting to the English in just this last year to raise a monument, but to Grierson of Lag, and to raise it in Scotland in the parishes where his crusades against the Puritans were carried on. This action has roused vigorous protest from the residents of these parishes, but that probably is just what it was expected to do. We wonder whether it may not be in order now for the English to apply for permission to raise a monument to the Indian and Hessian heroes of the butcheries of the Revolution in the city of Washington.

THE TURKEY'S OPINION.

"WHAT dost thou think of drumsticks?"

I asked the barn-yard bird.
He grinned a turkey grin, and then
He answered me this word:

"The're good to eat, they're good to beat,

But sure as I am living,
They're best to run away with
The week before Thanksgiving!"
—Exchange.

Miscellaneous.

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A CLERK and his father, just in from the country, entered a Lima restaurant one Saturday evening, and took seats at a table where sat a telegraph operator and a reporter, both known to the writer. The old man bowed his head, and was about to say grace, when a waiter came up to take their orders. Father and son gave their orders, and the former again bowed his head. The young man turned the color of a blood-red beet, and touching his father's arm, exclaimed in a low, nervous tone, "Father, it isn't customary to do that in restaurants." "It's customary with me to return thanks to God wherever I am," was the old man's answer. For the third time, he bowed his head, and the son bowed his also. The telegraph operator paused in the act of carving his beefsteak, and bowed his head; the journalist pushed back his plate and bowed his head, and there wasn't a man who heard the short and simple prayer, who didn't feel a profounder respect for the old farmer than if he had been the President of the United States.—*Lima Gazette.*

A TINY taper was taken from its drawer, lighted, and carried up a winding stair. "Where are we going?" it asked in alarm. "Up above our sleeping room," the keeper said, "to the tower. The ships are seeking the harbor, and we must show them the way." "But my rays are so weak," the taper protested, "they cannot see me from afar." "Shine on, little one, and leave the rest to me." Then he stole aloft, and from the wee flame lit the great lamps whose light was caught by the massive reflectors, and flung far out at sea. When that was done, the tiny taper was put out.—*The Kingdom.*

WITH some lives God dealeth as the artist with the etching, slowly fashioning their beauty by the strong acids of perseverance and patience; with others, God dealeth as the engraver with his stencil suddenly cutting them by the sharp blows of pain or sorrow; but all He would make into one beautiful likeness, even the image of Himself.

Gossip and slander are "fire-bugs" who go about trying to blacken or consume the useful and beautiful structures of character which others have erected. They need to be treated as such—have their torch put out, and themselves put out with it.

TALK of man having subdued nature as we may, when we see a great city of hundreds of thousands of people stuck fast in a snow drift as Boston was this past month for several days, we are compelled to feel that nature has not abdicated all her powers even yet.

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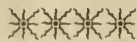
The
theology
of
Christ.

Existence is a good to lost angels and men; hell is the loss of the beatific vision; the lost fulfill in their measure the end of their creation; still as to their nature they are far superior to material light, which is the highest material substance; lost souls will enjoy in hell quite as much as they do here; they continue natural beings and enjoy natural joy, and that which they lose, being the beatific vision of which they have no conception, is a loss of which they are wholly unconscious.

—Augustine.

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"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

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Easter. THREE joyful, thankful feasts meet in the commemorations of Easter day. Easter is Pascha, as it was called, the Passover of the Jews; and Easter is the early Christian feast in memory of the rising of Christ; and Easter is Eostre, the ancient German celebration of the rising of the sun. The name is that of the old heathen feast, and the time is that of the ancient Hebrew Passover, and the thoughts have come to be all of the glorious Christian revelation and hope.

Nor does it seem to us by any means degrading or inappropriate that the day of the rejoicing of the Jews for their deliverance, and the day of the thankfulness of the heathen for that which they consider the best gift of God should be joined with the Christian's commemoration of man's victory over death.

In Christ and in His resurrection is thus most literally all the fulness of the Jews and of the heathen found. So far from making it a merely Jewish, or a merely heathen festival, this Easter of ours is all the more Christian because

the memories of the worship of Israel and the memory of the best feelings of gratitude amongst the heathen are gathered into it. We are not of those who despise the day, and think it unfitting when we feel that by name, and by certain customs, it recalls the heathen feast as well as the Christian celebration. We honor it more, finding thus in Christ the joy of many faiths brought together.

And indeed is there not a suggestive type, or prophecy, such as in the Old Testament we are always eager to discern, in that heathen hearts, turning from their darkness unto the light of Christ, should yet remember the one day of their gladdest religious rites, the day in which they commemorated the coming again of light, and warmth, and life to the earth, and should bring it over, and fix thereon as the day whereon to remember the rising of Christ, and the immortality brought to light?

Back thus, far back into all the thankfulness of the past, into all the gratitude of all peoples for the mercies of God, we are led as we remember with multiplied thanksgivings God's unspeakable gift of Jesus Christ, and his message of the resurrection.



Unconscious Perdition. THE teaching of Augustine quoted on our first page is striking, if not startling. We are persuaded that there is a deep truth in it. A bishop of the church of England said once, that hell was in some respects more a hell to the one who was outside of it than to the one who was in it. We can see this in common life; here is a man who lives without God and does not appear to feel the want at all. But you love God, and the sense of His love is a second nature to you. It would be like death to try to live without God. Life would be robbed of its sweetness, all would turn to ashes in your mouth. The thought of being a drunkard would almost drive you mad; you would far rather die; but how many men are drunkards, and though sometimes there flashes upon them the thought of what they are and might be, yet in general they do not feel it as you would at all. So we might go on endlessly; the life of a covetous man would be hell to the generous man, but the covetous does not know his loss. Of course a loss that is utterly unknown, cannot be appreciated.

This is probably of the great goodness of God. It may be that the old men who betrayed so vividly the torments of the lost, did not see this truth; it may be that this is one of the reconciliations of punishment and the love of God. No Godless man in the whole world feels his loss fully; it is probable, as Augustine says, that in the future

world the same thing holds good. This does not in the least affect the fact that the loss is simply immense, vast beyond all calculation, but it makes it endurable.

Augustine himself was an unconscious witness to the truth of this word of his; for he wrote, urging persecution, to Dulcitus, who shrank from burning the heretics, according to the edict of Honorius: "It is much better that some should perish by their own fires than that the whole body should burn in the everlasting flames of Gehenna, through the desert of their impious dissension." Now this is just infernal, but Augustine did not know it. This feeling in his heart was a little spark of hell there, but the good man never for a moment imagined it, any more than Calvin did when he burned Servetus, or Luther when he endorsed the burning. It's a true hell, persecution, but it is not known, and probably it is God's mercy that it is not known.

Till the heart is perfectly pure and holy, there is a little of hell-fire in it. Oh, what bliss, when it moves into the perfect love and abides there! And God's love forever calls us out of our hell into His dear heaven; when we have passed over, we see the hell we have left.



The Trial of Zola. Is it the trial of Zola? No, no, it is the trial of France. Before Him shall be gathered all nations; that is the story of history. One has said that nations have no immortality, so they have their judgment in this world. Assyria and Babylon, Greece and Rome, have been judged in the eyes of all the nations, as France is being judged now. There is this to be said of the present times, in distinction from all the times that have gone before, that all things are naked and open. What with the telegraph and the submarine cable, the omnipresent reporter and the printing press, all is known. Our knowledge, indeed, runs ahead of the facts; we "know a great many things that are not so."

It is an old saying that the court is condemned when the guilty escapes; the converse being true, the court is condemned when the innocent suffers. Never was there worse case of condemned court, by the general judgment of men, than in this famous French case. A well-known military trial ended in a most unsatisfactory way, with the condemnation of an officer of minor rank. The officer stoutly maintained his innocence, the trial was secret, and there were suspicions that higher parties were implicated, and that the subaltern was a scape-goat. These suspicions were voiced by one of the most popular writers of France in a very sweeping way. The accusation was so strenuous that the government put Zola, its author, upon trial. It was most important that, as the previous trial had been secret and very much discredited, all should be fair and open in the new one. Unfortunately it was a very bad imitation of the first. If there had been some iniquity to be covered up, it could not have been gone about in a better way. Witnesses of high rank were forbidden to attend the court; those who were present were not permitted

to answer questions; all the tactics of a political stump-speech were brought into play; soldiers in full general's or colonel's uniform exhorted the crowded audience with wild appeals to French patriotism; the honor of France was the pretext of all this dishonor: the accused and his friends were attacked, and sometimes injured, on their way to the court-room, and at last the expected verdict of condemnation was rendered. The whole thing was a simple farce, but a farce with most serious consequences to France and its present government. The end is not yet. A thing is never done till it is rightly done. France has found this to be true before and will again. St. Bartholomew was finished in the French Revolution. How will Zola's trial end?



Spiritual Possibility

OUR condition in this world may be described as one of immense spiritual possibility; more that, than great spiritual attainment. A chosen few make marvelous attainment, and become prophets, interpreters, a mighty stimulus and hope to the rest. But, for the most of us, our attainment lags far behind our possibility.

The possibility is something overwhelming; to be sons of God, to be made like God, to overcome all sin, to grow in every virtue and excellence, to add power to power, to wield a vast and growing influence over our fellows, to inherit all things and to reign for ever and ever, all this and much more is our possibility. The whole story is revealed in the parable of the "Talents"; it is a parable of possibility.

The entrance into all this possibility is given to us by our Lord in His word, "Ye must be born again." The first step is giving the heart to God, and receiving life from Him. Upon this all that follows is built.

Possibility includes the idea of possibly not; that is, that the whole thing may be lost by neglect or refusal, as the "Talents" teach. This great endowment of possibility carries with it this equal responsibility: neglected or wasted, it is lost. Here is the prevalent weakness of the time. We are swift to recognize our privilege, but slow to act upon our responsibility. With the most sublime assurance, we have accepted the Christian teaching of the high possibility, and gone on to take it quietly for granted that it will become an accomplishment for all. This is directly against the teaching of the revelation to which we owe the knowledge of the possibility. That teaching, in the most positive and impressive way, warns against the danger of losing all by neglect. That part is coolly left out by many. But it must not be left out; it is an essential part. The possibility is magnificent; but it must be sedulously developed, diligently cultivated. A worldly, selfish, careless life loses the possibility, as the "Talents" again teaches. It is mere folly to lose sight of this. This generation has had to contend with many theological monstrosities, and a sad consequence has been a general losing of firm grip on some great aspects of truth. A modification of too severe views of punishment ought to

have made us more positive about a real loss and punishment, proportioned to the offence ; but in many cases it has worked a disbelief in all eternal sanctions of conduct, which is a most preposterous conclusion. Clearly as we see the sublime possibility, so clearly should we see the inevitable alternative ; if the possibility is flung away by carelessness and sin, then it is simply lost, like the talent that was taken from the unfaithful servant.

We want an immensely higher idea and impression of our possibility ; such an idea and impression as will forever make impossible any trifling or neglect. The fortune is too vast to be squandered. It is not ours fully yet ; it is to be gained by earnest endeavor and obedience. And it is so boundless and divine that every power must be put forth for its attainment, while the soul is continually ravished by the confident belief of its magnificence and of its feasibility, that it is vast and that it may be ours. How unspeakably distressing is the huge amount of wasted talent that might become divine ? how inspiring the thought that all this majesty of beauty and glory will be ours, if we will but try ?



Fighting for Peace. JESUS said : "Blessed are the peacemakers." He said, also, that He came to bring a sword. Nor do this word and this example contradict each other. Many true peacemakers have had to bring a sword. They have had to fight for peace. When a man-eating tiger brings fear and devastation into a whole Eastern village, he is the true peacemaker who goes out with a rifle and settles the matter, bringing peace. When the horrible tales of massacre in Armenia were poured into our ears, how many earnest Christian prayers went up that some one of the great powers, or some concert of them, might be brave enough, unselfish enough, to fight, if needs be, for peace. We think it shame that no such peacemaker was to be found.

We do believe that it is in the same spirit that the great American people have faced this miserable trouble, which war and destruction in Cuba have brought upon them. It has been, all along, a question as to whether the matter was serious enough to make it necessary to fight for peace. It has not been ambition, but indignation, which has been at the root of any war feeling in thoughtful American hearts. As we write no man knows whether it will be found necessary that war shall come or not. Whether it does come or not, we believe that the common feeling of the people, as they face the dangers of a struggle, is that they were justified therein, and only justified because they were fighting in the glorious cause of peace.

Neither can we endure that such evils as intemperance, or gambling, or political knavery shall rise up and cry : "Peace, peace, when there is no peace ;" there can be none until, by struggle and conflict, the wicked thing is laid powerless, and the peaceable day of righteousness has come. It is for us to be peacemakers, either by allaying strife, where strife is of the evil one, or by entering into

strife, when strife is against the evil one. Mrs. Brown-
ing said :

"I love no peace which is not righteousness,
And which includes not mercy. I would have
Rather the raking of the guns across the world."



The Danger of Indemnity. WITH measures that make for peace we have the greatest sympathy, but with measures which dishonor the sanctity of human life we have no sympathy at all. Horrible as war is, we cannot but think that war, with honor, is better than indemnity, with dishonor. Let it not be understood by Spain, or by any nation, that the lives of American citizens are for sale. Let it not be thought that, by running its bill up into the millions, the country feels that it is getting due recompense for murdered men, or even that it is making a good bargain. Among the people at large there is no such feeling. They do not want war, but, even more earnestly, they do not want it thought that money salves all their wounds. Undoubtedly that spirit has gotten into some minds in this commercial age. It has infected badly some papers. "If there is a proper indemnity, there is no more to be said," is a too common feeling and utterance. But at heart the great American people feel not so. It may be fair to demand indemnity for a vessel, to demand money to support those who have been deprived of their sons and husbands. But no indemnity can compensate for life. Something beside that is needed. Legal, but certain and energetic, dealing with those responsible for the crime of the *Maine* explosion, and nothing less can in any way atone for it. Who of us so base that if his own son were killed in cold blood would feel that a money recompense from the murderer were sufficient ? We might forgive ; we might incline to mercy, but we would not tolerate any imputation of being mollified or bribed by financial compensations. American citizens are not on sale for any price.

For ourselves, we should prefer that the United States take upon herself the burden of support of those whose friends have been killed ; that she say to Spain : "For the ship you can pay ; as for the killed, for them no money will do ; that you administer justice, absolute and certain, over those responsible for their death is the only recompense you can make to us for their taking off." We believe that this would be in harmony with the dignity and wealth of the nation, and manifest the true value which, almost universally, its citizens set on human life.



The Saloon. EVERY great and successful general has his objective point, the distinctive object at which he aims in the present campaign. This is the reason General Grant's word, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," met with such an enthusiastic reception. Here was the man that was wanted and had been long looked for. General Lee found things

changed at once. This man kept right on and did not know what it was to be beaten. That meant the end, and it came soon.

It appears as if it were the very thing that is needed in the work of temperance; a distinct and near purpose that could definitely be accomplished. The full result cannot be gained quickly nor by a single step. But is there not one step of vast progress, on which all right-feeling people could be united, and for which a dead set could be made? We think there is, and it is the destruction of the saloon.

It is an impossible matter to entirely stop the sale of intoxicating drink at present. But there is one institution that lives for the development of the taste for strong drink; its production is a production of drunkards. What product that is, for an industry? It does nothing else save to manufacture drink and then put it in the most convenient and attractive places for its consumption. Making this its aim, it has inevitably become the great tempting power of the nation. It is the procurer of licentiousness, the centre of political corruption, the manufacturer of drunkards. It is this alone; it is not a hotel; it is not a grocery store, it is just a saloon. There is no reason for its being, but one, that is vice. We might as well license a trade to spread scarlet-fever or smallpox germs. The more money we get from licensing the saloon, the worse we are off.

There is an association in this country called The Anti-Saloon League. Its motto is, "The saloon must go." Why can't we all join this society in the purpose of our hearts? Why cannot temperance work for a little while crystallize about this one thing and really accomplish it? If the moderate drinker will say, "I know that the saloon is the most deadly enemy of my race and my country;" if the Prohibitionist will say, "I go further than you, but I cry with my whole heart, 'Down with the saloon,'" how long would it take to sweep this curse away? A general union against this one foe of all good people would be successful, and who can tell what a change there would be in the whole land were the saloon ended. We could wipe it out in a year if we would. Union in temperance is as good as union in religion.



The Dead Line. OF course there is a dead line in the ministry. There is a dead line in all professions, and all life. A time comes when a man is no longer fit in mind or in body for his former work. Even Gladstone and Bismarck come to a dead line in politics. That this line is crossed any the sooner or any the more necessarily by ministers than by other people, we are inclined to doubt. We do not think that a minister's usefulness is any more apt to be over at fifty, sixty, or seventy than that of a lawyer, nor probably as apt to be over at that age as the usefulness of one who has been exposed to all the physical strains of the doctor.

That there often seems to be a very large number of aged ministers—men on the superannuated list, as they are

usually marked in denominational year books—may be true; but this may be due to other reasons than to a pre-eminently imminent dead line in the profession of the ministry. For one thing, it is to be noted that according to all life statistics there are far more ministers living to be sixty and seventy years old than men of other professions. Of every one thousand ministers, six hundred live to be over sixty-five, while of every one thousand business men, or laborers, only three hundred live to that age, while of inn-keepers, and careless livers generally, hardly one hundred out of every thousand live to be over sixty-five. Now it is self-evident that with six hundred ministers living to be sixty-five out of every thousand and only one hundred hotel keepers, or three hundred lawyers out of a thousand living to be sixty-five, the numbers of ministers who seem to have crossed a dead line because of advanced age will be far larger than of these others. Yet the facts of the case may well be that, proportionately, the ministers who are still active may be in excess of those men of equal age who are active in other lines of life. The very fact that there are so many ministers who live to be aged, though it speaks well for the profession, may give to it the superficial appearance of having a very large number of unemployed old men.

Indeed, we think the dead line is far more a matter of the man than of the age. The day of the dead line comes to some ministers before they are out of the seminary. Indeed, we are not sure that it has not come to some before they were born; they never had the right ancestry to be developed in all the strong requirements of a true minister. We have sometimes thought that our various denominational boards of education, which make smooth and easy the way into the ministry for a multitude of students, who, perhaps, are not willing to work their own way, as they would have to do to other professions—these may be responsible for some who cross the dead line very early. And very much of the early dead line of the ministry is due not to the man's age in years, but very clearly to the fact that the man has dwindled. He has not kept up his reading, his thinking, and his whole equipment of service. He is in the position of a lawyer who has kept no track of the decisions made since he left the law school; his advice is at a great discount. Such a man's experience can not be laid up against the churches, as if they were prejudiced against an old minister, nor against the profession, as if it were a peculiarly uncertain one.

Let a man be a man, and keep up with the times; we are of the opinion that he will find work to do as long as his health holds out, and as long as he has a consecrated willingness not to be over-particular, where, and for how much salary he shall do his work.



The Agnostic. WE may ask, what's in a name, but does not the proverb say, give a dog a bad name, and you may as well stone him? The name

Agnostic seems to have had this badness attached to it; but perhaps a little defining of terms would bring light. We quote from no infidel work these words: "Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection? It is high as heaven, what canst thou do? deeper than hell, what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth and broader than the sea." This sounds in the line of agnosticism. There are certain aspects of the thought of God, so many sided, that call for silence and the bowed head. We must not find too much fault with the one who holds that silence, and bows the head, longer than we do. He is quite as admirable as the one who, as Matthew Arnold says, talks as if God lived round the corner.

If a man is an agnostic because he wants to get rid of God, then he is in a very bad way. If he wants to go his own course without any divine control, and to escape any great will having power over him, then he is undertaking the impossible. But if the very grandeur of God gives him pause, if he fears to speak where words fail him, let us not be too quick to condemn. Perhaps he means that the thought of God is so great to him that he cannot utter it, hardly imagine it, and in this he is surely right. His position may be another illustration of how errors flow from a start of truth.

Continually the more are we convinced that our whole life is in God; that He is nearer to us than breathing, and that all joy and peace and life flow from Him. To draw nearer to Him ourselves, to draw others near to Him, this is our desire. Faith grows clearer to us every day. And we fondly hope that a reverential, a seeking agnosticism will find its rest in God, but we are willing to give it time, and will not follow it with bitter words. If it is on the great search, and humbly asks for light, it will have it, and it will have no rest, till it rests in the love of God.



The Poet. It was a very wise word which Mrs. Browning spoke:

"You must not overlook the poet's work
When scheming for the world's necessities."

After all, poetry is not a light luxury; it is a real necessity. We should not be surprised if true poetry was as necessary for the world's happiness as good food. We might be able to get along without all the rest; but the poets and the farmers—these are absolutely necessary. Strong workers and sweet singers, as long as it keeps these, the world will do.

If there is anywhere a man who can get along without any poetry of any kind, without any poetry of the ears which is music, or any poetry of the eyes which is nature or art, or any poetry of the mind which is thought, or any poetry of the heart which is love, then that man has ceased to be a man.

Every power of human life desires that emotion which comes harmoniously to it. That which falls in with perfect harmony to any power is as absolutely necessary to

that power, and so to the life of which that power is an inherent part as food is to the taste, or as breath is to the lungs.

Above all things, then, religion is poetry. It is the highest emotion meeting perfectly man's highest needs. Piety and religion fill the soul as a song fills the ears. The spirit of man finds in worship, in devotion, and in the joys of spiritual service that which is to it perfect harmony. In these things truth, clothed in the garments of accordant words, meets the soul and satisfies it.

Blessed then, are the poets. They have discerned that humanity needs something satisfied beside a body, and they have sought to fill that need. We call them sometimes prophets, we call them sometimes artists, we call them sometimes thinkers, but they are all poets who reach the spiritual faculties of man, and speak in that language which is harmonious to them.

"God on His throne is
Eldest of poets,
Unto His measure
Moveth the whole."



Good Temper. ONE of the greatest attainments is good temper. We do not say one of the greatest gifts, because we wish to impress the idea that it is an attainment, more than a mere gift. It is a matter to be worked for with untiring zeal. It should be put among the most strenuous endeavors.

One is appalled as he looks around him and sees the utter misery on every hand that is caused by simple bad temper. We assail with bitter invective the saloon, and we think we have reason, for to it we trace an immense sum of misery; but bad temper causes quite as much distress, and sits often in the chief seat of the synagogue. It makes constant havoc of all the sweet delicacies of life. We fear that the home, which is always free from the inroads of this enemy, is an exception. And one person giving way to a bitter spirit desolates all his sphere. There is nothing more remarkable than the atmosphere that each person bears about with him; without word or look, bears with him as he comes. There are husbands who smart beneath the tongues of wives, and wives whose life is bitter from tormenting husbands. There are churches where a very few people of a bad spirit keep the whole society in turmoil. They set out to be unpleasant, and they succeed. Oftentimes, too much patience is used towards them; what they need is to be firmly and quietly told, what a persistent nuisance they are, and that they must behave themselves better.

One thing which awakens forbearance towards these persons is the sense of their real and constant misery. They peculiarly bear the fires of their own hell along with them. Their evil spirit tears and lacerates them all the days, like the demon of the New Testament; but the more he tortures them, the more they hug him to their breasts, and in no way can be led to cast him off. There

is no escape from this demon, however, but in utter casting him out; so long as cherished, he will tear.

The very essence of Christianity is sweetness and light. How patient, how gentle, how strong was our Master. Christianity is the religion of goodness. A bad temper is its distinct opposite; yet how many bad-tempered people think they are Christians because they take the sacrament. Where did they ever obtain such a grotesque notion? Surely not from the teachings of the Saviour; they are absolutely opposed to any such conception.

A general prevalence of a kindly, loving disposition would carry a vast extension of the kingdom of Christ along with it. "See how these Christians love one another," was the word that spread Christianity in the first day so quickly over the habitable earth. We must come to this spirit again. Persons of a bitter temper are destroying the life of the religion, however loud their professions may be, or however much they may give to missions. Their mission is to get a good temper as quickly as possible.



Not Controversy, But Christ. WHEN Bossuet was a boy he lighted upon a Bible open before his father and uncle, who were engaged in a very loud controversy on a religious topic. The boy read the open book, and was so greatly delighted with it that he began to read aloud. His voice rose with his theme till the older men were startled and listened with deep attention. From that day the Bible was his great study.

May we not make of this a parable, and learn a lesson? Too long the angry voices of the controversialists have silenced the still, small voice of the word of God. Quietly, but firmly, the voice of Christ is rising amid the din of strife. It will grow and swell till the others bow in awe and listen. Nay, has not that time come already. The tongues of mortals are many, of the immortals, one; it is the voice of Christ.



The Future of the Jew. A LEARNED Hebrew, Dr. Singer, is preparing an encyclopædia of the Jewish race. In the prospectus he makes this remarkable statement:

"But this entry into Christian society, this active part which we now take in the commercial, industrial, scientific, and artistic life of the nineteenth century, and of which we are justly and to the very highest degree proud, has necessarily dealt a mortal blow to the religion of Judaism. Let us not deceive ourselves. The Sabbath and other holy days, as well as the numerous and oftentimes charming religious rites, have, for the vast majority of Israelites of Western Europe and of the New World, become heavy burdens, or, at best, mere ceremonies, devoid of all pious sentiment."

There is a famous fable which tells how the sun and wind challenged each other to see which one could rob the traveller of his cloak. The wind blew its fiercest blast, but the traveller only hugged his cloak the closer. After the wind had failed, the sun poured down his hottest beams, and soon the traveller threw off his cloak, glad to escape

the heat. It looks as if Judaism were experiencing the truth of the fable. For ages she has endured all that can be endured by human flesh and blood for her religion, and she has remained firm and immovable. Now in this land she is sharing all the sweetness and light of Christianity, has found indeed a new promised land flowing with milk and honey. It would not be strange if the effect is to make the Jew more ready than he ever was before to drop his peculiarities and fall into line with the rest of us. We are very glad to welcome him to a closer fellowship. We are convinced that the common faith in One living and true God is the grandest of all bonds of union; and this is the first and incomparable truth of the Hebrew faith. Would it not be a sublime thing, if the patient gentleness of the Nazarene might bring His brethren to a full belief?



Bars. IT is most important that the bars be at the right places and of the right height. Who ever decided that there must be bars of very elaborate experiences before one could enter the church. Experience! yes, but the most simple experience; with your whole heart do you want to follow Jesus Christ, that is about enough. A man, some Paul or John Newton, has a marvellous experience, and straightway we are for laying it on all the rest. Much worse, who ever decided that one must have a faith to receive mountains of doctrine before he can come into the church? The Trinity, election, imputation, endless punishment, who ever said with sufficient authority, that we must accept these and a score of other matters before we can come in? It is as bad to keep the right ones out, as it is to take the wrong ones in. Who can deny that there are very many out, right feeling souls, who ought to be in, and being out they are aggrieved and discouraged. The fault is not all on one side, we know. They stay out when they ought to come in, and in this they are very wrong. But there is in the air a feeling that one ought not to be in the church unless he can match the experience of others, or hold all the opinions that the man who loves tough opinions, holds. Let us try to sweep this all away. Room for all true lovers of the Lord. At a recitation in Union Theological Seminary, we heard Dr. Hastings quote Lincoln's famous word, that when he found a church that made its basis, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, he would join it at once. Upon this statement, Dr. Hastings remarked, that he ought to find such a church round any corner. We feel as if that word were right. We can scent no heresy about that, and we pride ourselves very much upon our quick scent of heresy. Too high bars, and bars in the wrong place have wrought a world of mischief. There is one bar that no hand can tear down; it is deliberate, determined intention to do wrong, *that* shuts a man out, firm as Gibraltar. But the glory of Christianity is not its bars but its green pastures; they are wide as they are green, and there is room in them for every soul that seeks to do the will of the Father in heaven.

Growing Pains. GROWTH has to be paid for. It has its pains. They are sometimes indefinite feelings of uneasiness; they are at other times very definite feelings of discomfort. Either way they are signs of life and health, and not of death.

Now the body is not the only thing which has growing pains. Churches have them, and states. Every healthy, normal organism this world ever saw grew somewhat painfully. Theological ideas broaden; the change gives much trouble to the minds of many earnest and godly people; this gives much real pain, but it is a growing pain.

How often do all true preachers and teachers find that they must disturb the peace of mind of people who are happily settled in their ideas, if they would declare the truth as God gives them to see the truth; they give pain to others, and are thus much pained themselves by the very thoughtfulness and carefulness of investigation which the honest mind and the earnest heart require. By such pains the church is invigorated and enlarged.

Church methods change. Ways that are very familiar to some are dropped aside. Precious associations have to be given up. We prefer the old ways. What shall we say of this burden which with every change some are called to bear? Just this: that it is a part of the church's growing pain.

And church union must have its growing pains, when petted hobbies, or nourished prejudices are overridden and laid aside that the good work may go on, and the larger Christian church may grow.

We all have had them, in the body and in the spirit; we did not like them, but we are a great deal better for them. The wiser we grow, and the more far seeing, the more of the anxiety and of the trouble which we have or see, will we be likely to set down to this great world's growing pains.



IN BRIEF.

AN impressive thought is, the immense mass of labor that is absolutely useless. Take, for instance, and we might mention a hundred other things, the labor spent in schools and colleges in teaching Latin and Greek composition; the making of Latin and Greek prose or poetry in the present day. The youthful mind, with an instinctive truth, revolts from it, and has to be dragged to it by all the methods of compulsion in vogue. Still the work goes on, and students by the thousand produce most abominable Latin and Greek, that happily no mortal man will ever see. As the great and true prophet of this time would begin by abolishing a vast mass of our theology, so the great teacher would abolish an immense mass of our senseless studies. We wish he would hurry; and we fancy we hear a moan of "Amen" round all the schools.



THE brighter the light, the deeper the shadow. There is more beauty in the world to-day than ever before, and more lust; more knowledge and more knaves; more money and more thieves.

A good, manly word that was which Ex-President Harrison spoke to the Marquette club of Chicago on the matter of taxation. There need be no problem in finding a useful work for our ex-presidents if they utilize the experience and the authority which their previous position has given them to advise and warn and counsel in important matters, as Mr. Harrison has done in this. We hope that his words may lay it indeed on the consciences of the people that "taxes are a debt of the highest obligation, and that no casuist can draw a sound moral distinction between the man who hides his property, or makes a false return in order to escape payment of his debts to the state, and the man who conceals his property from his creditors." Such words are needed. They could not have come from a better place.



THE great souls show themselves by the zeal with which they fling themselves into the great things; this is an infallible test. There are some souls who only enthrall about trifles, they are moved only by vanities; the more empty a matter is, the more zeal they have. A dance, a game of cards, an oyster supper rouses their whole being to be sure it does not rouse much, but it is all the being they have. Let us see to it that we hear the call of the great things, and have a nature to respond to it. A Gospel and a Paul go well together, a Reformation and a Luther, a Revolution and a Washington, an Emancipation and a Lincoln. So do a circus and a clown; things are balanced.



COLDS tend to go downwards; they begin in the head, and go down to the throat, and then to the bronchi, and so to the lungs; many a severe case of pneumonia began with a snuffle. This is true, too, of the spiritual chills of fear and of distrust; they begin in the head and go down to the heart; many a case of most miserable despondency began with a theological speculation. We don't know of anything which could possibly result in the woes of lack of fervor and of good cheer in the heart so quickly as a doctrine of preterition well established in the head.



We clip this item from a newspaper:

"Twelve hundred clergymen of the English Church have united in recommending a book called 'A Book for the Children of God.' The spirit of the book may be inferred from the following passage in it: 'The Catholic Church is the home of the Holy Ghost. It is His only earthly home. He does not make His home in any Dissenting sect. Sometimes people quarrel with the Church and break away from her, and make little sham churches of their own. We call these people Dissenters and their sham churches sects. The Holy Ghost does not abide—does not dwell with them.'"

Wesley, Whitefield, Chalmers, Channing, Livingstone, Longfellow, Whittier, Lincoln, Beecher, Emerson and Carlyle, Spurgeon and Moody, there is no Holy Ghost in them. For a good big, substantial, sonorous whopper, can any one beat the sectarian?



It is a significant natural fact that human beings cannot cry with their eyes open. God knew that when we saw things in all clearness, we should not want to cry about them.

At a recent meeting of the Pastors' Conference at Grand Rapids, it was decided to unite the forces of the clergymen for a reform in the conduct of funerals, and a formal set of resolutions was adopted which the clergymen assembled were to read to their respective congregations on the following Sunday. It was recommended that no Sunday funerals be held; that the customary sombre mourning attire be discarded entirely; that funerals be more private, and that public displays be avoided; that people do not go to extremes of expenditure in funerals which they cannot afford, and that funeral sermons be shortened, it being the opinion of the Conference that extended oratory on such occasions is not called for.



THERE are some people who have to get mad; there is no reason why they should not get mad at you as well as the next man. As for quarrels, the rule of the Book of Proverbs is the best: leave off contention before it be meddled with; let go before you take hold.



WE do everything but that. We are in a hurry; we grow impatient; we forget to wait on God. We want to pull up the seed and see if it is growing. We are hastily presumptuous in crying "Maranatha"—"The Lord cometh quickly." We should remember that Providence has ever deemed it the part of mercy and of wisdom to tarry in its judgments, lest they fall indiscriminately on the tares and on the wheat. We should be assured within ourselves that time is on God's side; we should have faith then to believe that it is on the side of the right, and of ourselves when we are in the right.

"God does not pay at the end of every week,
But at the end, He pays."



THE generation past has wrought most marvellous change in three great opinions: the excessive severity of God, the universal perdition of the heathen, and the endless torment of the wicked. A great piece of work for one generation!



WHEN I set before me true virtue, all the distinctions on which men value themselves fade away. Wealth is poor, worldly honor is mean, outward forms are beggarly elements. Before this simple greatness I bow, I revere. The robed priests, the gorgeous altar, the great assembly, the pealing organ, all the exteriors of religion, vanish from my sight, as I look at the good and great man, the holy, disinterested soul. Even I, with vision so dim, with heart so cold, can see and feel the divinity, the grandeur of true goodness. How, then, must God regard it? To his pure eye, how lovely it must be! And can any of us turn away from it, because some water has not been dropped on its head, or some bread put into its lips by a minister or priest? or because it has not learned to repeat some mysterious creed, which a church or human council has ordained?—*Channing.*



THE strong faith of Job, which could even reproach God as a friend reproaches a friend, was more acceptable to Him than the servile adoration of the three friends which sought to twist the truth in order to magnify God.—*Moulton.*

I do not believe there is a church in the thickly-settled parts of the country, large enough to accommodate the people who would gather to it in one month's time if the latent power in the church were all drawn forth.—*Josiah Strong.*



THE true secret of health and long life lies in very simple things: Don't worry. Don't hurry. Don't overeat. Don't starve. Fresh air day and night. Sleep and rest abundantly. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Be cheerful. "Work like a man, but don't be worked to death." Avoid passion and excitement. Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease. Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe. Trust the Eternal. Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."—*Chicago Times.*



THE great physical forces of the world are all silent and unseen. The most ponderous of all, gravitation, came down the ages with step so noiseless that centuries of wise men had passed away before an ear was quick enough to detect its footfall.—*Drummond.*



HE who desires to assist other people, in common conversation will avoid referring to the vices of men, and will take care only sparingly to speak of human impotence, while he will talk largely of human virtue or power, so that men being moved, not by fear or aversion, but by the effect of joy, may endeavor as much as they can, to live under the rule of reason.—*Spinoza.*



THE unity reigning through a work upon which so many generations labored, gives the Bible a vastness beyond comparison, so that the greatest work of individual literary genius shows by the side of it, like some building of human hands beside the Peak of Teneriffe.—*Professor Seeley.*



THE martyr cannot be dishonored. Every lash inflicted is a tongue of flame; every prison a more illustrious abode; every burned book or house enlightens the world; every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the earth from side to side. It is the whipper who is whipped, the tyrant who is undone.—*Emerson.*



JOHN HOWE says: "A devil if he did love God would be a saint. A man that doth not love God, he is no other than a devil. It is the not loving God that makes the devil a devil."



ONE of the most hopeful facts in the matter of temperance is the statement of Father Doyle, who has done such good work in the Roman Catholic Church that all the Bishops of the country now pledge the girls and boys at confirmation to abstain from intoxicating drinks until they are twenty-one years old.



THE true fire and brimstone is just sin; it burns the very soul.

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A NEW YORK HOSPITAL IN A HEATED TERM.

G. HERBERT CARTER, M. D.

THE summer of 1892 brought a memorable hot wave to New York City. Previous records were broken. During the first days of July there was a climax in which the heat was indescribable. The nights were as hot as the days. Sleep was well-nigh impossible. Those who knew not the joys of a country-seat, where some respite and fresh air could be had, went through a trying experience. But to the poor people in the tenements (and on the street) the awful heat brought unspeakable suffering—a great deal of sickness, and in many cases death. The air was full of heat. Rooms were like ovens. The pavements and walls of the houses were hot to the touch. Drivers fainted from the heat with the lines in their hands. Laborers in the streets dropped unconscious in the ditches they were digging—sunstruck. At midday all work in the sun had to be stopped. A thermometer placed in the sunshine showed a temperature of 120 degrees or more. For three days and nights the agony lasted. During that time there were something over 250 deaths from sunstroke, or heat prostration, in the city of New York alone. A great many more who were stricken recovered.

The first day of the heat spell had struck the city. In one of the large hospitals the staff had assembled for morning rounds. The intense heat was already making itself felt. The house and senior looked comparatively cool and comfortable in outing suits of white flannel. The junior, who had only come on duty the first of July, sweltered in an orthodox sack suit. He wished he had dared think himself entitled to the same latitude in dress that his superiors enjoyed.

It was the sort of a day to take the starch out of a man's energy faster than Gov. Black could take it out of a civil-service bill. Physical exertion was burdensome—mental exertion was more so. The prospect of making rounds through wards filled with suffering patients, and of listening to the recital of their ailments, studying with anxious solicitude their symptoms, in this steadily increasing heat, was not attractive. As they entered the ward,

the house physician remarked to the senior that it would be almost hot enough to bring them in a sunstroke before the day was over.

The long, high ward was oppressive with heat. Every window was open, but not a breath of cool or fresh air accepted the invitation to come in. The mercury stood at 92 degrees and was steadily rising. The poor patients bared their arms and tossed back the clothes in vain endeavors to find some coolness without to allay the fever within. Beside one bed there was a large bath-tub of cold water, and in it lay a patient. He was one of twenty odd typhoid fever cases at that time in the hospital, and the sound of the splashing water, as two orderlies vigorously rubbed him, was refreshing. One would almost be willing to have typhoid fever for the sake of getting such a cold bath in this weather. But the poor fellow shivered and his teeth chattered as the icy water bathed his fevered body. There was one man in the ward, at least, who was cool. His fever was several degrees lower when after ten minutes he was lifted from the bath onto his cot. In a few hours his temperature could be trusted to rise again, and he would be given another cold plunge.

The staff began to make rounds. It was hard to put much animation or energy in their work. Nurses and orderlies moved about in a languid, heartless way that was strange in that ward. The house found his patients evidently suffering from the heat, but there was little complaining. The quiet of the ward was suddenly disturbed by the loud and repeated clanging of the ambulance-bell. To the initiated ear the character of its ringing told the arrival of a bad case.

The house physician stopped midway between two beds and listened. The head-nurse looked interested and a little worried. He had worked over sunstrokes before. The senior looked at the house physician, and the junior had an intuition that something was about to transpire. The clanging of the bell stopped. There were hurried footsteps approaching the door, followed by a quick knocking. There was a whispered communication at the door, and the orderly stepped up to report to the house that a sunstroke had just been brought in on the ambulance.

The house physician turned to the senior. "We must stop rounds and get to work at this fellow. Tell them to hustle him right up." This to the orderly. The order had evidently been anticipated, for outside a noise as of the rolling of something heavy was heard. No sooner were the doors thrown open than a stretcher was swiftly wheeled into the ward. On it the junior saw his first case of sunstroke—a laborer, clad in shirt, overalls and boots. He had been digging in the sun, had taken a good drink of whiskey to brace him up—a fatal error—and had dropped, without a sign or sound of warning, in a heap into the ditch he was digging. He lay unconscious on the stretcher as it was wheeled through the ward, past the long line of beds, to the small room at the end where the battle for his life was to be fought. His face was pallid—almost livid. His eyes were half-closed. There were traces of froth about his mouth and chin. His breathing was slow and irregular—a quick gasp of an inspiration followed by a long sighing respiration, which could be heard throughout the ward. His body was perfectly limp. The house physician stepped up to the stretcher and placed his hand on the bare chest. The skin was as hot as a stove. He felt for the pulse at the wrist. There was none.

The man was quickly stripped. His naked body was lifted by the orderlies and nurses and placed on what the staff call a "Kibbey cot." A Kibbey cot is simply a sort of hammock, made of cord with large square meshes. Under it a large bath-tub is placed. A man may be placed

on it and water poured over his body will run into the tub below. A large tank full of ice-water stood in the corner of the room about eight feet from the floor. To this tank was attached a rubber hose with a perforated metal nozzle. By turning a stop-cock the ice-water would flow through the hose, and could be played all over the surface of the body stretched out on the cot.

The three members of the staff with the head nurse and an orderly made ready to save the dying man if possible. A division of labor was made. The head nurse manipulated the hose, spraying the heated body from head to foot. A great tub of broken ice stood within easy reach. Large pieces of thin ice were placed around the body—with which the senior and an orderly vigorously and continuously rubbed the heated skin. The junior was told to rub the head with ice—hard and without a pause. There must be no cerebral congestion. The danger was that the man would die simply from his very high temperature. That temperature must be lowered, and as quickly as possible. The constant rubbing kept the blood at the surface, where the ice water and broken ice chilled it. The house physician kept watch on the man's temperature and heart. A sudden fall of temperature is always a strain on the heart. Into the limp, muscular arm, the house kept thrusting his hypodermic needle, pouring powerful heart stimulants into the system. The flagging heart must not stop beating. Just as the man was placed on the cot his temperature was taken and found to be 112 degrees F. The normal body temperature is 98½ degrees. A temperature of 103 degrees is no light matter, and will send the strongest man off to bed—106 degrees is a dangerous temperature for any one to experience. But the junior had never before seen a temperature of 112 degrees. Nor was he to see it often again, for there is no condition except coup-de-soleil (sunstroke), that sends the temperature up to such a point.

Quietly and with a certain sternness the five men began their work. The rubbing never flagged. The rapidity with which the ice in contact with the hot body melted was wonderful. As fast as the ice melted fresh pieces were brought from the tub. There was a constant uprising of steam from the body-surface. Occasionally the ice water from the hose glanced from a piece of ice and bathed the house and senior with a deliciously cooling spray from the tub. The room grew fearfully hot. The air became close and damp. The staff were as if enveloped in fog. Perspiration poured from their faces. The gasping of the patient continued with a steady monotony. There were no signs of returning consciousness. His lips were blue, almost black. His breathing was growing more feeble and irregular. His hands and feet bathed in the cold water felt clammy. The outlook was dark. For ten minutes the rubbing continued. The house again looked at his thermometer—109 degrees.

"Three degrees lower! work hard and you may pull him through yet."

This anxiously and with an eager look at the man's face. He did not want to lose his first case of sunstroke. The rubbing went on even more vigorously, and the little hypodermic needle was plied more rapidly, dotting the moist arm with small red spots, marking the points of puncture. The junior felt a strange sense of excitement, but the work was too anxious to be pleasant. The nervous tension was too high. If only the man would not die! One thing especially impressed him. It was all done so quietly. There was no talking except by the house physician, and he only spoke to give an occasional order. It was a grim, silent fight between the forces of life and death.

Ten minutes passed. The house looked at his thermometer. "105! and he has a small pulse at his wrist. I believe

we'll save him!" There was a ring in his voice suggestive of triumph. The man's breathing certainly was more regular and more natural. The color of his lips was better. There was still no sign of consciousness. The room was growing steadily hotter. The fog was getting thicker.

Another ten minutes passed. Something like a smile passed over the face of the house as he announced a temperature of 101½.

"Stop the ice and lift him into the cot."

After the temperature has once begun to fall and continues to do so rapidly, it will keep right on falling after the rubbing with ice and spraying with water are stopped. If the cooling process were carried too far the temperature would fall below normal and the patient might die in collapse. So the house does not wait to get the temperature down to 98½, but at 101, or thereabouts, puts his patient to bed and has him carefully watched.

The orderlies were summoned, and the man, still unconscious and limp, was carried to his bed in the corner of the ward. A large tub on rubber wheels was rolled to the bedside. It was half full of cold water, with a few pieces of ice floating in it. The house ordered the patient's temperature taken every half hour. If it rose as high as 103 degrees he was to be immediately placed in the cold bath and rubbed until it came down to 101 again. If the bath did not bring it down, the house was to be notified and the patient would be put on the Kibbey cot again. If he became delirious, his lips blue, and his breathing bad, he would have to be bled. The first and greatest danger was passed, but there were possibilities of trouble ahead. This the house knew only too well.

The interrupted rounds were resumed. Those of the patients who were not so sick as to be entirely oblivious of their environment were much interested in the new comer over in the corner bed. They had seen him wheeled rapidly past their own beds, unconscious and apparently dying, and the rumor had spread through the ward that it was a sunstroke. Most of them knew what that meant. Some of them perhaps had passed through the experience themselves. Now they saw him carried to his bed, and knew that he was still alive and had a chance of recovery. As rounds progressed, now and then a head was raised from its pillow and a pair of eyes took a long, interested gaze at the latest arrival.

It was half past ten. Rounds had but fairly gotten under way again, when the same clanging of the ambulance-bell disturbed the stillness of the ward. Every one listened. There was no mistake. The ringing of the bell grew louder as the ambulance drew near the hospital.

The house said to the senior: "It's probably another," and then added, "It's not 11 o'clock yet. We'll have an awful time before the day is over."

Outside the sun was getting unmercifully hot. Inside it was more bearable, but growing steadily worse, and it was not yet midday.

Uncertainty was of short duration. There was a confusion of noises outside the ward. Again the doors were thrown open, and the bedroom stretcher came rolling in.

He was a young man—hardly more than a boy—thin, frail—probably dissipated—somebody's boy gone astray. The junior was struck with his extreme pallor. His breathing was very bad. His open shirt revealed the quick rise and slow fall of his bare chest. As they lifted him on to the cot after stripping him his head fell helplessly backward and his eyes partially opened. But he was entirely unconscious. The ice and cold water were made to do their best. His temperature was 114 degrees. The house physician was troubled. The boy's lips were certainly getting black. His breathing was growing fainter. Faster

moved the hypodermic. More vigorous grew the rubbing. His face and lips suddenly grew ashy gray—then white. He took a quick, deep gasp and with a long, heart-breaking sigh—died. The house physician placed his stethoscope to the bare chest and listened. There was no doubt about it, the heart had stopped beating. For a moment the staff gazed at the lifeless figure in silence. Death was victor. They were vanquished. In silence they turned and left the room.

As they entered one end of the ward two stretchers entered at the other. On each lay another of the sun's victims. The still warm body of the young boy was lifted from the Kibbey cot to make room for one of the new comers. Which one should have the chance for life? The house physician's practiced eye had already helped him to a decision. He stepped up to one stretcher and as he did so, said: "Get that other man on the cot—quick." Then he leaned over the stretcher and placed his stethoscope on the brawny, sunburned chest just as the man took his last lingering breath. Rescue had come too late.

Work was instantly begun on the man who still lived. It was the same story over again. The memory of the dead boy hung like a pall over the young physicians. But there was no reason why they should slacken in their efforts to save this man. Rather should it spur them on. And it did. The extreme heat and nervous tension were beginning to tell. The junior felt that he was tiring under the strain. But it was not noon yet, and the afternoon would be hotter than the morning. To entertain the idea of fatigue already was impossible. All his energy must be concentrated on doing his part to save the life that just now hung in the balance. He began to wish he had not been put at the head of the cot, where the half-open eyes, gaping mouth and pallid face were constantly before him. To work for a quarter of an hour—half an hour—an hour—in this wilting, withering heat, with an anxious heart, over a heat-stricken man and see him slowly die under your very hands is discouraging—disheartening. To see it happen, not once, but half a dozen times is—only those who have been through it know what it is.

And there was the hospital full of patients awaiting attention. The house excused the senior and told him to make rounds alone and get through as soon as possible. Not at all sorry to get something of a rest, the senior left, an orderly taking his place.

Meanwhile the day was growing hotter. There was no doubt that they were in for a siege of it and that the mortality was to be dreadful. Of four cases already brought in, two had died. Outside in the streets all work had stopped. The sun had no mercy. Never before had New York seen so many sunstrokes. The ringing of ambulance-bells seemed to be continuous. The poor, jaded ambulance-horses dripping with sweat and covered with foam, kept nobly at their work and urged their tired limbs to their swiftest pace. The ambulance-drivers and surgeons were having the experience of their lives. Inside, the wards were like furnaces. The patients grew restless and irritable. The nurses were rapidly becoming exhausted. In the little room at the end of the ward the staff worked steadily on as the sunstrokes kept coming in.

At noon, each member of the staff in turn was allowed ten minutes for lunch. The respite was short but welcome. The dining-room was an oasis of coolness to the workers in the heated ward. But anticipation of what the afternoon had in store made the house physician anxious. It was not the work he dreaded. It was the certainty that there were to be more fatalities that afternoon than the hospital had seen in many a day. It was the knowledge that at his best there would be one and another and an-

other that would slip away from him and defy his efforts. This was no child's play.

By three o'clock eight sunstrokes had been brought in. Four had recovered and four died. Of those that had recovered one was wildly delirious and had to be tied in bed. He would probably be weak-minded for the rest of his life. When brought in, his temperature had been 115 degrees, the highest of the day.

The black box had been busy travelling up the ward and down again with a gruesome suggestiveness and a frequency that was mournful.

The staff hoped and expected that, as the sun went down and night came on, the air would get cooler and there would be an end to the sunstrokes—at least for a night. But with the coming of night the fall in temperature was scarcely appreciable. By six o'clock three more victims had been brought in. The staff had been on their feet in the "sunstroke room" all the afternoon, and had seen four men die. They had the satisfaction of knowing that they had saved seven since morning.

There came a lull at dinner time. For almost an hour there was a complete rest. The ambulance surgeon told them that he had answered several calls only to find that the patient had died before he could reach the spot; that on each trip he passed ambulances from other hospitals, or heard the ringing of their bells, bound on the same errands of mercy.

As night came on, a curious thing was noticed. The calls, instead of coming from the open street, came from houses—chiefly tenements. Those who had not been out in the sun all day were overcome with the heat in their rooms. Women now, as well as men, were the victims.

At ten o'clock the ambulance surgeon, just returned from a call, asked the junior to take the next call for him. The junior was pretty well tired out himself; but the ambulance surgeon looked, and was completely used up. The junior consented. Calls were not coming in as frequently. Darkness was at last bringing something of a rest. But at half past ten another call came. Reporting to his house, the junior rode off in the ambulance. The wearied horse did his best to make his tired limbs hasten. Although it was getting toward midnight, the streets were full of people—men, women and children. It was hotter indoors than out. Women sat—sometimes slept—on the doorsteps, with babies in their arms. Men sat in rows on the curbs or lay at full length on the pavements. The open windows were full of heads thrust out in search of fresh air.

After driving more than a mile, the crowd that always gathers at the spot from which an ambulance call is sent out, indicated to the driver where to stop. A policeman was on hand and made a way for the junior through the crowds. He entered a long, narrow, dirty, foul-smelling hallway, filled with men and women—shabbily dressed—haggard and tired-looking, but hushed and awe-stricken. The heat was terrific. The junior stopped at a small door to the left and was about to push it open when a dozen voices hoarsely whispered:

"You can't go in."

"Why not?"

"The priest's in there."

"But I've come to get the sick woman"—in strong protest.

"It don't make no difference. You can't go in till he gets through."

The junior started again to push the door open and was himself pushed back. There was no use, and he knew it. The priest was not to be interrupted. It made no difference that the patient's life depended on the utmost haste. The junior clamped his bit and tried to take it quietly.

Inwardly he was in a state of mind. In the crowded, foul-smelling oven of a hall he was forced to wait. One small lamp with a grimy chimney shed a dusky twilight over the motley company about him.

Suddenly the door opened and the policeman said:

"You can go in now, doctor."

The junior entered. The sight that met his eyes he will never forget.

The room was full of people—mostly women—a few men. Some were on their knees, with their heads bowed in their hands. Some, with uplifted faces, were counting their beads and praying. Some were silently weeping. On the floor lay the prostrate form of a woman, a lighted candle at her head—another at her feet. A priest kneeling by her side was clasping the hand of the dying woman tightly about a third candle. The junior wondered how much light it shed upon the silent way that passes through the valley of the shadow of death. There were no other lights in the room. The deep, labored breathing of the stricken woman alone broke the stillness. The midnight hush, the flickering candle-light, the dim and drooping figures, the stifled sobs, the black-robed priest, the dying woman—a scoffer would have bowed his head in reverence.

But the woman was still living. The junior quickly collected his thoughts. In response to his bidding, those who had previously prevented him from entering the room lifted the woman on the stretcher and carried her to the ambulance. The policeman cleared a way through the crowd in the street. The bell began its clanging. The junior swung himself into the ambulance and called to the driver to drive his fastest. The tired horse did his best and was soon on the gallop. The ambulance swayed and rocked over the uneven pavement. There was a small oil lamp attached to the side of the ambulance, which shed a feeble light on the unconscious figure lying on the stretcher. By what little light its flickerings gave, the junior got out his hypodermic needle and heart stimulants and set to work to keep his patient alive, if possible, until the hospital was reached. Into the bare arm the injections were rapidly thrust. But her pulse grew weaker, her breathing fainter.

"Hurry," he called to the driver. The horse was already straining every nerve and muscle. The lights of the hospital glimmered in the distance. The gateway was in sight. As the junior watched, the woman gave a quick gasp, and there was no more need to hurry. Slowly in the darkness they passed under the arch of the gateway. The junior looked at his watch. It was quarter to twelve. He was bringing to the hospital the fourteenth case of sunstroke. Eight had been saved. This was the sixth to die.

The junior made his report to his house, whom he found in the ward wet-cupping one of the new comers, whose temperature was going up again, and who was becoming delirious. About him on their white cots lay the other seven who had been saved, some quietly sleeping, one or two awake, conscious and observant of all that was going on around them; the rest still unconscious, but promising to recover. The day's work had not been entirely in vain.

Huntington, N. Y.



THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT AMONG FRENCH CATHOLICS.

REV. C. L. CARHART.

SCHISM without bitterness! zealous Evangelicalism without narrowness,—these are phenomena not so commonplace as to be unworthy of a passing notice. And these are prominent characteristics of a growing movement among the clergy of the Roman Catholic church in France;

of which the most conspicuous adherent is perhaps the Abbé Victor Charbonnel of Paris, author of "The Will to Live," whose deeply spiritual "Prayer to the Unknown God," published in the last issue of *THE CHURCH UNION*, moved one of his friends to apply to him the words of Pascal's "Mystery of Jesus": "Thou wouldst not have sought Me thus if thou hadst not found Me." Feeling that in the church "temporal claims have overshadowed the sense of a divine mission, dogma has taken the place of thought, and exterior observances have caused the worship of the spirit and the heart to be forgotten," a score or more of priests have regretfully demitted the Roman priesthood, some few have been forced out, and a large number are working toward the spread of a pure, spiritual Gospel within the church. Evangelical without being dogmatic, liberal without being skeptical, zealous without being intolerant, the message of the movement is, according to its origin, "Le Chrétien Français," "Not, 'be Catholics' or 'be Protestants' but 'be Christians.'" One of the leaders of the movement, the Abbé Bourrier, at his ordination to the Protestant ministry, said: "Glad as I am of the cordial welcome given me by the Reformed Church of France and its hospitality offered me, I am and shall always be an exile; like all exiles I shall always have my eyes turned toward home, and my dearest desire will be to be able some day to re-enter the Catholic Church, the day when she shall be evangelical enough to recognize in me a son worthy of her and to respect the liberty of my conscience." And in like spirit Protestant pastors sent this word to all evangelically-minded priests: "We would aid you in your work, but we do not ask you to become Protestants. We should prefer to see you preaching the Gospel to Catholics." The ecclesiastical authorities have generally been slow to accept the demissions reluctantly offered, or to exercise discipline, recognizing in some measure the truth of the saying of Victor Charbonnel: "In our modern days the roads are never closed which lead from authority to liberty."

The most notable exception occurred in the diocese of Soissons, where a priest brought trouble upon himself by reading a paper on Protestantism before a clerical conference, concluding with this query: "Since the Roman Church is unable to prove to the Protestants that they ought to become Catholics, why not, instead of anathematizing them, consider them as brothers in Jesus Christ? why not league ourselves with them for the work which is common to us, the extension of the kingdom of Jesus Christ upon the earth." Threatened with deposition and excommunication for his sympathy with heretics, he concludes his defence as follows: "I believe I can be a good servant of the Catholic Church in sincere piety, in earnest desire to bring souls under the yoke of Jesus Christ, in evangelical poverty and charity and in apostolic liberty. I am Catholic, as was Christ Himself, as were the first centuries of the church, and I am persuaded that this large and tolerant Catholicism will be that of the twentieth century. If the Gospel of the first century becomes again that of the twentieth, the churches will embrace one another in the peace and charity of Christ; the four hundred and fifty millions of Christians on the earth will join together in a holy league to take in the nets of the Gospel the one thousand millions of unbelievers who are living outside of Jesus Christ; the world will then be saved, and it can be saved only by the Gospel. For me I am not, nor would I be aught else but a preacher of the Gospel. Woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

It is perhaps not surprising that in its fidelity to truth, in its spirituality and Christian charity, some of those concerned in this movement have seen "a step toward the

ideal Catholicism, the longing for which is in every heart of every Christian and the triumph of which seems certain."



SOME OF THE EVILS OF SECTARIANISM.

GEORGE HENRY NEWMAN.

ONE who is interested in the true progress of Christianity, and with this in mind watches the working of sectarianism, will be astonished at how manifold are the evils of this competitive system of carrying on the Lord's work. They are seen in the educational feature of denominational effort, weakening the whole system of education, both of the state, and of religious bodies, and wasting precious money in the selfish struggle for denominational glory. Not that too much money is given to educational institutions, but that the same money should have been more wisely used than to plant another school in the field already occupied by an institution, fully able to supply all the educational advantages needed, and which without the unnecessary rival would have grown into a larger usefulness than is possible to the two. Perhaps as long as we have sectarianism anywhere we shall have its evils everywhere; in all the work of the religious bodies of the country. It becomes then one of our great duties to expose it. There are very few communities in our country, outside of our large cities at least, that have not suffered in their religious welfare because of the rivalry of superfluous churches. It has not only been putting two locomotives on the train that could have been hauled by one, but it has been putting the engines on each end of the train to pull in opposite directions. And in connection with this kind of work much takes place that is a disgrace to the name of Christian, and a great hindrance to the progress of the Lord's kingdom. For an illustration: In the extreme northwest of our states, in a rugged and almost inaccessible section of country, was a little Sunday-school fast growing toward a church. This work had been started by the Sunday-school missionaries of the C— denomination, and at great expense and a long and rough journey they had made visits in order to help and encourage the people. The few people of the settlement were all interested in their Sunday-school, and working together. The work had been aided and visited by the missionaries until several hundred dollars had been expended, and the time was near at hand when a church should be organized. The missionaries had aided the school with the literature of the denomination, but they had never sought to make denominationalists of the people. But the time was ripening for a church organization, and others had been watching for the little harvest. A minister of the M— denomination concluded that he would step in and organize these unsectarian people into a church of his own denomination. But unfortunately for his purpose the machinery of his denomination was such that he started on quite a long journey to secure the assistance of one higher in authority. On this journey he was unwise enough to tell his mission to a minister of the P— denomination, whom he chanced to meet. When Mr. M— was on his way for assistance, Mr. P— got on his horse and made haste for the scene of the spoils; so when Mr. M— with his official assistance got on to the ground they found a P— church already organized, and "there was nae room for twa." But the cheek of the official did not fail him in this emergency. He took the P— minister aside and gave him such a lecture on denominational comity that

the poor man promised to never repeat the offence. But the official and his companion were compelled to return without adding one more to the number of new churches organized.

What was the outcome of this whole affair? The last news I had from the place, the condition was this: The matter had been brought before the comity committee of the C— and P— denominations, and they not at the time being in possession of all the facts, decided that inasmuch as the P— denomination had a church organized first the work should now be turned over to them, and the C— would give up the field. Thus it was that the meddlesome sectarianism of the M— minister caused a sister denomination to be robbed of a work that had cost \$1,200, and that, too, without benefiting the meddler in this case.

The name of the sectarian devil is very truly "legion," for they are many. In many little villages the presence of rival and unnecessary churches not only brings a blemish upon the Christian life and work of the church members, but in many ways tends to corrupt the motives of the church-going people. Many of the people in business try to show just about as much interest in one church as in another, and attend one about as much as they do the other, give a little to both, or to each, if more than two. The result is, such persons have another, and no small obstacle, put in the way of their salvation. We may scorn the thought that men should stoop to such things, but they do, nevertheless. And in many towns we have Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist groceries, and dry goods stores, and doctors, and undertakers, and even drays, as well as churches of the various names. So that this is not a case of casting out the devil, but of casting him in.

Ritzville, Wash.



JOURNAL OF A TRIP TO LIBERIA.—

No. VI.

O. F. COOK.

Monday, April 25th.—Night is come and it is nearly dark. I can barely see to write. Charley is looking for some palm oil for a light. Henry has not come. But there is a large party of people the same who were here yesterday with the rice "palaver." My boys say they are "bad people," and are afraid we shall have trouble in the night, which I do not think likely, though one cannot tell what may be done.

It is nearly nine o'clock now—quite late for me to be awake. The strangers have thumped, and hooted and tooted all the evening, but are a little more quiet now—oh, horrors! they have begun to "sing," which means to jabber some brief piece of gibberish over and over and over unendingly until a European becomes well-nigh frantic. Now they have changed their tune, and sing a lively, quite pleasing chant with chorus. Of course, it is the same thing over and over again, but as long as it is pleasant, I hope they will keep it up lest something worse follow. Now I can understand the "plantation" melodies with thirty or forty stanzas differing only from each other by a word or two. My worst fears are realized—they "sing" again the loud repeated *talk*.

The "dancing" is something to speak of, or rather it is not. The woman who does it alone for the benefit of the crowd, stands up and waddles back and forth without making much progress. She likewise wriggles all parts of

her anatomy either by turns or simultaneously, the crowd in the meantime singing furiously, to very fast time beat out on a big rattle made of a gourd with some hard shells strung on a loose network which encloses it. I have tried to get one, but it is hard to prevail on them to part with them.

I have sent two men out to forage, with two yards of cloth as capital. I am afraid Henry may have gone to the Mission for something and waited there till Sunday was past. He keeps the Sabbath rigorously like all good people here. That is the one piece of a commandment that the people keep. The idea of working six days does not impress them, and they break all the others to splinters on almost every possible occasion. The other commandment in greatest favor is to honor father and mother. When one tries to buy something worth a yard of cloth of a man forty years' old, it sounds very strange to hear him say he will ask his father! There is, though, a sort of tenderness and affection among them. Children want to get back to their parents, though these may sell them the next day for a stock of tobacco, or a supply of cloth or beads.

There seems to be considerable of a "palaver" going on this morning. I sometimes wish for a phonograph, that I might take home some of the sounds these folks make. I have gradually become accustomed to them, and they do not often surprise me now, but one coming directly from America would surely think he had arrived on the confines of Pandemonium.

Just before dark Henry and party came in, and I ate the first full meal for a week—not, however, till after I had read my letters.

Wednesday, April 27th.—Read newspapers, reread letters, redried specimens, etc. Temperature 73° this A. M., the lowest yet noted in Liberia.

Thursday, April 28th.—Continued yesterday's operations, and after breakfast went for a short excursion. Found some beautiful algæ, several good myxomycetes, and dug into a nest of termites, which was built into a space between the roots of trees. This species makes a large nest, several feet across. The one into which I dug attracted my attention because of certain cylindrical, chimney-like structures with an aperture and flue three or four inches across. These are perhaps for purposes of ventilation, for the termites seem to have no use for light. The whole mass of the hill, where not of solid clay or devoted to large passageways, consists of rounded cavities filled with a honey-combed substance resembling punk, probably made from the wood which the creatures destroy so successfully. This substance, in itself brown, is made gray by what is evidently the mycelium of a fungus. There were some fruiting bodies—pure white, spherical, the largest of them one mm. in diameter. What appeared to be young termites were pasturing on these mycological meadows. These, like the fungi, were pure white in color. The older animals were of a light wax-brown, the head quite dark.

The country is well provided with fibre. On the way back we found specimens of pineapple, a fine strong fibre of great length; a vine, whose inner bark yields a very strong fibre used for making fish nets; the nut palm; the epidermis of the young leaves of bamboo; and the soap tree.

Friday, April 29th.—A rather dark morning. I expect to start for a town farther inland, which is said to be on a large hill. I suffered yesterday from a few fever symptoms, this time in the form of an inflammation of the skin,

which makes any change of position by which the skin is bent, painful.

This town is on a hill! One can overlook the country in every direction but one, and see noble hills in the distance towards the interior, some of which may be mountains.

This town was not destroyed by the war. The houses are large and well built. The largest has been assigned to me, and there will be no lack of room, whatever else fails.

The path from the town, leading toward the interior, is a beautiful thing—broad and well-cleaned, going down over rocks and under arched branches. One could make a paradise here. A little clearing out of underbrush on one of these side hills, so that the surrounding country could be seen, would make a beautiful park on short notice. Unfortunately, the town has a barricade around it which shuts out the view from the kitchen garden, where I am sitting, writing, in a hammock.

Saturday, April 30th, morning.—I have just seen something, the equal of which I do not remember. The valleys are filled with dense white clouds and the mountain-tops are dim and distant. The mountains are not very high, nor the valleys deep. I know, for I saw them in the clear light of yesterday afternoon, but now they appear towering heights and abysmal depths.

Now as the sun rises higher and looks through the clouds above, the mist on the higher hills is dispersed and they come nearer to the sight. But the valleys are still hidden and the appearance is of islands of verdure in a sea of cloud. One can think with a changed, but quite as evident meaning:

"I know not where his islands lift,
Their fronded palms in air,"

for so great is the difficulty of making one's way through these forests that a distant hill seems unattainable, the way to it invisible. The morning heightens this effect, and one sees in them a part of the clouds—the land which as children we dreamed of above the clouds. And beautiful enough they are for the abode of the most blessed.

When one knows from his guide-book just what is on the next hill, his fancy may not wander, and he may not add the mystery to what is known. But no man knows these hills. None have stood upon them, for the children of the forest seldom penetrate far from the time-honored paths which lead from one village to the next.

One may well feel the power of the unknown, the enchanted in this land which has, these thousands of years, been sealed as with a curse. Probably no civilized man has seen what I have seen this morning.

The general treatment of old people was probably exemplified yesterday, when Henry found an old woman, apparently too weak to move, being whipped out of a house by a little boy six or seven years old. The kings buy women, taken in war or captured in slave raids, get children by them, sell the children, make the women work as long as they are strong enough, and then turn them off to starve. The king himself will doubtless be shorn of power in his own old age and weakness and his people scattered; or, which frequently happens, he is captured or killed in war, his young wives carried off, the old left to die in the "bush."

In peaceful, plentiful times the old are usually supplied with food as long as they live. The African likes to be generous when it is very convenient, but when a good deed needs hard work or perseverance, he is usually found wanting—like some white people. One can best understand a negro by thinking of him as a child. In the better

developed ones, right along with an evident comprehension of the really important things of life, come up little childish notions that give one a shock of disappointment, only paralleled by seeing some Caucasian of eminence and of habitually reasonable mind become a raving partisan whenever politics are discussed.

But there is no doubt of the undevelopment of these negroes. They manifest too many of the peculiarities of children. Their heartlessness, cruelty, love and generosity are all of this order. They are not more persistently depraved than most savage peoples. When nothing disturbs the tenor of their lives one might well think of them as the "blameless Ethiopians," whom the gods visited on their vacations from the more strenuous duties of Olympus. They kill witches, offer war sacrifices, etc.; but how long is it since Caucasians did the same? One may travel in safety among them as in no other part of the earth that I have heard of. A white woman could stay here for months with no fear of insult.

On Thursday night I witnessed an African dance. King Sow displayed his powers. Torches of fine strips of bamboo gave good light. The women of the town surrounded the king in a closely-packed ring. They walked slowly around him, taking rather rapid and very short steps, swinging themselves from side to side, forward and back in a great variety of ways, in time with the music of the rattle and their own songs. The king stood in the middle of the ring and danced prodigiously, throwing his feet, his body, his head and his arms in a most frightful manner, all the time carrying his large, flat, double-edged sword. I was sorry for the poor man, for he suffers from what is probably rheumatism in his ankles. The performance began in front of his house, where he danced a moderate jig. The procession then moved to another part of the town, and there the king made a lengthy oration and danced some more. The finale was in front of my house. It was worth, by reason of its novelty, the piece of blue baft which I was expected to give.

Monday, May 2d.—Tried a little bargain with Sow, offering him three pieces of cloth to send two men to the mission on the condition that three yards for each day of delay should be subtracted if they did not return in a week. The ideas here involved were too complicated for the royal mind, and I was waited upon by a deputation which with much eloquence (?) informed me of the impossibility and incomprehensibility of the proposed arrangement. But my supply of rice is so small that something must be had in less than the two weeks time these people would take if they were to go for me and live on my rice. If they had nothing to eat they could go in a week.



THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care
And to his jester cried "Sir Fool
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool.

The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had no sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistake
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou O Lord
Be merciful to me, a fool."

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King and sought his gardens cool
And walked apart and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—Exchange.



PETER THE GREAT.

IN "The Pupils of Peter the Great," we read the story of the great Tsar's murder of his own son:

On the 31st of January, 1718, Alexius arrived at the capital. On February 3d, he publicly renounced his rights to the succession. His adherents, known or suspected, were then arrested wholesale; but the most ghastly tortures could only bring to light a general desire, chiefly expressed in conversation, for the death of the Tsar and the accession of Alexius. Of anything like a conspiracy there was no trace. On June 19th, Alexius received twenty-five strokes from the knout, to extort something more definite, the only outcome of which was an autobiography explaining why he hated his father. On June 25th, he received fifteen strokes more, and the next day an extraordinary tribunal of 127 persons pronounced the capital sentence upon him for "Wishing his father's death, and harboring treasonable designs." At 8 o'clock on the following day, the helpless creature, now thoroughly broken (he is said in his desperation, to have sought a temporary solace from his torments in drink), was tortured for the third time *in his father's presence*, and died the same evening in prison. The officially published account gave apoplexy as the cause of death, but each knouting that he had received was sufficient of itself to have killed a robust man (which he was not), and Peter was the only person who had a direct interest in his death. Such in its baldest details, mainly derived from a writer by no means favorably disposed towards Alexius, is the painful story of the detestable crime.

By way of contrast, we may give the historian's account of the splendor of the coronation of the Empress Catharine, wife of Peter: "The crown of Catharine was made in Paris and was studded with no fewer than 2,564 precious stones. Each of the pearls on it was worth \$500, and Peter had stripped his own crown of its finest

diamonds the better to adorn his consort's. But the most remarkable jewel of all was a ruby as large as a pigeon's egg, placed immediately beneath a cross of brilliants at the apex of the crown. This incomparable gem was purchased at Pekin for 60,000 rubles, about \$75,000. The imperial mantle had also been made in France, and was literally encrusted with hundreds of large double-headed gold eagles. On this hot spring day, a hundred and fifty pounds of gold and purple hanging from her shoulders, was almost too much even for the great strength of the Empress, and she had to pause and rest once or twice in the movements attending the coronation." The historian adds: "Such is the instability of human greatness that, within a few weeks of this crowning triumph, her future prospects were suddenly darkened, and she was threatened with the loss of her consort's favor, and its inevitable consequence—utter ruin." On the whole we are content to be neither Tsar nor Tsarina.

On his death-bed, after the sacrament, Peter cried: "Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!" Shortly afterwards he added, as if speaking to himself: "I hope God will forgive me my innumerable sins, because of the good I have tried to do this people." Singularly, he expressed an epitome of his whole life in this; he had been a most outrageous wretch, but he had done wonders for Russia. We are much pleased to know that the Lord arranged matters with him; we confess we should find it hard to do ourselves. The historian does not undertake it. A little before his death, Peter cried: "I have shed my own blood! I have shed my own blood!" Who would purchase the richest crown at the price of such a death-bed reflection?



MY SWEETHEART.

SAMUEL T. CARTER, JR.

SHE'S a dear little maiden—this sweetheart of mine,
Her eyes are blue violets; they sparkle as wine,
The red of the rose pales beside her cheek's hue,
And I bow in submission. What else can I do?
When my dear little blue eyes,
With the truest of true eyes,
Holds them fixed, holds them bound—
My old, with her new eyes.

A maid of four summers is this sweetheart of mine;
A very young sweetheart, with never a sign
That she knows of the power she wields o'er my heart,
My curl-crowned queen, who can never impart
Aught but joy where is sadness,
Aught but sweetness and gladness,
To make me forget the world and its madness.

She's an angel from God, this sweetheart of mine,
And e'en as the saplings their limbs intertwine
With great trees of the forest, thus lightening their load,
Twines her life about mine—blessèd angel of God!
In all her life's splendor,
Oh! Master, so tender,
From the touch that is evil protect and defend her.

Oh, sweetheart of mine, dearest sweetheart of mine,
The years quickly are passing, our years, mine and thine,
And the child of to-day is the woman to-morrow.
God keep thee, dear woman, from evil and sorrow.
Time, go not so fast.

Ah! Is this death at last?

I will meet thee, dear sweetheart, when the shadows are
past.

MAX MÜLLER'S REMINISCENCES.

WE give a few extracts from "Auld Lang Syne," the recently published autobiography of Max Müller:

"After dinner we all stood, and the King walked about from one to the other.

"Humboldt, who was at that time an old man, about eighty, stood erect for several hours like all the rest. When we drove home it was very late, and I could not help remarking on the great sacrifice he was making of his valuable time in attending these court functions.

"Well," he said, 'the Hohenzollerns have been very kind to me, and I know they like to show this old piece of furniture of theirs. So I go whenever they want me.' He went on to say how busy he was with his 'Kosmos,' and how he could no longer work so many hours as in former years. 'As I get old,' he said, 'I want more sleep, four hours at least. When I was young,' he continued, 'two hours of sleep were quite enough for me.' I ventured to express my doubts, apologizing for differing from him on any physiological fact. 'It is quite a mistake,' he said, 'though it is very widely spread, that we want seven or eight hours of sleep. When I was your age, I simply lay down on the sofa, turned down my lamp, and after two hours' sleep I was as fresh as ever.' "

"Another though less frequent visitor to Oxford was Tennyson. His first visit to our house was rather alarming. We lived in a small house in High Street, nearly opposite Magdalen College, and our establishment was not calculated to receive sudden guests, particularly a Poet Laureate. He stepped in one day during a long vacation, when Oxford was almost empty. Wishing to show the great man all civility, we asked him to dinner that night and breakfast the next morning. At that time almost all the shops were in the market, which closed at one o'clock. My wife, a young housekeeper, did her best for our honored guest. He was known to be a gourmand, and at dinner he was evidently put out when he found the sauce for the salmon was not the one he preferred. He was pleased, however, with the wing of a chicken, and said it was the only advantage he got from being Poet Laureate, that he generally received the liver-wing of the chicken. The next morning at breakfast we had rather plumed ourselves on having been able to get a dish of cutlets, and were not a little surprised when our guest arrived to see him whip off the cover of the hot dish, and to hear the exclamation: 'Mutton chops! the staple of every bad inn in England.' However, these were but minor matters, though not without importance at the time in the eyes of a young wife to whom Tennyson had been like one of the Immortals. He was simply delightful and full of inquiries about the East, more particularly about Indian poetry, and I believe that it was then that I told him there was no rhyme in Sanskrit poetry, and ventured to ask him why there should be in English. He was not so offended as Samuel Johnson seems to have been when asked the same question. The old bear would probably have answered my question by 'You are a great fool, sir; use your own judgment,' while Tennyson gave the very sensible answer that rhyme assisted the memory."

"If ever there was an active, powerful brain, it was Ruskin's. No doubt he worked very hard, but I doubt whether hard work by itself can ever upset a healthy brain. I believe it rather strengthens than weakens it, as exercise strengthens the muscles of our body. His was, no doubt, a very sensitive nature, and an overwrought sensitiveness is much more likely to cause mischief than steady intellectual effort. And what a beautiful mind his was, and

what lessons of beauty he has taught us all. At the same time he could not bear anything unbeautiful; and anything low or ignoble in men revolted him and made him thoroughly unhappy. I remember once taking Emerson to lunch with him, in his rooms in Corpus Christi College. Emerson was an old friend of his, and in many respects a cognate soul. But some quite indifferent subject turned up, a heated discussion ensued, and Ruskin was so upset that he had to quit the room and leave us alone. Emerson was most unhappy, and did all he could to make peace, but he had to leave without a reconciliation."

"Some of my beggar acquaintances were so clever and so well educated that they might easily have made a living for themselves; but, as one of them told me when I thought I had made him thoroughly ashamed of himself, and quite confidential, they preferred begging to any other kind of occupation. 'Talk of shooting partridges or pheasants,' he said, 'talk of racing or gambling, there is no sport like begging. There must always be risk in sport, and the risk in begging is very great. You are fighting,' my half-penitent informant said, 'against tremendous odds. You ring at the door, and you must first of all face a servant, who generally scrutinizes you with great suspicion, and declines to take your name or your card, unless you have a clean shirt or a decent pair of boots. Then, after you have been admitted to the presence, you have to watch every expression of your enemy or your friend, as the case may be. You have to face the cleverest people in the world, and you know all the time that the slightest mistake in your looks or in the tone of your voice may lead to ruin. You may be kicked out of the house, and if you meet with a high-minded and public-spirited gentleman, who does not mind trouble and expense, you may find yourself in the hands of the police for trying to obtain money under false pretences. No,' he concluded, 'I have known in my time what hunting and shooting and gambling are; but I assure you there is no sport like begging.'"



THE MAINE.

DEATH came out of the black night's deep,
And steered for a battle-ship's side;
But never a man of the sailor clan
Looked on the Deathman's ride.

The Kansan lad and the Hampshire boy,
And the boy from Tennessee,
With never a fear that death was near,
Swung into eternity.

Nor flag, nor shot, nor battle-cry,
Nor strain of the nation's air,
Broke into the gloom of the sailor's doom,
Nor yet a priestly prayer.

There looks a face from far-away home,
With eye bent on the sea,
For the Hampshire Jack who'll not come back,
Or the lad from Tennessee.

Not theirs was the glory of battle;
No victory crowned the day,
But a nation weeps, that the dark sea keeps
Her dead beneath the bay.

— *The Republic, St. Louis.*

GRAND RALLY OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS AND SONS IN AID OF SUFFERING CUBA.

THE wearers of the silver cross are uniting to aid the Society of the Red Cross and the Central Cuban Relief Committee in their work for suffering Cuba. 'The International Order has already been interested in supplying food, medicines, money and hospital supplies. It is now to make special effort to relieve the great need of clothing, as reported by Miss Clara Barton.

A special Cuban Committee, composed of the Executive Board of the Central Council of the order, has this work in charge. This Relief Committee has its headquarters at 17 Astor place, New York, where already a large corps of women is at work making garments, which will be shipped from week to week. To this work the *Christian Herald*, whose readers have already done so much for Cuba, is giving its cordial co-operation.

The great need is for supplies of materials suitable for summer wear. We ask the friends of humanity, whether members of the order or not, to interest themselves in securing from manufacturers and dealers all cotton goods — calicoes, ginghams, muslins, lawns — or ready-made summer garments for women and children. Old clothes, unless in perfectly good condition and adapted for summer use, should not be sent. Through the generosity of the Joint Traffic Association, the railroads included therein transport food, clothing and medical supplies, free of charge. Two lists should be forwarded with each consignment, one for reference and filing, and the other to accompany the goods when shipped to Cuba.

A very prompt and hearty response to this appeal is earnestly solicited. No words of ours could describe the pitifulness of the need, as reported by Miss Barton and others upon the spot.

All goods should be sent by freight, and addressed, together with all correspondence concerning them, to the Cuban Committee of the King's Daughters, 17 Astor place, New York. Contributions of money for the purchase of materials may be sent, as heretofore, to the Editor of *The Silver Cross*, 156 Fifth avenue, New York.

MISS MARGARET P. BARKER, Chairman.

" KATE BOND, Vice-Pres. of the Order.

MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON, Gen. Sec'y.

" ISABELLA CHARLES DAVIS, Cor. Sec'y.

" ROBERT STURGIS, Rec. Sec'y.

" SETH LOW.

" ANTHONY EVANS.



THE BERKSHIRE INDUSTRIAL FARM.

THIS institution goes down lower than the common school, and lays hold of boys who have been abandoned or have fallen into evil habits, and seeks to restore the image of God in them. It can accommodate a hundred boys, but on account of lack of funds, the management has not been able to receive the full number, although it can now take a few more boys than those at present under its charge.

The boys live in the institution, receive the usual education, are also taught to work and are drilled in military tactics. This rescue work is moral, religious and patriotic; it is very much after the mind of Christ.

Those who are interested and who would like to assist in the work can send their contributions to the treasurer, Mr. Robert Carter, Morristown, N. J.

"THE SCANDAL OF CHRISTENDOM."

Sermon Preached by the Rev. Dr. Ecob, at The First Congregational Church, Denver, Col.

WHAT is it that has made for itself so bad a name? Are you trying to think of some of the great historic crimes? The Inquisition? The massacre of St. Bartholomew? The war of the Rebellion in behalf of human slavery? Oh, no, none of these. You must come nearer home.

Is it some of the great social evils of the day? Is it the opium trade? The scourge of intemperance? The tobacco habit? No, you need not think of the problem of poverty in Christian lands, the threatening economic problems that darken the immediate future. You need not think of the great armaments of Christian nations, their jealousies and intrigues. We must come nearer home still. What then is this "Scandal of Christianity?" It is just this, the division of the church of Jesus Christ into a host of jarring, antagonistic sects. I hope you will not feel a sense of letting down at this announcement, saying within yourself, "Oh, is that all!" Alas, that we have grown so accustomed to our enfeebled condition that we do not feel it. Alas, that our sin is so domesticated that we regard it as a member of the household. Is it then so slight a thing to have the greatest force for the redemption of the world, divided and depleted at its very centre? In those bitter days when the rebel hosts were pushing on to our capital, what more direful news could have spread through the land than this, the national forces are hopelessly divided among themselves. Every general, every colonel, every captain even, has a little scheme of his own and has marked out a pet campaign of his own? Would not our interest at once have been withdrawn from the advancing rebel host and centered on our own forces? Would we not instinctively say, nothing can be done till our army is unified. Our deadly peril is not from the external enemy, but from the internal weakness of division. I do not know of a more profoundly disastrous condition to announce than this. The forces of conservation and law, and order and health, and peace and righteousness in the world are hopelessly divided. If this is not the "Scandal of Christendom," will you please name it. I did not invent this name. I do not know who did.

Wherever it came from it has arrived just in time to voice the awakening conscience of the church of Christ. For thanks be unto God. He did not suffer the twentieth century to dawn and find His church still sleeping in its stupor of contentment, sodden with the sophistries and deadly sentiments and perverted aims of denominationalism. The soul that wakes out of sleep and looks its sin in the face, and calls it by its right name is far on the right road to redemption. That is the condition of the church to-day. It has seen its sin and has put it at the top of the blacklist, "The Scandal of Christendom." There let it stand in the eye of the world till the conscience of the church is ashamed to read it.

Within the past ten years much has been said and written, and something has been done in the direction of church union. Union is of course the goal, the ideal. But no ideal is taken at a bound. The inexorable law holds all earthly things. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." From the beginning I have steadily insisted that federation is an easy, normal first step toward union; I desire this morning to make as clear as possible the significance of this word in this connection, in order that we may bear our part intelligently in the

great movement which is already taking shape in our country. The American people especially ought to understand this word in all its implications. It is inwrought with the very tissue of our national life. We began our life as a group of independent colonies, related about as the denominations now are, conscious of one great common life and aim, yet each guarding jealously its own autonomy, each imagining that it had private interests that must be maintained at all hazards. But that group of colonies was held inexorably by the historic process. It was in the current of evolutionary forces. The common interests multiplied and the common dangers increased until those colonies were compelled to draw nearer each other for the common good. When that good doctor of divinity in Boston cried, "We must federalize, we must federalize," he sounded out a prophetic note which has not yet ceased to reverberate in the national consciousness. He did not say we must unite. Union at that time would have been impossible. Union at that time was green fruit on the tree of history. The old colonial idea of autonomy survived in the doctrine of state rights till the war of the Rebellion. Even now we catch an occasional wandering echo of it in the fine oratory of some small state patriot. The first, the natural thing, for those separated groups of people to do was to draw together, side by side, and combine in the more general offices of good neighborhood. Plainly that was the point of least resistance. No surrender was demanded of their much-prized individual rights. All that federation asked was a cordial recognition of the common interests, the common dangers. The subsequent history shows a constantly enlarging recognition of the common life and a diminishing consciousness of individual rights till union was at last perfected through the fiery ordeal of the civil war. The historic process was a steady unfolding from federation to union.

A perfect parallel is seen to-day in the religious situation. The church has gone on dividing and subdividing until about a hundred and fifty denominations constitute the "Scandal of Christendom." At the same time there exists a consciousness of a common life of interests and dangers that belong to all alike. Prophetic voices are beginning to cry through the land. "We must federalize, we must federalize." Not unite! No, union is still, alas! the green fruit on the tree of history. We must draw together in common counsel and labor in behalf of those common interests which we all recognize.

But some one insists, why not union now? Union is right and Christian, and the heavenly ideal. Let us insist upon it! No, no. I believe the cause of union will be postponed rather than accelerated by insisting upon union now. In the first place, the church is not spiritually adequate for so great a change as union. It will require a volume and variety of divine graces such as nowhere to-day exists in the church for the long, arduous and self-denying work of union. It is difficult even to imagine the historic processes necessary to reduce our one hundred and fifty-three sects to order and simplicity. All things are possible with God. It may be that He will open the windows of heaven and pour out such overwhelming spiritual influence that the church will be swept bodily into union. Nothing short of such a spiritual cataclysm can accomplish the task.

The obstacles to union are great and apparently must

be removed by a gradual process. Consider how denominationalism is involved with great vested interests—schools, colleges, printing and publishing concerns, missionary boards, charity organizations. These demand armies of employes and officials. Back of them are pride of history and opinion, not to speak of that stubbornest thing on the face of the earth, a doctrinal conscience carried in the will. The goal of union evidently must be reached by a long, historic process similar to that which we have seen accomplished in our national life.

We now come to the question—why are we to think that the hour for federation is at hand? Because it is more and more evident that time has moved the denominations sufficiently far from the causes which gave them birth and accentuated their reason of being. The historic process seems to be about completed in the principal denominations. Take, for example, the Baptists. They have had a most noble, inspiring history. From their early poverty and persecutions to the latter day strength and honor it is a story to kindle the heart. They have rescued the rite of Christian baptism from a quite possible neglect and decadence and planted it firmly and, it would seem, permanently, in a place of honor and veneration in the church. They have fought a magnificent battle in behalf of freedom of religious opinion. But they themselves are beginning to say: "The historic process is apparently completed in us as a denomination. In our zeal and in the heats of controversy, as is common to men, we have exaggerated our theory of baptism. We are about ready to step over this old-time barrier into open communion with our brethren. As to freedom of religious opinions, it is a common heritage of the church to-day." Having no more peculiar denominational battles to fight, the Baptists are free to federalize with their brethren. From their past history we should expect them to be leaders in such a movement.

The Christian denomination has likewise made its point in behalf of the scriptures as against human creeds. The return to the word of God with the sole purpose of getting its meaning and walking by its authority is one of the characteristic features of church life to-day. We are all debtors to the Christians for their noble protest and long and gallant fight. Their allies are numbered by the millions. They are in all the denominations. The process of history has well nigh removed their reasons of being as a denomination. Be it said to their glory. The Congregationalists and Christians have grown so much alike that only an ecclesiastical lawyer can discern the marks of difference. The Christians are constitutionally adapted for leadership in the work of federation.

The Methodists have lengthened their pastorate and all the rest of us have shortened ours. Their missionary spirit has kindled with heavenly zeal the whole church. We are all now circuit riders, if not circuit racers, on the great mission fields of the west. They have been swept by the evolutionary forces clean out of their old time opposition to an educated ministry, and now they are leaders in founding colleges and universities.

The Quakers have bequeathed their love of silence in worship to all the rest of us, even down to the least of the sects, the Christian Scientists and Theosophists.

Had we the time, it would be a most interesting and profitable study, to show how the old causes of division and debate and animosity have quietly slipped into the background of the years. Differentiating customs and opinions are seen to be not fundamental principles, as we fondly called them, but simply personal idiosyncracies of taste and thought. Loyalty to creeds is displaced by loyalty to truth. All the smaller partial truths emphasized by the

sects are steadily losing themselves in the great truth that makes us one, as the stars sink back into the growing light of the dawn. Common interests have multiplied. The one great common motive is asserting itself, love to God and love to man. Common dangers are recognized, intemperance, with the involved problems of pauperism and crime; the involutions and threatening possibilities of social conditions; the venality and degradation of politics; the subtle and pervasive materialism, the imperious assumptions, the autocratic attitude of abnormal wealth; the secret poison and open attack of an unregenerate literature; the frank, unmasked hostility, the shameless indifference to religious restraints and institutions; these, and like imminent and pressing common dangers are driving thoughtful and good men out of all their little personal preferences and conceits into deep and solemn counsels with their brethren in behalf of the common safety, the common good. This, I believe, is generally recognized as the path which Divine Providence has taken in the past, and so far as mortal prevision can discern, its sure trend into the future.

Now, what is federation? It is simply a drawing together side by side of those who may have separate interests, but who recognize that they do have common interests. They bind themselves under a treaty sufficiently to work together for the common defence, the common good, yet retain their autonomy and their freedom in their individual sphere. The United States are a federation; one for the national life; many for state life. What do we mean by denominational federation? Simply that the denominations shall draw together, side by side, and bind themselves by a treaty or constitution sufficiently strong for effective work together in behalf of what is plainly recognized as the common good. No surrender of anything is asked. The denominations are asked to come just as they are, not to enter upon a negative process of giving up, but to enter upon the positive process of combining with their brethren for securing a result which shall be equally a good to all. The small denomination cannot say I shall be simply swallowed up by the greater, any more than Rhode Island can say I am lost in the Federal Union. Let me repeat: No negotiations whatever are proposed in federation. If, for example, the smallest of the denominations has planted a church in a community and has an acknowledged right of precedence, federation says to all the larger denominations, stand back; that field is pre-empted. Not only does the small denomination thus maintain its own natural right, but it is backed by the moral force of all the rest. Not only is Rhode Island secure in its autonomy and state rights, but it is caught up into the greatness and safety of the Union.

Furthermore, you will observe that federation has nothing whatever to do with the creeds of the denominations, or their polity, or their customs. Federation proposes no theoretical ends at all, but only practical ends. It is a combination for work, both defensive and aggressive. The combination being federal, secures to each denomination precisely the same rights and privileges.

For this kind of federal union there need be no waiting to come to agreement on anything but practical measures. All the old time differences are left precisely where history has left them. In federation we simply put to practical service the great essential convictions which are common to us all.

One state has entered upon federation; the good old state of Maine, which has been so long the world's leader and teacher in the great work of prohibition. Let me give you the principles of the Maine constitution.

Recognizing the evident desire of the evangelical de-

nominations of Maine to do more efficient work for our common Lord, and

Believing that the Holy Spirit is moving Christians toward practical co-operation;

We rejoice in the progress already made in this direction, and desire to affirm our convictions as follows :

I. That the churches in the cities and larger towns ought to co-operate according to the plans of the Evangelical Alliance, or others of similar nature.

II. That church extension into destitute communities should be conducted, as far as practicable, according to the following considerations:

1. No community, in which any denomination has any legitimate claim, should be entered by any other denomination through its official agencies without conference with the denomination, or denominations, having said claims.

2. A feeble church should be revived, if possible, rather than a new one established to become its rival.

3. The preferences of a community should always be regarded by denominational committees, missionary agents and individual workers.

4. Those denominations having churches nearest at hand should, other things being equal, be recognized as in the most advantageous position to encourage and aid a new enterprise in their vicinity.

5. In case one denomination begins Gospel work in a destitute community, it should be left to develop that work without other denominational interference.

6. Temporary suspension of church work by any denomination occupying a field should not be deemed sufficient warrant in itself for entrance into that field by another denomination. Temporary suspension should be deemed temporary abandonment when a church has had no preaching and held no meetings for an entire year or more.

7. All questions of interpretation of the foregoing statements, and all cases of friction between denominations or churches of different denominations, should be referred to the commission through its executive committee.

How sane, how noble, how Christian that is! How plainly in accordance with the mind of Christ.

I have not mentioned the spiritualities which lie back of this subject. What more need one say than to read again our text:

"I pray for them who shall believe in Me, that they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me. And the glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them, that they may be one even as We are one."

In presence of this last prayer of our Redeemer, do you wonder that our divisions have at last gained their true name the "Scandal of Christendom?" Oh my brethren, read again and again this solemn and awful prayer and let its meaning sink deep into your hearts. Our oneness with each other in Him must convince the world that the Father has sent Him. Our divisions then must constitute the one great central and potent infidelity of the world. It is the unhallowed mother of infidelities. The glory which He gave us is our oneness, even as the Father and the Son are one. Our divisions then must darken that divine glory and leave us standing dull and earthly before the world without the heavenly attestation of that excellent glory which always rested upon the beloved Son. If our oneness be the crown of glory which Christ took from His own head and placed upon His church, our divisions must have dis-crowned us and left us unhonored and abased before the world. It must be then that just in proportion as we return to the oneness for which Christ prayed, the heavenly light will kindle again upon his church, and heavenly power and

beauty will be placed as a crown, the Redeemer's crown, upon our heads. Spiritual righteousness first, then spiritual glory and spiritual efficiency.



THE BLIND MEN AND THE ELEPHANT.

THE CHURCH UNION commends to the rigid partisans of some special form of Church, the following lines of John G. Saxe :

It was six men of Hindustan, to learning much inclined,
Who went to see the elephant (though all of them were blind),

That each by observation, might satisfy his mind.

The first approached the elephant, and happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side, at once began to bawl,
"I surely think the elephant is very like a wall."

The second, feeling of the tusk, cried, "Ho! what have
we here

So very round and smooth and sharp? To me 'tis mighty
clear

This wonder of an elephant is very like a spear."

The third approached the animal, and happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands, then boldly up and
spake;

"I see," quoth he, "the elephant is very like a snake."

The fourth reached out his eager hand, and felt about the
knee,

"What most this wondrous beast is like is mighty plain,"
quoth he;

"'Tis clear enough the elephant is very like a tree."

The fifth who chanced to touch the ear, said, "E'en the
blindest man

Can tell what this resembles most, deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an elephant is very like a fan."

The sixth no sooner had begun about the beast to grope,
Than seizing on the swinging tail, that fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the elephant is very like a rope."

And so these men of Hindustan disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion fixed, exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right, and all were in the
wrong.



WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER.

WALT WHITMAN.

WHEN I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns
before me,

When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, di-
vide, and measure them,

When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured
with much applause in the lecture-room,

How soon unaccountably I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence at the stars.

—Selected.

INDIAN AFFAIRS.

THE Indian Rights Association has called attention to an important matter. An effort is being pushed in Congress to take away the authority by which the President has assigned military officers to the conduct of the Indian reservations. This effort comes of course from those who desire to restore the old system of civil appointments. That system, as pointed out by the Indian Rights Association, was chiefly fruitful in frauds practiced on the government, and upon the poor Indian. Under that former system, Indian agencies were run for the profit of the agent's private speculations, or else for the benefit of his white constituents, who got him the appointment. To revert to this policy would be a backward step injurious to the good name of the government, and to the characters of its wards—the Indians.

Along the same lines of injustice to Indians, is another action which is being agitated in Congress. In our March issue we commented, in an article on "Sectarian Bigotry," on the career of Wm. Duncan and his band of Christian Indians. We called attention to the sectarian narrowness which compelled Mr. Duncan to leave Canada, and to apply to our government for territory where his people could live in religious freedom. Annette Island, off the coast of Alaska, was assigned to them by the United States. It seems now that the financial greed of the American people is attempting to do for them what the sectarian bigotry of the Canadians accomplished. It is attempted by Alaskan miners and prospectors, in a bill, now before Congress, to deprive these Christian Indians of their rights on Annette Island. There is no conduct of the Indians which can justify this breach of governmental faith. We greatly hope that this outrage will meet with most vehement protest. If gold is to be found on Annette Island, it is as well that these Christian Indians mine it on the land made over to them, as that unchristian white men should do so. We can not believe that such an attempt at wholesale robbery can be successful before Congress.



IN THE DEPTHS.

ONE feature of the descent of sin, is that it becomes more and more impossible to give help. Rev. S. H. Kellogg, in *The Presbyterian Review*, writes of the attitude of the natives of India toward the relief work of the English government, during the Black Plague:

"Wherever the plague has prevailed, the leaders of native society have commonly fled and left their countrymen to die; but if ever the government called for volunteers for hospital work, or for the much more dangerous house-to-house visitation, whether for men or women, English men and women have always been forthcoming. And so for months this heroic work has gone on, and this not only in constant danger of speedy death from infection, but under the bitterest threats of insurrection and assassination, alike from the native press and by placards and anonymous letters. In Poona it was attempted to assassinate three of the officials detailed to plague inspection. A detective charged with the discovery of the dastardly outrage was also assassinated, and to this hour the assassins have not been detected, and the largest part of the native press glories in such and other outrages, and boldly threatens worse. And yet these brave men and women have gone on day by day in their self-sacrificing work, just as if they did not know that at any hour they might be killed for trying to save the lives of these dark-

minded and most wretched people. The result has been, that the plague has been largely limited to the region where it first broke out, and the mortality, which undoubtedly had otherwise been far in the hundred thousands, as yet has only reached the ten thousands. It is truly heart-sickening to see how the total result of this year of magnificent self-sacrificing work for India, which has cost many English men and English women their lives, has resulted in engendering such a spirit of insane and malevolent hatred against the government, and indeed all foreigners, as has never been surpassed, even in the dark days of the mutiny."



A WRITER OF CHILDREN'S STORIES.

DR. CHANNING once said that history had no place for the names of ministers and school-mistresses, yet few had really done so much to shape history as these had accomplished. To this list we might well add the names of the writers of children's stories. The influence of these is as untold and unappreciated, as the writers usually are unknown. Such stories have much to do with the starting and moulding of our first ideas.

We were impressed with this recently as the story came to us of the patient and faithful labor by which one such writer achieved success. Miss Timlow, the author of "Betty's Day," "The Cricket," "Eunice and Cricket," and of many shorter child's stories which have appeared in the *Youth's Companion*, *Harper's* and *Kate Field's Magazine* and other periodicals, has given many children great delight. Who thought that as she was thus pleasing the children, she has been fitting herself for college, and supporting herself through college, and teaching school to aid in the support of her family, thus sandwiching the stories in between courses of study for herself, laying out lessons for others, and doing the week's mending for a home? This is only what in past days many young Americans have done, but it is good to see that young Americans have not forgotten the way to success which lies along such paths of hard work and faithfulness. In her case we believe that the faithfulness has well deserved the success which came, and her work more of an appreciation than has yet been publicly given to it.



SCHILLER tells us that it was a box on the ears which a certain prince gave his wife that brought on the thirty years' war in Germany. "Behold, what a great matter a little fire kindleth!"



It don't do to get too excited even over a good thing; a hen of ours grew so enthusiastic over her first egg, that she knocked it out of the nest, and the possibilities of a whole generation of chickens vanished.



SIR FRANCIS BACON, in one of his "Ornamenta Rationalia" or "Elegant Sentences," says that which may not be without its appropriate comfort at just this season of our history: "The Spaniards have been noted to be of small despatch. 'Mi venga la muerte de Spagna'—Let my death come from Spain; for then it will be sure to be long a-coming."

A NEW WORK NEEDED.

ELLEN E. KENYON WARNER.

WHILE neighborhood guilds are seeking out ways of elevating the family life of the poor, and kindergartens are taking little children into the happy lap of culture, and the day-school and the Sunday-school are improving their methods, and the leavening forces of society in general are working for a better future citizenship, it would be well for some of us to step aside and consider what can be done to put more intelligence and patriotism into the voting citizenship of the present, through the awakening by educational means of the dormant faculties and aspirations of the laboring man.

The efforts made to rival for these men the attractions of the bar-room look in the right direction, but need to be more broadly organized. The entire temperance army could do no better than to lend its strength to one general movement of this kind. But the invitation held out to labor's legions must be extended in the frank and hearty and equal spirit of brotherhood. Class hatred must be disarmed by enlisting the co-operation of the men themselves. No suspicion of cant or condescension must be permitted to repel. The natural prejudices and sensitiveness of the class must be understood and considered with intelligence and sympathy by all who would reach its members with a sharing of the better things that have made the more prosperous what they are.

The first thing to be definitely determined is the elementary nature of the bar-room's attraction. Roughly speaking, it is the conviviality—the jokes and the drinks. Besides this, there is a varying amount of latent (or otherwise) belligerence, that seeks satisfaction in the occasional bar-room squabble, or, less developed, secretly hopes to be entertained by some such occurrence.

By the method here suggested, it is not expected to reach innate ruffianism, but to entice from companionship with ruffianism many who seek it because at present nothing more congenial offers, or fall into it while in search of society a grade or two higher.

The subject of drinks has received much attention, and little will be said about it here. Just one hint. The writer supposed, until last summer, that no substitute could be found for fresh lemonade. It was quite a discovery to find that the juice of strawberries, cherries, currants and other fruits, expressed and sweetened, cooked or uncooked, diluted with about an equal quantity of water, makes a most acceptable drink for lovers of lemonade. These, unfermented, and all the other approved temperance drinks, should of course be kept on sale at all places where it is hoped to run opposition to the bar-room.

Jokes are only novel turns of thought, or thoughtlessness. The best writers of "science sermons" often throw in a stroke of nonsense funny enough and broad enough to bring down a bar-room audience. With whatever of seriousness these younger brothers of ours will let us put before them, we must put the laugh whenever possible. And it must be a laugh in which they can genuinely join. "The House-boat on the Styx" will not do. Neither should "literary allusion" sink to the level of the trashiest newspapers, deepening their hold, or democratic humor indulge itself at the expense of reverence for the pure and high. And aside from joking, novelty of thought is not hard to attain with those to many of whom almost all real thought is novel.

The "native belligerence," in its milder development, suggests the debate. Mental wrestling is an art within the cultivation of the sons of toil, however humble, and one through whose charms the best in them may be reached,

developed and put to action. What is wanted is leaders. These leaders, to be acceptable, must be from among the ranks of the led, or, at least, must be devoid of any quality that could jar upon the sensitiveness of class pride. If from a class acknowledged as above, and consequently inimical, they must, as individuals, conduct themselves as if fresh from vise or anvil. It must be "Hail, fellow! well met!" with them as fast as acquaintance progresses.

The places to begin and prosecute the work are the reading-rooms, to which repair with their newspapers the lonely bachelor on laborer's wages, the man about town out of a job, the hen-pecked husband and the father of "squalling babes" that make home a place to retreat from. Many of these rooms are to be found on the Bowery. They doubtless have their rules. Conference with the proprietor as to the occasional setting aside of such of these rules as may conflict with the object proposed would no doubt in most cases result in a clearing of the way. Proprietors should be made to "see business" in the proposed popularizing of their resorts. Those who lend themselves to the project will soon become examples to others through their greater prosperity.

Let a man, not distinguished in appearance from the better-dressed habitués of the place enter the room, and, pad and paper in hand, quietly interview the inmates, one or two at a time, as to their pleasure in regard to devoting the room, during one evening in every week, to a debate upon some question of general interest; saying that no extra expense will be involved, but only votes are needed, enough to secure the proprietor's consent, and asking those who seem most interested to think up subjects for the debates.

With good management, this initial manœuvre should be generally successful. The difficulty should be to provide capable leaders for the many circles that would soon be under way. The Y. M. C. A. should furnish volunteers for this work.

A lesson in organization may be learned of the Sunday-school. Anything as rigorously "uniform" as the international lesson would, of course, be out of the question; but the range of subjects chosen for debate would be likely to cover the same ground many times, so that a few good essay writers could supply opening papers for all. These might be printed in circular form, and read by the leaders of the several circles, who would then conduct the election of a chairman to preside over the debate.

A temperance-bar and a little singing and playing upon musical instruments by paid or unpaid talent being added to the attractions of the evening set apart for debate, the time would be ripe for getting that evening appointed for Saturday, and for drawing directly upon known frequenters of the bar-room for additional attendance. Each circle would naturally choose for its chairman the man best qualified to keep order.

The King's Daughters and other similar societies would be able to furnish much talent of a musical, dramatic and literary order. Insensibly, in time, the great neglected class of sturdy workers, but often misguided voters, might be drawn into a conscious relationship of a pleasanter nature than they have known with the classes socially above them, and led to see public questions in a less prejudiced light. With good organization and vigorous enlisting of all available forces, there is little doubt that such a movement as this would, within ten years, show its influence in a purer vote at the municipal polls.

A most desirable point, too, to make with these frequenters of dingy or tinselled and roistering city resorts, is to get them roused to a sense of what a suburban walk can do for them. It is pitiful to see the lack of inspira-

tion in the army of Sunday loungers who find nothing better than corner gossip or the third-rate newspaper to beguile the precious hours of their leisure, while skies are shining, breezes blowing and trees waving outside city limits. It is not that they love brick walls and stone pavements, but that they catch no adequate suggestion of anything beyond them.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



THE WORKERS—THE WEST.

Scribner's for April has a continuation of Mr. Wyckoff's remarkable story of his experience in seeking work at Chicago.

His comrade and himself had spent the night in a police station, surrounded by a sleeping mass of wretched humanity. In the morning they were as eager to leave the place as in the evening they had been to find refuge in it. They passed out with the drove of lodgers.

"Many of the men had taken the direction of South Clark Street. I asked Clark why.

"There's barrel-houses down there," he explained.

"The word had come upon me repeatedly in the last day, with only a dim suggestion of its meaning, and so I owned to my ignorance.

"A barrel-house?" said Clark. "That's a dive where they keep cheap whisky on tap; you can get a pint for a nickel. It's about the size of the whisky you want for the thirst you get in a station-house, I'm thinking" he added. And then, more to himself than to me, "I'm damned if I don't wish I had some now to wash that air out of my mouth."

With a new day the writer began the weary search for work. Here are two experiences, exhibiting variety of character. The first was with an elderly gentleman, who looked at him in a kindly way over his spectacles:

"No, I'm sorry," he was saying; "I'm sorry that I can give you nothing to do. The fact is, I've got to lay off three men at the end of the week. My business don't warrant my keeping them. I hope you'll be more fortunate elsewhere."

"A minute later we were standing waiting for the attention of a square-shouldered, thick-necked dealer, who was in angry dispute with a subordinate. His face was still distorted when he turned upon us, and his dilating eyes sought mine with an expression of growing impatience.

"We are looking for a job, sir," I began. "Can you give us a chance to work?"

"No, I can't, — you! Out you go, now!" And then to a man near the door: "— your soul, Kelly, I've told you to keep these bums out of here! If you let in another one, I'll fire you as sure as hell."

After many rebuffs, so many that hope quite failed, their chance came:

"Say, you men, do you want a job? Go out and load them oranges, and I'll give you fifty cents apiece."

"We did not stagger nor clasp each other's hands in an ecstasy of relief; we simply turned without a word, and hurrying to the street we began to lift the heavy crates into the box of an empty truck.

"Clark was the first to speak:

"Fifty cents, partner, fifty cents!" he kept repeating in an awed undertone. He seemed to be trying to get firm hold of the fact of our almost incredible good fortune; and then, in a voice that was thick with a heaving sob, he said:

"We'll feed, partner, we'll feed!"

Mr. Wyckoff thus graphically describes the fifty cents'

investment in a dinner, how deeply enjoyed no tongue can tell:

"My order came in a deep dinner-plate, a slice of roast beef, generous and juicy, shading from brown to the rich, raw red of the centre that oozed with a strengthening flow. With it was a large baked potato, piping hot, and when I broke it upon the table with a blow of my fist, the fragrant steam rose in a cloud to my face.

"At the end of a fast of thirty-six hours, which had been relieved only by a few swallows of coffee and a little bread, I knew enough to eat slowly. But I was unprepared for the difficulty which this precaution involved. As when one swallows cautiously in quenching a consuming thirst, and checks by sheer force the muscles which would drink with choking draughts, so it was only by a sustained restraint that I ate carefully, in small morsels, until the brutish hunger was appeased. And when all the beef and potato and an amazing quantity of the bread, with which the table was abundantly supplied, were gone, I could not forego the expenditure of five cents more for a cup of coffee, by the aid of which another deep inroad upon the bread was soon accomplished."



THE FLIGHT OF THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

NATURALLY, the most interesting part of the career of Dr. Evans was the share which he took in assisting the French Empress to escape from Paris. Early on the morning of September 4, 1870, the news of the disaster of Sedan and the surrender of Marshal MacMahon's army of 75,000 men to the Prussians, coupled with the abdication and capture of Napoleon III., reached Paris, and in the afternoon the city was in a fearful turmoil, overrun with mobs and anarchy rampant everywhere. The red flag had been hoisted, and the authorities everywhere were powerless. Mobs began moving on the Tuileries, and there was nothing left for the Empress but to escape as quickly as possible from the palace. Therefore, according to the story told by Dr. Evans while in Philadelphia in September last, the Empress, accompanied by Mme. Le Breton, Prince Metternich and Signor Nigra, the Italian Minister, attempted to escape by running down a private staircase leading to the palace gardens, but the mob was before her. Thereupon they turned back, traversed the gallery of the Louvre to the door leading to the Palace St. Germain Auxerrois, opposite the church of that name, from which building a narrow passage led to the street. There they could hear the shouts of the mob and later plunged into the crowd. The Empress was soon afterward recognized by a street urchin, but the lad's shout was not noticed, and the Empress and Mme. Le Breton were thrust by their companions into a cab. They soon discovered that they had only three francs between them, probably not enough to pay the driver; and so, in order to avoid a scene and the possible capture of the Empress, they alighted and walked on. Suddenly the Empress realized that they were near the house of Dr. Evans, and they hurried to him for assistance. This was immediately forthcoming. Mrs. Evans was out of the city, and so the Empress obtained her room, and clothing from her wardrobe was selected as a disguise. First, the doctor tried to get a pass to leave Paris, but failed. Every exit was guarded by troops. Happily, he found that one of his friends, also a patient, was in command of the troops at the Bridge of Neuilly, and by some means he succeeded in informing the latter that

he would like to pass over the bridge that night with two of his female patients. The Empress was to play the part of a feeble woman who was being taken away to a sanitarium, while Mme. Le Breton was to personate her nurse.

When all the plans were completed, Dr. Evans, at dusk, placed the Empress and Mme. Le Breton in his carriage, and drove to the bridge. There it was stopped by the men on duty; but the nerve of the doctor stood him in good stead, and he succeeded in passing through the troops. Eventually they made their way to Derville, after two days of anxious traveling, during which the fugitives were several times stopped and questioned. The doctor was ready for every emergency, and the Empress passed on without being recognized. At Derville Dr. Evans went to Sir John Burgoyne, owner of the yacht *Gazelle*, and, after with difficulty persuading him that he had the Empress in his charge, Eugénie was embarked on board the yacht and crossed the Channel in the gale which wrecked the British battleship *Captain*. The latter, as a curious coincidence, was commanded by a son of Sir John Burgoyne. Finally, on Thursday, September 8, the Empress met her son, the ill-fated Prince Louis, at Brighton, England. Dr. Evans rented for them the house at Chiselhurst where the Empress still lives, where Napoleon III died, and where the body of the Prince Imperial is resting.—*The Tribune*.



A SOUTHERN VOLUNTEER.

YES, sir, I fought with Stonewall,
And faced the fight with Lee;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!
I didn't shrink from Sherman
As he galloped to the sea;
But if this here Union goes to war,
Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas—
The bully boys in gray;
I heard the thunderers roarin'
Round Stonewall Jackson's way,
And many a time this sword of mine
Has blazed the route for Lee;
But if this old Nation goes to war,
Make one more sword for me!

I'm not so full o' fightin',
Nor half so full o' fun,
As I was back in the sixties,
When I shouldered my old gun;
It may be that my hair is white—
Sich things, you know, must be—
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin'—
Nor how, in sixty-two
Or thereabouts, with battle shouts
I charged the boys in blue;
And I say I fought with Stonewall,
And blazed the way for Lee;
But if this old Union's in for war,
Make one more gun for me!

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HIS NORTHERN BROTHER.

JUST make it two, old fellow;
I want to stand once more
Beneath the old flag with you,
As in the days of yore
Our fathers stood together
And fought on land and sea
The battles fierce that made us
A nation of the free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg,
You licked me at Bull Run;
On many a field we struggled,
When neither victory won.
You wore the gray of Southland,
I wore the Northern blue;
Like men we did our duty
When screaming bullets flew.

Four years we fought like devils,
But when the war was done
Your hand met mine in friendly clasp:
Our two hearts beat as one.
And now when danger threatens,
No North, no South, we know.
Once more we stand together
To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty—
Old age is creeping on;
Life's sun is lower sinking,
My day will soon be gone.
But if our country's honor
Needs once again her son,
I'm ready, too, old fellow—
So get another gun.

—*Minneapolis Journal*.



AMONG THE BOOKS.

SCIENTIFIC ASPECTS OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES. By G. Frederick Wright. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This volume is the result of the Lowell lectures, which Professor Wright delivered in Boston in 1896. It consists of careful examination of the criteria by which we judge all evidence, and then applies this criteria to Christian evidences. Dr. Wright uses those results of science which are universally considered assured to gather the criteria by which evidence is acknowledged to be convincing. He points out, suggestively, that there is no result of scientific research, however certain, but most serious difficulties could be raised against it. Theories of gravitation, of wave motion in light, of evolution, have each of them totally inexplicable difficulties even yet attached to them. From a wide study he thus deduces the fact that evidence, to be conclusive, does not have to settle all difficulties, nor to explain every phenomenon, but has merely to convince us of reality or truth beyond a reasonable doubt. We still believe in the law of gravitation, although difficulties could be raised to it on many lines, insuperable difficulties, too, as yet.

Then, Christian evidences are carefully examined, not to explain away all difficulties, but to discern whether they be not weighty enough to compel acceptance in spite of

difficulties. We think this part of the work is hardly as well done as the introductory matter; it is, however, most suggestive and interesting. Matters of history, of miracles, of manuscripts and textual criticism are taken up, and more or less elaborately treated. The collation of the evidences for the early date of the Gospels, and the elucidation of the force of that evidence, is perhaps as well done as anything in the book, and is certainly very convincing. On the discussions of the flood and the older miracles, one feels more inclined to withhold judgment as to the book's methods and results, while acknowledging that there is much that is very acute and interesting in the discussion.

The book is popular, interesting and valuable.

ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD. By Charles B. Newcomb. Published by the Philosophical Publishing Co., 19 Blagden Street, Boston, Mass.

This is a volume of earnest, thoughtful essays, devoted to the interpretation of the inner life of man, the power of thought in the cause and cure of disease, and the inculcation of the optimistic philosophy of daily life, known as "The New Thought." The line of teaching may be briefly summarized as follows:

Life is inspiration and expression. It is not accumulation, but circulation. God is the supreme source of life. Our part is to consciously receive and use this life, consecrating it to the good of our fellow-men. If we will do our duty unselfishly, we will gain "the peace which passeth all understanding." Strength will be given to us according to our faith. Everything that supreme love can devise and accomplish is being fulfilled in every life at every instant. We cannot trust God too much. All is well in light or darkness. If we do not believe that God governs this world, what assurance have we that He governs the next? "The supreme folly of the suicide is in the delusion that, by breaking the slate, he can solve his problem or escape it." What we are is the result of our spiritual choice. Heaven is not a great "having," but a great "being" and a great "doing." Both God and man respond to the vibrations of trust and distrust. We receive from both what we confidently expect. No good thing will God withhold from those who *trust* Him. Trust is the magnet by which we draw to ourselves from God's great storehouse. But, in order to receive, we must get rid of the eagerness of desire. A feverish mind is not a good magnet.

ANDREE'S BALLOON EXPEDITION. By Henry Lachambre and Alexis Machuron. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Of all the attempts to reach the North Pole, Salomon Auguste Andree's was the most audacious in conception. Ships and dogs and skees, many have tried; it was left for Herr Andree to think of a balloon and to try the air. In this book we have an interesting account of the two excursions made by Andree expeditions into the north, and of the final sending off of the balloon at the end of the second trip.

The book is written by the makers of the balloon, who accompanied Andree until the time of final departure, in order to have it assured that all the equipment was in perfect shape. The writers do not speak as if the failure to hear from Andree as yet was a discouraging fact; indeed, they say that he did not expect to be heard from under a year. There is, therefore, some time yet before the expedition can be pronounced either foolhardy or a failure. It is evident that these adventurers appreciated fully the

dangers which must necessarily be undergone, and that, so far as was possible, they went fully prepared to meet them. One cannot read the book without feeling that the scheme of balloon exploration in the north was by no means an impracticable dream, and probably not much more hazardous than any other attempt to penetrate the furthest north.

PARASITIC WEALTH. By John Brown. Published by Chas. H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

A significant sign of the times is the multitude of books issued on social questions. This is one of them. The author sympathizes fully with the position of Henry George on the land question, but adds to that position a like theory on the money question. As Henry George, by the single tax, would do away with rent, so Mr. Brown would do away with interest. He would effect this by making money so abundant that it would not demand interest, and yet would have a real and constant value. We cannot explain the plan by which these two seemingly contradictory things would be accomplished. Sufficient to say that it is ingenious, and will seem to very many readers to be reasonable.

For ourselves we do not think that it is wise or sufficient to dismiss the multitude of new schemes, social, financial, political, as visionary, farcical, and perhaps insane. Great social experiments are going to be attempted. Wise discussion and careful investigation are, therefore, essential. We believe that the people are better off for having and for reading such books as this of John Brown's.

ST. MATTHEW, ST. MARK AND GENERAL EPISTLES. Edited by Richard G. Moulton. Published by The Macmillan Co. New York.

The first volume of the New Testament Series of the Modern Reader's Bible contains the Gospels of Matthew and Mark and the Epistles to the Hebrews and the general Epistles of St. Peter and Jude. In these books the changes made by the new literary structure, in which the revision translation is arranged, are not so great as in the Old Testament books; nevertheless, they are often illuminating and suggestive. As in the rendering of the Old Testament books, there are certain places where the change in structure adds almost incalculably to the power and the clearness of the words.

SIMON DALE. By Anthony Hope. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

When Anthony Hope tells us a story, he does it delightfully. "Simon Dale" is no exception to that rule. Courts and kings, great ladies and cavaliers of the days of the ruling of Charles II. in England, give us the setting of this tale. The one honest man in a miserable and corrupt court is the hero. The time of the story is effectively chosen, as one fitted to set off all the beauty of truth and honor and manliness against the background of a gay and fashionable but altogether abominable society. We are confident that the reader will fall in love with Simon Dale, perhaps more in love with Simon Dale than with the women with whom Simon falls in love. Anthony Hope catches just the right style in which to tell of those vanished days. It is attractive in itself, and wonderfully suggestive, by slight, quaint touches, and by carefully chosen words, of the times and the people among whom the scenes are laid.

This is a good story, one worthy of the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is saying a great deal.

PRAYERS AND PROMISES. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

This little book of Scripture interpretation is made up of two parts. The first consists of thoughts drawn from passages in the biographies of the Old Testament, which speak of the close intercourse between God and his servants. The second consists of studies of the words, "I come," as spoken by the Lord Jesus under four different circumstances. One devout and reverent and spiritually suggestive spirit pervades both these lines of meditation. The book is intended to be devotional. In that character it is helpful.

A TREASURY OF AMERICAN VERSE. Edited by Walter Learned. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This is a collection of which we of America might well be proud. It is one, too, which will not suffer by comparison with the poetry of any other country. It is pleasant to find our old friends, and with them some of the sweetest of the poems of the newer poets. The range of authors is a large one, and includes the works of over one hundred writers.

The book deserves a place on the shelves of every library. It makes a fit companion to its elder sister across the sea, "The Golden Treasury of English Lyrics."

OUTLINES OF DESCRIPTIVE PSYCHOLOGY. By George Trumbull Ladd. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Professor Ladd's works on psychology are of the first rank. In the present volume a comprehensive arrangement of the subject is made, that it may be available as a text-book for colleges and normal schools. With this definite purpose the whole work has been constructed. As a teacher, Professor Ladd has had experience of that which is needed in a class room. The advice and aid of other teachers at Yale has also been taken by him in the work, so that it may be more perfectly adapted to just those ends which teachers desire.

Into this work there have been introduced many of those interesting and suggestive experiments in mental phenomena, which have made the psychological and physiological studies of the Yale laboratory most interesting. It behooves us to speak humbly on psychological questions, but we are confident that the work in hand will take a high place among the text-books on the subject of which it treats.



MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

AN able paper upon the United States Interstate Commerce commission, from the pen of Professor Henry C. Adams, appears in the April *Atlantic*.

Professor Mark H. Liddell contributes a strong article to the same magazine upon the teaching of English.

Herbert E. Hamblen continues, in *McClure's Magazine* for April, his exceedingly interesting accounts of his experiences as a passenger engineer. The article is illustrated by drawings from life, by W. D. Stevens.

The April issue of *Table Talk* is very bright and attractive, and should prove a decided help to those who have the care of the home.

One can readily understand the genuine sensation which the articles of Mr. Wyckoff on "The Workers" are creat-

ing by the reading of his article which appears in the April *Scribner's*. Here he gives, in a most interesting way, the account of how he strove with the problem of bread and butter in the streets of Chicago.

We gladly welcome the *Religious Review of Reviews* of Salem, Va., to our exchange table. It is a new publication, which promises to fill in the religious world the place filled in the secular by the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*.

Birds, a monthly magazine, published by the Nature Publishing Company, is made very attractive by the illustrations with color photographs, which bring out the exact color of the plumages of birds.

The April number of the *International Evangel* of St. Louis will contain an article on "The Advance of the Sunday-school," in reply to Mr. Edward Bok's article in the March issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, on "The Decay of the Sunday-school."



BOOKS RECEIVED.

DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.

Harry E. Richards. *The Mystery of Life*. \$1.25.
Little Books on Religion. 50 cents each.
Rev. Peter Taylor Forsyth, D.D. *The Holy Father and the Living Christ*.
Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon. *Forty Days of the Risen Life*.
John Watson, D.D., and others. *The Clerical Life, a Series of Letters to Ministers*.
FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK.

A. W. Tourgee. *The Man Who Outlived Himself*.
Abbott; Bradford; Berry; Gordon; Gladden; Tucker; Papers Presented during the Semi-Centennial Celebration of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. (1847-1897). \$1.25.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BOSTON.

Wm. Elliot Griffis. *The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes*. \$1.25.

E. R. HERRICK & CO., NEW YORK.

Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D. *Suggestive Illustrations of the Gospel According to Matthew*. \$1.25.

THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY RECORD, 21 E. 45TH ST., NEW YORK.

George D. Dowkourt, M.D. *Tell Them; or, The Life Story of a Medical Missionary*.

FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK.

Edith Smith Davis. *Whether White or Black*. 75 cents.
Rev. Norman Plass. *Buds that Bloom on Bonnier Banks*. 30 cents.
Dean Farrar, D.D. *Sin and its Conquerors*. 50 cents.
C. Campbell Morgan. *Discipleship*. 50 cents.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Hon. Prof. Max F. Müller. *Auld Lang Syne*. \$2.

FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., NEW YORK.

Mrs. Harcourt Williamson. *The Barn Stormers*. 75 cents.

James Graham. *The Son of the Czar*. \$1.25.

The Tales of John Oliver Hobbes. \$1.50.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK.

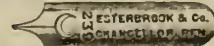
A. St. John Chambré, D.D. *Sermons on the Apostles' Creed*. 75 cents.

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Miscellaneous.

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DWELT no power divine within us,
How could God's divineness win us?
—Goethe.

THE LIFE SCHOOL.

My little boy came from his school
to-day,
With his heart in a flurry of glee.
"Oh, papa! they've taken our pencils
away,
And I'm writing with ink!" said he.
And his breast is filled with a manly
pride,
For it joys him much to think
He has laid his pencil and slate aside,
And is writing his words with ink.

Oh, innocent child! Could you guess
the truth
You would ask of the years to stay
'Mid the slate-and-pencil cares of
youth
That a tear will wash away;
For out in the great big world of men
The wrongs we may do or think
Can never be blotted out again,
For we write them all in ink."

—Exchange.

AN English paper says that the other day, when Queen Victoria was seated in her drawing-room, with several of her household in attendance, the lamp placed close beside her began to smoke. To the horror and astonishment of the company the Queen promptly raised her august hand and turned down the flame. "Your Majesty," said the lady-in-waiting, in awestruck tones, "why did you trouble to do that yourself?" "Because," said the Queen, "if I had called out 'This lamp is smoking!' one of you ladies would have said to the equerry, 'See! the lamp is smoking!' and the equerry would have called to the nearest servant, 'Here! the Queen's lamp is smoking!' and that servant would have called to a footman to attend to it, and all the time the lamp would have gone on smoking; so I preferred to turn it down myself."

THE blue eggs in the robin's nest.
Will soon have wings and beak and
breast.

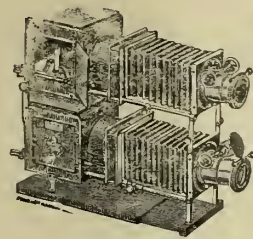
OH that men would believe how pas-
sionately God longs to save them and
bring forth his Son in them.—Tauler

A MAN may be possessed of himself
as of a devil.—George McDonald.

PASTEUR at a dinner, washed care-
fully the cherries before he ate them
and spoke of the multitude of microbes
on the skin of a cherry; then, in a fit
of absence, he drank the water in which
he had washed the cherries. Great is
genius!

Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

A

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"Surely the love of God takes away and makes us forget all our fear," answered Tennyson. "I should be sorely afraid to live my life without God's presence, but to feel that he is by my side now, just as much as you are,—that is the very joy of my heart."

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REV. ROBERT COLLYER said the other day: "I well remember one day when the subject of hymns was discussed between Ralph Waldo Emerson and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. The latter said that many of the so-called hymns were mere pieces of cabinet work. Then his voice deepened, his eyes shone, as we remember him in his noblest moments, as he said: 'One hymn I think supreme.' Emerson threw his head back, as he always did when his attention was arrested and waited. Dr. Holmes repeated the first verse:

"Thou hidden Love of God, whose height,
Whose depth, unfathomed, no man knows,

I see from far thy beauteous light:
Inly I sigh for thy repose.

My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.'

"I know—I know," exclaimed Emerson. 'That is the supreme hymn.'"

Miscellaneous.

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THE attention of our readers is called to the book advertised on another page by the Swedenborg Publishing Association, "Kindly Light in Prayer and Praise," by Pastor Quiet. This book has been most highly spoken of by Miss Frances E. Willard, and THE CHURCH UNION in a book review in December said: "A man's heart could not long be troubled if he can receive this book. The love of God is its atmosphere, hope fills it, even the dark things are irradiated."

Miscellaneous.

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The
theology
of
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IGNORANCE.

WERE it not a cruel thing to see, in any province of an empire, the inhabitants living all mutilated in their limbs, each strong man with his right arm maimed? How much crueler to find the strong soul with its eyes sealed—its eyes extinct, so that it sees not! Light has come into the world, but to this poor peasant it has come in vain. For six thousand years the sons of Adam in sleepless effort have been devising, doing, discovering, warring, a little band of brothers, against the black empire of night; they have accomplished such a mighty conquest, and to this man it is all as if it had not been. The four-and-twenty letters of the alphabet are still runic enigmas to him. An invisible empire, he knows it not—suspects it not. And is it not his withal, the conquest of his own brothers, the lawfully acquired possession of all men? Baleful enchantment lies over him from generation to generation. Heavier wrong is not done under the sun. It lasts from century to century; the blinded sire slaves himself out and leaves a blinded son, and men made in the image of God continue as two-legged beasts of labor. Have we governors, have we teachers, have we had a church these eighteen hundred years? What is an archiepiscopus, an overseer of souls? Is he something? If so, let him lay his hand upon his heart, and say what thing.

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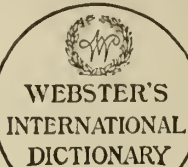
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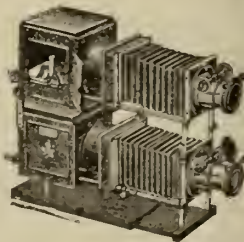
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War. It looks like war as THE CHURCH UNION goes to press. War! it is unspeakable and most monstrous. Brethren to slay brethren; to grow into the grandeur of manhood, to develop divine powers of thought, invention, speech and all other, and then to spend those exalted gifts in the invention of a gun that can kill a regiment, a torpedo that can send the stoutest man-of-war to the bottom in five minutes with five hundred souls aboard. War between Christian nations, the professed followers of Jesus! To meet upon God's beautiful sod, and rend and tear, and hew and hack human flesh, to turn from this to burning houses and devastating fields, filling first hospitals with moaning men, and then nature with a foul spot of fire and blood.

And yet when the maniac is killing the little child, you must rush in, with pain and loss, or it may be death. You do not wait, or argue—you help. That is how a man is made; helps first, and then thinks it over afterwards. The thousands of Cuba, outraged, driven from their homes,

starved, slain, call to the millions of favored America; and America must answer. She falls out of the ranks of humanity, if she do not answer; answer with her vast treasure and her noblest sons. Honor, Humanity, History, the Nations, God Himself demand her answer. She will meet the demand—yes, but with a bowed head and eyes filled with tears.



The Pulpit and Patriotism. We have lighted upon two documents; the one is an utterance of the Bishop of Maryland, of the Episcopal Church, and the other a circular from the Evangelical Alliance. We append the bishop's charge:

God having brought us to times of uncertainty, trouble and danger, he calls our nation and its authorities to use all possible patience and wisdom. And, as helping to that, I expect that you keep your sermons free from all questions of war or of national politics, and from unnecessary professions of patriotism. True patriotism does not need to be boastful. Important as these things are, they have no place in the pulpit. Our Saviour and His first apostles are our best models for preaching the Gospel. There were questions of deepest national importance then pressing upon the minds of the people, but they did not make them themes for preaching. They had something still higher to speak of—the spiritual truths of the Gospel, and its great moral principles and duties. These prevailing would bring peace and truth as their results. As citizens, you may and must take interest in national affairs; but keep Spain and points of national policy out of your sermons. Ask God's blessing on those who now have the great responsibility. Use at every morning and evening prayer the appointed prayer "For the President and for all others in authority," and at every litany service and at all other services the prayer for Congress.

The circular of the Evangelical Alliance calls attention to a movement undertaken by it, to bring the duties of citizens home to the hearts and consciences of the people. The method adopted is the printing and circulating of literature bearing upon the subject. With the circular come specimens of the leaflets to be circulated. One is a "Manual for Citizens," a sort of first catechism of public duties. It is admirable. It speaks in the clearest tone, and on the pressing points of a citizen's duty. To place this particular leaflet in the hands American citizens will be a noble work. The heelers and bosses ought to plan together to suppress this publication and submerge this society. It smites them beneath the fifth rib, after the manner of old Joab, a vigorous and final thrust. We wish power to the right arm of the Evangelical Alliance in this patriotic work!

We contrast these two utterances by way of lesson. The bishop's plan is how not to do it. If the clergy in the past had followed advice like this of the bishop, a very large part of the grandest work which has been done in

this world would have been unaccomplished, and the good work which has been done would not have been done half as well. Within little over a century, two of the most glorious labors of all history have been wrought—the abolition of slavery in the British dominions, and the Civil war, which ended slavery in America. We venture to assert that, without the pulpit, neither of these would have been accomplished. There were other noble agencies at work, but among them all a first place is due to the Christian pulpit. Indeed, there were many preachers who followed the way of the bishop, and lifted neither hand nor voice to help; but their memory, in these respects, is not fragrant.

In the charge there is the old mistake of the sharp sundering of the religious and the secular. This is a favorite blunder of ecclesiastics—of the men who lay stress on wearing a different garb from that which ordinary humanity wears. This little point emblems their general idea. A minister is a man by himself, and religion a thing by itself. The opinion that is forging to the front to-day is that the minister is an ordinary man, but he ought to be a bright, good one, and that religion pertains to everything that is; that, if you shut out religion from anything, you spoil religion; and if you shut out anything from religion, you spoil the thing. Everywhere or nowhere goes religion, like the great God whom it serves. We profoundly hope that the preachers will not keep Spain and Cuba out of their sermons; but that they will speak of Spain and Cuba in the way in which Christian ministers should; that they will call their people to a just, calm, loving style of looking upon Spain and Cuba and everything else in the whole world; and, if they wish to retain their influence over the American people, they will speak out freely and strongly about what is going on under the very eyes of the people, and not merely about the Perrizites and the Jebusites, whose bones are dust. This was the method of Samuel, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Luther, and Calvin, and Knox; and this was a large element of their power.



Dr. Briggs THE great ecclesiastical case of the General Withdraws. Assembly against Dr. Briggs has come to an end. Dr. Briggs has withdrawn from the Presbyterian, and joined the communion of the Protestant Episcopal Church. There is no question but that he will be welcomed with the utmost cordiality.

But liberal Presbyterians feel badly. In their eyes Dr. Briggs was one of the ablest members of the Presbyterian ministry. To speak the plain truth, they believe Dr. Briggs has been banished from the Presbyterian Church because he knows more about the Bible than any other man in that Church. Whether they are mistaken or not in that belief, it is their honest conviction. How often have they boasted in their pulpits that the Presbyterian Church is a Church of light—that, by the Church, the old Scotchmen always placed the school! How have they boasted of the Highland laddies who studied at Edinburgh

or Aberdeen, and cultivated the Muses on a little oat-meal. They maintained always that their Church was specially an educated Church, one of its cardinal points being an educated ministry. And now they stand by and see one of their ministers, free from the whisper of a moral obliquity, undoubted in his Christian faith, and surely accredited as one of the most learned men in their communion, suspended from the ministry by reason of his learning, and compelled to find a refuge in a sister communion. There are many of the best men in the Presbyterian Church who are hanging their heads to-day, and Presbyterians have not been used to do that. It comes very hard.

We have here another illustration of the huge blunder of going beyond the commandments of Jesus, and teaching, for doctrines, the commandments of men. Tried by any test given by the Lord Himself, Dr. Briggs must be adjudged a competent minister of Jesus Christ. To condemn him, you have to move away from the safe and grand basis of Jesus, and fix upon some man-made confession of faith or system of doctrine. The Presbyterian Church only illustrates again, what has been illustrated so often before, the determined tendency to find some Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, to put in the place of Christ. It is with the utmost unwillingness that great masses of men accept the highest teaching. They always cry, "Speak thou unto us and we will hear, but let not the Lord speak unto us lest we die." But this is very bad theology; the true theology being given us at that other mount, where was heard, "This is my beloved Son, hear ye Him." When the Presbyterian Church gets back to Christ, she will keep her Drs. Briggs and be in a much better case every way. And we should recommend the other churches to get ahead of the Presbyterian Church, if they can, in this great movement; for the coming Church is the one whose legend is, "None but Christ."

There is one amazing satisfaction in this business. When the Jews wanted to get rid of Stephen, they stoned him. When the Roman Catholics wanted to get rid of Huss, they burned him. When the Stuarts wanted to force the Prayer-book upon Scotchmen, they tied a girl in the Solway and let the flood come up and drown her while she sang a psalm. But Dr. Briggs just steps down to the front door, puts his foot over the railing and rings the bell at the next door. Bishop Potter appears, a most courteous Christian gentleman, and seizes his hand with undoubted warmth. The door is closed and the case is ended. Praise be to the good God for that! It is a progress quite amazing, and foretaste of better things to come!

We confess to somewhat of regret that Dr. Briggs has to start all afresh as a candidate for the Episcopal ministry. We should greatly relish, however, hearing Bishop Potter examine Dr. Briggs in Hebrew. We are ready to guarantee that Dr. Briggs will pass.

The whole case now ended is one of the most damaging evidences of the woe of narrowness!

Spiritual Narrowness. How narrowly we are apt to think of spirituality, and to define it ! Our conception of this great element of character is often most partial, most trivial. Spurgeon said that a serving lass in his congregation thought that her master must be spiritual, because he was ' such a melancholy man.' Her thought was hardly less faulty than that of the good brother who depended for his spirituality on the fact that when he prayed you could hear him two blocks.

But is our more intelligent understanding much nearer the full truth ? We set down the minister who prays and preaches, the evangelist who exhorts, as spiritual; but we call the man who is careful of his conduct and considerate in his dealings a "merely moral" man. We think the theologian who seeks out the explanation and harmony of divine truth in the Scripture spiritual, and we call the philosopher or scientist who seeks out the explanation and harmony of divine truth in human life, or in the world, we call him only intellectual ; perhaps we put a little touch of scorn in it by saying "intellectualist," or "free-thinker." We do not hesitate to say that Moody and Beecher and Calvin were spiritually minded men, but we forget to say that Darwin and Kant and Herbert Spencer were spiritually minded men as well. Yet it could easily be maintained that, in ultimate spiritual influence on the lives of men, such a work as Darwin's will finally have far greater power than even such a grand good work as Moody's. In other words, the transforming and molding power, on practical human life, of the truths which Darwin and Wallace revealed will probably be greater in the end than the transforming power of any truth spoken to men since the age of the Reformation. No man can see the end of its influence upon conduct and habits and common practices, as well as upon intellectual conceptions.



Elements of Spirituality. THE truth of the matter spoken of above is, that in the fully rounded spirit of man there are four spiritual elements. No life is fully spiritual without all of these. Any life which has any one of these developed and active is, in that measure, a spiritual life ; but if it lack any one of these, is wanting, in the measure of its lack, in perfect spirituality.

These four elements are the devotional, the ethical, intellectual, and the affectional. The lack of any one of these marks a spiritual development as one sided or incomplete. The presence of any one of these compels us to recognize the presence of something at least of spiritual power.

Many a mother, for instance, has the affectional developed wonderfully and beautifully, but is wanting in the intellectual elements of spirituality. Many a philosopher has the intellectual marvellously cultivated, but the affections dwarfed and incomplete. Shall the mother, then, despise the scholar ? She will rather use his spiritual power for herself and for her children. Shall the scholar despise the mother ? He

were better if he sat at her feet and learned of her softness of heart, while he ministered to her foolishness of head.

Such a life as Goethe's had the intellectual, the affectional, and perhaps the devotional developed ; but, the ethical incomplete. Such a life as Darwin's had the intellectual and the ethical and the affectional developed ; but, by his own confession, the devotional unsustained. The monks of old had the devotional and the ethical often cultured, but lacked the affectional in their lives. Many evangelists exhort us unto a life in which the devotional, the ethical, and the affectional are prominent, but the intellectual is neglected. There is great danger of such one-sided spirituality—great danger of an unbalanced conception of the divine and spiritual life.

There is danger that the intellectual shall forget its need of the devotional ; there is danger sometimes that the devotional shall forget the need of the ethical, or that the pure coldness of the ethical shall forget its need of the warmth of the affectional in the fashioning of human life.



Spiritual Judgments. Now, in all such spiritual incompleteness there is sure to be a tendency to false judgments and harsh criticisms. The moralist is apt to think the mystic a fool, while the mystic calls the moralist an infidel. They are both, perhaps, inclined to think the missionary visionary. The world has always been full of evangelists who anathematized scholars, and of scholars who sneered at evangelists. The world has always had men who worshiped God, but were in danger of forgetting to love their brother, and men who loved their brother who were in danger of forgetting to worship God. In other words, the influence of narrowness and criticism touches all around. It reaches all of us. We see the good of our own way, and are greatly blessed in it. We are lighted by the knowledge we gain or uplifted by our devotion. We are glorified by our love, or purified by our strenuous battle for morality and righteousness. We are apt to forget in the exaltation of each one of these the blessing which there is for us and for all men in the others. We are unavoidably drawn disproportionately to one of these if we be not careful.

All the more important is it, therefore, that we force ourselves to honor every creature of the spiritual power of God, and receive them all with thanksgiving. Whatever may be the special leaning of our own lives, let us always be wise enough to say : Blessed are those who seek the truth, and know more abundantly ; blessed are those who battle for the right, and accomplish largely ; blessed are those who worship and commune with the Father deeply ; blessed are those who love, and are enthralled by their affections. The presence of any one of these ought to be the inspiration and beginning of them all. The total lack of any one of these would endanger them all. The sum of them all is in the Christ-like character, which knows and does and worships and loves.

Self-Effacement. AT a ministers' meeting in Boston, the Rev. Thomas B. McLeod said to his Congregational brethren that there were only three self-supporting Congregational churches in New York. He added: "There is something radically wrong. I plead for Church extension. One feature of Congregationalism has been self-effacement. She has poured out her life for the general good. She has carried self-effacement to the extreme. She should change her policy, and develop selfhood."

We have always admired the Congregationalists, and now more than ever, if this be a true statement. No, no, brother; not the Congregationalists more like the others, but the others more like the Congregationalists. What the sects want is self-effacement, till they all shall be one. Christianity is nothing if it be not self-effacement. "Selfhood" has sharpened all the swords, loaded all the muskets, kindled all the martyr flames, filled all the churches—oh, so often, with hell-fire! Is it possible that one of the sects has learned its Master so well as to have gotten to self-effacement? Can we believe it? Then let Gabriel look up that trumpet of his; for the great day of the Lord is at hand. The long-looked-for, longed-for day has come.

We can tell our Congregational friends a story for their comfort: An old colored preacher once told his hearers that no church had ever died of giving; that if any person could show him one, he would go to the lonely spot and climb the ruined tower, and stretch out his hand above it, and say: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." If Congregationalism dies of self-effacement, she will have more life than all the living churches.



Federal Council in England. THE annual council of English Free Churches met this spring at Bristol. The meeting was a large and enthusiastic gathering. Delegates from over five hundred local councils were present; these local councils represent an aggregate of over six million Christian people. Since the meeting of a year ago, more than a hundred new local councils have been organized. Every religious organization except the established Church was represented. The *British Weekly* says that it might seem difficult to secure freshness in the speeches and deliberations of these councils meeting every year, but that the Bristol Council certainly did not manifest any such difficulty.

The fact of the case is that this great federation of all English Christians (outside of the Episcopal Church) meets such a large need, and meets it so well, that the organization is inevitably popular and its gatherings enthusiastic.

The President of the Council, Dr. Clifford, in the course of a most earnest and telling address, had something to say about the hope of a like organization growing up in the Americas. To that hope THE CHURCH UNION would respond with a most fervent Amen! We believe that this

federation of English Churches is a standing example, which cannot but be most influential in the bringing in of the united Christendom. If Baptists and Methodists, and Congregationalists, and Presbyterians, and Salvationists, and Quakers, and all the rest can join in a workable federation in England, they can do so in America, and it is not a vain prophecy to say that they will do so.



Terrible Experiences. WE sometimes hear the lament that religion is declining, because the people do not have the terrible exercises that they used to have. We are disposed to think that this is a sheer gain. We fancy the terrible bodily manifestations came from the wrong theology. There are aspects of truth that will always be distressing, perhaps beyond the coarse terrors of a wild revivalist. To lose the love of God from the heart, no Dante could find weird and dread words sufficient to set forth that. But it is not to be expressed in physical tortures, nor in shrieks and blasphemy. It is a blackness of darkness, that has no voice. What is called in medicine, atrophy, or anemia, sets forth largely the nature of it—what common folks call death with its stupor and syncope. One who saw the deadliest of serpents glide across a cage, and, with just a little tap, instantly kill a rabbit, tells us that there was something unspeakably dreadful in the sight; but it was the absolute silence of it that was a part of the terror.

We can conceive that it would be a most benevolent thing to make these great truths shine before the eyes of men. But we do not think it would conduce to screaming and hurling oneself to the ground and rolling over in the dust. It *would* conduce to most serious thought and prayer and repentance, and these are what we want.

Further, this aspect of a life of sin and its effects leads to the belief, that is so largely held to-day, that the teaching of endless torment is a mistake; for this death may be not more silent than it is final. The touch of that serpent was not as deadly as the touch of sin, when it is finished and has brought forth death. Many thoughtful minds cannot receive the idea of a creation under the hand of a great God supremely good, in which evil and suffering shall be eternal. As God called it at the beginning very good, so they must think it shall be at the end, supremely good, with a goodness that far transcends the goodness of the beginning. And God shall be all in all.



Disagreement. PERHAPS we are too anxious to get people to agree with us. This may be true of our preaching, of our arguing, and of our talking. It used to be the custom for folks to go to sleep quietly, under certain speakers, because they felt absolutely certain of their orthodoxy; they could sleep without danger of being participants in any heresy. We believe that the preacher who brought enough heresy into his sermon to keep people awake would be far more effective. Indeed,

is it not the fact that an address which rouses people to think, to examine, to question, by making them differ from the speaker, is far more efficient, as a means to culture and spiritual life, than an address which leaves them utterly indifferent?

It is quite probable that more thought will be given to an address from which we radically differ than to one with which we feel in perfect accord. Disagreement may thus be one of the ministers to the progress of the Kingdom. It is possible that this is the one thing which can be said of our sectarianism: it has kept us alive by keeping us different. If Church Union meant uniformity, as it does not, we might feel some little hesitancy about it.

But disagreement is a long way from bad feeling and unkindly acting. The earnest soul may thoroughly appreciate and acknowledge the ministry which has been given to it, even by a person or a sermon with which it was not in accord. It is perfectly possible to agree to disagree, and in that case be more helpful friends, both by the agreement and perhaps by the disagreement.

Success, then, in our endeavors to help may be as often and as surely accomplished when we have succeeded in getting people to think about a thing enough to disagree with us as if we had won their hearty agreement. There may well be times when, if we have been able to get our brother to care enough about religious questions to disagree with us upon them, we shall have won our brother.



God and Our Notions. AT a dinner-table Mr. Huxley sat beside a lady who asked him whether he did not think it was a bad business that Rev. Mr. B. should have adopted the eastward position in administering the sacrament. Mr. Huxley replied: "My dear lady, I am told by Sir John Herschel that, to drop a bean at the end of every mile of a voyage to the nearest fixed star, would require a fleet of 10,000 ships, each of 600 tons burden, all starting full of beans. Now do you really think that the Maker of those fixed stars considers this new position of Mr. B.'s a serious matter?" This was a stroke of genius, and it would end many of our contentions if we should just bring in the great God in this way. Does that great God, who sends the sun whirling through space, like to see us hurl anathemas at each other as to the verbal inspiration or the otherwise opinion? The God who holds Jupiter on his course likes to have the little folks given to Him, and if some prefer to be baptized when they are older, we do not think He objects very much. The great God who hurries a comet through the planets does not mind if some folks have bishops. He only says: "See to it that they be good, and if you prefer presbyters, I will take them." But probably the God who never puts two planets where they will interfere with each other, who always provides them elbow-room, does not like two churches to be put where one would do better. A little more of God would settle our miserable sectarianism very quickly.

The Right of Way. WE wonder how long a train dispatcher would keep his place who gave a freight train the right of way in front of a limited?

One case of that kind would probably bring him the mate of that pithy notice which, it is said, was once given on an American railroad: "Discharged for being a fool!" The important things must go first, and must have the right of way. That we are sure of in business—but, oh, how long it takes us to learn it in life! To what little things we are constantly giving the right of way! Our pleasure runs on ahead of our duty; our folly has the right of way before our wisdom; high and heavenly things wait while earthly things receive attention. If divine judgment hastened in impatience, we fear we might have all received discharges long ago for very foolishness.

It is said that Sydney Smith was once at dinner where a man, a stranger to him, talking in a loud, dogmatic manner of infidelity, declared that "He did not believe in a Creator." Smith changed the subject to that of the dinner at which they sat. On this the stranger grew enthusiastic, praised greatly what they had, and the way it was cooked. "Ah," said Sydney Smith, "You believe in a Cook!" Oh, how many there are that give the faith in the cook the right of way before the Creator! For them, everything can wait when the dinner-bell rings.

The truly great man will give the great things the great places. The wise man will hear the Master's word, and put first the Kingdom of heaven and its righteousness. Whatever other things he may keep moving, the Christian will clear the tracks of life, that the high and holy things of his profession may have way and power to go forward.



Faith and Courage. THERE are two virtues that dwell under the same roof, and live as brethren together.

They are faith and courage. Sturdy valor and reliance on God,—these keep company. Vices grow everywhere, as they spring up without care or culture; but virtues need cultivation, so we find them growing, like corn, in hills or clusters. Where one is nourished others are found. Where trust takes root and is cultivated, there bravery finds place.

The bravest men in the world are those who have dared danger in the faith of the Lord, their God. The men of all most faithful are those who have courage to be patient and struggle on. It is courage and faith, faith and courage, that have fought in the fiercest battles and stood the longest sieges.

But in religious questions as well as worldly struggles, these virtues support each other, and win the surest victories. In the questions which are agitating theologies, and churches, and Christian hearts, we need men bold in their scholarship and thoughtfulness, and men who trust God in their scholarship and thought. We do not want a cowardly theology, or a puerile Bible study; we want bravery, intellectual integrity, and we want the earnest and deep simplicity of faith. We want men who hold fast to

the overruling providence of God; men who do not despair about the future of religion or of the Church; men who are brave to face the new questions, and labor in the new conditions, because they trust in God, who has led in the past, to guide them in the future.

We read, in the New Testament, that the rulers saw the manly bravery of the Apostles, and they connected it with their faith in Jesus. "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." Yes, it often requires bravery to hold fast a faith; but it often, too, requires a faith to explain a bravery. Let us be brave enough to believe, and let us also believe enough to be brave.



Self-Culture and Self-Sacrifice. To combine these two things in the life is one of its hardest problems.

How to grow ourselves without growing selfish—that is a real question. There is no doubt that self-realization, self-culture, is part of the divine ordinance for each life; but without the self-conceit, and self-absorption which is so apt to go with it. Jeremy Taylor said: "Let thy face shine for others, but make no mirror for thyself." We are constantly making mirrors for ourselves.

Yet it is possible to combine these two things. It is possible to have an unselfish self-culture. The artist has it when with complete absorption in his art, and total forgetfulness of money or praise, he seeks for the glories of truth, or of beauty, or of harmony as they have been manifested to his soul. The scientist has it, when wholeheartedly he asks for the great discovery, and thirsts for the new revelation, or explanation, and makes himself skillful with all the self-abandon of the truth-seeker. The Doctor has it when, not because of fees only, but because of the enthusiasm and interest of his profession, he seeks for the mysteries of life and of disease. The minister has it when, not for salary or fame, but for love of the truth and love of his work, he thinks, and speaks, and labors the best he can. The Lord Jesus had it, when He said, "For their sakes, I sanctify Myself." "I sanctify Myself;" there was the self-culture. "For their sakes;" it was not a selfish culture.

Indeed, contradictory as these two qualities often seem, they blend most beautifully and most harmoniously together in a life. It is probable that no man ever came to the highest places of his art or his profession in whom there was not more love of his work than of himself. No man ever achieved the best for himself whose first thought was not fixed on something without, and above himself. As John Tyndale said of the leaders of science: "No man ever made any great discoveries in whom the divine afflatus of the truth-seeker was wanting." In most practical ways, they that have lost themselves have found themselves.

The law of the Christian life is thus in accord with the law of all successful life, when it enjoins self-culture, but commands unselfishness; when it would have the man make the most of himself for the sake of others.

Making Miracles. GIDEON talked with an angel, and moaned that the age of miracles was past. He said:

"Where be all the miracles that our fathers told us of?" Later he saw what a wonderful miracle it was which was before him, while he made his complaint, in that a very angel of the Lord was given for his guidance. And what was that angel's word in reply to his complaining? It was wonderful in suggestive meaning. He said: "Go, in this thy might, and save Israel." It was as if the angel had said: "So there are no miracles: rise, then, and work a miracle in the name of the Lord, and with the sword of Gideon." If a man sees the world to need miracles, and to lack them, then let him have faith to make miracles. If they be really needed, surely God gives power thereunto. When we are discouraged and find ourselves complaining, it were well for us to consider and to see whether it might not be that the denial of any reason for complaint was with us while we murmured. It may well be, also, that the word of the Lord commands us to rise up in faith and effort, and give the lie to our own complaining.



IN BRIEF.

WE think our civilization near its meridian; but we are yet only at the cock-crowing and the morning star. In our barbarous society, the influence of character is in its infancy. As a political power, as the rightful lord who is to tumble all rulers from their chairs, its influence is hardly suspected. Malthus and Ricardo quite omit it; the "Annual Register" is silent; in the *Conversation's Lexicon* it is not set down; the President's message, the Queen's speech have not mentioned it; and yet it is never nothing. Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world. The gladiators in the lists of power feel the presence of worth. We are all haunted by a conscience of this right to grandeur of character, and are false to it. —Emerson.



REVERENCE, the highest feeling that man's nature is capable of, the crown of his whole moral manhood, and precious like fine gold, were it in the rudest forms, Voltaire seems not to understand or even to have heard of, by credible tradition. His theory of the world, his picture of man and man's life is little, for a poet and philosopher—even pitiful. History is to him not a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of infinitude, with suns for lamps and eternity as a background; whose author is God, and whose purport and thousandfold moral lead us up to the "dark with excess of light" of the throne of God, but a poor, wearisome debating-club dispute, spun through ten centuries, between the "Encyclopédie" and the Sorbonne. God's Universe is a larger Patrimony of St. Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt the Pope. We find no heroism of character in him, from first to last: nay, there is not, that we know of, one great thought in all his six-and-thirty quartos. —Carlyle.



IF the result of the war scares in the East and in the West Indies should be to bring into closer fellowship the British people and the American people, we can surely feel that the ill-winds have blown some good.

MRS. SIMPSON, in her memoirs of England in the early part of this century, tells a suggestive anecdote of two eminent noblemen of England, Lord Dudley and Lord Lansdowne. Lord Dudley was a man noted for his absent-mindedness and for his habit of talking to himself. He had picked up Lord Lansdowne at the club, and was driving home with him. Suddenly he began to himself: "Now I suppose that I must invite this fellow to dinner; it's a dreadful bore; I don't want him." Lord Lansdowne grasped the situation and saw the point, and then began, in an undertone to himself: "Hope I shan't have to go home to dinner with this man; it's an awful nuisance. He gives shocking bad dinners." We are not sure but that society might often move with less friction and more real comfort if folks talked out what they thought, and had a chance to be answered accordingly.



JOAQUIN MILLER tells us of his strolling through a most forlorn Mexican village, and seeing a poor old colored woman come out of a house with a broken crock tied together with a rawhide, containing a plant in flower to grow by her door. He stopped and watched her set it down and carefully arrange it. He said to her: "Good evening, Auntie; it's a pretty evening." She slowly straightened herself, looked at him, and then away at the beautiful sunset and said softly: "Oh, its a pretty world, Massa!" One of the King's daughters, probably!



THE purpose of the Christian religion, as Jesus taught it and as His disciples understood it, until their attention was drawn away to the elaboration of a creed and the construction of a church, was to help the fishermen to be better fishermen, and the mother to be a better mother, and the merchant, the lawyer, the teacher, the mechanic to do their work as in the sight of God, with a new motive and a new spirit. Jesus sends the new disciple back to take his natural and accustomed place in the common life. He was to go back to the town where his friends lived, where he was brought up, and where people knew him by his given name. In that place he was to show himself a Christian. He must meet his old friend in the next shop, who has known him ever since he was a schoolboy. The common task: it is to this we are called by our discipleship. Jesus did not send the new disciple to teach theology nor to preach sermons. He sent him to tell the others His own personal experience; show how great things God hath done for thee.—*Dr. Hodges.*



"MANY years ago," says Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, "I was holding a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in the lodge, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there, while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within one hundred miles!'"



DUMAS the elder was not in the habit of counting his money, but did once, leaving it on the mantel while he left the room for a few minutes. When he returned and was giving some instructions to a servant, he mechanically counted the pieces over again, and found a louis missing. "Well," he said with a sigh, "considering that I never counted my money before, I can't say it pays."—*New York Tribune.*

WHEN we consider the barbarities which were recently inflicted on the family of a colored man in the South, because he had accepted an appointment as United States Post-office keeper, we do not wonder that the colored people are sometimes inclined to draw the color line. It really must be a reason of congratulation not to belong to the race that can be guilty of such savagery!



WHAT room will they make for Clara Barton in heaven, who turns from feeding starving Armenians to feeding starving Cubans! And who of us all stops to ask what Church she belongs to? She belongs to the true Church. Let the sects stand aside, and take off their ecclesiastical hats.



WHATEVER may be the status of the Church Union cause throughout the Church militant of earth, we are well assured that it has an immense and a growing clientage among the glorious throngs of the Church triumphant in heaven.



WE think it somewhat suggestive that, in our good English tongue, the plural of "he" and the plural of "she" are the same. Woman as an individual has undoubtedly her special points; but, as a class, woman is exactly what man is—intensely human.



THERE is the peculiar person who does not go to any one of the churches in the town; but, if any religious crank is preaching fifteen miles away, will walk all that distance to hear him. We recommend a new denomination—the Church of the Cranks!



EMERSON says: "Thousands of human beings might exercise towards each other the grandest and simplest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends, or a pair of lovers." When great communities feel towards the individual and the whole as lovers do to each other, things will be different.



CLARKSON found, after careful investigation, that more seamen died in the slave-trade in one year than in the whole trade of the country in two. Deviltry is very expensive!



THERE is an oyster department in humanity, which shuts itself up in its shell and goes to fat; we must beware of the oyster.



MARCH has done her sweeping, April her scrubbing; and now May will step in to do the Spring polishing of the year's house-cleaning.



COLONEL MOSBY, the famous Confederate soldier, says he is opposed to war with Spain, because, if there is war, he will be in it. If all who urged war had to be in it, there would be fewer wars.

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THE LIFE AFTER DEATH.

PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.

It is often said that we can know but little of the Life after Death; but those who say so are inconsiderate. If they were about to change their home to another city or village, they would not say that they could know but little of the life they would live there. They would take pains to learn all they could about that city or village before they removed to it. If we were about to spend a year in Europe we would not say we know but little of the life we would spend in Europe. We would take great pains, by the study of guide-books and inquiries of every kind, to learn about the countries we proposed to visit before we undertook the journey. We are in precisely the same situation with reference to the Life after Death. We are all of us in a short time to take the journey through death into a home in the future life; and, if we are wise, we will take pains to learn all that we can learn about that life before we make the journey.

There are two great sources of information about the life we are to live after death. These are Holy Scripture and our own human nature. We should study these just in the same way as we would study our guide-books and our own selves before we journey to a foreign land. Holy Scripture has abundant information about the future life, and we know quite well what of ourselves we shall take with us there. By putting these sources of information together and using the faculties of reasoning and imagination which God has given us to use with reference to all future life and conduct, we may learn much more about the Life after Death than is commonly supposed.

Holy Scripture teaches us that there is a Life immediately after Death in what we call the Intermediate or Middle State, and another Life after the Day of resurrection and judgment, that we call the Ultimate or Last State.

We shall limit our study at present to the Middle State, or the Life immediately after Death. Holy Scripture tells us that there are two places in the Middle State: the place of blessedness, whither Lazarus and the penitent robber

went at death, and whither the righteous go; and a place of torment, whither Dives went, and where the wicked go. It is agreed by the Church in all ages that Jesus took some of the righteous with Him to heaven. But the Christian Church is not agreed whether all the righteous since the resurrection of Christ go to heaven, or whether some go to heaven and others to the better part of Hades. It seems altogether likely that the two antithetic places after Death really represent an indefinite number of places whither men go in accordance with their racial, national and social characteristics. There is a great deal to be said in favor of the conception of the Old Testament that the dead are gathered to their fathers, and that in Sheol they are assembled as Nations.

We shall devote our attention at this time to a consideration of the Life after Death, in view of the consequences which result from the use of the faculties we take with us through the gates of death into the life beyond.

(1) It is evident to all men that the physical substance of our bodies remains behind us, and becomes sooner or later part of the soil of the earth. But the form of the human body is not laid aside at death; it persists, as a shade or ghost, in the realm of the departed. This is the opinion in all religions where there is a belief in the future life. It is also taught in Holy Scripture. It may be sufficient to refer to the ghost of Samuel (1 Sam. 28, 13-20); the appearance of Moses and Elijah on the Mount of Transfiguration (Mark 9, 4-5); the appearing of the saints after the resurrection of Jesus (Matt. 27, 52-53); the words of Jesus as to Himself at His own resurrection (Luke 24, 36-40); and the teaching of Paul (2 Cor. 5, 1-10). In the latter passage Paul conceives that, so soon as his earthly body is laid aside in death, he is clothed upon with a heavenly body: his spirit does not remain naked. The form, figure, shape of the body is the same; the identity of the body persists in the form; but the substance of the body is changed to correspond with its environment, and is made like to the spiritual substance of the place where the departed reside. Accordingly, whenever the departed have appeared, they have been recognized, because they appeared in the same face and figure which were well known before their departure. If this is so, then it is evident that the departed recognize familiar faces and well-known forms when they meet them after death. Parents recognize children, wives husbands, brothers sisters, disciples their teachers, friends their friends—just as surely beyond the gate of death as they would on the other side of the ocean or in a distant city. New faces and figures will appear, new acquaintances will be made, and new friendships will be formed. The principle and methods of recognition there will be changed little, if at all, by the process of death. There can be little doubt that the senses of sight and hearing will persist, even if the waves of light and sound pass through a more spiritual medium. There may be question as to touch, taste and smell. If these senses depend altogether for their exercise upon the substance which constitutes our present bodies, they certainly will not continue in the spirit world; but if they may be exercised in a form constituted of a more spiritual substance, they may continue in more delicate relations, and possibly all the more powerful and useful on that account. There is no valid reason on which to base a doubt as to recognition of friends in the Life after Death. Nothing is more reasonable, if there is any such life. The admission of this recognition opens up infinite possibilities of new acquaintances. First of all, every Christian desires, above all things, to come face to face with his Lord and Saviour. There can be no reasonable doubt that he will have this unspeakable privilege. Then there are the

patriarchs, the prophets, the heroes and sages of the Old Testament, and of the other religions of the world. There are the apostles and prophets and martyrs of the new dispensation, with all the holy fathers and holy men and women of all ages. There are the great and the noble and the good and the wise who have lived on the earth. There are our own ancestors of many generations. There are the angels and the archangels and realms of beings expanding beyond our present power to conceive or imagine. There will be opportunities for the use of sense-perception in the recognition of what is beautiful, sublime, glorious, transcendent beyond anything that our experience in this world enables us to conceive or imagine. When we begin to think of the possibilities of acquaintanceship and friendship and the glories beyond the gate of death, there springs up within us, as in Paul, a longing to depart and be with Christ, which is infinitely better than anything this world can offer us.

(2) The dying take with them their personality. There is an unbroken continuity of existence. The one who issues forth from death into the life beyond is exactly the same person as the one who entered the gate of death from this side. He carries with him the same consciousness which was born with him into this world and which has been his throughout his life in this world. He knows himself on entering the future life as the same person who has finished his life in the world he has just left. Therefore all that is essential to his being he carries along with him. He does not become a new being, a new personality. He is the same being, the same personality living in a new life, in a new environment, in a new state of existence. The continuity of his existence is in the records of his memory. All these records go with him into the new life: records of knowledge and of experience, records of sin and of holiness, records of love and of hate and of all manner of affections and passions; all the life he has led up to the moment of his death he carries with him to determine his future weal or woe in the Middle State. On these records of his memory all his future acquirements will be built. The scholar will not forget his scholarship; the ignorant man will not be filled in an instant with the stores of learning. The scholar cannot forget, unless his faculty of memory should be destroyed. But that would seriously impair his being and faculties for the future life, and is inconceivable in a higher and better life. The ignorant man can only be filled with knowledge by learning in the future life from those who know. Friends and relatives cannot be forgotten, unless the memory is destroyed. But, in that case, how could new friends take their places? Friendship is impossible except by the gradual recognition of new relationships and the accumulation of these in the memory. We cannot think that the memory will be impaired or weakened. It will rather be strengthened and stimulated. Good deeds and evil deeds will not be forgotten; they will plague us or comfort us there, as they do here. And men cannot get the comfort for good deeds, even in the new life, until after they have done them there. So far as continuity of existence is concerned, the person who lives after death lives with the memory of all that he has lived through in this world, and, on that memory, his whole future depends. He is chained to his entire past. It may be a bondage to sin. It may be a chain of grace.

(3) The character persists after death. Every one takes with him into the life after death the character which he has formed in this life. It has been wrought into his inmost being; it is essential to his very existence. It is inevitable, therefore, that every one will go to the place where he belongs. His own character decides his place in

the future life. Nothing can be more false and misleading than the opinion that death will work any change in one's character. Just as surely as the man who rises up from his bed in the morning has the same character that he had when he went to sleep will the man who awakes from the sleep of death have exactly the same character that he had the moment he died. Death will not make any one either better or worse in his character. Men enter the life after death in precisely the same moral and religious condition in which they died. A man may repent shortly before death and begin a Christian life, and so enter the future life as a child of God and a lamb of Christ's fold; but such a person will be, on the other side of death, a babe in Christ—at the same stage of religious experience as if he had continued to live in this world. Men may receive sacramental grace from the holy sacraments shortly before death, and gain unspeakable comfort thereby; but that will not give them much, if any, more advancement in the divine grace than if they had received sacramental grace and continued to live in this world. Let us once clearly apprehend, what seems so evident in itself, that our everlasting future depends upon the stage of advance in the holy life we have attained at the hour of death; and we will be more earnest and persistent in our efforts to serve and glorify God here, and live lives of holy love here, such as we must live if we enter the realms of the blessed.

(4) It is evident that we take our reasoning powers with us into the future life. The reason is an intuitive faculty. Man cannot exist as man without it. His power of reasoning is innate. His logical powers belong to him as man. Therefore, he will use his faculties of conception and reasoning in the Life after death just as he uses them in the Life before Death. Whatever he may perceive in that life, he will classify in concepts, and will think these out in their consequences. He will compare them with all the fund of experience and knowledge that he has stored up in the treasure-house of the memory, and the inevitable result will be an enormous increase of knowledge. It is well known that the practical acquaintance with a new country or a new language greatly enlarges the scope of our knowledge; the comparison of the old with the new broadens the mind in many directions. How much greater will be the advance when we enter into a new state of existence—in a new universe, transcending this world in so many wonderful ways! The advance in knowledge will be transcendently glorious. New light will shine on a multitude of questions. Difficulties and doubts will be removed. New facts and relations will transform all our knowledge. We may be sure that our reasoning powers, used at the best in this world, in the greatest universities and in the most profound and thorough researches, will be only as the studies of an infant class compared with the use of our intellectual powers in the heavenly university.

(5) We surely take with us into the Life after Death our affections. The animal appetites will doubtless cease with the removal of the substance of physical nature from our forms. The earthly and the sensuous will disappear forever, unless the higher powers have been so subordinated to the lower that the memory, the imagination, the habits and the character have all been inwrought with the earthly and the sensuous. In such a case the earthly and the sensuous appetites may remain in control of the higher man without any possibility of their gratification, and thus prove an unspeakable torment. But if the earthly and the sensuous have been dethroned, and the higher nature is dominant, the removal of the earthly and sensuous substance will be an enormous relief, and all occasions of sin of this nature will no longer exist for the redeemed. The

affections of the higher nature will then become more active. Love will especially dominate the redeemed. Those who have learned to love in this world will love with more intensity, purity and comprehension in the Life after Death. Those once loved in this world will never cease to be loved. How can any one suppose for a moment that the unquenchable flame of love, once kindled during life in this world, should ever be quenched by the experience of death? The external bonds of marriage may cease; the legal relations of parents and children may pass away; but the love that is the essential principle of these relations will certainly abide. The departed husband will be the first to meet his wife when she passes through to the other shore; and he will not be jealous of her love to another husband, if perchance she have formed another attachment. Parents will welcome their children, and grandparents and ancestors of many generations their descendants. Absence does not quench real love. It not frequently magnifies it. The departed continue to love us, who are left behind, with a greater, purer, holier and wiser love than when they were with us. Who can doubt that they sympathize with us, that they intercede at the throne of grace for us, and that their mediation for us is a real and substantial blessing? Even if some are unwilling to hold the Biblical doctrine of ministering angels, who may reasonably be supposed to make some report of their ministry in the realm of spirits; or, if they are skeptical as to the joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth and its probable consequence that the spirits of the blessed share in that joy, yet there still remain the reports of those who are constantly passing through the gates of death to those on the other side, as to friends left behind in this world. If we anxiously await the arrival of a steamer from Europe to meet some friends on board, or learn from them something about friends left behind on the other continent, shall we doubt that fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, children and grandchildren, wives and husbands, and friends and companions of all sorts, are eagerly waiting upon every arrival from this Life into the Life after Death? I doubt whether we can too greatly magnify the interest of those who have passed into the Life after Death in those who remain in this Life. I doubt whether our love for them can begin to compare with their love for us. It is an unspeakable comfort to think of them thus. No one will dread the experience of death when he is sure of such a loving welcome beyond from the many dear ones who have preceded us into the better Life.

(6) We certainly take into the future life our moral energies and our will. Paul distinctly states that he would have the same aim, the same definite purpose in the Middle State as he had in this life; namely, to be well-pleasing to Christ (2 Cor. 5, 9). The purpose to serve and glorify God, the determination to worship and bow before Christ, as crowned and exalted above all, is not by the Apostle confined to those on the earth, but extended to those in Heaven and in Hades as well (Phil. 2, 10). Who can doubt that there will be opportunities for service, for good deeds, for love and sacrifice in the Life after Death? Doubtless, we shall have much greater opportunities there than here. In all probability, the ministry we are now serving is only a preparation for a higher ministry. Such is, indeed, the implication in the Parables of the Talents and the Pounds. Such, is indeed, implied in the law of evolution and growth, which applies to morals and service as well as to forces and events. We may reasonably hold that the future Life will be no life of idleness, laziness, and sloth, but of ceaseless activity, diligence, and glorious opportunity and heroic effort. The greater our attainments here, the more important our ministry here, the greater

the tasks that will be assigned us there. That is the reason why Jesus impresses it upon His disciples so frequently; that the greatest places in the Life after Death will be given, not to those who hold the highest places here, but to those who do the greatest service. This life is cursed by place-hunters and time-servers, who are ever seeking for place, position, power, influence, glory. In ordinary times a considerable number of the high places are filled by such men, who are ordinarily incompetents and real obstacles to true progress in the world. They take the places which really belong to others, and so betray the highest interests of the Kingdom of God. There is no opportunity for place-hunters in the Life after Death; every one will get the place for which he is fitted, and no one will occupy a place for which he is incompetent. Then, truly, he that exalteth himself shall be abased; but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

What a glorious world that will be, where all the captains will be true officers; where all the exalted will be truly worthy, and where we may have confidence in all our leaders, and faithfully and implicitly follow all their directions. What a glorious world, where Jesus Christ our Saviour reigns supreme, and where he appoints all his officers, and places rightly all his servants in a ministry which will be altogether loving, altogether holy, altogether blessed and perfect!



CHRISTIANITY AND ITS MILLSTONE. PART I.—THE MILLSTONE.

REV. JAMES M. WHITON, PH.D.

WHAT its unnatural alliance with the slaveholding interest proved to the Democratic party, carrying it down and under for nearly a quarter of this century, illustrates what has repeatedly befallen Christianity, when falsely identified with claims obnoxious to intelligence or morality. Spurious requirements of priests and theologians in its name have been the millstone at its neck, sinking it out of consideration, especially in minds of a scientific turn. The advent of the modern cosmology necessarily antiquates the theology fitted to the ideas of the universe prevailing in the prescientific age. Doubt is consequently cast upon religion itself when identified with the theological ideas of that age, as it still very widely is. So long as the necessary discrimination between religion and theology fails to be made by religious men, some religious skepticism will be natural, and the more of it the longer theology delays to make the readjustments required by the new cosmology.

But there are two kinds of skepticism. There is a base kind, which springs from dislike to the struggle and sacrifice needful for a life of purity and beneficence, and makes its excuses out of the intellectual doubts that it has heard expressed concerning Christianity. Of higher type, and entitled to all sympathy, is the skepticism which is the protest of intelligence against an irrationality so blended with religion as to involve both in indiscriminating rejection. So long as theologians represent God as having commanded the Hebrews to massacre the Canaanites, and as punishing David for taking a census by scourging the nation with pestilence, they simply provoke to atheism. Nor can they overawe revolt by quoting Scripture: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." If men must accept the alternative, as such theologians put it, between no God and a God who does atrocious things, the common sense of that part of mankind which has not become hardened to devout absurdity will say, with

the Greek Euripides: "If the gods do anything atrocious, they are not gods." For the silly answer to Mr. Ingersoll's affirmation of the atrocity of massacre, that it is not atrocious when God commands it, scoffing is not an altogether unfit reply. More rational and reverent is it to reply, with Whittier, that—

"Nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me."

The scoff unfortunately substitutes heat for light, and wrath for reason; so that the scoffer misses the channel between the Scylla of an immoral theology and the Charybdis of an irrational atheism.

But it is the daily need and habit of the world to take men at their word in any subject which they are presumed to understand. Accordingly, when theologians assert that Christianity stands or falls with belief in all of the Old Testament miracles, or belief that the human race was morally ruined in the garden of Eden, or that many of us will suffer an endless punishment, their assertion will be widely accepted as authoritative. The natural result will be a negative or hostile attitude to what is represented as Christianity. The recently published will of a prominent citizen of New York, who had listened most of his life to such representations from an orthodox pulpit, uttered an unusual but not unjustifiable note of resentment toward such "Christianity"—which, however, he judiciously discriminated from "the religion of Christ." But few are so judicious to discriminate. Busy men have not the leisure, perhaps not the learning, to winnow the statements of authorities in theology; specialists and experts have to be trusted. Consequently, there is to-day a numerous though rather nebulous constituency, practically though not confessedly Christian, outside the church—"the outside saints," Dr. Bushnell called them. Such persons revere Jesus Christ, own His moral authority, and order their lives by His precepts as well as the average communicant, but are not reckoned, and often do not reckon themselves, as Christians. And yet this term originally meant simply friends of Jesus, which no doubt they feel they are. In this number are found men like Mr. Lincoln—a praying man, but declaring himself averse to complicated creeds. John Stuart Mill has recorded his conviction that there could not be a better rule of life than so to act as to be approved by Jesus Christ.* The last chapters of Herbert Spencer's "Data of Ethics" exhibit a scheme of life practically identical with that which Jesus exemplified and enjoined. It would be easy to enumerate many such representatives of a sort of church outside the church—a sect it might almost be called, but for its utterly unorganized individualism, whom theological proscription has unhappily imbued with the fallacy that rejection of miracles and dogmas is rejection of Christianity.

But this theological proscription has a history. One who traces it from the remote past might wonder that any Christians are yet to be found. In the fifth century St. Augustine drew the line of Christian faith at geography. The belief that there were men on the other side of the world he declared, on the authority of a curious twist given to psalm xix, 4, to be "giving the lie to the Holy Ghost." In the sixteenth century Luther and Calvin drew the line at astronomy. Appealing to psalm xciii, 1, as a divine declaration of the earth's immobility, they insisted that no good Christian could believe in the earth's motion round the sun. That would be, as Calvin said, to place Copernicus above the Holy Spirit. In the eighteenth century, the theologians cried that Newton was "dethroning Providence" by gravitation. John Wesley cried, "To

give up witchcraft is to give up the Bible." Not fifty years ago, the line was drawn at geology. To doubt that the world was made in six week-days was "attacking the truth of God" as stated in Genesis II. More recently, the line was drawn at evolution; evolutionists were "atheists." But after a time even the crows acquire contempt for the threatening effigy in the cornfield. It can only be in ignorance of such a history of traffic in fear that the present theological outcry, that it is subverting Christianity to treat any parts of the Bible as legendary or erroneous, can be heard without a smile of incredulity. Against a perennial clamor of this sort geography, astronomy, geology, biology, political economy, medicine and other sciences have all come to their rights. The wonder is that the Bible and Christianity, though foolishly hazarded against each of them in turn, have in the long run lost nothing of intelligent respect, though they have gained a loss of merely superstitious regard.

And now, last of all, it is the turn of the science of Biblical criticism to face the gainsayers. What can reasonably be expected by one for whom long and uniform experience has any value as an illuminant? Credulity and panic will still have their usual run in many minds, like the measles among children. Then a healthier understanding will succeed. Certain idols of theology will go to the museum of curiosities, where their predecessors have already been shelved. Devout preachers will find that they can get along as well as ever, even if "they didn't know everything down in Judee." Errors and superstitions now claiming to be integral parts of Christianity will be shaken off, as others have been. Ultimately, Christianity, and its sacred Book, however temporarily disadvantaged in the process, just as business is in a change from a paper to a gold currency, will be the gainers, as in every similar experience hitherto.

It is an invaluable service which has thus been rendered to Christianity by those whom its representatives have forced into opposition. Nothing could more significantly evidence its imperishable worth than its survival of abuse. It is the millstone that has been repeatedly sunk, not the faith to which it was ignorantly tied, while those that were cutting the tie were accused of attacking the faith. Were it indeed Christianity to which science has been opposed, certainly no scientific man could now regard it, so oft routed an adversary, with any respect. But no well-informed person now regards Science as an enemy to the Faith which has so often been dragged into the field against her. In that "book of the wars of the Lord" which librarians know under the title of "The Warfare of Science with Theology," Dr. A. D. White, the historian of the conflict, declares that Science is ever an ally of Religion, never an enemy. It is Dogmatic Theology, he tells us, that has carried the flag of Religion illegitimately into war with Science.

The present century, so distinguished by the advance of Science, has been equally distinguished by the advance of Religion. In the middle of the last century, Montesquieu on his visit to England observed that, in the higher circles of society, "every one laughs if one talks of religion."* In Yale College, in the early part of this century, there was only one undergraduate present at a celebration of the Lord's Supper. The present contrast is immense. No one now laughs at religion without incurring censure, even from those who make no profession of religion. Professor Huxley, though originating the word "agnostic" as descriptive of himself, declared religion the indispensable basis of morality. Such names as Agassiz, Dana, Gray, Henry, Le Conte, Romanes, are pledges of the full accord

* Three Essays on Theism," p. 255.

* Green's "Short History of the English People," p. 736.

of Science with Christianity. The long warfare of Science with the dogmatic theology that has been the millstone of Christianity has been, in reality, a long process of separating Christianity from incongruous accretions. Thus, through a series of successive demonstrations that Christianity is not and does not involve what theologians have asserted, we are getting at what Christianity really is, and the negative process of the warfare of science with theology is forcing theologians into accord with the positive statements of Christ.

The history of the process abundantly verifies this account of it. Dr. White exhibits a long list of the tenets which, at various times, have been extravagantly asserted by theologians as belonging to Christianity. To believe that the earth is flat and fixed in space; that all men are descended from Adam; that diseases and thunder storms are produced by the devil; that comets are portents of the wrath of God; that it is impious to search for any natural cause of them; that medicine, chemistry and physics are studies which endanger a man's soul; that it is unbecoming to a religious man to take medicine; that inoculation for the smallpox is an irreligious attempt to evade Divine judgments; that the use of chloroform is likewise impious; that anatomical dissections are sacrilegious; that witches must not be suffered to live; that taking interest on loans is accursed; that Hebrew was the primitive tongue; that its vowels and consonants were all inspired,—is an incomplete list of the beliefs which at various times men claiming to speak with authority have required as essential to Christianity. Time and Truth have exposed these impostures one after another. The alleged foes of Christianity and the Bible have rescued both from this monstrous abuse by their well-meaning but ignorant friends, and convicted them of not knowing either what the Bible means or what Christianity is. Meanwhile, the proof of a life and power in Christianity and the Bible, inextinguishable by any amount of misrepresentation, is manifest in the enhanced credit they have gained with the scientific class itself, whose lasting animosity and contempt they might naturally have incurred.

That the warfare of science with theology is at an end the religious journals and the irreligious alike forbid us to suppose. Controversies between experts in Biblical criticism have at length been brought out into our streets, as were the fourth century disputes about the Trinity into the streets of Alexandria; and here, as there, the crowd of in-experts joins in. Doubt, denunciation and irreverence are mingled in natural proportions. Some pulpiteers are as rancorous against the critics as their predecessors were against the geologists. Some fearful souls are in panic at Mr. Goldwin Smith's assertion, that "the fundamental beliefs on which our social system has hitherto rested are giving way." Some superior souls look down upon it all as a fight between the cranes and the pygmies. Some have lost their heads, some their Bibles, and others both in the confusion of thought. For instance, the *New York Sun* (whether with a religious or an irreligious purpose is not clear), brands as "infidels" a large group of Christian scholars, contributors to Christian literature, for holding certain Biblical statements to be open to correction.

The dust with which theologians, both professional and amateur, have filled the air needs to be laid with a little cold water. The cold fact that cannot be too much insisted on at present is this: the issue is not a question of new beliefs so much as of new reasons for old beliefs. The fear of some, the boast of others, that old beliefs are giving way, is thoroughly fallacious. In reality, it is old reasons that are giving place to new and better, unsound arguments being superseded by sound. This needs to be

pressed on the attention of many who are wasting breath and paper through ignorance of it. The need is urgent, because, through this ignorance, reason and charity are being crucified together. The advanced critic, heretofore regarded as a good churchman, is vilified as having gone over to infidels, because, forsooth, he prefers to base his religious belief on a new ground that he deems more tenable than the old. He still holds, with his abusive brethren, that the Bible is divinely inspired. He differs with them by discarding a traditional reason for that belief, viz., that it is free from all admixture of error. This he has found untenable. Consequently, he has exchanged his brick fort for a Gibraltar. He finds that the Bible has done a divine work in the world; this is a proof that it contains a divine word for the world. Accordingly, with unchanged belief in the inspiration of the Bible, he has simply modified his account of that inspiration to accord with facts. He finds its evidence in a moral power, which enlightens conscience and impels to righteous living. It is not in the Book itself, but in the lives enshrined in the literary record. Whether the Book itself be called inspired or not, there is no question but that the lives it enshrines—prophets, apostles, the Christ—were inspired lives, potent to communicate their inspiration to after times. Plainly, the new reason strengthens rather than subverts the old belief, by bringing out the point in which the Bible is incontestably superior to all other sacred books to which a fictitious claim of infallibility has been similarly attacked.

Such is the simple pith and point of the present controversy about the Bible and its inspiration, muddled as the subject is by men misleading and misled. When one gets down through the irrelevant rubbish with which the press has groaned to the hard-pan of the ultimate interest, it is difficult to conceive of a thoughtful mind being either perplexed or distressed by the question, whether the moral and religious value of the story of Jonah depends on its being pronounced a historical and not a fictitious narrative; as if the beauty of a gem could not be recognized till it had been submitted to a chemical test to settle whether it were carbon or silicon. Accordingly, we listen, with as much of patient respect for good intentions as the case admits, to proclamations of the sort that the centuries have grown familiar with, telling us that it is essential to Christianity to maintain the absolute freedom of its sacred writings from admixtures of ignorance or error; that it is subverting Christian faith to criticise the Bible as freely as any other book; that its divine authority depends on our recognizing therein a unique kind of inspiration, vouchsafed solely to a few elect souls in the ancient world, by which, let us say, psalm xix, "The heavens declare the glory of God," is distinguished from Dr. Holmes's hymn—

"Lord of all being, throned afar,
Thy glory shines from sun and star."

History has by this time established an overwhelming presumption against one who renews the well-worn protest, that it is essential to Christianity to side with him on a question of Biblical interpretation. Its present effect is merely to suggest that the most recent protestant does not know, any better than the most ancient, what Christianity essentially is. Despite its warning, estimable ministers of the Gospel persist in what is called "subverting the Gospel," with as little conscience of wrong as the party in office persists in doing what the party out of office calls ruining the country. The most marked effects are what the protestants in sober moments must find more to their sorrow than their joy. They give a large amount of gratuitous advertising to what they regard as pernicious heresy,

but the more likely to be dear to the "natural heart." They also create among many good people, whom their alarm cries needlessly disquiet, injurious suspicions and dislikes of other good people who deserve esteem and confidence. Thus they divide the Christian body against itself, and waste its energies in weakening dissensions instead of concentrating and developing them in philanthropic enterprises. They at the same time furnish other people with grounds for rejecting Christianity as incompatible with progressive learning. According to Dr. McCosh, a certain orthodox book, "Can a Darwinian be a Christian?" made more infidels than the Darwinism it arraigned as hostile to Christianity.

But both among the advocates and the adversaries of Christianity many will resent the criticism that they do not know what Christianity is. That it should have existed for nineteen centuries, without all men knowing precisely what it is, seems paradoxical. Yet liberty is a thing that has been much longer before men's minds without being understood. "Truth," said Bacon, "is the daughter of Time." Both as to Christianity and as to liberty the paradoxical is the true; the word is familiar, the reality is not clear. Men fancy themselves Christian because they are orthodox, and freemen because they elect their governors. That many Christians do not know what Christianity is, is the general fact hammered out on the anvil of the scientific struggle, as distinguished from the particular facts gathered into systematized knowledge. The truth about the form and movement of the earth, its relation to the universe, the reality of comets, the causes of diseases and tempests, the antiquity of man, the origin of language, the nature of witchcraft, the ethics of interest on loans, and other matters, the now obsolete theories about which were once regarded as essential parts of the Christian faith, has at length been threshed out. It needs clearer perception that this is not all that has been threshed out. The threshing process has done as much for Christianity on one hand as for science on the other. Science has been cleared of much guesswork, and Christianity has also been cleared of many illusions. Science has forced theologians to acknowledge time and again that Christianity was not, or did not involve and require, this and that which they asserted. Evidently, the goal toward which science has been working through this long process of excluding from the conception of Christianity a series of tenets falsely ascribed to it is a true conception of what it really is. But it is equally evident that this goal has not yet been reached. The fact is unquestionable that even now many prominent spokesmen for Christianity, if one may judge of what they know by what they say, do not know what it is. Madame Roland's words, when mounting the guillotine, "O liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!" often recur to-day, when one listens to the unreason preached as Christianity. A distinguished preacher in a city pulpit lately asked, "What is Christianity?" and answered, "It is the acceptance of certain documents *plus* intelligence." Apparently it did not occur to him that, were it so, there could have been no Christianity in Christ's life time, and for many years after, during which the Old Testament was the only sacred book known to His disciples. And yet, curiously enough, that preacher announced that the aim of his discourse was to dispel the doubts which Biblical criticism might have raised among his hearers. Evidently, the warfare of science to cut the millstone loose from the neck of Christianity is far from ended. There must be waiting yet for the statement of religion which shall make skepticism absurd.

New York City.

IS IT TOO EARLY FOR ORGANIC UNION?

REV. FRANCIS M. YATES.

THIS is one of the greatest questions for the consideration of the Church, since it must be true that the subject of organic union is necessarily associated with fraternal union. If different sects are necessary for the accomplishment of the greatest good to the greatest number of the race, as many claim, then I do not see so much need of fraternal union. But if organic union is one of the greatest needs of the Church, and if the coming Church will not be up to the true Christ ideal without this, then all movements in the direction of union are in line with His purposes, and must ultimately succeed, if the great Master Teacher was right. And, in due meekness, I challenge any one to show that Christ's ideal Church meant sectionalism. If so, I am anxious to be informed. Often it is said that there is such a variety of temperament that we need all the different kinds of churches to reach these varieties of souls. If this is true, every audience needs a different kind of doctrine; and I hold that, if the object is to reach all classes, sectionalism defeats this end by training their congregations to one line of beliefs and forms, and using all their powers to hold people within the narrow limits of the creed of the individual sect. Members of the same family differ as widely as those of the same neighborhood, and, according to the argument under consideration, should not listen to the same kind of doctrine. Yet what pastor is willing to go into the homes of his parish and advise those of one temperament to go to the Episcopal church, those of another trend of mind to go to the Presbyterian, and those of another to be Methodists? I mean by this that, as a rule, the different denominations of the old established churches are not made up of the temperaments peculiar to their forms and beliefs, but rather by inheritance. Some are born heirs of Methodism, some of Presbyterianism; and you will find all kinds of people in all kinds of churches. Then, if this is true, and if all kinds of creeds and forms are essential to reach and help all varieties of people, it would be necessary for each minister to preach all kinds of doctrine to be able to benefit all, or else to make a great many exchanges of pulpits with ministers of other creeds to afford the diversity needed. No true minister has a great many roads to point out to those who would reach the true heaven of the soul. Jesus knew but one way. He said: "Straight is the gate and narrow is the way"—only one way. And if this is true, all that remains to be said is that each church should believe one and the same thing, each evangelist should point out the same road, each pilgrim should travel in the same narrow path.

But where is heaven? What is it? It is not far away. "The kingdom of heaven is at hand," and whosoever will, may enter and enjoy its blessings to-day. Heaven is truth, progress, helpfulness, happiness. It is "righteousness, joy and peace." It consists in the right conditions of life, and in harmony with God and the laws of humanity, whether we be in the physical or the spiritual realm.

Many old schemes of salvation must be abandoned. God is no schemer. The sooner the Church gets away from the complicated schemes of blood, water, oil and wine the better it will be for humanity. "For what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" St. James declared that pure and undefiled religion is to do good. The gentle Nazarene went about doing good, and teaching the world to do likewise.

You may talk as much as you please about bloody atonements, election, decrees, the fall of man, total de-

pravity, repentance, conversion, baptism, pardon, prayer; but nothing can make the way to heaven plainer than to point out to every individual the fact that his first duty and privilege is to take due care to develop his own physical, intellectual and moral nature; and his second duty and high privilege is to consider the all-important truth that he is a child of "the Father of Spirits," and all mankind are brethren, and that he pleases and honors the Father by helping the common brotherhood of the race. Fine systems of theology are often the greatest hindrances and real sources of confusion and skepticism; and so long as severe sectionalism reigns, just so long will the pulpit and press be wasting precious time and energy upon needless discussions.

Let us burn up our theories with which we have cursed the world, alas! too long, and get back to true, practical Christianity. Let us awaken to the light and life appropriate to the times. The world will not be priest-ridden much longer, and it is high time the clergy as well as the ministry were awakening out of their sleep. The time has come for action and a change of front. The time has come for business in religion and for religion in business. In Church affairs the great demand is for the exercise of a little more common sense, and not so much uncommon sense. The point is this: we do not need different sects to teach the world the simple, plain, Christian truth, that the highest religion is to do good toward humanity. If we make this our creed and our practice, continuing steadfastly in this way, we will find ourselves walking with God, our hearts filled with peace, our whole life an effectual prayer, as we arise to higher and higher plains in the kingdom of heaven, while helping our brethren to arise with us. Use the mathematician's pencil just a little, and it will prove the medium of a startling revelation to you, I care not whether you are a clergyman or a layman. Do not fail to do this at once, dear reader, however skeptical you may be on the matter. What is the population of your town? How many different churches does it support? How many lodges that are also using every possible means to raise money to defray running expenses? How much money is represented in all the church edifices of your city? How much money do the people pay annually for the support of all these organizations? Are you using the best economy? This is a grave question that must be answered in the negative, or else I am in an error from which I should be extricated by some kind brother who may view the subject from a different stand-point.

For example, take a town of 10,000 inhabitants, such as I might name if necessary. In this town there are fifteen churches, each claiming to preach the pure principles of Christianity. Some of these churches cost \$50,000. Pastors' salaries range from \$2,000 down to \$500, beside the other running expenses. Then there are seventeen lodges that vie with each other and the churches for the time, energies and money of the people. I need not go further into details; but the reader can see at a glance that sectionalism has run away with our brains, and we have been spending our means after the fashion of an intoxicated man. We need to sober up.

The true ideal of the Christian Church is an organization designed to unite humanity in harmonious and systematic work for the good of the race—to bring the kingdom of heaven to earth—"to get hell out of the people," as Beecher said, and to bring heaven in, by combining our efforts to remove the causes of woe among us, and directing human life into loftier channels.

I claim that, with all these struggling societies, this ideal is not reached by a great deal. These fifteen churches and seventeen lodges have to struggle with all their might to live,

and have but little time, energy or means left to carry on this systematic work. The people enslave themselves to keep up the precious sect and to outshine other organizations, and have become the servants of the sect or the fraternity instead of making the organization a means to serve the people.

I admit that these are grave assertions; but I make them because I believe they are true, and desire some one to enlighten me if I am in error. I believe, fully, however, that the time is ripe for a thorough reformation in the church-ideal; that "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and will be recognized by all, in great power and glory as soon as we become actively alive on this subject of organic union, and learn to economize and utilize our forces.

In this exemplary town there is nothing like a hospital, and nothing like a reading-room for the public; nothing but a small public library where books may be obtained at intervals during the week.

If two church edifices were located in proper portions of the city, they could do the work of all these various societies ten times better than all of them under existing circumstances, and some of these surplus edifices could be used for reading-rooms, libraries and other helpful purposes, and others could be sold and the money used in stocking up these institutions. The work of the kindergarten is of great importance, yet it goes begging for some kind of a building in which to operate, while our churches are locked up six days out of seven, and suffer for want of use, because too sacred for anything but the preaching of a certain prescribed creed. The kindergarten work must be given up, because the people of the city, so much engaged in serving creeds and fraternities, cannot afford to furnish places for the little ones to meet, or means to support such a cause.

When a boy goes out with his little gun to shoot English sparrows, he is contented with the single weapon, and never thinks it would be wise to have a different gun for each sparrow. Two churches in this town of 10,000 and the reading-rooms, libraries, kindergartens, etc., will be more effectual, and furnish ample means for demands upon the purse. And people will pay more liberally when they see that their money is being used economically, and is doing practical good.

I do not blame people for being a little slow about paying out money, unless they can see some real good to be accomplished. It is their duty to use their logic and figures, before loosing their purse-strings, just as they do in business. If they cannot think or reason, or use figures, it may be well enough to obey the voice of priest, preacher, or deacon. If they are too hasty to reason, I advise them to throw their money into the contribution basket and go ahead about business.

But I deny that this is only a question of finance; yet even if it were, it would be of great importance from that consideration alone. The great cry of every organization is for sufficient money to carry on the good work aimed at. But apart from this money phase, this question of organic union involves a proper conservation and utilization of all the working forces among the churches, against the woeful waste and disintegration of the same. It involves a saving of time and its wise use, against that waste that grows out of a fruitless beating of the air, or like a single soldier separated from the main body, fighting the enemy alone. It involves the wisdom of united effort against the folly of scattering the forces into independent factions, which have sharp and constant contentions with each other, each faction believing that the success of the others means, to a serious degree, failure to their division. It

involves the question of a new interest in church affairs, of a recognition of new possibilities, new courage and hope, and a mighty army of workers united under one spirit and purpose, against the old waning energies, despair, bitter contentions and growing jealousies and hatred.

"But what are you going to do with all the ministers, when you dispense with thirteen churches out of fifteen?"

We will use four or five out of the fifteen—those who are broad, aggressive humanitarians, duly impressed with the great fact of human brotherhood, and the laws of equal rights in the common family, and whose teachings, lives and influences will make monopolies, trusts and oppressions an impossibility on God's beautiful earth. All ministers truly devoted to the work of making our earth a heaven will find work to do. The Church must not bother herself about furnishing support for more pastors and preachers than are actually needed. The Church does not exist for the purpose of supporting preachers (or should not), but preachers exist for the purpose of supporting the Church. Thus it will be in the coming Church, when the Christian ideal prevails.

Lastly, we will notice the objection of the Reverend Timidity. He says: "But if I go to preaching union in my congregation, my people will lose their interest in our church, and go to talking about union, and our work will be a failure; and I will be regarded as untrue to my denomination."

Not at all, my brother. It will only inspire confidence in you. All depends upon the earnestness and the spirit in which you enter upon this work. Tell your people that the good work is not to be brought to completion by the disbanding of your parish, until the other churches are ready for concerted action on the subject of organic union. Tell them that, under the present circumstances, they may make themselves a power for the bringing about of the great reformation, and send for sample copies of the CHURCH UNION, and distribute and recommend them among your people.

Belvidere, Ill.



A HERETIC'S CONFESSION.

TRANSLATED FOR THE CHURCH UNION FROM "LE CHRÉTIEN FRANCAIS."

I ACCUSED and cited before a sort of court of inquisition or having set forth to my brethren the principles of the pure Gospel which I preach to my parishioners, I was invited by Monsignor, the Bishop of Soissons, to confess my faith before the ecclesiastical Conference of Vervins. To-day, after having given me his word, His Highness retracts it. I find myself, therefore, obliged to carry the case before the court of public conscience.

When the martyrs of the first centuries were asked concerning their faith before the judges, they answered, "I am a Christian." Following their example, I include my whole confession of faith in this one word: "I am a Christian."

I am a Christian because I am united with Jesus Christ by faith, and in Him and by Him I have the pardon of my sins and immediate communion with the Heavenly Father. I am a Christian because the teachings of Jesus Christ are the law of my mind, because the ethics of Jesus Christ are the ideal of my life, because I cannot conceive of a religion more perfect than that of Jesus Christ. I put the Gospel of Jesus Christ above every human word, and I judge of all according to the Gospel. In matters religious, human doctrines and institutions are praiseworthy if they

are inspired by the spirit of the Gospel; they are evil if they are opposed to the Gospel; they are indifferent if they are simply beside the Gospel.

I believe in the divine revelation, which I summarize thus: Jesus Christ, prepared for and announced in the Old Testament; Jesus Christ in His earthly life announcing to men the good news of salvation; Jesus Christ in His glorified life communicating His spirit to souls of good will.

I believe in eternal salvation, the conditions of which have been irrevocably fixed by the Gospel, so that no human authority can add anything to them or take anything from them. The conditions of salvation are summed up in one single thing—faith in Jesus Christ. But this faith is not a mere intellectual belief; it is unlimited trust, an entire surrender of the soul to the guiding of Jesus Christ. We experience this trust and self-surrender when the revelation which has been made in Jesus Christ is reproduced in us; when we feel that, in spite of our sins, which are washed in the blood of Jesus Christ, God is our Father, that we have become His children, that we are brethren of Jesus Christ and the heirs, with Him, of eternal life. This experience of filial union with God by Jesus Christ is the very essence of Christianity.

As in the Father and in the Son I believe also in the Holy Spirit, sent by the Father and the Son. It is the Holy Spirit, according to a beautiful saying of Tertullian, and according to the promise of the Saviour Himself, who is the Vicar of Jesus Christ; it is by the Holy Spirit that God reveals Himself to us; it is in the Holy Spirit that the words of Jesus Christ stir our hearts; it is the Holy Spirit that moves us to cry toward God, "My Father," and that bears witness to us that we are children of God. This inner witness of the Holy Spirit is the unshakable foundation of my Christian faith, and of my sacerdotal and apostolic vocation.

I believe in the word of God contained in the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. The books of the Bible did not fall from heaven; they were not dictated word by word to their authors; it is to the soul of the patriarchs and prophets, to the soul of Christ and the apostles, to the soul of all inspired men that the Holy Spirit communicated the thought and will of God.

I believe in the Word of God, not written in the Holy Books, divine tradition which the Holy Spirit preserves in the Church, and which the Church ought to teach to the people in due subordination to the Scripture.

I believe in the Church, one holy, catholic and apostolic. This Church is the kingdom of God, preached by Christ in Judea and Galilee. The Church is one, because it has for sole head Jesus Christ; it is holy, because the divine virtue of the Gospel purifies and sanctifies it; it is catholic, that is to say, universal, because it includes in its embrace all those who in all times and in all places make open profession of Christianity; it is apostolic, because it was propagated by the apostles, authentic witnesses of the teaching of Jesus. The Roman Church is not the universal Church; it is only its most important part. The apostles and the first missionaries established churches independent one of the other, united solely by love and faith in Jesus Christ. Later the churches grouped themselves freely under the authority of the bishop of Rome. The papacy is then of human institution, and to-day, as then, all the churches are equal before the Gospel. To refuse the name of Christians to two hundred and fifty millions of human creatures who believe in Jesus Christ, is a blasphemy; to dispute the eternal salvation of Christians who practice the Gospel, is to deny the Gospel. One finds salvation in all the churches if one puts his life in

harmony with the teachings of Jesus Christ; one stands condemned in all the churches if one lives outside of Jesus Christ.

I believe in the infallibility of the divine word contained in Scripture, in Tradition and in the teachings of the Church. But beside the truths revealed in Tradition and in Scripture prejudices, ignorance and passions have been able to introduce human errors. God alone is infallible. Infallibility is an attribute which God cannot communicate to a creature. The prophets, inspired as they were, were mistaken when, describing in advance the Messiah, they saw Him in the character of a temporal king. The apostles were equally mistaken when, preaching the resurrection of the dead and the final judgment, they affirmed that their contemporaries would see the last days of the world. Why should the Pope be more infallible than the prophets, more infallible than the apostles?

I believe in the necessity in the Church of a doctrinal authority; that is to say, of official teaching. But this teaching may not be imposed upon thought; truth is not imposed, it is proposed. The simple believer, who has need of all his time to gain his bread or to bring up his children, has the right to look to his pastor for his religious beliefs. The pastor who should teach on command, without having examined the validity of his doctrine, would be as despicable as the druggist who should sell, without discrimination, remedies or poisons. I claim, then, the right to think otherwise than my superiors, because it is my duty to seek the truth.

In acting thus I keep as far as possible from heresy. The heretic is he who puts the word of man above the word of God; the orthodox, on the contrary, puts the word of God above the word of man. As to the orthodox, they fall into two classes: there are the simple-minded, who imagine that God has given a signed blank to the Church, and that He has indorsed in advance all that the Pope may teach; there are the unprincipled, who know what they are about, who subscribe publicly to all the formulas of dogma, but who in secret understand them otherwise than does the Church. I have thought too much on religious questions to have remained simple-minded, and my conscience forbids me to enter the camp of the unprincipled.

I believe that in spite of my convictions, even by reason of my convictions, I can be a good servant of the Catholic Church and of the diocese of Soissons, in sincere piety, in earnest desire to bring souls under the yoke of Jesus Christ, in evangelical poverty and charity and in apostolic liberty. I am catholic as was Christ Himself, as were the first centuries of the Church; and I am persuaded that this large and tolerant catholicism will be that of the twentieth century.

The historical studies of the nineteenth century have made us turn back to our beginnings; if the Gospel of the first century becomes again that of the twentieth, the churches will embrace one another in the peace and charity of Christ; the four hundred and fifty millions of Christians who dwell on earth will be joined in a holy league to take in the nets of the Gospel the one thousand million unbelievers who are living outside of Jesus Christ; the world, then, shall be saved, and it can be saved only by the Gospel. For me I am not, nor do I wish to be, aught else but a preacher of the Gospel. I am as incapable of maintaining a hypocritical silence as of lying. In every situation, honored or lowly, where it shall please divine Providence to place me, I am resolved to preach the Gospel according to my conscience. Woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel!

A. PHILIPPOT, Curé of Plomion (Aisne).

THE EARLY CHURCH.

THE purity, sweetness, and strength of life of this age is hidden from us. Their meekness we know and their courage. The world was agitated because of them, but they were filled with the Spirit, and though fervent were calm. They were not reformers; they were not antagonists; they were witnesses. It was an age of simple, child-like faith—of faith in a Life and not in a creed. The response to this faith was a work not less wonderful than the raising of the dead—the quickening of a new life in the world.

By a sudden revolution, Christianity becomes the state religion of the Empire. Christ is delivered over to the Roman death. Constantine calls the Christians from the catacombs, where they had life, into the place of real sepulture, the official atmosphere of the Empire, and makes them who were just now the servants and the victims the masters of the world. If it had been the divine purpose to illustrate the weakness of a human system, humanly constructed and moved by worldly motives, such a purpose was effectually accomplished in the history of the Western Church. The weakness of Christian sacerdotalism and ecclesiasticism was as fully demonstrated as had been that of Judaism. To have the mastery, to exercise authority, to build up a strong outward structure upon the traditions of men, to take Christianity in hand and make it conform to the methods of the world, is to antagonize the divine Spirit and to give up Christ. The ecclesiasticism and the doctrine developed in such a system were a repudiation of the Gospel.

We are not, therefore, surprised at the result. The Church adopted worldly methods. The decrees of her councils were secured by means that excite even worldly contempt. She became the persecutor of the faithful; her cruelties exceeded those of the Cæsars, even as the number of her victims was greater. In her greed for wealth and power, she deluged the world in blood. She revived the pagan priesthood, the pagan idea of propitiatory sacrifice, and the pagan ritual with its splendid ceremonies. She appealed to the fears of men. Her penances took the place of penitence, and casuistry was substituted for the Sermon on the Mount. Salvation itself was bought and sold for so many pieces of silver. The divine jurisprudence was patterned after that of this world, and a soteriological system, fashioned according to the perverse human ideas of divine justice, took the place of the free forgiveness of the Gospel. It was the old Rome with its everlasting death.

This record of failure, while it teaches that the visible Church is fallible, and that it is so far from being necessary to the Kingdom that it may become the embodiment of all that is antagonistic thereto, is no reflection upon Christianity. Neither is it an evidence that there has ever ceased to be that invisible communion of God's children which is the real and continuous embodiment of the Christ-life. It was not the Bride who became the harlot.

—“*God in His World.*”



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GRAND CANARY.

A. C. COOK.

WE sailed from the weather-afflicted city of Liverpool on a typical November day, in a cold, driving wind. Our fellow-passengers were of quite a different class from the happy, healthy tourists who throng the trans-Atlantic

steamers. Many of them were summer parasites,—languid invalids, who knew nothing so absorbingly interesting as their own weak bodies,—whose conversation is all of health resorts, doctors' prescriptions and pernicious draughts. The majority of the others were English traders or army officers returning after the summer's holiday to stations on the African coast,—men of the true Thackeray type, whose life is a continual bet,—who smoke, play cards, and dally with wine or beer from morning till night, leading their foolish, useless lives in such a good-natured, guileless way that it is as impossible to dislike as to admire them. The one transcendent characteristic of all these people is intense Englishness—although all may not carry it to the extent of the good lady who declared Norwegian scenery to be finer than any she had ever seen "anywhere outside of England, of course." Among the passengers were also the illustrious members of an embassy from Dahomey, returning from an unsuccessful effort to negotiate peace with the French. During the first few cold days, they were rarely visible; but, as we sailed into sunshine, they gradually emerged from their hiding-places, and by degrees resumed their native costume. A strongly-built fellow wore a pair of long, white drawers and much shorter, dark blue knickerbockers, low socks, tennis shoes, a white bed-blanket crossed over his chest and falling to his heels behind, and a long-peaked red fez. He was truly an impressive spectacle, with an element of anachronism about him, as he stood on the lower deck, opera-glass in hand, scanning the horizon. This was his European dress. A day or two later all of these habiliments were discarded, and a long piece of white cloth crossed over one shoulder and falling to the knees constituted his sole adornment and covering. Then there were the stewards, that most important feature of ocean travel. None of the brisk, attentive, gentlemanly fellows of the trans-Atlantic steamers, whose eyes know instinctively where to turn in the direction of an empty plate, but a miscellaneous collection of awkward nondescripts. One or two of them were quick and obliging enough, and walked around between meals in their shirt sleeves, talking familiarly with the gentlemen, doing a good private business in wine and cigars, and giving as much of their time as could conveniently be spared to the care of the state-rooms and saloons. The remainder were stray waifs, who were working their passage to Madeira or the Canaries, where they were to be waiters or "boots" in third-rate hotels—poor, stupid, grimy fellows, who had, apparently, never before seen a table set, and had no ideas whatever as to the interdependence of knives and forks, bread and butter, pudding and spoons. The best policy was to swallow what you could get most easily without looking at it, and then to go on deck and forget it as soon as possible.

The voyage was broken by a delightful half-day at Funchal, the chief city of Madeira. There we had our first glimpse of tropical beauty in the palm, banana and orange trees of the gardens, and in the heavy clusters of magnificent flowers which festoon the omnipresent stone walls. The first to welcome us and the last to bid us farewell to this Portuguese port were the ugly, amphibious boys who dived from their row-boats or from the decks or even from the bridge of our steamer completely under it, for the shillings, sixpences and coppers which the passengers threw into the water, and which they would bring up between fingers, toes or teeth as the thrower might direct. One almost forgot the dirt and wickedness of the pinched, prematurely old faces in admiration of the wonderful grace and power of the diving.

Two days later—eight days from the date of sailing—we cast anchor in the harbor of Las Palmas, the capital

of Grand Canary, but in contrast to our dreams of uninterrupted sunshine in the "Fortunate Isles," a heavy rain prevented our landing until the following day, and completely hid the landscape from view. It was with eager curiosity that we awoke the next morning, and hurried on deck for the first sight of the strange land which was now to be our home for many months.

The Canary Islands are off the northwest coast of Africa—the nearest point of Fuerteventura being about eighty miles from Cape July. The aboriginal inhabitants became absorbed by the Spanish conquerors in the 15th century. They were a most interesting race. Remarkable traces of their existence remain in the curious excavations in the most inaccessible parts of the mountains, where the embalmed bodies of their kings were buried. These sepulchres were kept profoundly secret; the few initiated passed the mystery on to their successors of the next generation. A few years ago, when the government road was being constructed across the north of the island, a great piece of one of the volcanic hills loosened by the excavations, fell, disclosing high up on the mountain-side a series of galleries, which on examination proved to be full of royal mummies. The galleries rise, one above the other, with some degree of regularity. They comprise 364 chambers of various sizes and shapes, many of them nearly circular, almost all of them carefully smoothed in the interior. The mummies have all been removed, many of them to the museum at Las Palmas, but the caves themselves are well worth seeing as monuments to human ingenuity. Owing to the inaccessibility of their situation, the embalmers were lowered into them by ropes from the mountain-top; and there, with little or no daylight, they worked at their ghastly task, hollowing the chambers out in such places as the volcanic, bubble-like nature of the rock permitted while the stiff, mouldy figures of generations of bygone monarchs watched the work, and no sound was heard but their own slow digging, the occasional cry of a hawk sailing over head, or the far-away voice of some countryman in the valley below.

The cathedral at Galdar keeps among its treasures a few battered coins, said to have been made after the conquest, from Guanche silver. They seem much more like lead than silver. Many curious relics on this and the other islands are the visible proofs of the existence of these people, whose bravery, generosity and endurance excited the admiration of even their cruel conquerors.

The islands are now under Spanish control. A captain-general, with a staff of three officers, resides by turns in Tenerife and Grand Canary. We were so fortunate as to be in Las Palmas when a new captain-general made his first visit there, and were in the same hotel with him. On the day when he was expected, the whole city was on the quiver. Soldiers were lined up in the square before the hotel door by ten o'clock in the morning, the balconied windows were filled with dark-eyed women, the streets with a motley rabble. One hour—two—passed, and still no general. The patient people gradually dispersed, but the soldiers remained at their posts, and finally, not long after two o'clock, there was a great firing of cannon announcing the arrival of the steamer. Immediately the square was crowded; and soon, amidst a blare of bugles, an open carriage drove up between the lines of soldiers and the great man fully uniformed and gold-laced and covered with decorations, alighted. It seemed strange to our American minds that not a cheer welcomed him. Still there is no evident reason why the representative of a king whom they have never seen and of a government which, if judged by the general ignorance and poverty, is not entirely utopian, should excite any warm enthusiasm in the breasts of the

people. After reviewing the troops (not a very long operation, although the number of soldiers is greatly in excess of their usefulness), the general and his staff retired to lunch, and the crowd dispersed.

In the evening a fine military band stationed itself in the square, to give a concert in the general's honor. It was our first Spanish music—soft, weird, minor airs, exactly suited to the grave, dignified character of the people. The whole city turned out to hear it. The *élite* promenaded around the square, the ladies and gentlemen in separate groups of two or three. The miscellany filled all the interspaces. Occasionally there was a faint burst of applause, but for the most part the music was heard amid absolute silence, breaking out into a tumult of talk between the pieces. There was a second concert the next evening, and, to our surprise, in the midst of what was evidently a national air, the band suddenly ceased playing, and the crowd, in perfect time, broke simultaneously into a ringing cheer. The band then took up the strain again, the people clapping their hands in accompaniment to the end of the piece, when there was another vociferous cheer. The musicians, evidently appreciating applause, responded to the encore, and the same thing was repeated again, and still again, after which the old, indifferent silence resumed its sway. But our minds were relieved. We had learned that Canary Islanders can cheer.

The general remained about a week in Las Palmas, tested the new gun in the fort which overlooks the city, and received calls from the ecclesiastical authorities, arrayed in all the insignia of their offices; but time seemed to hang heavy on his hands, and in little more than a week he returned to Tenerife.

So much for the military power. The ecclesiastical must not be overlooked. The islands are, of course, Catholic. We went to the military service in the cathedral at Las Palmas on Sunday. The old structure, the dim light, the kneeling white figures of the shawl-draped women, were picturesque. But when the soldiers marched in and the rabble had filled all the available space and the bugles blew, and the band played anything but sacred music, and the people knelt, rose, crossed themselves, kissed their fingers, and knelt again to the blowing of a bugle, while an unseen priest went through a long mummerly of empty forms, it did not seem to be "our Father's House," and we found no worship in our hearts.

So far as we can see, such service constitutes the whole of religion to these poor people. We have watched them now for several weeks here in the little town of Guia. They put on clean clothes—apparently the chief benefit of the day—and go to early mass, and from mass to the market, which is larger than on any other day. Indeed, here Sunday is the only regular market-day, and to many, the one time of enjoyment.

Before the sun is fairly up, the dweller in the far-off country, or in one of the caves high up on a mountain-side, puts on her short-skirted black dress, throws a black shawl over her head, a little, narrow-brimmed, low-crowned, soft felt, man's hat on top of that, and above all this places an immense basket, filled with merchandise of one kind or another (fruit, vegetables, fish, or clay-pots). Then, taking her shoes in one hand, and, under the other arm, a live rooster, a baby, or the low stool on which to sit while displaying her wares, she trudges away, bare-footed, over the stony mountain-paths to the market, which is held in the square before our window. They come from all directions, "bringing their sheaves with them," the loads perfectly poised on the erect heads. The bare feet cling to and rebound from the rocks as if spring-

cushioned, as they walk lightly and surely over the steep paths in which an empty-handed and empty-headed European is in danger of slipping at every step. The donkeys, too, bear their share of the burdens—great sacks of potatoes, baskets of clay-pots, etc.—loads sometimes so heavy that the little beasts fairly stagger under them while they are being adjusted. The owner leads or walks beside the animal, or sits on top of the bags, with feet swinging in the easy, nonchalant way peculiar to the Spaniard. Before reaching the city, those who are so fortunate as to own them, put on their shoes, and so make the entry in approved style.

The peasant women of the town itself and its immediate suburbs are more particular about their dress than are their country cousins. They wear clean print gowns, starched very stiff, and a white shawl falls gracefully over head and shoulders. Occasionally one is resplendent in a brilliant Turkey-red skirt, or a figured handkerchief is substituted for the shawl. Many of them are handsome. They carry themselves with a proud air, and look rather contemptuously on the rustic folk, but nevertheless do not disdain to enter heartily into the spirit of barter, and to exchange ideas and possessions with much volubility. By seven o'clock the square is crowded, a picture of never-failing interest. Every one is talking as fast as possible. The sellers sit on the stone pavement, Turk-fashion, or upon low stools, or stand by their goods, the buyers walk around among them, looking, gazing and testing.

Large pieces of reed or bamboo matting are spread out in the centre of the square. A spruce young housekeeper, with two or three confidential friends, is discussing its merits with them, the would-be seller standing a little aside, and throwing in a word now and then. At length she pulls a string from her pocket and measures off the piece. Matters are coming to a crisis. Yes, she will have it! She takes hold of one end, the merchant of the other, and they fold it up carefully. The bundle is tied up, the money slowly counted out, and then lifting the great roll to her head, the self-satisfied purchaser walks proudly off. Near the mats is a pile of hand-made, palm-leaf brooms, and next them a great heap of potatoes, which are sold by weight. Before the cathedral-steps there is a grand display of onions and cabbages, and a tempting mound of squashes cut into slices just large enough for a Sunday family dinner. A gaunt fisherman sits on his empty, up-turned basket, his morning's "haul" spread out on the pavement before him making strong olfactory appeal to the passers-by. Near the sidewalk are the fruit-vendors and the bakers. A long row of the cannon-ball-like biscuit, made of roasted maize or wheat—the only bread known here—covers the path itself. In a far corner is the dry-goods' department in the shape of a heterogeneous array of handkerchiefs, stockings, print dress goods and knick-knacks. The pottery makers squat in the midst of their wares—red clay jars of all manner of sizes, many of them of shapes identical with those discovered in the tombs of Guanche mummies; some of the women are eating their breakfast of hard bread and milk from little clay bowls. In another corner is a long line of clumsy yellow shoes, which the bare-footed boys and old women eye enviously. Rarely a man walks into the crowd, followed by his camel, which sways slowly along under a great load of heavy bags, causing a stir among the people as they move aside to let him pass.

If it is a saint's day, there may be a few fire-crackers sent off from the cathedral-steps. The gaudy, gilded shrine of his holiness, preceded and followed by white-robed priests bearing glittering symbols, will be borne through the plaza. The women follow it. The men take

off their hats as it passes. It disappears within the church, and the momentary silence is succeeded by an increased babel. Sometimes there is a cock-fight, and the excited boys and men pursue the frantic animals with shouts and laughter, while the women go on with their marketing, undisturbed by the hubbub. It is, for the most part, the women who take an active part in the marketing, and the peasant women and servants only. The aristocrats remain at home in preparation for the night's festivities; nor is it considered fitting for a "lady" to be seen on the public plaza on Sunday morning. But though the men are less prominent in the business transactions, in the gossip they are not a whit behind. The countrymen gather on the cathedral-steps, the gentry sit in the casino-door or promenade the plaza, all discussing with utmost vehemence the burning questions of the day (though what those are in a land where one day is as like another as a crab is like a crab, it would be hard to say). The peasant-men are in general less peculiar in their appearance than their sisters—more like working-men at home. But scattered among them are some from the mountain districts, well advertised by the broad-brimmed, low-crowned, well-banged felt hat, loose white blouse with an unbuttoned vest over it, very wide and loose, white trousers barely reaching to the knees, no stockings and heavy shoes. Many of the boys have an exactly similar costume. They are not conversant enough with the ways of the world to sing "Tar-ra-boom-te-ay" after the "Inglesas," as the Madeira street urchins do; but the good custom of begging is as old as the poverty of the world, and they can take off their ragged caps and cry, "Un cuartito" as lustily as any penny-imploing Paddy. Like their Madeira neighbors, they too are the constant fulfilment of their own funeral services, slowly and surely burying themselves under dust and dirt, so that the original superficial surface is, in some cases, already quite invisible. The girls wear large handkerchiefs over their heads, and are often pretty and bright. Some of the little tots of only four or five years have their hair braided or done up in a pug, like little old women.

The market lasts until ten or eleven o'clock, when, having relieved their minds and disposed of their produce, the people slowly disperse, and the week-day rounds of hard work begin again for the country folk. They go back to mold their clay-pots, to plough the fields with the long, sharp pieces of iron or to reap them with the sickle, to plant the cochineal insects, or cut the sugar-cane, and to look forward to the dissipation of another market-day.

But for the town folk there are other Sunday joys. This is the social day—the lovers' fiesta.

There are no moonlight walks or firesides tête-à-têtes for Canary lovers. The young man, except under unusual circumstances, is not permitted to enter his sweetheart's home alone until a month before marriage, and she never goes abroad without the argos-eyed "duenna," or *chaperón*, as we should call her matronly escort. But having made up his mind which pair of brown eyes is to guide his destiny, he writes to their owner (which means, also, to her mother) asking permission to come to her window; and there, on Sunday afternoons and feast days, you will see him. Happy man, if his lady sits by the window on the ground-floor, so that he may stand in the street close beside her! Not altogether unhappy if she comes only to the second-story balcony window, for he can stand and look up at her for two hours at a time with no sign of weariness, and when there are few passers-by, he may even say a word or two. But the cream of life's joys is the Sunday evening dance in the Casino. The *duenna* is there, too, to be sure; but she does not dance and can only watch from the far-distance of her seat against the wall

while for a few intoxicating moments the young people have things all their own way. Life is worth living then! Indeed, the Canary Islanders seem to be well content with existence—though to us theirs appears painfully monotonous and altogether devoid of anything to inspire activity or ambition, to arouse noble thought or form strong character. There are few books—and, though the houses swarm with the omnipresent children of the poor, there is no home-life as we know it. Little is done to make the houses beautiful or attractive. The men go to the casino, the women stay home and embroider. Yet the people are very affectionate, honest, hospitable and apparently happy—ready to do any service in their power freely, without the time-serving, fee-expecting spirit so characteristic of some of our continental friends. There is a cordial sincerity and simple good-will, which means much and rings warmly in the heart of a stranger, in the beautiful greeting of the peasant as you pass along the road, "*¡A Dio, Señora!*" It makes the sunshine of the wonderful scenery more bright. It is a part of the charm of the land.

Gran Canaria, Canary Islands.



EASTER EVEN.

MARGARET G. CURRIE.

VEIL yourselves with blackness,
All ye founts of light!
Let the long-leaved lilies
Fold their bells of white;
Red Damascus roses,
Burst not into bloom,
For the Rose of Sharon
Droops in deathly gloom.

Buy no rich adornings,
Virgins of the earth;
Let the bride put from her
All her gems of worth;
Buy the pungent spices:
Cassia, nard and myrrh,
David's Son to honor
In His sepulcher.

Hark! Through orb and ether
Thrills the mystic strain:
Hell's strong king is conquered
By the God earth-slain.
Dry your tears, ye mourners;
Shout, ye spirits just!
Wake and sing, ye dwellers
In the dreary dust!

Frederickton, N. B.



LIVE THOUGHTS.

THE movement toward church union is not swift and dashing, but sure and firm; not like the cataract, but like the glacier. What stands in the way of it will be ploughed out.

MOST of us contrive to use up vitality enough, between eighteen and twenty-eight, to have carried us well on into the eighties.

It is worth while to go from home to find out how exceedingly happy and comfortable you are at home.

SERMON ON CHRISTIAN UNITY.

REV. S. C. BUSHNELL.

TEXT: "That they all may be one; even as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Jno. 17:
 "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." Jno. 13: 34.

THESE sentences should go together, the former as showing the desire which was uppermost in the heart of Christ—that all of His followers might be one; the latter as pointing out how this desire was to be realized.

Yet 1800 years have passed, and Christ's desire is still unrealized. It is significant, however, with reference to the matter of *prayer*, that Christ was not daunted by the difficulties of the case. What He wanted was the greatest thing conceivable; and He did not hesitate to pray for it, even though ages must pass before this prayer could be answered. With weaker souls prayer is thought to be of no earthly use, unless the answer can come speedily! That is regarded as a test of the value of prayer. Otherwise, why should we pray at all, except for the indirect advantage of preparing ourselves for disappointment? No doubt that is a great advantage, just as gymnastics are profitable to the athlete. He does not weaken the apparatus. He does not wear it out. The resistance it offers makes him strong. And some unanswered prayers make us strong. But if *no* prayers can be answered, if no provision has been made whereby an apparent change of purpose on God's part shall follow prayer, then the instincts of our souls are at fault, and the practice of Jesus entirely so. For He prayed for what was seemingly impossible—not, however, to reconcile Himself to disappointment, but in order to gain His heart's desire. What He wanted was to win the whole world unto Himself—the most improbable thing conceivable, judged by the results achieved in His own lifetime. If there ever was an apparently defeated man, it was the crucified Jesus, hanging between two thieves in the presence of a multitude, not one of whom uttered a word of protest!

In the election of the first mayor of Greater New York, after four candidates had been nominated, who could imagine such a change of sentiment taking place that one candidate should receive all the votes? Yet the thing which Christ prayed for was that all men should accept His teaching, think His thoughts, live His life, be His disciples—in a word, *love each other*. He prayed for it because He believed that God could do something towards bringing this to pass. Men would have something to do also. But the prayer was addressed to God in the confident faith that, by the movements of His providence, this great consummation would some day be realized. Let us have faith, then, in prayer, especially in the kind of prayers that Christ prayed—aye, long prayers; prayers which must wait God's time for their fulfillment. Let us lock our desires into the slow but majestic ongoings of His purpose with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And let us believe that He whose movements are so stately, treading as He does in the footprints of the centuries, takes note of us whose lives are measured only in decades, and that He makes provision whereby our lesser prayers may be answered, while our greater ones, like those of Jesus, wait the slower but no less certain attainment of His purpose.

But turning to this specific prayer of Jesus, that all men might become His disciples, and as such love each other, we notice how far it is from being realized; and yet, what progress has been made toward its realization.

A recent and most excellent book, by Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, points out the part which our country has played, and is yet to play, in this matter. Nothing seems more providential than the reservation and timely discovery of this continent as the theatre for the working out of the hidden designs of God. For a hundred and fifty years Spain had entire control, bringing here the reformed Romanism of the sixteenth century, and planting her mission stations in the South, from Florida to the Pacific, but failing at last as disastrously as she is failing in Cuba to-day.

Then came France for another hundred years, bringing Romanism to Quebec, and carrying it up the St. Lawrence and by way of the Mississippi to New Orleans. At one time there were 82,000 Frenchmen along the line of those rivers, every one of them in his way a missionary. "Dividing the continent into twenty-five equal parts, the French held twenty, the Spanish four, and the English only one. But, as time went on, the English colonists far outnumbered others, and in 1763 the treaty which closed the Seven Years' War transferred to Great Britain, together with the Spanish territory of Florida, all the French possessions in America, from the Arctic Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico." By-and-by came the War of Independence, freeing us from the rule of England, and finally the Rebellion, which resulted in the overthrow of slavery and the political Union of all the States. We have here, then, an immense and homogeneous people gathered from the ends of the earth, with everyone free to worship God according to the manner that seems to him best. Although Roman Catholics had the first opportunity to get possession of the country and reinforced their power by the combined resources, first of Spain and then of France, they have never been able to hold their own against new comers. Powerful as they are to-day, they are only one among many sects. Nor has Protestantism succeeded any better in making itself omnipotent. Split up into endless divisions, it presents the spectacle of a divided Church, the despair of those ardent souls who look to it as the bringer in of the better times which are to be.

The truth is that, of the one hundred and forty-three sects into which the American Church is divided, there is not one that can hope for supremacy! The strongest of them all must acknowledge itself overwhelmingly outnumbered by the rest, none of whom are prepared to give up their peculiarities of faith or worship, of sacrament or ceremonial, yet all of whom "have one and the same unselfish and religious aim, to honor God in serving their fellowmen."

What, then, is the matter? With mutual relations of respect and good-will in the main, though not without competition and jealousy at times, there is nevertheless an increasing desire for fellowship. Good men are not content with the situation, and cannot be. Yet the plans for union which have been proposed by some of the leading denominations are as simple as they are impossible! The Pope begs all believers to unite in a common fellowship, by their acceptance of the authority and supremacy of the Roman See. The Episcopalians and Baptists are equally cordial in the invitation which they offer to all who will ac-

cept what they deem essential, as if the formulas which for ages have kept men apart could by any possibility become the "basis of general agreement and lasting concord."

Nor can we hope for union by lessening the number of divisions, the larger denominations absorbing the smaller ones. Dr. Bacon shows the fallacy of that idea. Suppose that all the Presbyterians and Lutherans were grouped in one body. All the Methodists and Episcopalians in another. All the Congregationalists, Baptists, Unitarians, Disciples, etc., in a third. Then out of twenty odd million communicants in the United States we should have eighteen millions in four great bodies—three Protestant and one Catholic. But would any one be less loyal to his denomination because it was a big one? Are we not prouder, as Americans, of our seventy millions to-day than we could be if there were only a tenth as many?

Or, suppose the three Protestant denominations were united in one, so that only two were left,—one Catholic and one Protestant,—would that furnish a solution of the matter? Which party would absorb the other, and which would be willing to be absorbed?

Is it not true, then, that we must seek for Christian union in some other way? Have we not been following the wrong path in all our efforts hitherto? What we need is to realize, first of all, the impossibility of union in any of these ways. We are not going to become—all of us—Romanists, Episcopalians, Baptists, or anything of the kind.

For, secondly, we need to learn that there is no such intrinsic importance in any of these parties as multitudes have supposed. Under God, they have been the means of accomplishing great good, in spite of the harm which they have also done. They have been permitted to exist. They form a part of the history of the kingdom of God on earth. But they are not essential to the progress of the Kingdom. They occupy in our minds and affections a far more important place than they should, especially if they blind us, as in a multitude of cases they do, to the command of Jesus, to love one another. Who will deny that, with thousands of Christians of all denominations, the love of sect is a stronger and more controlling impulse than the love of their fellow-Christians of another denomination close at hand? Yet, centuries before there were any divisions in the Christian Church, Jesus prayed that all His followers might be one, and gave the method for the attainment of His desire in the New Commandment which He laid upon them, that they should love one another.

Christian union will begin to be realized when we discover that the points about which we have been so strenuous are insignificant, in Christ's opinion, in comparison with that commandment which we have had from the beginning! Of what avail will be our conscientious scruples concerning the sacraments or church polity, by which we stand aloof from each other, and which weaken the strength of the Christian Church before the world, when the voice of God sounds in our souls, reinforcing the oldest and most fundamental command of Jesus, to love one another. Are they so honest, after all, who pride themselves upon their superior virtue by obedience to the letter of Christ's command concerning any rite or ceremonial, the observance of which makes them inhospitable to their fellow-Christians?

Yes, they are perfectly honest, but they emphasize their interpretation of one command at the expense of their obedience to a still more important command about which there can be no difference of opinion whatever.

That denomination, no matter what its name, which can only thrive by virtue of an exclusiveness which shuts out fellow-Christians from its sympathy, will never meet the wants of our common humanity. For, no matter how conscientious and honest be its adherents, the spirit of exclu-

siveness, as respects Christian brethren, is diametrically opposed to the teaching of Christianity, which is all-inclusive of what is good.

There are two ideas which an increasingly large number of people are coming to see must be abandoned. One is that "it is a Christian's prime duty to look out for his own soul." The other is that the "soul's best health is secured by sequestering it from contact with dissentient opinions, and indulging its tastes and preferences wherein they differ from those of its neighbor."

He who wants to save his own soul must do his utmost to save his neighbor's soul; and he who is to have any opinions to *keep* must get opinions which will stand examination without fear of competition.

What, then, is the solution of the problem, and where must the solution be applied? Dr. Bacon says it will be found in a return to the primary teaching of Jesus, that we love one another, and that it will be realized as the solution when we see that this duty is more important than are any or all of the opinions, no matter how long or how honestly held, which divide us. He says, furthermore, that this solution is to be applied, "not in great towns and centres of ecclesiastical influence, but in villages and country districts, where the deadly effects of the comminuted fracture in the Church are most deeply felt."

And certainly one's heart glows within him at the thought of what blessings might be realized here in Arlington, if this solution were applied at once. Not that our present organizations would or need be done away, but that all of us—one Catholic and five Protestant bodies, Baptist, Congregationalist, Episcopalian, Unitarian and Universalist—should unite in common work and witness, because bound together by a common love one for the other, and all for Him who is Lord and Master of us all. How quickly would the "disintegrated and enfeebled Church of Christ" in Arlington be gathered together, and how mighty yet winsome a form it would wear to the eyes of our unlooking fellow-men! How contagious would be the enthusiasm which it would excite! How quickly would the story of its harmony and peace pass round the world! What like results would be sought for and realized near and far! And how happy heaven would be in this experiment of Christians forgetting their differences and loving one another!

Is it a dream, and something too good to be true?

No, it is not. Each one of us can do something towards *making* it true by loving each of his fellow-Christians more than he loves his sect; by establishing points of contact with those of other sects; by refusing to let any barriers stand which keep Christian hearts apart. But the reform must begin, not with the smaller communities merely, but with the individual himself. In the last analysis it is not the church or sect, but the unloving, short-sighted disciple who needs to hear the Master's words, "Feed my sheep," and to remember what He said about One Flock and One Shepherd.

Arlington, Mass.



LUTHER AND THE BIBLE.

In the general discussions of the Bible, the opinions of Luther are matter of interest. They are given in Dr. Allen's "Continuity of Christian Thought."

"A peculiar interest attaches to Luther's treatment of Scripture, because underlying it may be discerned a grasp of a larger view of the nature and method of divine revelation than was afterwards held by the common consent of the reformed churches. He seems, indeed, to have

united in a living combination the apparently contradictory positions of the evangelical reformers and the mystics; with the one he upholds Scripture as an external and absolute authority—the very word of God, the charter and constitution of the Church; and, with the other, he exalts the divine consciousness in man as that by which Scripture is known and judged to be from God. The Bible is divine, because it is the mirror in which is reflected the experience of humanity in its highest exaltation, under the influence of a divine Spirit. No amount of hostile criticism could shake a man's faith in Scripture, whose reverence for it was based upon such a foundation. In this way may be explained Luther's extraordinary freedom in criticising the contents of the Bible—a freedom and boldness which were a source of mortification to his successors, which they endeavored to cover over and forget.

The following specimens of Luther's Biblical criticism, were their source unknown, would appear to some like the destructive attacks of modern rationalists. In regard to the Pentateuch, Luther thought it a matter of indifference whether or not it was written by Moses. The Book of Kings he spoke of as excellent—a hundred times better than the Chronicles. Jeremiah, as a prophet, was much inferior to Isaiah. None of the discourses of the prophets were regularly committed to writing at the time, but were collected subsequently by their disciples and hearers, and thus the complete collection was formed. In the Gospel of St. Luke the Saviour's Passion is best described; but the Gospel of St. John is the true, pure Gospel—the chief of the Gospels, because it contains the most of Christ's sayings; it is far preferable to the other gospels, “the unique, tender, true, main Gospel.” Even the Epistles of St. Paul are higher in authority than the gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke, for they deal with faith in Christ, and how it justifies, while the latter are mainly occupied with His works and miracles. Luther did not regard the Epistle to the Hebrews, nor that of St. James, to be of Apostolic origin, and the latter he characterized as an epistle of straw, with no trace of the Gospel in it. He estimated very lightly the Epistle of St. Jude, and thought it was a copy of the Second Epistle of St. Peter. He could detect no trace, in the Book of Revelation, of its having been inspired by the Holy Ghost. In harmony also, with Luther's attitude towards Scripture, was his estimate of miracles. They had, to his mind, a very subordinate value as evidence of the truth of Christ's teaching. “External miracles,” he said, “are the apples and nuts which God gave to the childish world as playthings: we no longer have need of them.”



EMANCIPATION IN THE WEST INDIES.

THE decree of emancipation went in force Aug. 1, 1834. Here is the account of what transpired on that day: “The 1st of August came on Friday, and a release was proclaimed from all work till the next Monday. The day was chiefly spent by the great mass of the negroes in the churches and chapels. The clergy and missionaries throughout the island were actively engaged, seizing the opportunity to enlighten the people on all the duties and responsibilities of their new relation. On the night of the 31st of July, the people met everywhere in their churches, and, at midnight, when the clock struck twelve, on their knees, the silent, the weeping assembly became men; they rose and embraced each other; they cried, they sang, they prayed, they were wild with joy; but there was no riot, no feasting. At Grace Hill there were at least a thousand people around the Moravian chapel, who could

not get in. The dress of the negroes, on this occasion, was uncommonly simple and modest. On the next Monday morning, with very few exceptions, every negro, on every plantation, was in the field at his work.”

In eloquent words, Emerson writes of the condition of the slaves in a state of bondage: “These men, our benefactors, as they are producers of corn and wine, of coffee, of tobacco, of cotton and sugar, of rum and brandy, gentle and joyous themselves, and producers of comfort and luxury for the civilized world—there seated in the finest climates of the globe, children of the sun—I am heart-sick when I read how they came there, and how they are kept there. Their case was left out of the mind and out of the heart of their brothers. The prizes of society, the trumpet of fame, the privileges of learning, of culture, of religion, the decencies and joys of marriage, honor, obedience, personal authority, and a perpetual amelioration into a finer civility—these were for all, but not for them. For the negro was the slave-ship, to begin with, in whose filthy hold he sat in irons, unable to lie down; bad food, and insufficiency of that; disfranchisement; no property in the rags that covered him; no marriage, no right in the poor black woman that cherished him in her bosom—no right to the children of his body; no security from the humors, none from the crimes, none from the appetites of his master; toil, famine, insult and flogging; and when he sunk in the furrow, no priest of salvation visited him with glad tidings; but he went down to death, with dusky dreams of African shadow-catchers and Obeahs hunting him.”

In view of these sad facts we can feel satisfaction that, as Emerson says, “Man is born with intellect as well as with love of sugar, and with a love of justice as well as a love of strong drink.”



LEAVING JESUS.

“THE footsteps of the holy Apostles had not died away before the Fathers arose, and became, with the lapse of time, lords of the Christian conscience. Great theologians of the Middle Ages gradually took rank with the Fathers, while council after council, from Nice to Trent, saddled their accumulated dogmas on the Church. Chief reformers almost literally dictated creeds to nations, and the pragmatical seventeenth century forged a yoke of doctrines so minute, tedious and unreasonable that it became too irksome even for our more patient fathers. Every side of truth and every rite of Jesus was turned into a test, by which honest-minded and simple-hearted disciples of Christ were tried, condemned, cast out, burned. Unity was as much wanting as charity; for Christians, in the matter of creed, agreed in nothing except in ignoring the Gospels and persecuting one another. Romans rest on the councils down to the one that affirmed the infallibility of the Pope; an Anglican goes back to the early councils and the Fathers; a Lutheran measures his faith by the Confession of Augsburg; and the Scottish Church seems to suppose that Christianity was only once thoroughly understood—when an assembly of English divines met at Westminster. Bodies of Christian men have also ignored Jesus' warning against Rabbinism, and have surrendered their birthright by allowing themselves to be called by the names of men; and so we have Socinians, Wesleyans, Cameronians, and what not. One denomination is called, with surely some want of humor, if not of reverence, ‘Lady Huntington's Connection;’ and so it is made evident that a masterful woman can actually found a Church and lay down a creed. It comes as a shock upon one to attend a heresy trial, and hear the prosecution quoting a foreign di-

vine of almost miraculous woodenness and the defendant taking refuge in a second-rate commentator. If you were to ask, as is very natural, why neither will refer at once and finally to the words of Jesus, who can hardly have been silent on any point of importance, it would be at once explained that such a reference is an irrelevancy and a subterfuge; and one must admit that it would be an attempt to get behind the rabbis to Jesus. But does it matter much what any rabbi says? And is not the only vital question, What says the Master?

"Were earnest men rebelling against dogmas to-day, because they were an integral part of Jesus' teaching, this would be a very serious matter; this would be nothing short of a deliberate attack upon Jesus. If they be only endeavoring to correct the results of theological science by the actual teaching of Jesus, then surely nothing is more hopeful. This must result in the revival of Christianity.

"To-day the religion of Protestants, or, let us say, Christians, is not even the Bible in all its parts, but first of all that portion which is its soul, by which the teaching of Prophets and Apostles must itself be judged the very words of Jesus.

"Among all the creeds of Christendom the only one which has the authority of Christ himself is the Sermon on the Mount. When one reads the creed which was given by Jesus and the creeds which have been made by Christians, he cannot fail to detect an immense difference; and it does not matter whether he selects the Nicene Creed or the Westminster Confession. They all have a family likeness to each other, and a family unlikeness to the Sermon on the Mount. Were the Athanasian Creed and the Beautitudes printed in parallel columns, one would find it hard to believe that both documents were meant to serve the same end—to be a basis of discipleship. We all must know many persons who would pass as good Christians by the Sermon, and be cast out by the creeds, and many to whom the creeds would be a broad way and the Sermon a very strait gate. (Yes, we do.—ED. C. U.)

"What Jesus lays stress upon is such points as these: the Fatherhood of God; the excellence of simple trust in God; the obligation of God's children to be like their Father in heaven; the worthlessness of a merely formal righteousness; the inestimable value of heart righteousness; forgiveness of sins dependent upon our forgiving our neighbor. When one turns to the creeds, the situation is changed. They have nothing to do with character; they do not afford an idea of character; they do not ask pledges of character; they have no place in their construction for character. They dwell on the relation of the three persons in the Holy Trinity; the divine and human natures in the persons of Jesus; the connection between his sacrifice and the divine law; the purpose of God in regard to the salvation of individuals; the mystery of the sacraments, and the intermediate state.

"Does any one say the idea of Jesus is too ideal, too impractical, too quixotic? That no Church could stand and work on such a basis? For three too short years the Church of Christ had none else, and it was by holy living, and not by any metaphysical subtleties, the Primitive Church lived and suffered and conquered."—IAN MACLAREN in *The Mind of the Master*.



PRINCIPLE AND PREJUDICE.

DR. A. L. BENEDICT.

MEN will argue for their principles, fight for their prejudices.

Nothing is so bigoted as the liberalism that cannot tolerate the expression of a firm belief.

A man who has no prejudices is apt to have no principles.

Even fanaticism can be excused in the man who says: "I am," "I can," "I do." There is nothing to arouse enthusiasm in "I am not," "I can not," "I do not."

Make the man in one place or class believe that the dweller in another place or the member of another class is essentially different from himself, and you have sowed the seed of civil war.

The word for heresy was coined on the next day after man knew what was meant by belief.

The man who insists that there is only one right opinion, and that one his own, is nobler than the man who has no opinion.

Buffalo, N. Y.



GENERAL JACKSON'S COMMENTS ON THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

The Century Magazine some time ago contained an article, in which an unpublished letter of General Jackson was given, of which we quote a part:

"The British moved on at a quick step, without firing a shot, to within 100 yards of the kneeling riflemen, who were holding their fire till they could see the belt-buckles of their enemies. The British advance was executed as though they had been on parade. They marched shoulder to shoulder, with the step of veterans, as they were. At 100 yards distance from our line the order was given: 'Extend column front! Double quick, march! Charge!' With bayonets at the charge, they came on us at a run. I own it was an anxious moment. I well knew the charging column was made up of the picked troops of the British army. They had been trained by the Duke himself, were commanded by his brother-in-law, and had successfully held off the ablest of Napoleon's marshals in the Spanish campaign. My riflemen had never seen such an attack, nor had they ever before fought white men. The morning, too, was damp. Their powder might not burn well. 'God help us!' I muttered, watching the rapidly advancing line. 70, 60, 50, finally 40 yards, were they from the silent, kneeling, riflemen. All of my men that I could see was their long rifles rested on the logs before them. They obeyed their orders well. Not a shot was fired until the red-coats were within 40 yards. I heard Coffee's voice as he roared out: Now, men, aim for the centre of the cross-belts! Fire! A second after the order a crackling, blazing flash ran all along our line. The smoke hung so heavily in the misty morning air that I could not see what had happened. I called Tom Overton and Abner Duncan of my staff, and we galloped toward Coffee's line. In a few seconds after the first fire there came another sharp, ringing volley. As I came within 150 yards of Coffee, the smoke lifted enough for me to make out what was happening.

"The British were falling back in a confused, disorderly mass, and the entire first ranks of their column were blown away. For 200 yards in our front the ground was covered with a mass of writhing, wounded, dead and dying red-coats. By the time the rifles were wiped the British line was reformed, and on it came again. This time they were led by General Pakenham in person, gallantly mounted and riding as though he were on parade. Just before he got within range of Coffee's line I heard a single rifle shot from a group of country carts we had been using, about 175 yards distant, and a moment thereafter I saw Pakenham reel and pitch out of his saddle. I have always be-

lieved he fell from the bullet of a freeman of color, who was a famous rifle shot, and came from the Atakappas region of Louisiana. The second advance was precisely like the first in its ending. In five volleys the 1,500 or more riflemen killed and wounded 2,117 British soldiers, two-thirds of them killed or mortally wounded. I did not know where General Pakenham was lying, or I should have sent to him or gone in person to offer any service in my power to render.

"I was told he lived two hours after he was hit. His wound was directly through the liver and bowels. General Keene, I hear, was killed. They sent a flag to me, asking leave to gather up their wounded and bury their dead, which of course I granted. I was told by a wounded officer that the rank and file absolutely refused to make a third charge. 'We have no chance with such shooting as these Americans do,' they said."



JEFF. DAVIS' DISGUISE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Lyons (Wayne county, N. Y.) *Republican* called upon Gen. Benjamin D. Pritchard, who was during the war colonel of the Fourth Regiment of Michigan Cavalry, and had the good fortune to capture Jeff. Davis. In conversation with him, the correspondent inquired as to the circumstances of Davis' attempted escape, and gives the story thus:

Gen. Pritchard said: After the escape of Davis from Richmond I received reliable intelligence, which appeared to me to be all the more reliable from the situation and the necessities of his case—that is to say, that he would endeavor to make his way across the Mississippi into Texas, where he intended to put himself at the head of his forces, still quite strong, and around which he could gather all his remaining strength in the Southwest, and then still carry on the rebellion in those vast and comparatively inaccessible regions, trusting to the continued recruiting of his forces from escaping squads of his defeated armies in all quarters, and from Mexican sympathizers, guerrillas, and dissatisfied, reckless, desperate, and lawless spirits from every direction, and not altogether without hope of aid from foreigners. To reach there he had but one way of escape: he had to make his way from Virginia to Georgia, and thence westward along a belt of country that lay between our forces on the Gulf on the south and our forces that occupied Virginia, Tennessee and westward on the north. So I governed myself accordingly, and set my command in motion, as if on the "double quick," right through that region. We soon struck the trail of Davis on the Ockmulgee river in Georgia. He was accompanied by some of his military staff and the chiefs of his government. His wife and the wives and female relatives and companions of some of his subordinates were with him. Thus we followed until we reached a small village in Georgia, where we lost all track of them. We surrounded the village. I made the most particular and all manner of inquiries of the inhabitants, but not one of them knew a thing, and were properly astonished at my asking them the questions "as if they knew!" Still I had no doubt that they all knew well. So I resorted to what never or seldom failed me: I got an African alone, and he soon told me where the game was to be found—about two miles from the village, in a sort of wild, bushy, woody place. By this time it had grown quite into the night, the weather being beautiful and the sky bright. I soon had my command

at the spot, where we found a small encampment, consisting of two or three tents, with wagons standing about. The tents, as was afterward discovered, were occupied by the women, and Davis and one or two of his friends, the remainder of the party lying about under the wagons. It was now about midnight or after. I gave orders to have the encampment surrounded, giving the most positive command that no living thing under any circumstances should pass outward through the lines. Thus we waited for day.

In the early dawn—almost before dawn—an old woman was seen making her way from out of one of the tents. She was dressed in a waterproof cloak from her waist down, the cloak coming down so low as to cover her feet. Around her body was a shawl, arranged and tied; on her head something like a hood or bonnet, that concealed her face; in her hand a pail. As the tent-door was opened, a female voice from within spoke out in loud tones: "Bring me a bucket of water—quick! We want to wash our faces." And then, as if addressing any sentries that might be within hearing, the voice said, in still louder tones: "Let my old woman-servant pass and bring us a bucket of water—we want to get up and dress ourselves." So the old lady passed on, the one or two more soldiers within hearing allowing her to make her way, but keeping a bright eye upon her. Pretty soon, as the old lady was going through a bushy place, and by that means disarranging her water-proof, a soldier discovered her boots, and something that looked like the step and stride of a man; so he hailed, advanced before, and stopped her. Soon two or more soldiers came up and began to quiz her, asking her to give an account of herself, but she uttered not a word. Then I came to the spot myself and put some questions; but not a word said the old lady in reply. I then advanced, took off her hood, untied her shawl, and exposed her boots—she all the time making a stout resistance. When I had succeeded in throwing off her disguise there she stood—a being that looked very much like an elderly man. "You are a likely old woman," I said. Not a word from the old lady. "Who are you?" I asked. Not a word in reply. "You may as well say who you are," I said; for you are my prisoner, and all your company. I will soon know who you are, for you cannot escape. I have a whole regiment of cavalry here, and others are coming. You, and all with you, are prisoners, and nothing can deliver you. Now, who are you?" At length the old lady found voice, and said in a good angry, loud, masculine tone: "Who do you think I am?" I took a careful look at her, and observing that one of her eyes had a peculiar defect, and scanning her face closely, and remembering the photographs that I had seen of Davis, and that I had heard that one of his eyes had a peculiar "blaze," I said: "I know you now—you are Jefferson Davis." This the "old woman" pretended not to hear, and made no direct reply, but commenced railing out with all manner of expletives and explosions against "Yankees" and "cowards," who "made war on helpless woman." "Who are you?" the old "lady" at length asked. I replied: "I am the colonel of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, whose prisoner you are." "Just as I thought," was the reply; "making war like a savage on a helpless old woman and ladies that are ladies. Let me pass and get some water for the ladies in the tent, that they may dress themselves." "You are Jefferson Davis," I said again. He looked haggard and anxious, as if not knowing what to do or what he could do. At last, standing up full before me, he said: "I am Jefferson Davis!" and then again commenced railing out against us. I stopped him by saying: "Jefferson Davis, you and your company are my prisoners." In the mean-

time, a company of Wisconsin cavalry had approached; and my men, fearing that it was a division of the enemy come to the rescue, and it being hardly light as yet, commenced firing into each other. And thus began a battle in which several were wounded and some slain on both sides, before the unfortunate mistake was discovered. But little time had elapsed, however, before a company of New York cavalry came up. The soldiers of New York and Wisconsin were of course chagrined that they had not been the first at the capture, and while my men and those of Wisconsin shed a soldier's tear over the sad blunder that made them fire upon each other, regrets were soon swallowed up in rejoicing over the capture of the "Old Woman"—the chief of perhaps the greatest and saddest of all rebellions.



A GOOD START.

REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D., OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

ONE Friday in July, 1839, after lunch, I took some Italian Testaments, and went down to the Galata Custom-house to sell them to Italian sailors. It was then the only way in which we could get any light into the dark dominions of the Pope.

Penetrating the crowd which I found there with some difficulty, I saw a poor suffering mortal, apparently dying of cholera, and the stupid crowd gazing upon his death. He seemed to be a sailor, and I said to him: "Do you know English?" "Yes," said he, "damn your eyes." "Are you English or American?" "American," he answered, adding, as before, a like horrible oath.

After vainly appealing to several bystanders for help, two noble Anglo-Africans of Jamaica, from an English ship, assisted me to convey the poor fellow to a sailors' boarding-house close by, where he was rejected; then to the English hospital, where he was also rejected. I then took him to a Maltese boat-house, whose owner was friendly to Americans. The dying man and his bearers filled the streets with curses and imprecations as we passed along, and I could only silence them by sheer force of authority. Having deposited him and given him medicine, I obtained a physician for the suffering man, who had him removed to better quarters, where for three or four weeks he remained on the brink of the grave, and once was thought to be actually dying, but he finally recovered.

A missionary friend from Beirut, who was stopping with me, made persevering efforts to reach the conscience and heart of this poor, ignorant blasphemer (who could not speak without an oath), and was rewarded, for his labor was not in vain. The man became a penitent believer, and during the few weeks he was waiting for a ship he made good progress in reading, etc. A chance in due time occurred for his going home; and well do I remember, as he stood at my door to say "good-by," how honestly he said, "Mr. Hamlin, I have been a wicked fellow and done evil all my life; now I am going to try and do good for the rest of it." It was the right principle. It was a good start to do good.

About three years after, I received a letter from him, beginning: "Thank God, I still survive the ded. I'm workin' and blowin' the Gospel trumpet on the Eri Kanal." The whole of it, though many words left out useless letters, was full of life, directness and force. It pleased Father Goodell amazingly, who wanted to commence an answer

to it; and taking a sheet of paper, he sat down and wrote:

"Blow away, brother, blow away!

"Yours in the same Gospel.

"W. GOODELL."

I finished the letter and posted, it but whether it ever reached him I do not know. Twenty-eight years of joy and sorrow had passed away; and, if I sometimes recalled the circumstances, it was with the hope that this converted sailor was still serving his Redeemer somewhere, either on earth or in heaven.

In the year 1867 I was in Paris, and some American friends who had visited me at Constantinople asked me to dine with them at the Hotel Chatham, Rue St. Augustine. The table-d'hôte was a long one, and many strangers sitting at it. Near the close of the dinner a gentleman at my right, addressing me said: "I infer from your conversation that you have visited Constantinople." "I am direct from that city," I replied. "Indeed," said he, "and while there did you happen to see or hear of one Cyrus Hamlin, a physician or missionary, I don't know which?" Upon telling him that I was the man to whom he referred, he said: "Well, I am glad to meet you. I am from Honolulu, Sandwich Islands; and there is a man there, a seamen's chaplain, or rather colporteur, who goes everywhere carrying the Bible, respected by all for his honest and Christian character, who says that he was dying a poor blaspheming wretch—dying like a dog in the streets of Constantinople, when you picked him up and saved him body and soul." After mentioning other facts in the case, he added: "Now, how about this; is it true, or is it a sailor's yarn?"

When he began memory had half lost the record among the absorbing labors and stirring events of twenty-eight years, but soon the whole history started up into living reality. How glad I was to hear of the man! What a magnificent and lasting reward for but a transient service!

Oh! let us never be weary in well-doing! We shall not always know the results of it, but results will certainly follow. Think of Constantinople, Honolulu, and an accidental meeting in a hotel in Paris! But never mind; the good done will be all the same, whether we ever hear of it in this world or not.—*The Sailor's Magazine*.



HE joineth himself as by an accident to men on the ways of life, and afterwards maketh as though he would go farther. When they constrain him to abide, it does not matter whether the soul be as a palace or a cottage; he will enter, and the tenant will become a saint.—*Ian Maclaren*.



IF singing breath or echoing chord

To every hidden pang were given,

What endless melodies were poured—

As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!—*Holmes*.



IN faith and love thy course of duty run;
God nothing does, nor suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do the same, couldst thou but see
The end of all events as well as He.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

VICTOR SERENUS. By Henry Wood, Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

This is a story of the age and of the life of Saul of Tarsus. The well-known facts of that life are woven in with a fictitious family circle and with Roman, Greek and Jewish characters. The book is for younger persons, and has plenty of thrilling events, which are added to the well-known truth (stranger than fiction) of the great apostle's life and activity.

AULD LANG SYNE. By Professor F. Max Müller. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The recollections of an able man, who has mingled with a choice circle of world-famous men and women, are always most interesting reading. Professor Max Müller's book is a fine specimen of this sort of writing. He enjoyed the friendship of many of the best and noblest, and he is himself of a kindly spirit and a very genial nature. Carlyle mingled with the teachers of the world, but unfortunately his reminiscences overflow with a more or less meant bitterness. If it was not real, yet it was very unfortunate, and has left a cloud upon the memory of the great man; a cloud, however, in which he is seen as one of the most gifted men of modern times.

Professor Müller's story is told with the greatest simplicity and kindliness. He has a good word for all whom he meets, and passes frailties lightly by. When we remember that he was the friend of Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, Darwin, Ruskin, Kingsley, Stanley, Tennyson and Browning, and entertained Emerson and Lowell at his own home, we perceive that the record of such friendships must be of absorbing interest. The book has also an attraction to those who worship majesty. Early in life, Professor Müller, in the house of Bunsen, almost ran over the crown-prince of Prussia, afterwards the famous first emperor of Germany. He had pleasant interviews with "Our Fritz," and, with all the world, greatly lamented the untimely end of this admirable man. An amusing story is told of Professor Müller being ordered, by some mistake, to leave Berlin by the police authorities. No excuse would be received, till at last the officer was told that he would have to arrange matters with the king, for Mr. Müller was engaged to dine with him the next day. The officer was thunderstruck, went back to his senders, and in the shortest time an officer of high position appeared to make most profuse apologies.

The book is interesting from the first page to the last.

THE MAN WHO OUTLIVED HIMSELF. By Albion W. Tourgee. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

We are glad to welcome another book from the hand which penned "A Fool's Errand" and "Bricks Without Straw." The new volume consists of three short stories, none of which have the pretensions of these earlier works. "The Man Who Outlived Himself" is a Wall street broker, whose manipulations in Wall street make his disappearance from the scene of his activities necessary, and whose reappearance, twelve years later, is attended with much that is interesting.

The other stories treat, the one of a quaint and original western farmer (what western farmer is not original?); the other of a romance of the South; and the three stories together combine to show at once the versatility of the writer and the grasp of human nature which has always marked the products of his pen.

DISCIPLESHIP. By Rev. G. Campbell Morgan. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co.

This little book on practical religion studies, in a helpful manner, how to become a disciple and follower of Christ, and what to do after one has come into this way of life. Very sensibly and forcibly the duties, the burdens and the joys of a true disciple are considered. The eminently practical character of the book can be best indicated by the headings of such chapters as these: "The Disciple in the Home," "The Disciple at Work," "The Disciple at Play." The book is tastefully bound and well printed.

THE PILGRIMS IN THEIR THREE HOMES. By William Elliot Griffis. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York.

In concise and interesting shape, Mr. Griffis has gathered together the events which led up to the formation of the Plymouth colony and its successful beginnings of New England's history. The story is always an interesting one. As here given, it is made more so by the careful researches which the author made in the life of the Pilgrims before they left England, and in the life of the colony during the twelve years of its settlement in Amsterdam and Leyden. Mr. Griffis lays special and well-deserved stress upon the influence of the years in Holland upon the character and the political ideas of the Pilgrims. The book is tastefully bound, and is illustrated by excellent copies of paintings which give light upon the Pilgrim people and their customs.

THE NEW PURITANISM; being the papers read at the semi-centennial of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

THE CHURCH UNION does not need to speak extensively of these papers. We have already given liberal quotations from them in our columns. With their ideals and their spirit we are in the heartiest sympathy. Lyman Abbott, Amory H. Bradford, Charles A. Berry, George H. Gordon, Washington Gladden, Wm. J. Tucker—the authors of these papers, are all of them men whom we delight to reverence and honor. Their work in these addresses was of their best, and their best is of the very first order of goodness. The title of the book into which these papers have been collected, "The New Puritanism," is most fitting; it interprets truly the method and the enthusiasm of these productions. He was a fortunate man who was able to be present at the Plymouth semi-centennial, and to hear these words; he will be a wise one who, whether he heard them or not, takes the time to read them.

FORTY DAYS OF THE RISEN LIFE. By Boyd Carpenter. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The bishop of Ripon has given us, in this volume of W. Robertson Nicoll's series of Little Books on Religion, a suggestive and helpful study of the forty days of Christ's risen life. In the occupations which the Master undertook after the resurrection, in the sympathies which He manifested then, in the affections which He still cherished, Dr. Carpenter sees many helpful lessons concerning the important things both of this life and of that which is to come. The book is more practical than exegetical, and yet there is much pertinent interpretation of those passages of Scripture which relate to the forty days between the resurrection and the ascension of our Lord.

THE LORD'S TABLE. By Rev. Andrew Murray. Published by Fleming H. Revell Co., New York.

To all who know the works of Andrew Murray, another book from him will be welcome. There may, however, be a feeling of disappointment if we look for depth and force in his treatment of the Lord's Supper, as we have found them in his preceding works on the spiritual life of the believer.

There is a simplicity in the spirit and the writings of Andrew Murray which is deeply valuable in these days of complex living. As Bishop Brooks has said: "All life tends to incrust itself, to imprison itself within itself; and its crust needs to be constantly broken and returned into the general mass out of which it was formed, in order that the best influences may be received. Ever there must be a return to a primitive simplicity, to a condition of first principles, in which the power to receive may be freshened and renewed."

It has been given to Andrew Murray to lead his readers to the true simplicity of spiritual living in Christ—a true directness of aim and a deep consecration of life. There is no energy or fire in his writings; but rather there is felt the forethought of writing for a purpose, the deep searching for and finding of spiritual truth, which can only come from a truly consecrated life and the almost utter self-effacement of the writer.

In this last work the simplicity is the predominant quality. The book is strictly devotional, being composed of thoughts and prayers for each day of "The Week before the Supper," and of "The Week after the Supper," with ten short meditations on the sacramental words for "The Communion Sabbath"—founded on the Directory of Public worship in the Dutch Reformed Church and the Heidelberg Catechism.



MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

THE *New England Cooking School Magazine* is one of the most practically helpful of our exchanges. We can personally commend many of the results to the cuisine which have come from the reading of its suggestions.

The *Chautauquan* for April contained an interesting article on the two best-protected harbors of the American coast, Boston and New York.

Fleming H. Revell Co. announce that they are printing a third edition of Dr. James S. Dennis' "Christian Missions and Social Progress."

An able review of the causes which led to the blowing-up of the *Maine* in Havana harbor appeared in the April issue of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews*.

"A Lovable Crank," by Barbara Yechton, which is a sequel to a previous story by the same author, entitled "We Ten," will be published in the early autumn by Dodd, Mead & Co. Barbara Yechton has written many very interesting stories; and, as she thoroughly understands children and all their ways, it is needless to say that the little ones thoroughly appreciate whatever she writes.

Anthony Hope's new novel, "Rupert of Hentzau," now running in *McClure's Magazine*, is not to appear in book form until it is concluded as a serial, which will not be until midsummer.

The *Arena* for April contained a striking article by Hon. Wm. J. Bryan, on "Foreign Influence in American Politics."

The Macmillan Co. are to issue new illustrated editions of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass."

Professor Walter F. Adenay, author of "How to Read the Bible," has just issued a companion to that work, entitled, "The Construction of the Bible," Thomas Whitaker, publisher.

"Want Ads." and employment bureaus, in their relation to men out of work, are described in the May issue of *Scribner's* as a portion of Mr. Wyckoff's study of "The Workers."



BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.
Compiled and edited by Frank Vincent, M.A. Natural History. 60 cents.
ORANGE JUDD PUBLISHING CO., NEW YORK.
American Agriculturist Year Book and Almanac.
DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK.
Edited by James MacArthur. The Bookman Year Book. \$1.25.
Paul L. Dunbar. Folks from Dixie. \$1.25.
John Watson (Jan Maclaren). Companions of the Sorrowful Way. 75 cents.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK.
D. D. Thompson. John Wesley as a Social Reformer. 60 cents.
FUNK & WAGNALLS CO., NEW YORK.
Louis Albert Banks. The Christian Gentleman. 75 cents.
" " " Paul and His Friends. \$1.50.

HARPER BROTHERS, NEW YORK.
I. Zangwill. Dreamers of the Ghetto.
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., NEW YORK.
William Elliot Griffis. The Pilgrims in their Three Homes. \$1.25.
Abraham Cahan. The Imported Bridegroom, and Other Stories. \$1.00.

E. R. HERRICK & CO., NEW YORK.
Alfred Lord Tennyson. Crossing the Bar. 25 cents.
The Most Rev. Ashton Oxendlin, D.D. The Earnest Communicant. 35 cents.
LYMAN H. JOHNSON, TOLEDO, O.
Lyman H. Johnson. Christ's Law of Unity.

THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK.
Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. \$1.25.
Modern Reader's Bible. The Psalms. 11 Vols. 50 cents each.

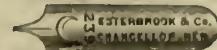
NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, ST. LOUIS.
A. McGary. Hall's Campbellite Catechism. 15 cents.
FLEMING H. REVELL CO., NEW YORK.
R. M. Wenley. The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World. 75 cents.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.
Hy. Van Dyke, D.D. Sermons to Young Men. \$1.25.
SILVER CROSS BOOK DEP'T, NEW YORK.
Mary Lowe Dickinson. Home from the War. 30 cents.
THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK.
Walter F. Adenay, M. A. The Construction of the Bible. 50 cents.
Rev. Wm. Frederic Faber. Henry VIII. and the Reformation in Relation to the Church of England. 15 cents.
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Miscellaneous.

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to be rid of, because bad blood is the breeding place of disfiguring and dangerous diseases. Is *your* blood bad? It is if you are plagued by pimples or bothered by boils, if your skin is blotched by eruptions or your body eaten by sores and ulcers. You can have good blood, which is pure blood, if you want it. You can be rid of pimples, boils, blotches, sores and ulcers. How? By the use of

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NING, Houston, Texas.

SUPERINTENDENT BROCKWAY, of the Elmira Reformatory, writes: "There is commonly with criminals who are religious a complete dissociation of their creeds, religious observances, and even of their religious feeling from a sense of right and wrong in conduct. Two parallel lines—their religion and their crimes—run out, but do not converge." There has been far too much of this in the religious life and teaching of the past. It must be so no more. True religion is evidenced by the closeness with which it cleaves to life. Those who have the other sort have got the wrong thing; must be so taught and so convinced before much good comes to the world.

IMMENSE endeavors have been made for a flying-machine, and all too futile. This torpedo boat that dives and steams along under the sea, appears to THE CHURCH UNION to hit the mark. Only plan a method of getting air, and we can sail below the sea; and the fiercest tornado will be unfelt, the terrors of sea-sickness vanish. The ship will come up only of choice to vary the tedium, on a bright, sunny day, when the surface is more enjoyable than the depth. The world will become the Paradise of travelers. And who knows but the depths of the sea have as great wonders as the heights of Switzerland.

AN HISTORIAN writes: "Between 1548 and 1572, Protestantism made its way into Poland, and was tolerated and even protected by the Diet. From Poland it spread into Lithuania, where its inherent tendency to split up into sects caused no small strife and dissension. Fortunately its progress was speedily arrested by the growing influence of the Jesuits. Their success was extraordinary." The writer is evidently not favorable to Protestantism; but we should learn from an enemy. He is right in declaring that the chief obstacle to Protestantism is its monstrous divisions, of which some of us are so proud. We must learn that Bible religion cannot spread in an element of bitterness and hatred. We have often endeavored to carry forward Christianity, the religion of love, by narrowness and persecution. The angular theologian is one of the worst enemies of true religion, and the sectarian is another. God rest us from them both!

I HAVE often noticed a fire smoldering, plenty of logs, nice kindling, all in good shape, but no blaze and much smoke, perhaps, finding its way through the room. In this state of affairs I have dropped a little match on the smoky mass; almost at once it kindles, and the whole thing is in a beautiful flame. So is it often seen in great moral and religious movements; all is ready, but from all there comes more smoke than light; then the right man comes, or even the right word, when all bursts into beautiful flame of strong action, and the grand work is done. Very highly favored of God is he who is that man, or speaks that word!

MR. JAMES BRYCE says that there is in the United States a sort of kindness, a sense of human fellowship, a recognition of the duty of mutual help owed by man to man, stronger than anywhere in the old world. This is as good a thing as we could have said of our country.

Miscellaneous.



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Miscellaneous.

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THERE is to be determined effort to do away with feet-binding in China; well, they will have to move heaven and earth to accomplish it. And what does any woman want to bind her feet for? Ah, it's like a good many of our denominational peculiarities; but we'll have to move heaven and earth, and the other place to get rid of *them*.

AN INTERESTING PUZZLE.

SPELLERS of all grades and ages will find the attempt to write the following from dictation an interesting puzzle. A lady who was sure she could win the Webster, unabridged, offered as a prize in case she succeeded, missed only 22 of the 99 hard words. A professor of languages, who prided himself on his knowledge of orthography, missed 28. It is possible that some typo may put them all up correctly. Let us see if some of our readers can detect the errors. Webster is the standard:

The most skillful gauger I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a pedler's wagon, using a mullein-stalk as an instrument of coercion, to tyrannize over his pony, shod with calks. He was a German Sadducee, and had a phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious, intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the *sobriquet* of "Gypsy," went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of peas, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitable queue, which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the capitol, to conceal her unparalleled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying, and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a couch, a bouquet of lilies, mignonette, and fuchsias, a treatise on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hieroglyphics, daguerrotypes of Mendelssohn and Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram phial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferule, clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with movable balance-wheel, a box of dominoes and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier, and a parishioner of mine, preferred a woolen surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionally-occurring idiosyncrasy), and wofully uttered this apothegm: "Life is checked; but schism, apostacy, heresy, and villainy shall be punished. The sibyl apologizingly answered: "There is ratably an allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and tri-syllabic diacresis."

THERE is quite a discussion going on, whether it is essential that champagne should be used in naming ships. THE CHURCH UNION suggests that it should *all* be used that way; we never heard of it hurting a ship.

Miscellaneous.

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"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

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The War. WE are at war with Spain. Wars are apt to be popular things. All the loose classes, who delight in change, who frequent the saloon and gather at the corners of the streets, and live from hand to mouth, these always shout for war. But the very opposite class, who love peace and hate war, the men of strong moral sense, favor this war quite largely. There is as much of rugged conscience in this war as there ever was in any war. We were prepared for it by the Armenian atrocities. Good people in America were outraged by these massacres, and equally by the callousness of the Powers. Then there appeared the very same thing on our own borders, the slaughter of the Cubans. The good people were determined that there should not be the callousness of the Powers over again. They fully recognized the enormous cost of war; that it spends vast treasure, that it sheds much blood, but treasure

and blood are to be always at the service of humanity. Spain must go. Nothing but war would make her go, for there is in Spain the combination of weakness and futility with enormous pride. It is a case of the policeman and the drunken loafer; nothing but the strong right hand will do. America has stretched forth her strong right hand.

May God prosper the right!

* * *

Too Many of Them. SPAIN must go. She has been in America for a long time, but never for its good.

One of the saddest stories of all history is the story of Spain in America. Read Froude or Kingsley or any other reliable historian of the time, and you shudder at the tale. Spain appears to have the peculiar combination of pride, bigotry, cruelty and, at that time, power, needful to make the most deplorable exhibition of herself. This is the reason why the United States commands so wide a sympathy among the best people in her very self-sacrificing interference in behalf of Cuba. The atrocities there have been so dreadful and the island is so near, that it would be inexcusable for America to wrap herself in a garment of indifference, and let the madness, which, be it remembered has lasted so long, go on.

There is an old anecdote which sets forth the whole situation admirably:

A certain Spanish knight, very poor but proud, as his birth was as high as a King's, arrived late one very dark night at an inn in France. Riding up to the entrance on his forlorn nag, he fell to battering the gate. He finally awakened the landlord, who, peering out into the night, called,

"Who is there?"

"Don Juan Pedro Hernandez Rodriguez de Velanova, Count of Malofra, Knight Santiago and Alcantara," replied the Spaniard.

"I am very sorry," shouted the landlord, "but I haven't room enough for all those gentlemen you mention." And he slammed the window and retired.

Yes, America says, there are too many of these gentlemen; they must go.

* * *

America and England. AMERICA is exceedingly fortunate in that on two most important occasions, when it was of vital interest that the very best word should be spoken, two of her citizens

met the occasion so finely. The first was the destruction of the "Maine," when Captain Sigsbee must have surely been wrought up to an overwhelming feeling, yet at the very moment indited the grand despatch, asking that judgment be withheld till the full facts were known. It is unquestionable that that despatch affected the whole future conduct of the matter and gave a tone of restraint and moderation to the American presentation of the case, which has had a commanding influence.

The second occasion was the Easter banquet at the Mansion House, in London, when Ambassador John Hay spoke in the most remarkable way the wisest and highest sentiments, couched in the most perfect language that could have been devised. We do not wonder that his words carried the staid Englishmen fairly off their feet in a quite unusual enthusiasm. We give his opening words:

"We are sometimes accused of looking after our own interests with a certain energy and pertinacity. I might say in the spirit of pride rather than contrition, that only shows what stock we are of; but this truth is incontestable, that for nearly three generations of men and in spite of constant differences, there has been peace between us and friendly regard—a peace growing more firm and solid as the years go by, and a friendship which I am sure the vast majority of both peoples hope and trust may last forever. The good understanding between us is based on something deeper than mere expediency. All who think cannot but see there is a sanction like that of religion which binds us in partnership in the serious work of the world.

"Whether we will or not, we are associated in that work by the very nature of things, and no man and no group of men can prevent it. We are bound by ties we did not forge and that we cannot break. We are joint ministers in the same sacred mission of freedom and progress, charged with duties we cannot evade by the imposition of irresistible hands."

* * *

War Problems. THE results of war, however speedily they be achieved, are going to lay upon the American people certain very difficult problems. We are not disposed to think of this as unfortunate; a man and a people alike are apt to be stronger and better for meeting and for facing difficult problems; but such a situation does call for special care and wisdom.

For one thing, freedom of Cuba is going to be an uncertain gift. Nobody wants to have Cuba seized by ourselves. We have repudiated any ambition in that direction. But on the other hand, a century of Spanish dominion, as many South American republics have borne witness, does not fit a people for immediately

capable self-government. A story is told of a Georgia man, his wife and his dog, who took their mule and traveled twenty miles so as to see, for the first time, a railroad train. When the engine went tearing by, the dog started after in full cry: "Oh! John, John," says the wife, "do you think he'll catch it?" "Maria," says John, "That isn't what's worrying me; it's what he will do with it after he does catch it." We must confess that just that is what is worrying us about freedom in Cuba. We honor the Cuban people for their frequent and heroic struggles for liberty, but we greatly question whether even the ordeal of those struggles has fitted them for using the boon of freedom after they get it.

Then too, there is no doubt that we shall be able to subdue the Spanish power in the Philippines; the naval victory gives reasonable assurance of that; but what are we going to do with them? No doubt the Philippines are rich and valuable possessions, but they are not the kind we want. We shall be like a bachelor who finds a baby; babies are precious possessions, but they are embarrassing to bachelors. We do not want to keep them, and to whom shall we give or trade them away? To set them free would be a good deal like sending out a brood of chickens among the foxes. To give them away would arouse the everlasting bitterness of the nations to whom we did not give them.

Indeed the more successful we are, the more difficult will be our position. It certainly cannot profit us not to be vigorously energetic, while it may greatly embarrass us to be so. It will require much care and great wisdom to do what we want to do, even after we have done what we have started out to do. We may well pray for wisdom to abide with the councils, as well as with the arms of our people.

* * *

In June. NATURE is on dress parade in June. She has basked long enough under the favors of her King, the Sun, to know the glories of his smile, and not yet long enough to feel his withering power. She has found "the sweet aspect of her Prince," but not yet known his "ruin." So the trees and flowers and fields go forth, and man with them, in gay attendance on the royal Presence.

Now it is good for us to remember in the midst of all this luxury, and beauty, that God made June. To think of that will give the lie to some wrong thoughts about the Lord. Here we have one side of the character of Nature's God. Here we have some things He loves, and has a use for. He who, through the Winter, knew so well how to lock up and spare, here knows as well how to scatter, almost to squander all abroad. The thrift which stored up all the wealth and beauty in December is the spendthrift who has lavished them all in June. We can learn of right saving, and we can learn of right spending if we consider in their order all

the teachings of God. There is evidently a time to save, and a time to stop saving in the plan of the Heavenly Father. He has taught our Northern lands how to deny themselves the use of all the bright and beautiful things; and now He teaches them how to take them up and rejoice in them in their season. June was never made by an ascetic God, any more than January was made by one who thought there could be no purpose in life save ease and luxury. When we read rightly the book of the revelations of the seasons, the page of Summer has written on it, that the strong Lord of life knows well when it is time to rejoice with His creatures in the luxuriance of His gifts and of His graces.

* * *

The Passing of Gladstone. THE Anglo-Saxon world has been deeply moved by word of the painful and necessarily fatal disease of Mr. Gladstone. There is an instinctive hope in human hearts that those who have done great and good work might be spared severe pain. Many had thus desired that the end of this most noble life might have been peace. It has been otherwise. And now the thousands who have known him, and the greater thousands who have not known, but yet have loved him, have looked on his sickness and suffering with deepest sympathy. To them it is pitiful, and yet most inspiring, to see the same staunch manliness and bravery, which have so often battled with labors and problems, battle patiently and persistently with pain. The people of America have greatly loved Mr. Gladstone. They will sorely miss him. In the hour of final struggle and of triumphant faith, their sympathy and their continued admiration and affection have gone out spontaneously to him.

We gratefully notice a most beautiful expression of true church union in the following call to prayer, in behalf of Mr. Gladstone, sent out by Archbishop Walsh, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin:

"Withdrawn forever from the contentions of public life, Mr. Gladstone in his present state of patient suffering attracts the sympathy not only of those who in his years of energetic public service venerated him as a political leader, but also and perhaps even more especially, of others who in public affairs were his strenuous opponents. From a respected Irish Catholic gentleman—one who felt constrained to differ widely from Mr. Gladstone in his last great projects of legislation for Ireland—the thoughtful suggestion has come to me within the last few days, that, if any opportunity presented itself, I should ask the faithful of the diocese to discharge some portion of the debt of gratitude which we owe to Mr. Gladstone by now remembering him in our prayers before the throne of mercy. I feel grateful for the suggestion. Doubtless, through this

letter, it will be the means of obtaining for our venerable benefactor of former years many fervent prayers, and, in particular, prayer that God, in whom he always trusted, may now, in his hour of suffering, be pleased to send him comfort and relief, to lighten his heavy burden, and to give him strength and patience to bear it, in so far as, in the designs of God's providence, it may have to be borne for his greater good."

* * *

Shoulder to Shoulder. THE Arab horse came down upon the British squares in Egypt like a whirlwind, and they expected to sweep everything before them. They were scattered like the chaff on the threshing floor. What was the secret of it, what was the solidifying center of the English square? That is an important question, and upon its answer depends the life and power of nations.

Was it not just mutual confidence? Was it not the feeling that this man to the right of me, and whose shoulder touches mine, and this man to the left of me, whose elbow I can feel, will stand by me to the death? Chinamen or Sepoys would lack just that, and they would have scattered as the summer chaff before that charge. It takes centuries and generations to produce this confidence; when it is produced, the nation is made and moves right on to the front.

It is an encouraging sign as to the pervading power of good influences that so fine a quality as this can sweep through all classes and make its home in common soldiers and sailors. We are wrong when we despair of carrying the finest elements of our nature through the mass of men. Often they are there when not perceived by supercilious pride of upper classes. It only needs the great occasion to bring them out, the battle, the ship-wreck. Then Jack or Tom shows the man he is, blessings on him! After all, it is the man, not the class, that is the main thing. Humanity is the great word, not Kings, nor scholars, nor millionaires. God fights His great, good battle through Men, and what is wanted is the shoulder to shoulder business. Is not church union in this very line? not to look askance at your neighbor because he likes Bishops, or adult baptism, but to know that he will stand or kneel shoulder to shoulder with you when the charge of sin comes down. Then back it rolls, as sure as God is God.

* * *

Social Uncasiness. You hear the growl of it on every hand. The remedies proposed are endless; ownership of land, single tax, income tax, inheritance tax, the suffrage, and so on to the end. Many of the suggestions offered are most valuable, and will win their way; but there is one first step that might be taken, which there seems great hesi-

tation in adopting—the abolition of the saloon. Intoxicating drink is the biggest leak in the ship, and yet in the talk of many labor reformers it is never even hinted at. A mass meeting of the disaffected classes was held in Chicago, and was addressed by Herr Most and others. One of the city dailies next day said that if these speakers were true men they would certainly have done one thing. Any one looking over that vast crowd could see at a glance that it was suffering from the drink habit—not universally, of course, but markedly. And yet not one of these speakers counseled his hearers to give up intoxicating drink. It did not appear to enter into their thought of the evils to be remedied, but it stands incontestably as the very first. There is no plan that can be devised to produce prosperity so long as the drink bill of America remains the enormous thing that it is. You may have Bellamy's "Looking Backward" in full swing, but it will not make amends for that awful waste. For it is a waste, not only of property, but, so much worse, of mind and soul. We utterly despair of anything being done for labor till labor shakes off this Man of the Mountain that bestrides her shoulders so determinedly. When he is flung off, then labor will be free of mind and soul and hand to take the next step. May the day come soon, for it is sorely needed!

* * *

Temperance Progress in England.

ONE of the leading independent papers of England—"The British Weekly"—has been making extensive inquiries as to the condition of the temperance work in that country. By soliciting correspondence from all the principal cities, and from rural districts, it has collected a wide account of local conditions, from which to gather its general conclusions. The results are on the whole distinctly encouraging. It is evident that temperance in England has not yet gone as far in government control as it has in most American States. But it is evident, too, that the probability of restrictive laws being enacted is a continually growing one. Contrary to all the reports in the American dailies, and in the prominent English newspapers, these investigations would seem to indicate that the Liberal party was not being weakened but rather strengthened by its recent endeavor towards temperance reform, when it adopted local veto, what we call Local Option, as a clause in its platform.

What this paper finds to be the greatest obstacles to temperance progress in England may be instructive to us who are interested in the same question in America. The greatest difficulties come, surprisingly, from the following two sources: First from the temperance workers themselves; second from the churches. Indeed the "British Weekly" says that the most discouraging feature of its examination is that in all drink manu-

facturing regions the churches are wholly inactive. So many large distillers and brewers, and so many workmen in these works are still in the churches that in such places the church influence seems to be the wrong way.

The temperance workers seem to have injured the cause which they have started out to advance. First, "by extravagant language, which has alienated public sympathy," especially by extreme bitterness of language, used towards those who are not prohibitionists, and an unwillingness to unite with such in any temperance effort. Second, by disregard of what is politically and practicably possible and expedient at any one time and place.

In spite of these elements of weakness in the home of its friends there is noted a wide-spread and growing interest in this question, and in many places a genuine enthusiasm for the cause. The temperance movement in England is younger, and has been of slower growth than in America, but it is possible that at just this time there is more real energy and activity in temperance work there than there is in most places in our own land.

* * *

No Darkness at All.

SOME things seem dark. The progress of God's truth appears slow; the toiling millions have heavy burdens; sickness claims its constant revenue of sorrow; children die in vast multitudes; some races are not far removed from the animal; tyrants lay their heavy hands on nations; ignorance prevails; even enlightened America has had to try the dreadful ordeal of war. Hastily we may cry that it is all dark.

Can we ever be sufficiently thankful that in one direction there is absolutely no darkness at all. Towards God, towards His holy will, righteousness, goodness, purity, peace, in this direction all is perfect light. In the line of duty, of loving service, all is clear. In the way of personal growth and progress there is nothing but light. Every step we take is into the light. Every attainment is a joy.

God, that one word holds it all. His serene majesty, in its final expression, is effulgent glory. His love is an ocean of light. It is fathomless, boundless, as unlimitedly vast as His very nature. Guided by as great a wisdom, it has yet to make its first mistake. There is no sufficient reason for a vast world save power, there is no sufficient reason for a vast, well-ordered world but intelligent power; there is no sufficient reason for a vast world moving with a kindly aim, towards truth and goodness, but intelligent and benevolent power, and that is God. And in Him there is no darkness at all.

Yes there are clouds, but rise up far enough and

there are none. Clouds mean limitation; the fullness is serene.

What we need is to turn our weary gaze this way. We are always looking too low. Look higher! We want enlargement. There are plenty of things to contract us; plenty of well-meaning things; we want to fling them off. For one who is hurt by any sin, another can be found who is hurt by this subtle, chief sin, unbelief. The teachers, even, harm us here; it is seldom they rejoice enough, or let us do it. They look too low, and so lead us where we do not need to be led at all. He will really help us who will still cry, "Look higher!" If we look high enough, all darkness is gone, there is one universal blaze of pellucid light. Why cannot we always pitch our tabernacle there, in that very blaze of glory? This thing may rightly be spoken of only in superlatives. In this song there is not a single minor strain. Happy, indeed happy, is he who hears it, amid all the din and discord of the time. It is the final, full Hallelujah Chorus of the Worlds.

* * *

Theological Stock Watering. To make good stock worthless no scheme of villainy has been found more effective than what is popularly known as watering the stock. To make a genuine substratum of good stock bear the heavy, perhaps overpowering, burden of a great mass of new issues, and then watch it all, bad and good, go down together is an exciting, if not novel, jobbing operation. No scheme of robbery has taken so much from the proceeds of honest investments, and done so much to lower the rate of wages as this has done.

And we wonder if the world of theological ideas has not suffered from the same methods, and almost in an equal measure. Theology starts with a firm basis of sensible and helpful and practical teachings. No more solid stock of fervent and true ideas was ever issued than the sayings of the Sermon on the Mount, or the teachings of the parables of the Saviour. These are very valuable, very productive. They are way above par in the demand that there is for them in human life, and human nature. Then some dogmatic theologian comes along. He takes this first-class stock of fundamental religious truth, and he proceeds to elaborate it out. We can imagine no picture of his operation more perfect than the operator swelling out his issues with watered stock. He makes the simple, valuable thoughts of God's love, and mercy, and forgiveness in Jesus Christ, of God's overruling providence and plan for the world in his Holy Spirit, bear the burdens of such different issues—doctrines of predestination, preterition, ruin in the Fall, solidity of the race in Adam's sin, creationism, traducianism, Apostolic succession and sacramentarianism. The dogmas are endless. The Apostles themselves would not know what the Greek

words for them meant if they were suddenly sprung on them. Indeed, we have the whole mass of dogmatic theology in contrast to New Testament theology hanging like a dead weight on the pure, and beautiful, and simple Gospel.

The result is inevitable, as inevitable as the analogical result of which we first have spoken. All the stock is in danger of going down together. People reject the arrogance of priests, or the foolishness of transubstantiation, and they think they have nothing left of the blessing of Christ, or the love of God. They go away disgusted from some confession of faith, or thirty-nine articles, or damnatory clause in an Athanasian creed, and they think that they have turned away from Christianity and the Gospel. That has been the real case in history. Now we have no slightest objection to dogmatic theology, if it is taught as dogmatic theology, but we earnestly protest against it when it is taught as Christianity or religion. It has no business to usurp that position. Let us make it clear that the simple truths and helpful teachings of the Scriptures stand on their own ground, and by themselves, that the interpretation of them by systems stands on its own ground, and it is a very different one. We are willing, and glad to receive the later issues, if they have value in themselves, but we do not intend to let them dilute or destroy by their foolishness or falsity the value of the Christ-life, and Christ-word.

* * *

Offering Idols. DR. SCHAFF, in the paper prepared for the Parliament of Religions, wrote, "Every denomination must offer its idol on the altar of reunion." Well, who will begin? Our Baptist friends have the honor of making the start at their Congress in Chicago. Presbyterians seem about willing to take a short, simple creed. Can our Episcopal brethren come down a bit about orders, and Apostolical succession, and draw a little nearer to the rest? It must be cold out there. And can the Methodists not enjoy their "Amen" within the one fold as well as outside? We know we must give each other a little time; but we must not wait too long or the people will be beginning to shove. It is recorded that when Daniel Webster was publicly received at New York, the line defiled before him to shake hands. One old countryman relished the thing immensely. As he drew near the great man, Webster gave him a very cordial handshake, and said, "How are you, sir?" The old man braced himself and replied that he was pretty well with the exception of rheumatism, and then went into the intricacies of the complaint. But when he had talked about three minutes, there came one tremendous shove that sent him whizzing along like a comet. We hope the sects will not wait too long. The multitude is weary of waiting.

Too Fine by Half. POPULAR sayings are packed with wisdom. The one with which we have headed this note often expresses a most certain truth. Thomas Fuller, the old Puritan divine, once said, "I have seen an indenture too fairly engrossed; for the writer had so filled it with flourishes that it hindered my reading thereof. The wantonness of his pen made a new alphabet, and I was subject to mistake the flourishes of his pen for new letters." For the purpose of reading, not flourishes, but plainness is what is wanted.

It is so with other things. Churches which are so finely fitted that people are afraid to have the children in them for children's day exercises, and we have heard of such Churches,—these are too fine by half. Or, if they be too fine to tolerate a poorly dressed man within them, then their fineness is anything but a glory unto God. The common saying that nothing is too fine to consecrate to the House of God is not true; that thing is too fine for such a purpose which in any way causes us to regard more carefully the materials and condition of God's house than we do the human souls that worship God within the House. If we can have marble and silk and carved oak with never a care who sits on them or walks over them, so let it be; but if these tend to make us choice as to those that use them, then they are too fine, very much too fine, for us to use in churches.

We pass on earnest words spoken by a Roman Catholic priest, Father Ducey. If there is any truth in them, and who will dare to say that there is not, they should be laid very deeply to heart.

"What do we see in so-called Christian churches of this nineteenth century? Professing Christians, guided by a preacher, form a sort of society, a religious club, which they call a church. They become so exclusive that the honest, decent poor are driven by them to humbler chapels. Is it not clear, on the face of such facts, that humble, intelligent, educated persons, poor in pocket, as well as their less favored brethren in education, equally poor, must accept the decree of excommunication which these rich would-be Christians pronounce against them?

"This churchanity means the rejection of God's true teachings, and an attempt of the gold kings to corner Christianity and make a religious trust."

It is the same in our lives. That thing is too fine, no matter how simple it may be, which really separates us in sympathies and feelings from our fellow-men, or blinds us to the exceeding and transcending glory of the heavenly Kingdom. If the glories even of a King are such that he does not recognize or appreciate his glory as a man, then are they too fine for him; he were far better without them all. If the things with which we surround ourselves by our money are so

fine that they have absorbed us, and we have but little respect, and less understanding, for the high thinking which may accompany plain living, then are the things about us too fine for our truest manhood. An old German proverb says that the good is the greatest enemy of the best. It is so with these fine things of the world; good they may be, but our greatest enemies they surely are, if they blind our vision, or dull our powers, so that we do not see, or seeing do not aspire to attain to, the very best things of character, of service, and of life.

* * * *

Disappointments. We are often disappointed because our privileges are not up to our desires. But many of our disappointments come from the fact that our desires are not up to our privileges. We get better than we asked for, and being unable to appreciate it, we are almost as disappointed as if we had altogether failed in our asking. We are like the London horse jockey, who bought a "Life of Petrarch," thinking it to be an account of a famous race-horse of that name, whose complaints afterwards went widely abroad, because, as he said, it was all about a "blooming poet." The man was up to horses in his desires, but not up to poets.

We complain for lack of pictures on our walls when God has given us landscapes outside them. We complain for lack of pudding when God has given us bread. We are greatly afflicted in our lack of advantages for music when God has given us the birds, the winds, the waters. We are vexed because we cannot get hold of the latest novel, while Shakspeare and the Bible lie upon our table. Indeed a vast deal of our lacking is not in respect of things which we do not have, but in respect of things which we have, and have had always. We have lacked the grace to appreciate them and be thankful. The trouble is that we have been treated too well by the heavenly Father; He has ever given us better than we called for—too good, indeed; so good that we have not been wise enough to know its value. We are disappointed in life because the Lord has been too generous and too merciful.

Now the way out of such disappointment is very clear. The trouble is all within; let us grow up to the privileges which we have. Let us feed off the table that is spread before us. As some one else has said: "Let us keep in the middle of our pasture, which is indeed wide and rich; let us not stand straining the neck over into another field which is, perhaps, not half so well furnished with fodder." This will make us far more desirable company, both for ourselves and for others. It may bring some of our best gifts out of those things in which we have been most grievously disappointed.

A Needed Reconciliation. THE contention of THE CHURCH UNION is that one of the chief hindrances to the coming, and the speedy coming of the Kingdom, is the divisions of Christians. Sectarianism is responsible for many of these divisions; therefore we pray for the death of sectarianism. But there are still others. One of these is the division between the workers and the thinkers. This is a very pronounced and very bad division. Mr. Moody may be taken as perhaps the best specimen of the workers; the liberal professors in our colleges and theological seminaries represent a large class of the thinkers. The fire between the two is sometimes quite hot. Mr. Moody will occasionally let the Professors know that they are almost infidels; perhaps the Professors think, if they do not say, that Mr. Moody does not know much anyway. But Mr. Moody knows enough to profoundly impress a great mass of his fellow-men; and the Professors love the Lord Jesus Christ, and fully intend to serve Him by their investigations in the whole field of religion. The workers and the thinkers ought to be the very best of friends; but often they are grievously sundered.

Two men approach one of those wonders of human skill which we call a railway. The one is in rough raiment, with horny hands. He tells how this great thing could never have been made but for him; he leveled the bed, laid the sleepers, nailed the rails, and having done all this, put together the engine that thunders over the road, devouring space as it goes. The second man is well-dressed, with soft hands, a good forehead and a bright eye, and he says that he invented the locomotive, upon which the whole thing depends, that he discovered the application of steam to the propulsion of vehicles, that he laid out and engineered the course of the road over hill and valley, that without him the thing would have been an impossibility. And both are right; it was by the combination of both that the great feat has been accomplished.

This comparison perfectly illustrates the relation of the thinkers and the workers in the matter of religion. Both are absolutely essential. If they quarrel, the Kingdom will not come, or come but at snail's pace; if they heartily join hands, it will come with power. Who will speak the grand word that will unite these sundered brothers? Will not the inbreathed Spirit of Jesus speak that word, and make the workers honor the thinkers, and the thinkers love the workers?

* * *

IN BRIEF.

The ethical systems of the Pagan world were essentially aristocratic; but the Gospel appealed with peculiar power to the ignorant and degraded. The power of this appeal under existing conditions cannot be

overestimated. In it is to be found one of the chief causes of the rapid spread of the Gospel, and of the tremendous hold it took of the world. New ideals, new hopes, new visions, were opened to the common people, who had never had any share in the delights of philosophy, and whose existence had been circumscribed by the rounds of their daily toil. How much it must have meant to such as they, to be told that there was a larger life open to them, that they were not mere slaves of circumstance, but children of God, entitled to share in blessings and glories of infinite richness and worth. It is not to be wondered at that the Gospel proved itself a power for the conversion of multitudes, especially from the lower classes of society.—McGiffert.

* * *

Many towns in Spain have bull-rings and no school. This will tell on the war. In Spain a little while ago there were a hundred bull-rings and twelve savings-banks, and that will tell on the war. Banks are better than bull-rings in war.

* * *

There are tens of thousands who are suffering from ennui, from three meals a day and a sleep at night, and no more; from dozing in easy-chairs and smoking cigarettes, and reading fiction. There is no machine that rusts so quickly as a man, and there is no machine that is in so bad shape when it is rusty.

* * *

Rev. B. Fay Mills retires from the Presbyterian ministry. It is too bad, this separating business. Every sect ought to be wide enough to hold every man who loves the Lord Jesus Christ, as we are sure Mr. Mills does. Of course it should; what else is it for? And to be called upon to leave it for some miserable commandment or doctrine of men is just mortifying to all parties—those who go and those who stay. When will we learn to accept every man whom Christ accepts? We have enough in all our sects whom Christ does not accept at all; but they stay in.

* * *

The "Springfield Republican," one of our best publications, speaks words that are worthy of most serious attention: "Were Jesus living in the world to-day, what would be thought of Him? He would no more be welcome in the churches which are called by his name than He was in the synagogues of His Father's faith; He would be no more welcome to the men who are seeking their profit out of their fellows' necessities than He was to the rich men of Jerusalem. For now as then, the instrumentalities of the world are against the thing He lived to proclaim—the freedom and faith of mankind found in love alone."

* * *

Dogmas instead of character; pills and theories in place of wholesome living—see the histories of theology and medicine, passim.

Why do you complain of your organization? Your soul was in a hurry, and made a rush for a body. There are patient spirits that have waited from eternity and never found parents fit to be born of.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

* * *

The monks chose female saints, the nuns, male; wives and husbands would have been simpler.

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THE COMMUNION OF THE SAINTS.

PROF. CHARLES A. BRIGGS, D.D.

ACCORDING to the usage of Holy Scripture the saints are those who have been consecrated to the sacred service of God, and are therefore in various stages of advancement in conformity to the image of the holy God. In some passages, the saints are those who constitute the communion existing at the time in the organism of the kingdom of God on earth. In others, the saints are those who have passed into the better life beyond the grave. In others, the saints are the holy angels. In still others, the saints comprehend the whole body of consecrated beings, mankind and angels, organized as the Church of God under the headship of the Lord Christ.

In this article I propose to consider the communion that is common to the saints, both the living and the dead.

(1) All the saints share in communion with "the one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all." (Eph. 4:6.) God is the one Father of all the saints living and dead. Paul, in the full assurance of this conviction, bows his knees "unto the Father from whom every family in heaven and on earth is named." (Eph. 3:14-15.) The saints in heaven as well as the saints on earth are organized in a great number of different families, and these families are all organized under the one Father, God; and so all alike share in common in God's fatherhood, and also by necessary implication in a brotherhood, every one with all the others. In this relation of brotherhood between the living and the dead, as co-members of the family of God the Father, is necessarily involved a communion in all the common interests of God's family. That part of the family, which has departed this life and gone into the more advanced life of the world beyond, cannot forget the family remaining behind in this world. Their kinship in the divine grace necessarily involves

a community of interest, of love, of service, of prayer, and of worship.

(a) In the Apocalypse of the Seals, the martyrs, who had been slain for the testimony that they gave, are represented as praying: "How long, O Master, the holy and the true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth." They are informed that "they should rest yet for a little while until their fellow servants also and their brethren, who should be killed even as they were, should have fulfilled their course." (Rev. 6:9-11.) It is hardly conceivable that these saints could fail to intercede in heaven on behalf of their fellow sufferers, still enduring the trials of earth. It is extremely improbable that they would pray for vengeance on the common enemies of the kingdom, and at the same time neglect to pray for those still enduring suffering from those common enemies. In the Apocalypse of the Trumpets "the prayers of all the saints" are represented as ascending before God in the smoke of the incense out of the angel's hand on the altar of incense before the throne of God in heaven. (Rev. 8:2-6.) This is a parallel scene to the previous one, and this parallelism favors the opinion that these saints are the heavenly ones, even if we think that the earthly are included with them.

(b) Christ our Saviour in heaven interposes on behalf of the earthly saints, and the divine Spirit makes intercession "with groanings which cannot be uttered." (Rom. 8:26-27.) It is extremely improbable that the saints who have gained an entrance into heaven, and are in the presence of the Saviour, will fail to bow before the throne of grace with their Saviour and the divine Spirit in common intercession for the saints on earth. It seems inconceivable that Peter or Paul or John or any other of the apostles or martyrs would fail to intercede in the company of Christ for the Church on earth. We cannot suppose that the crisis of death could destroy the interest of the martyrs in the Church for which they suffered and died, or that they can cease to pray for it after they have gone into the realm of light, where they are in a situation to pray more earnestly and more effectively. Christ, when He interposes before the divine throne, does not interpose alone: but He interposes at the head of the entire communion of the saints, whom He has redeemed in heaven and washed with His precious blood. That holy company "who follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth" (Rev. 14:4), follow Him in His intercession likewise. The saints on earth commune with the saints in heaven, by sharing in their intercessory prayers. We may be sure that when the saints on earth intercede at the throne of grace, the saints in heaven are interceding with them, Christ the Lord at their head, and the divine Spirit energizing all the intercession.

(c) The children of the heavenly family have all the great interests of the family in common, but there is one special interest in which they share in a peculiar sense. All the children of God's family have received the grace of adoption into the family of God, when first they were regenerated; but there still remains a fuller and richer adoption which comes first with the redemption of our body at the resurrection. (Rom. 8:22-25.) For this adoption, this full, this complete redemption, when we are all to be conformed to the image of God's Son (Rom. 8:29), all the saints, living

and dead alike, wait in the patience of hope, praying together and longing together for it. The whole body of the saints, the one body of Christ in heaven and on earth, commune together in this one most blessed hope and calling.

(2) All the saints share in the communion of the one Lord Jesus Christ our Saviour. "He is the head of the body the Church." "It was the good pleasure of the Father that in Him should all the fulness dwell; and through Him to reconcile all things unto Himself having made peace through the blood of His Cross; through Him whether things upon the earth, or things in the heavens." (Col. 1: 18-20.) The redemptive work of Christ embraces heavenly beings, and all are organized in one redeemed Church under His headship. All the redeemed commune in all the redemptive work of Christ; His flesh and blood is their common, life-giving food. They commune in gratitude to Him, in love to Him, in loyalty to Him, in obedience to Him, in the worship of Him. No one of His redeemed, wherever he may be, can be absent from that communion, when before the glorified Redeemer "every knee bows in heaven and on earth and under the earth," and "every tongue confesses that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. (Phil. 2: 9-11.)

(a) The Apocalypse of the Seals describes the entrance of our Lord into heaven at the time of His ascension. He is received by all heaven with new songs. First the Cherubim and the Elders take up the song, then millions of angels; finally "every created thing which is in heaven and on earth and under the earth, and on the sea and all things therein" sing:

"Unto him that sitteth on the throne and unto the Lamb
The blessing and the honor and the glory and the dominion unto
the ages of the ages."—(Rev. 5: 13.)

The whole body of the saints in heaven and on earth share in the adoration of the Lamb. Whenever and wherever the saints on earth adore the Son of God, they know that the saints in heaven are in communion with them in that adoration.

(b) All alike have been washed and sanctified by His saving blood. All alike share in his redemptive work for the salvation of men. Every saint shares in a measure in the work of salvation. The angels are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation. (Heb. 1: 14.) The saints on earth are all engaged in the working out their own salvation and in the salvation of their fellow-men. It is extremely improbable that the saints in heaven are excluded from this work. We may not be able to know precisely what work they are doing. But we may be sure that they are praying for the salvation of men even more fervently and perseveringly than when here on the earth, and especially for their kindred and friends. We may be sure that, as there is joy among the angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is still greater joy among the saints, especially when that penitent sinner is one of their own kindred and personal friends, for whom they have long been praying. Even if there is no personal and direct ministry of salvation that they may do on earth, there may yet be an indirect ministry through the instrumentality of the ministering angels. We may be justified in thinking that a considerable amount of gracious influence restraining us from sin, impeding and preventing wrong-doing, guidance in critical hours, incitement to virtue and good deeds, comes from the ministry of sal-

vation of our departed friends. The saints on earth may know that when they are engaged in the work of saving mankind, the prayers and the activities of all heaven are engaged with them in this most blessed employment which is nearest to the sacred heart of Jesus, and the supreme object for which He gives His most precious blood.

(c) The saints on earth and the saints in heaven have all alike been washed and sanctified by the blood of Christ; but they have yet to attain as a common goal the full conformity to His holy image. Paul states that his one aim after death, as before death, would be to be well-pleasing to Christ. (2 Cor. 5: 9.) So all the saints in this life and in the other life have this common ambition, they commune together in this one aim, they pray and hope and strive together for its attainment. Every one, whether in this world or the other, who has his hope fixed upon the pure and holy Christ, purifies himself as Christ is pure. (1 Jo. 3: 3.) This communion in aim involves a communion in prayer. Every saint as he prays and works that the entire Church may become the pure, spotless and glorious bride of Christ (Eph. 5: 27); so he prays and works that he himself may become pure and perfect, and that every saint that he knows may become pure and perfect. This implies that our departed friends pray for our purity and perfection, and that we also should pray for their purity and perfection.

(3) All saints share in the communion of the one Spirit. "For in one Spirit were we all baptized into one body." (1 Cor. 12: 13.)

(a) The whole Christian body is conceived as a holy temple, whose corner stone is Christ, whose foundations are apostles and prophets, and whose several buildings are composed of all Christians who are living stones of a living and growing building, inhabited by God in the Spirit. (Eph. 2: 20-22.) Inasmuch as this temple is an everliving and evergrowing temple, and all its parts are living and growing, and the whole is an organism of life animated by the divine Spirit, it evidently comprehends all the dead as well as the living. As Christ did not cease to be the corner stone when He died, but as the living and reigning Christ is the corner stone yesterday, to-day and forever, so the apostles and prophets who first founded the Christian Church did not cease to be the foundations when they died. Living in heaven with Christ they are the living foundation now as ever. So every Christian who has once been built into this holy temple remains a living stone after death as before death. In this temple of all saints living and dead there is a communion of origin in the birth of the Spirit in whom each one has access to God; there is a communion in life through the constant impartation of vital energy by the divine Spirit who inhabits every individual saint (1 Cor. 3: 16-17), as well as the whole organism; and there is a communion in growth, for the whole body grows with the growth of the individual members of the body. The communion of the saints is therefore in the entire activity of the divine Spirit in the Church.

(b) The divine Spirit, as the personal possession of each individual saint, is also the personal advocate, counselor, guide and friend of every one. But He is not only the personal advocate, He is the common advocate. The unity of the saints is therefore a unity of the Spirit (Eph. 4: 3), which we are to carefully guard

and maintain. The communion of the saints is in the one holy, catholic and apostolic Church. But this Church is not confined to this earth. The Church is chiefly in heaven, where Christ is, and where are all the foundations and much the largest part of its structure. The communion of the saints therefore consists largely in maintaining the unity of the Church in this world with the Church in the other world—a unity of organization, a unity of worship, a unity of doctrine, and a unity of holy life. However important unity with the Church on earth may be, unity with the heavenly Church is more important still. However valuable continuity with the historic Churches of organized Christianity in this world may be, continuity with the real living historic Church in the heavens is vastly more important. This is what the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews had in mind when he wrote:

“Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to innumerable hosts of angels, to the general assembly and Church of the first born who are enrolled in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of a new covenant and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better than that of Abel.” (Heb. 12: 22-24.)

This communion is to be attained by a constant use of the Holy Spirit, both in His activity in the institutions of organic Christianity in this world and in His personal activity in the life of the individual; and furthermore in that access to God and Christ and heaven which He affords to those who learn to know Him and live in Him.

(4) The communion of all saints in God the Father, in Christ the Son, and in the Holy Spirit the advocate, involves also the communion of all saints with all others, in various measures in accordance with knowledge one of another. It involves a ministry of every body of the saints for all other bodies. Thus the Church has a ministry to the angels. The manifold wisdom of God is made known unto the principalities and powers in the heavenly places through the Church. (Eph. 3: 10.) The departed saints, the heavenly Church, have a ministry to the angelic saints. We have seen that the heavenly Church has also a ministry of intercession and of service for the earthly Church. So also the saints on earth have a ministry to perform with reference to the departed saints.

There is an unreasonable prejudice among most Protestants against prayers for the dead. This prejudice practically destroys communion with the saints in the other world. But the practice of prayers for the dead goes back to the most primitive times among the Christians, and still earlier among the Jews, and all antiquity is in its favor.

(a) If there is any progress in holiness for our friends who have gone into the blessed life, it is a privilege and it is a duty for us to pray for them that they may make that progress in the divine grace. Such prayer for the departed friends is a wholesome religious exercise, which enables us in a simple and natural way to commune with them. As we pray for their advancement we feel reasonably certain that they are joining with us in prayer for our mutual advancement. Since my attention has been called to the matter, I have observed a considerable amount of such prayer for the dead unconsciously, yet logically and no less

truly offered, in funeral addresses and prayers, even among the most radical Protestants.

(b) In the most ancient Christian liturgies prayer for the dead is a part of the liturgy of the Holy Communion. It was rightly felt that in this most holy communion in the body and blood of our Lord, the departed, as well as the living, share. Where are the departed so likely to meet in communion with their living friends as at the altar-table of the Lord? There is the place above all others where the prayers of the living and the dead mingle in holy communion.

Those who regard the sacrificial feast of the Lord's Supper as a sacrifice offered up afresh by the priest at each celebration, naturally think that the sacrifice is there offered for the living and the dead alike. The practice of sacrifice for the dead goes back at least to the time of the Maccabees; for Judas and his army offered sin-offerings for their companions in arms who had died on the field of battle with the contamination of idols attached to them. (2 Mac. 12: 39-45.) If the dead are in need of a sacrifice for their atonement, there is the best of reasons for making that sacrifice. If the Roman Catholic view of the sacrifice of the mass be correct, then the dead need that sacrifice as truly as the living; and it is in the very nature of the holy communion at the altar of the Lord, that the dead should share with the living in all its benefits.

From the point of view of those who deny that the Holy Communion is a propitiatory sacrifice, they may still think that in the Holy Communion prayers for the dead should mingle with prayers for the living saints in all the relations that are proper to this communion in the body and blood of our Lord.

(c) Paul speaks of the custom, in the early period when the first epistle to the Corinthians was written, of Christians baptizing themselves in behalf of the dead. (1 Cor. 15: 29.) This practice was a natural one in the transition from Judaism to Christianity in the apostolic age; but it seems to have early passed out of use, probably because of the prayers for the dead attached to the Lord's Supper. But the practice implies a religious activity of the living Christian in behalf of the dead which could hardly have taken place without prayers for the dead. It is difficult to conceive of baptism for the dead without prayers for the dead.

(d) A Christian who thinks that the initial stage of salvation must begin in this world before death, will limit his prayers for the dead to their growth in grace and holiness; but a Christian who thinks that salvation may begin after death, will naturally extend his prayers so as to include the conversion and regeneration of the dead. In his prayers for the dead, each Christian will make his practice of prayer conform in a measure at least to his theory of salvation.

Thus prayer for the dead is a privilege and a duty for all who practice prayer for the living; and sacrifice for the dead is a duty for all who practice sacrifice for the living. The dead saints and the living saints are so united in one holy communion that in all religious activities, all saints share alike.

It is of exceeding importance, for the future welfare of ourselves and of mankind, that the doctrine of the communion of saints should be more thoroughly studied and the practice of the communion of saints more devoutly practiced.

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CHRISTIANITY AND ITS MILLSTONE.— PART II. CHRISTIANITY.

REV. JAMES M. WHITON, Ph.D.

ENOUGH for the millstone. But what is that buoyant reality of Christianity which the millstone has never been able permanently to submerge? A mind not preoccupied with theories, or, as Festus said to St. Paul, by much learning turned to madness, would naturally go at once to the fountain head, and seek its truest representative in Christ Himself. What He exhibits is neither documents nor dogmas, but a certain quality of life, a peculiar spirit, a singular consciousness of spiritual unity with God, in a life of sympathy with all men and the Father of all,—an inward bent to express that consciousness in conduct both filial to the Highest and fraternal to the lowest. This is what Jesus both exemplified and inculcated. This, then, is Christianity. It is not a theological scheme, but a human life, so ideally human as to be Divine.

Thou seemest human and divine;
The holiest, holiest manhood thou.

But this is too arduous; men demand an easier religion. It is easier for "Holy Willie" to believe a creed than to cultivate a character. So, as at Rome a *bambino*, or doll Christ, is carried in processions, formularies of doctrine were early substituted for the Christ life, and the world was made to regard these as constituting Christianity. Hence the old and long divorce of religion from morality, and the ever recurring protest against it, most conspicuous in the Reformation period, most recent in the Ethical Culture societies. Science has exposed the imposture, has forced "the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that have been made, that those things which are not shaken may remain." Hence the growing recognition of real, in distinction from formal and fictitious Christianity, as consisting in the Christ-like character of an unselfish and benevolent life. Even in those churches that most insist upon the ancient formularies this truer idea is spreading, as evinced by their growing regard to character as the proper test of fitness in applicants for membership.

But inveterate error is long in dying. Science herself, though the result of her warfare has been in the interest of real as against unreal Christianity, has not yet wholly escaped the illusion that lurks in such a word as "supernatural." In their antipathy to "supernatural religion" her votaries are not all reconciled to the Christianity which their labors have effectively befriended. But plainly enough, if real Christianity consists, as above described, in cultivating the spirit and imitating the conduct of Christ toward God and men, through moral sympathy with Him, this does not at all depend on whether one believes or disbelieves that all the "supernatural" things related about Him are historical facts. The moral indifference to Him, which excuses itself by objecting to the historicity of those things perpetrates a most illogical argument.

It may surely be conceded for a moment that the term "supernatural" may be used in a rational, as well as in an irrational sense. One may say then, that Christianity is a certain sense a supernatural religion. But in what sense? It has been usual to say, because attested by miracles; and science admits no miracles. Avoiding the temptation to digress upon this, let us

keep to the main point; the thing to be attested needs to be distinguished from the particular attestation exhibited. If this has the effect of the millstone, it is not indispensable; it must be exchanged for something less depressing. *The question returns, In *what* sense is Christianity a supernatural religion? And the answer gives further illustration to the salient fact already noted in reference to the controversy about the inspiration of the Bible. The present modifications of religious thought are not parting with the old beliefs, but with old reasons for them, and old definitions of them. The objection to miracles is not an objection to the supernatural itself, but rather to a particular conception of it and to a particular proof of it.

Present day questions as to the reality of the supernatural go to the root of a variety of branch questions, *e. g.*, concerning inspiration, revelation, prophecy, prayer, miracles, etc., and touch the central interests of religious thought. Its reality has been based on certain traditional grounds, *viz.*: the intervention of Divine power on critical occasions to change the course of events by miracles, and special Divine communications enabling prophets to make truthful predictions of events. And so that confusion of thought which fails to distinguish between things and definitions of them and reasons for believing them, continually asserts that in discarding miracles the supernatural is discarded. But this is because the traditional idea of the supernatural has been that of an external power, occasionally interfering with a push or a check to alter the course of events in the natural order of the world, so as to rescue its friends and punish its enemies. This idea has certainly vanished from all leading minds. But in its place has come the nobler idea of a power resident at the very centre of the natural order, whose control is so perfect as to forbid the thought of interference. All that has been superseded is a certain misconception of what the supernatural is. Belief in the reality of the controlling power, to which the name "supernatural" has been given, is as firmly grounded as ever. Professor Royce, one of the most acute of modern thinkers, declares himself "one of those students whom a more modern and rational skepticism has put in general very much out of sympathy with many of what seem to me the unessential accidents of religious tradition as represented in the historical faith." But he goes on to say: "I am certainly disposed to insist that what the faith of our fathers has genuinely meant by God, is, despite all the blindness and all the unessential accidents of religious tradition, identical with the inevitable outcome of a reflective philosophy."† Evolutionary science, revealing the universe as a vast and complicated toil of machinery instead of the simple handwork of the traditional view, has only multiplied the evidence of a controlling mind. Surely it is a monstrous fallacy to fancy that one discards the supernatural, when he discards a false for a true definition of it and contestable evidence for incontestable. The skepticism which exults, or the faith that laments over such a change, if not purblind, must be set down as puerile.

The millstone in this case is the word "supernatural" itself, so identified with an irrational idea as to

* See Dr. E. A. Abbott's remarkable book, "The Spirit on the Waters," an argument for a non-miraculous Christianity.

† "The Conception of God," pp. 49-50.

require a substitute less liable to the inveterate misunderstanding. It suggests that the controlling power is not resident in nature but external to it, like an engineer outside of his engine. Aristotle thought better of it when he compared the working of nature to a shipwright fashioning timber from the inside. As the spirit of man controls his body from within, so is the power which works through nature an indwelling, not an outside, power. Spencer's conclusion, that the infinite and eternal energy, whence all things proceed, is identical with the power that wells up within us in the form of consciousness, is quite in line with many affirmations of Scripture. Spiritual, not supernatural, is its preferable designation.

Since Darwin's epoch-making books appeared, we have been exchanging the old notion of the Creator's work as a direct fabrication of things external to himself for the idea of a self-existent aboriginal life giving birth to a progressive series of forms and organisms. This change in the conception of Creation necessitates a corresponding change in the conception of Revelation. Theological theory must improve with the theories of the other sciences. The suspicion that the evolutionist was eliminating the Creator by teaching that creation is not wrought out of hand and immediately by an almighty fiat, but mediated through the gradual processes of a slowly ascending life, has died away. A similar suspicion is now prevalent that any supreme spiritual authority recognizable as such is eliminated, if we accept the evolutionary conception of Revelation as a birth of thought within the mind, rather than a communication of knowledge from above. But the suspicion has no valid ground for those who have seen biology succeed in replacing the "carpenter theory" of creation, by the idea of a progressively unfolding life. They expect to see the scribe-and-pen theory of Revelation as a transference of information from an outside God give way in turn to the idea of a progressive unfolding of man's consciousness of the immanent God, as both pivot and power of every wheel of human life. Nor is the gain to valid reason less in the latter case than in the former. A world-control is more cogently evinced in the climactic advance of world-evolution than in sporadic miracles. So is a spiritual authority best evidenced not in a stereotyped book, but in the steadily increasing volume of the experiences of earnest seekers after God in the witness borne in their deepest consciousness to the consciousness of God expressed by Jesus Christ.

But here we discover the underlying interest of the whole controversy about the Bible in particular and the supernatural in general. It is a moral interest; therefore the questions that grow out of it are so stubbornly disputed by those that are concerned for the foundations of morality. What is the ultimate authority in morals and religion? This is the radical and many-branching question of modern theology. Is each individual a law unto himself? or is there one lawgiver and judge, to whom all are accountable? Our social order is doubtless grounded in a common belief in a Divine Judge, who awards inevitable retributions according to men's deserts. Certain traditional grounds for that belief have been weakened by modern criticism. Miraculous acts of judgment, in which God was believed to have destroyed a world of sinners with a flood and the cities of the Dead Sea plain with a fiery

rain, are discovered to have been purely natural events. Biblical declarations, formerly accepted without question, are now held subject to revision and correction from other sources of knowledge. Hence some feel alarm lest the foundations of the social order be subverted in this apparent repudiation of the long recognized authority. We must observe, as before, that the house does not necessarily go with the lot on which it stands. The river has eaten into the bluff; the house must be moved back to safe ground. It is not the old belief that is giving way, but some old reasons for it, and the unthinking must be summoned to reflect that a fact is not disproved when a particular proof offered for it is ruled out of court.

What then is the ultimate seat of authority? Can it be any thing that has existed for only a short time, and a limited area of man's abode upon the earth? Neither church nor Bible can be that authority to which Jesus and the men of God who lived before Him appealed before church or Bible existed. Morality and Religion, inseparable in the thought of Jesus and His fore-runners, originally grew out of man's consciousness, however dim it may have been, of his relationship to a spiritual and eternal world. Church and Bible are simply reservoirs, as it were, in which the long-flowing current of this consciousness has accumulated its diverse experiences. Fed thence in after time this consciousness has been, but the reservoir is not its spring. The reservoir may perish, but the spring will flow as ever. That spring, as seen in Moses and in Jesus, is in an inward apprehension of the Divine Spirit, as akin to the human and in immediate converse with it. We moderns sometimes reproduce the experience of prehistoric man, when we retreat from the city's din to commune in silence with the Spirit in Nature, and feel "a Presence in the pathless woods," as Adam is said to have heard the voice of Jehovah "among the trees of the garden, in the cool of the day." Such was the early dawn of revelation in this primitive awaking of consciousness to communion with the universal Spirit, and to recognition of the eternal as its law. This, diffusing itself in the natural quickening of mind by mind, in time brought forth a community of like-minded ones—a church, and records grew of their consciousness of the Eternal, and their inferences and reflections thereon—a Bible, not itself a revelation, but as Dean Stanley said, what has been written about revelation. At length, as Professor Tiele has said, "the conception of God as the Being who is at once the source, the sustaining power, and the goal of our spiritual life, as Him 'in whom we live and move and have our being,' who dwells in the ocean, the sun, and the air, and even in the spirit of man—forms, indeed, the foundation of Christianity, but is only now beginning to realize itself in that religion as the only one possible for the modern world."* Could the church be annihilated and the Bible be lost, religion would not perish, only the religionism connected with each—the unreal "faith" that is real unfaith, so unhappy nowadays because science is happily subverting it. Though a clean sweep were made of all existing institutions, civilization would grow up again as formerly. Vital religion likewise, rooted in living consciousness of the Eternal, could survive the loss of church and Bible, and give birth to both again.

* *Elements of the Science of Religion, First Series, p. 61.*

The permanent and ultimate seat of authority cannot therefore be in external and perishable things, as an organization or a record, though these have doubtless a limited and subsidiary authority as memorials of long and variously tested experience. What it was from the first it must be till the last—man's consciousness of Him who inhabits alike the macrocosm and the microcosm, the universe and the heart. Elijah against the King, "Athanasius against the world," Luther against the Empire, every flouted prophet whose struggle with overbearing wrong has won enlargement for truth and justice, has taken this appeal from the temporal to the Eternal.

But it is a curious fact that the same dissuasive from this which Rome urged against the early Protestants' casting off the authority of the infallible church is urged by some later Protestants against discarding the substituted infallibility of the Bible. We are told that this unchartered liberty of each individual conscience,

Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,

undermines authority; it is anarchical, unsafe. Even so, one might ask, may we not get on as well as under authority to a church which has celebrated the massacre of heretics with the *Te Deum*, or to the letter of a book whose misinterpretations made Shakespeare ask,

What damnd error but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text?

—seeing that the book is like the violin that answers to the hand which plays it. Plainly enough, the mass of mankind, being neither church-members nor Bible-readers, must be addressed as St. Paul addressed the Athenians* by direct appeal to the judgment of their own reason and conscience. This appeal, to be sure, does not always win at once: some mock; others throw stones. But it prevails in the long run, as the rise and spread of Christianity, not only in the Roman empire, but in many a modern conflict with savage heathenism, evinces. The great power in the world, as Bunsen said, is personality. It is the personality of the prophet and the reformer—what he is, more than what he says or does, his spirit, his live consciousness of truth, that is the secret of his persuasive power. It is their consciousness of things unseen and unfelt by their fellows, their conviction of personal relationship to the Eternal, that has made the most effective personalities in the history of religion. In this was the uniqueness of Jesus and the secret of His profound impression upon the world. No other member of our race has been so possessed with the thought of God living in him and himself in God in the conscious unity of a life transcending the limits of the world. This—a trait which no fictitious biography could have invented—led indeed to His crucifixion, but it led also to His deification. In degree as the Christian teacher enters into his Master's consciousness of the Eternal, he will enter into the power of it over men—a power which may indeed supplement the authority of church or book, but needs not to be supplemented by them.

The fact is conspicuous to-day that Christianity has at length ceased to be as exclusively identified with the church as it has been for nearly the nineteen centuries of its existence. Many, who for various reasons declare hostility to all churches, respect the name and revere the character of Him whom the church wor-

ships. Not for the first time, however, has it been perceived in our day that Christianity truly apprehended in its moral essence, as the religion of Jesus, a faith and life like that of Jesus, is congenial to man's moral nature. Even that primitive puritan, Tertullian, noted it in the third century, that the spirit of man is naturally Christian—*anima naturaliter Christiana*. Quite in the same line the present Master of Balliol has recently said, "I regard 'Christian' as the permanent adjective by which we must define the growing ideal of humanity."* The appeal of Christianity to the conscience can therefore be relied on as authoritative when uncumbered with the addition of doctrines convertible by the intellect. But the same disservice done by ultra prohibitionists for temperance is still done for Christianity by Christians with more zeal than reason. The old millstone is still being bound about the neck of the religion of Jesus by making disputable questions a part thereof, by declaring that His authority is destroyed by doubting whether He wrought all the wonderful works related of Him, or whether the narrative of His miraculous birth is historical or legendary. Such a conditioning of the moral upon the non-moral and the greater on the less is quite in line with the many preposterous claims which the historical advance of learning has already shelved among the curiosities of human folly. The most dangerous enemies of Christianity to-day are its unconscious enemies, fancying themselves its truest friends while they are overloading the incontrovertible appeal of Jesus to man's consciousness of the Eternal with controverted propositions that rouse an intellectual hostility in which conscience sleeps. The orthodoxy of to-day is the wet-nurse that keeps Ingersollism alive.

Sometime, no doubt, we shall have a modern statement of religion that will render further skepticism absurd. But it will be a statement, not an argument; a statement that supersedes argument by setting forth the moral realities that can go without argument as incontrovertibly witnessed to by that Eternal law which is written in the natural heart. Such statements, both in the Old Testament and the New, invite modern adoption both by theologians and the skeptics they have made. "What doth the Lord require of thee," said the Hebrew prophet, "but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" And Jesus, in words read every Sunday in the churches, summed up the Eternal law in two requirements—whole-hearted love of God and love of the neighbor as of self. This, as a statement of religion, is not to be confounded with a statement of theology as a philosophy of religion. That is a very different sort of statement, but it has too often been presented as a statement of religion, and a false theology has become a millstone at the neck of true religion.

But finally, what is religion, if not the communion which the moral nature of individual man ever essays to realize with the moral nature of the infinite Being whence it is derived? The ideal of religion therefore is essentially moral. Not that there is no difference between morality and religion as popularly conceived. There is a common, a superficial morality, with which it were frivolous to identify religion. But there is also a cubic morality, which does not merely lie four-square on the earth, but rises into conscious relationship with

* Acts xvii.

* The New World, March, 1897, p. 13. † Micah vi. 8.

the Moral Nature that inhabits the universe, and views the moral order of its worldly environment as part of a cosmic moral order that is unfolding itself on the earth. But this is precisely the standpoint and view of religion. Accordingly one must take Professor Muirhead's remark as indisputably true: "In so far as the distinction between morality and religion is permissible at all, it must be explained as one between two views that may be taken of moral conduct."* A clearer recognition of this truth is the present great desideratum, especially with insistence on Christianity as essentially moral rather than theological, and recognition of it under whatever livery of opinion as consisting in character, spirit, life, moral aspiration toward the moral ideal exhibited in the consciousness and conduct of Jesus Christ. Let a more scientific theology conclude what it may about the affirmations of the creeds concerning Him. His primacy is secure as the representative of human nature at its purest and best. The moral authority inseparable from such primacy is independent of the question whether he is entitled to be called divine. The widely held belief to which an earnest ethical writer† has recently given expression, that Christianity is divested of its claims by the discovery that Jesus was not God, must be pronounced untenable. The contrary truth has been finely expressed in Mr. Gilder's stanzas:‡

If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,—I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God,—I swear
I will follow him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

The world's religious quest is for the uplift and guidance of a diviner spirit than its own. But since deity is unintelligible, except as construed in terms of humanity, it is only in the ideally human that the really divine is recognizable. It is time for reasoning men to distinguish Christianity pure and simple from the basic salts of the various "doxies" in which it has been disguised, imprisoned, and neutralized. In degree as men are clearly intelligent, thoroughly candid, and simply Christian, they will finally cut the millstone of extra requirements loose from Christianity by insisting upon this, and no more than this: Christianity is man's moral endeavor to become in consciousness and conduct what he is in his moral nature, the son of God. In this "divine event" the religious unity of the race is ultimately to be realized, "the unity of the spirit," forever missed so long as the quest is bent on an impossible unity of form.

New York City.

* * *

WAR.

IN "McClure's Magazine" Mr. Dana tells of his visit to the "Bloody Angle," the salient in the Wilderness where there was the worst slaughter of all. He writes:

"I remember as I stood there I was almost startled to hear a bird twittering in a tree. All around us the underbrush and trees had been riddled and burnt. The

ground was thick with dead and wounded men, among whom the relief corps was at work. The earth, which was soft from the heavy rains, had been trampled by the fighting of thousands of men until it was soft like thin hasty-pudding. Beyond the fence against which we leaned lay a great pool of this mud, its surface as smooth as that of a pond. As we stood there looking silently down at it, of a sudden the leg of a man was lifted up from the pool, and the mud dripped off from his boot. It was so unexpected, so horrible, that for a moment we were stunned. Then we pulled ourselves together and called to some soldiers near by to rescue the owner of the leg. They pulled him out with but little trouble, and discovered that he was not dead, only wounded. He was taken to the hospital, where he got well, I believe."

If any one might have gloried in military success, it was Wellington after Waterloo; but he wrote as follows to a friend, almost immediately after his return from the field: "My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained in my old friends and companions and my poor soldiers. Believe me nothing but a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won. The bravery of my troops has hitherto saved me from the greater evil; but to win such a battle as this of Waterloo, at the expense of so many gallant friends, could only be termed a heavy misfortune but for the result to the public." Here is a description, too, written by an English officer, Major Macready, telling of the charge of the French cuirassiers: "Their first charge was magnificent. As soon as they quickened their trot into a gallop, the cuirassiers bent their heads so that the peaks of their helmets looked like visors, and they seemed cased in armor from the plume to the saddle. Not a shot was fired till they were within thirty yards of us, when the word was given and our men fired away at them. The effect was magical. Through the smoke we could see helmets falling, cavaliers starting from their seats with convulsive springs as they received our balls, horses plunging and rearing in the agonies of fright and pain, and crowds of the soldiery dismounted, part of the squadron in retreat, but the more daring remainder backing their horses to force them on our bayonets. Our fire soon disposed of these gentlemen."

* * *

THE SAILING OF THE FLEET.

Two fleets have sailed from Spain. The one would seek

What lands uncharted ocean might conceal.
Despised, condemned, and pitifully weak,
It found a world for Leon and Castile.

The other, mighty, arrogant, and vain,
Sought to subdue a people who were free.
Ask of the storm-gods where its galleons be—
Whelmed 'neath the billows of the northern main!

A third is threatened. On the westward track,
Once gloriously traced, its vessels speed,
With gold and crimson battle-flags unfurled.
On Colon's course, but to Sidonia's wrack,
Sure fated, if so need shall come to need,
For sons of Drake are lords of Colón's world.
—The New York Tribune.

* Elements of Ethics, p. 169.

† Mr. G. S. Merriam, "The Chief End of Man."

‡ The Song of a Heathen Sojourning in Galilee, A. D. 32.

SPIRITUAL SPECIALISTS.

ST. PAUL declares to the Corinthians that the Gospel of Christ was his specialty: "I have determined to know nothing amongst you but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." He had grasped that which was the secret of success in the first century as it has been in the nineteenth; he had one supreme and almost exclusive line of activity. That was his power. As some men have fixed on the human eye, others upon the human ear, others still some special line or kind of animal life, and others a school of ancient languages, so he fixed on the Gospel, the good-tidings of Jesus Christ, and made that his specialty. That he knew better than anything else, that he studied more than anything else, that he was busy at more earnestly and diligently than at anything else.

Two things it takes to make a genuine specialist; first, it takes a large theoretical knowledge of a matter; second, it takes a wide practical experience in that matter.

There are those who have gone extensively into theoretical investigations, but have neglected the practical applications and experiments; these are dreamers on a subject. There are those who have gone, perhaps widely, into practical experiments, but with no well balanced or firmly grounded understanding of the subject; these are quacks. But the man who has gone thoroughly and understandingly into the theories, and widely into the practice, and application, he is the specialist. As truly as Isaac Newton did that in astronomy, or as Louis Agassiz did that in biology, so truly did the Apostles thus completely enter into the explanation and the application of the Gospel.

Without irreverence and without exaggeration, we can declare that the line of Church history from the apostolic age to the days of the present generation has as direct and as honorable a school of spiritual specialists, as the annals of art reveal in their fields of labor or the realms of science in their lines of discovery. Men who have thought intensely, men who have practiced widely, men who have prayed earnestly—the glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of martyrs—these have been truly specialists in the world of spiritual knowledge and discovery.

To these then and to all who follow with them let us go when we would learn of spiritual truth. We do not go to the mechanic for advice in medicine. We do not ask the sailor whether we have a good case at law, nor the lawyer as to the staying quality of the wind. You would not be foolish enough to allow some superficial and hasty dabbler in art to touch up what he thinks to be blemishes in your priceless Titian. You would not allow your judgment to be swayed in literature by an uneducated and unqualified critic. We urge you, then, in matters of spiritual discernment to give honor where honor is due. Do not be greatly concerned by the difficulties raised against faith by the last religious novel, nor allow yourself to be much influenced by the flashy and unscientific talk of some superficial critic of theology. Difficulties there are in religion, doubts to be settled, questions to be asked and answered, uncertainties to be searched out; but in all these do as you would do in all other fields of life. Seek out those who have reason to reason for the faith within them. Value

highly the counsel of the specialist. Never allow any weight to a man's religious opinions until you know that he has worked, and thought, and wrestled. Then and only then do either his doubts, or his most glowing faith and experience, have claim on our attention or regard.

Where you know one who has honestly searched into the theory of his theology and has manfully tested it in practical life, to that man go for counsel in religion; from that man, be sure any word you hear will be worthy of your attention. And where you know yourself to have studied diligently, and to have tried faithfully, there, and there only speak, for there only can your word be helpful.

R. E. C.

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MIRACLES.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM NORTH RICE, of Wesleyan University, made an address before the New York East Conference of the M. E. Church. He contrasted certain miracles as follows:

Nobody doubts that Jesus actually was dead. The theories presented to account for the stories of the resurrection are that it had its origin in myth or in an hallucination. The argument against the myth lies in the evidence of the speedy development in the belief of the story of the resurrection. We have several narratives giving practically the same testimony regarding the resurrection. The belief in the resurrection of Jesus was the belief of His contemporaries. We would not celebrate the Fourth of July if we did not believe there was a Declaration of Independence, nor would the Church have celebrated Easter without believing that there was a reason for doing so. Many who deny the historic truth of the resurrection admit that something happened which created a belief in some such thing.

THE HALLUCINATION THEORY.

You know how the theory of hallucination has been treated, how it has been intimated that the faith which has regenerated humanity had its origin in the brain of a half-crazy woman. If the hallucination of the resurrection began with Mary it did not end there. Gradually the hallucination of the few became the faith of many. If the notion of the resurrection of Jesus was hallucination, it was a strange one.

An hallucination generally affects a single individual, sometimes a small number of individuals. Yet we are told in the Gospels that more than five hundred persons at once beheld that same vision, and in the throng were men of all kinds of mental characteristics. Here was an illusion completely established in a single day! An illusion generally affects a single sense, and is shown to be an illusion by the failure of the other senses to perceive it. "Handle me," said the Saviour, "for a spirit hath not flesh and bones," and the doubts of Thomas were relieved. It taxes my credulity less to believe that Jesus arose from death than to believe that the resurrection was a myth formed in one day or generated from the slime of fraud or delusion.

JOSHUA AND THE SUN.

The speaker then compared the story of the resurrection with that of Joshua commanding the sun to stand still. He showed how the story of the resurrection was confirmed by the testimony of contemporaries

and vouched for in specific and trustworthy passages, whereas the Old Testament story was contained in an anonymous book of a poetic character. He said that the story of Joshua might be a figure of speech, and said that there is a sublime sense in which the sun and moon always stand still for some man affected by divine enthusiasm.

Before closing, the professor referred to the critics of the Bible, saying that he had charity for those who differed with him and whose character he revered, but he asserted that with whatever purity of motive they are acting they are driving many young persons from the Church and delaying the glorious consummation of Christianity. These men, he said, are teaching an inspiration that so combines all parts of the Bible that we cannot believe that Jesus Christ rose from the dead without believing that the sun and moon stood still at the command of Joshua.

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DR. FAUNCE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

A VERY peculiar but spreading influence is Christian Science. Dr. Faunce, in "The Examiner," discusses it, and has the wisdom to seek for what is really the living force in it, and what lessons we may learn from it:

"Christian Science has recalled many from agnosticism to a living faith in God. The majority of the believers do not come from the churches. When I asked one man where they did come from, he answered, 'Out of their graves.' Ninety per cent., he averred, had come into the faith through the healing of apparently hopeless disease. Many of them come out of atheism into radiant religious faith.

"The average Christian Scientist does have a victory over fear and care and sin that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian. To the average church-member, Christianity is the acceptance of a series of doctrines and historical facts, and the acceptance of a forensic transaction of eighteen hundred years ago, in consequence of which acceptance he hopes for heaven beyond. But he is a worried and fretted and fearful man; afraid of himself and his propensities, afraid of colds and fevers, afraid of treading on serpents or drinking deadly things, as the apostles of Christ were not. The average Christian Scientist—and in this respect he is like the Keswick disciples—has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. Christ is to him no distant historic figure, but the incarnation of the divine Idea. God is no mere 'first cause,' but a very present help.

"We may then say to Christian Scientists: 'Your attachment to Mrs. Eddy is a species of idolatry, is bad taste, bad theology, bad morals. Your exegesis of the Scriptures is childish and fanciful. Your whole system of allegorical interpretation is in defiance of modern scholarship. Your denial of some Christian truths is dangerous and deplorable. But the truth which you possess is our truth also. If we have neglected it, we will do so no longer. We will preach it with joy and power. The immanence of God in His world, the spirituality of the universe, the power of mind over matter, of good over evil, the progressive victory of truth until God shall be all-in-all—this is our creed, and no man need leave our churches to hear such truth or live such life.'"

A MODERN NAVAL BATTLE.

THE eyes of our people are turned in one direction, toward the warships that are seeking the Spanish navy, and at Manila have already met it. No imagination can conceive the horrors of a modern naval battle, where the terrible engines of present-day warfare are brought in play.

The "Home Journal" gives a very interesting account of the experience of Capt. McGiffin, the American Commander of the Chinese man-of-war Chen Yuen, at the battle of Yalu. The Chen Yuen was the only ship of the Chinese that won honor in that terrible engagement:

"The great battle of the Yalu River took place on September 17, 1894. When this fight had scarcely opened, McGiffin saw the navigating lieutenant disappear from his position, looking very pale. Soon after, something went wrong with the training engine of one of the turrets, and the captain was obliged to go down to the armored place below to set it to rights. As he was getting down, some one caught him by the leg, calling out, 'There's no room for any more here. You must hide somewhere else.' He looked down, and saw the navigating lieutenant, and a dozen more terrified men, in hiding. McGiffin was so angry that he used physical force upon the cowardly lieutenant to get him out of his way; after that they let him fix the engine.

When they reached the fore-castle, the shot of the enemy's guns struck one man after another. The captain was bending over, pulling up a hose, when a shot passed between his legs, burning both wrists, and cutting away the tail of his coat; a shell hit the tower and as it burst a piece struck him. Shortly after he had gone toward the fore-castle, the head-gunner, to whom he had given the order to shift the guns, was killed; and the man who took his place, not knowing that the captain and his men had gone forward, kept the guns directed to port, and fired one. The explosion blew them all off their legs, and killed several. McGiffin at the same time was gashed by a shot from the enemy, that rendered him unconscious; he fell upon a hose that had been cut by a ball, and the spurting water revived him.

"When he looked up, he saw that he was directly in front of the other starboard gun, with his head in line of the fire; he watched the turning of the gun for a second or two, and realizing his danger, threw himself over the side of the superstructure to the deck below, a depth of eight feet. He fell upon his chest, with blood gushing from his mouth; he managed to get around into the superstructure, and asked two of the men to carry him farther aft, as he could not walk. Afterward, in relating this experience, he said that when he recovered consciousness, and saw the big gun pointed toward him, and about to be fired, he said to himself: 'What an ass I am to sit here and be blown to pieces.' He claimed for himself no heroic thought or bombastic reminiscence of historic battles, but simply that he realized that he would be a fool to stay where he was when he could get out of the way.

"To have seen McGiffin on his ship during that fight of the Yalu, would have been a sight to remember forever; that dauntless spirit rode the forces of battle as if they were a steed. He was the soul of his ship, the spirit of the storm, the Prospero with his magic

wand. His body was shattered, but his mind kept awake. He was so near the first gun when it exploded that his clothing was set on fire, his eyebrows and hair burned, his eyes injured, and although his ears were rammed as tightly as possible with cotton, the drums of both ears were permanently injured by the explosion. He was unconscious for a time, but as quickly as he regained his senses, he was on his feet and giving orders. He received forty wounds, many of them caused by splinters of wood; he with his own hands extracted a large splinter from his hip, and, holding his eyelids open with his finger, this heroic man navigated his ship, which had been struck four hundred times, safely to its dock, skillfully evading capture, the Chen Yuen being the only one of the Chinese vessels that came out of that fight with credit. A competent authority has declared that the daring of McGiffin, as shown in the battle of the Yalu, has possibly never been surpassed in the history of the world.

"The Japanese offered five thousand dollars for his capture; but did not have the satisfaction of taking him. But what he dreaded had happened; his nerves, limbs, and senses were shattered. After the battle of the Yalu, he went into a hospital in China for a time; but finding himself with little promise of complete recovery, he came to America. Unfortunately he was indisposed to submit to treatment; he insisted on dressing his own wounds. His body had the appearance of a checker-board, with its many bruises; there were still in him bullets and splinters; he was compelled to walk with two canes; his pain was so great that he spent hours hobbling back and forth across the floor, saying that he was more comfortable thus than in a sitting or reclining posture. His use of language was superb, and the accounts he gave of his experiences to his friends, when they could induce him to talk, were most graphic.

"The battle of the Yalu gave young McGiffin the proud distinction of being the only man of European blood who had commanded a modern war-ship in actual battle. He said of himself in a jesting way, after he came to this country, 'I am still in the Chinese navy; but I am not in good standing. You know it is customary there for a naval officer, when he loses a battle, to commit suicide; and they wanted me to follow the custom, but I declined with thanks.'"

* * *

NECESSITIES TO CHRISTIAN UNION.

It is not necessary, to Christian union or brotherhood, that all should understand the Scriptures precisely alike. It is not necessary that all should apprehend their higher or more interior meaning. It is only necessary that they regard and reverence the Scriptures as the Word of God, and humbly strive to obey their teachings as they understand them. If they do this, they are in a state of Christian charity (or love). And although they understand the Word only in its lowest or literal sense, their hearts are at one with the angels in heaven, because they are at one with the spirit of Him who is the All-in-all of heaven; and internally, therefore, they are at one with those on earth who understand and obey the Scriptures according to their higher or more interior meaning. * * *

If we have the spirit of Christ in our hearts, we shall love that spirit whenever and wherever we see it; and

this, too, without regard to any difference there may be in our doctrinal beliefs. Nor is this a matter of mere volition. It is a law of our being, absolutely imperative where its controlling force is not counteracted by a misdirected education.

Here is a peaceful and happy family. Its unity is perfect. What produces and maintains that unity? Not similarity of thought, but similarity of feeling. In thought its members may differ widely. The thoughts of the parents, perhaps, are beyond the intellectual grasp of any of the children. They are deeper and more comprehensive. The parents see and believe truths which none of the children, it may be, can fully comprehend. And so, too, the boundaries of thought which the elder children have reached are quite beyond those of the younger. And those near the same age may differ materially in intellectual capacity, and in the opinions they form on various subjects. But there is a similar feeling in the hearts of all. Each member of the family loves all the rest, and loves whatever promotes their welfare and happiness; and although the love may be deeper and stronger in some than in others, the quality of the feeling is the same in all—just as heat is the same in the taper and in the sun and in all intermediate flames, however it may differ in intensity. And it is the love-element which produces such perfect unity in the family. It is this, and not their intellectual agreement or likeness, which binds them so closely together. It is the union of hearts and not of heads—a union all the more perfect, oftentimes, because of the intellectual differences.

Now, a well-ordered family is a fit representative of the Lord's church on earth. All true Christians are members of his family and household. They are all children of the Heavenly Father. Some may be older or more advanced in wisdom than others. Some may have attained to a degree of knowledge which the others are as yet unable to comprehend. But love for the common Father and for each other is the principle that fills and animates all their hearts. They all have the Father's image stamped upon them, for they all have within them something of his Divine Spirit. They may understand the Word differently, some of them resting in its lower or more exterior and others receiving its higher or more interior senses; and their views of doctrine may differ in a corresponding degree. But their hearts are alike; therefore they are united as one family. They are one spirit, one in desire and purpose, one in disposition and feeling, one in their ends and aims of life, one in their wish to know and their purpose to serve the Divine Master, each according to his ability. Thus they are one body in Christ—not on account of their perfect intellectual agreement, but on account of the similarity of spirit by which they are swayed and governed. Charity or mutual love is the controlling element in each one; and where this reigns supreme, intellectual differences are but little regarded and cannot produce separation.

How, then, is the unity of the church on earth to be brought about, or strengthened and maintained? Not by securing the assent of all professing Christians to the same creed, or doctrinal formulas; for so long as the Bible remains what it is, and men are differently endowed by birth, differently trained and educated, and subjected to different moral and religious influences from their earliest years, it is vain to expect

entire uniformity in their doctrinal beliefs. Such uniformity is impossible so long as perfect freedom of thought and fidelity to each one's own convictions are encouraged and maintained. Nor is it desirable or at all necessary to the unity of the church. What is most desirable and most needed is, not perfect uniformity of belief among Christians, but such an infusion of the Lord's own spirit and life into the hearts of those who profess to be His followers, as shall make them feel the relative insignificance of their doctrinal differences. What is needed is, not the overthrow or extinction of religious sects, but the general repudiation or casting out of the narrow and mischievous spirit of sect. Let creeds and denominational landmarks and denominational preferences remain—not, however, with the overshadowing prominence which they have hitherto enjoyed. But let the Lord Jesus Christ Himself descend with new and regenerating power into all the churches. Let the hearts of His professed followers be so suffused with His divine-human love, that they shall so far forget or rise above creeds as to feel that mere doctrinal differences should not be a hindrance to Christian fellowship.

When this genuine revival shall take place—this new and only real advent of the Son of Man to the hearts of believers—then will Christians of different names feel that they are, indeed, one body in Christ.—From "The True Catholicism," by B. F. Barrett.

* * *

THE MAKING OF THE WORLDS.

DR. DOREMUS gives an account of an experiment in which one can see, as if with his own eyes, the making of the worlds.

A portion of oil is poured into a carefully prepared mixture of water and alcohol, having exactly the same specific gravity as the oil. The oil assumed the shape of a perfect sphere. A glass axis inserted through the centre of the sphere of oil was slowly revolved. The globe flattened at its poles and dilated at its equator. Our earth has this shape. The globe of oil was revolved more rapidly; it then flattened to a greater extent, like the planet Jupiter, the difference between its polar and equatorial diameters being 5,000 miles. Its oblateness can be seen by a powerful telescope. On turning the oil-globe more rapidly, it formed a ring, like the rings of Saturn. When the speed of revolution was still increased, the ring broke into many spheres, some large, others small, each revolving on its axis around the common centre. Some nebulae have a dumb-bell shape, which can be imitated by revolving the oil-globe when the axis is not exactly in the centre of the oil-sphere. This experiment would appear to settle finally the question of how God made His worlds.

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THE FEDERATION OF CHURCHES AND CHRISTIAN WORKERS IN NEW YORK CITY.

REV. J. WINTHROP HEGEMAN, Ph.D.,
Vice-President of the Federation.

THIS appears to us to be one of the very most helpful movements towards church union that we have lighted upon. We therefore give the whole of Dr. Hegeman's article from "The Homiletic Review."

The principle of Federation, after effecting beneficent results in politics, arts and business, has at last reached the churches. It seems as if it had come to abide with us. It bids fair to be accepted as a practicable method of church unity.

In Great Britain it has brought together the Evangelical Free Churches, federating them locally into councils and integrating them into their National Council. Dr. Monro Gibson, President of this Council, writing to the editor of "The Homiletic Review," speaks of "this great Federation, which has gone like wildfire over all the land. We have now five hundred councils, covering all England and a good part of Wales."

Dr. Berry, of Wolverhampton, the first President of the National Council, in his address last November, at the annual meeting of the Federation in New York city, said, in expressing his greetings from the English Council: "I regard the Federation of Free Churches as the greatest movement since the Reformation."

Their movement and ours have come in the fullness of the times, when the obstacles in the way of united action are bowled over by a definite purpose, a scientific method, and a Christian spirit. The structural growth of denominations is now so well defined and recognized that its struggle for existence and its witnessing to its central peculiarity is no longer a bar to union of all on the basis of the living Christ and for human well-being.

The movement in Great Britain was five years old when ours was started two years ago. Although we knew nothing whatever of the existence of their Federation, it is significant that in principles, aims, structure, and largely in methods ours is so like theirs as to suggest that they are of the same origin.

In the United States, desirability of federation of denominations has often been discussed, but we found that it was impossible to have the denomination as the unit of membership, because the independent forms of church government have no corporate power to delegate any to represent their denominations in an official capacity. Indeed, for various reasons it was best to have the individual church as the unit of membership.

Before we organized, two years were spent in careful investigation of the relations of the church to social problems, and special studies were made in London and in New York to find out whether such a federation were really needed to effect the purposes of the Kingdom. Convinced that the churches could not save the city by working along denominational lines alone, the necessity for federating work common to all the churches became evident and urgent.

THE FEDERATION ORGANIZED.

The Federation was started at a luncheon of over a hundred clergymen of the city and vicinity, representing nine different communions, and a special committee was appointed to examine the feasibility of such a movement.

The report of that committee of eight clergymen, representing as many denominations, convinced a subsequent meeting, called to receive their report, that in New York city interdenominational action was not only feasible, but necessary.

One hundred and fifty churches, representing thirteen denominations, agreed to enter the Federation.

Each church sent as delegates the pastor and two lay members, one of whom was a woman. These members elected a pastor and a layman from each denomination to serve on the Council, which is the governing body of the Federation.

Christian institutions and the larger charities being specialized, social functions inspired by the life of the Kingdom were co-ordinated with the churches in the Council. Of these in the Federation are the Evangelical Alliance, Charity Organization, Children's Aid Society, Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, Young Men's Christian Association, Young Women's Christian Association, and King's Daughters.

Our object, as stated in the constitution, is to bring the organized intelligence and love of our churches to bear upon the material, social, economic, civic, and spiritual interests of the family life of our city, and through interdenominational conference and co-operation to meet its every religious and moral need.

This purpose is to be effected in three ways:

(1) By a thorough investigation of various sections of the city, in co-operation with the churches in such sections, for the purpose of obtaining data on which to base an accurate knowledge of the social life and of the churches, in order to determine action appropriate and necessary to secure the well-being of the home-life of each section.

(2) By the co-operation of the Federation with existing agencies to meet the needs disclosed.

(3) By stimulating the creation of new agencies wherever existing agencies prove inadequate.

Such a declared aim and method would furnish the churches a scientific basis for accomplishing their social mission.

Under present conditions this mission could not be realized along merely denominational lines. It never has been and to-day is no nearer such a consummation.

In the social and economic evolution of to-day, the church is shoved aside by the numerous activities that are secular and altruistic. Yet the church, by its constitution, organized democracy, purpose, and the endowments of its workers, is adapted to effect such changes, is adequate to all demands, and by relation to its Founder is committed to such work.

The trouble is, that the church, although doing better service than ever, in seeking to save its life as an institution has been losing it. This perverted ideal, made necessary by competition for denominational existence and extension, has caused overlapping of activities, waste of energy, of money, and of men, loss of the conception of the Kingdom by the prominence given to the denomination, a practical ignoring of other churches and their work, and, as the only way of self-preservation, the moving of their base of operations from localities where enemies are fewest to places where friends are thickest.

However, the Federation points out that these up-town churches have the dirty sinners only a few blocks from them; so that, after all, by moving away from the anti-church immigrants they have come where they may take others from the care of the devil and his angels. Yet for the uplift of the whole social organism of our city interdenominational action is necessary to minister to all the nominal church-members, and co-operation of all churches essential to minister to social, economic, and civic needs through the systematic and

persistent application of all the Gospel to all the people all the time.

The peculiar difficulties arising from the self-interests and little leisure of clergymen, and from the problems of co-operation, required that before asking churches to take hold earnestly and personally we should first develop a working model; which would show what Federation was worth.

The fifteenth assembly district, having a population of 40,000, was selected, because its conditions of nationality, housing, schooling, rents, saloons, church-membership and church attendance, and home-life were believed to be typical of the conditions in the city at large.

The Committee on Investigation had a canvass made which was sociologically scientific. Its purpose was to study conditions, trace tendencies of social life, and diagnose ills, so that the remedy to be applied might be efficacious. Co-operation for this canvass was at once effected between the Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian churches, and the Young Women's Christian Association within the district, and Baptist, Reformed, Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches and Young Men's Christian Association outside the district.

The canvass proved that this district was typical of conditions obtaining throughout the city. In the city are thirty nationalities, here twenty-seven.

The percentage of Romanists is a little less than that in the city at large, of Episcopalians about the same, of Lutherans greater, of Presbyterians a trifle larger, of Methodists about the same, of Congregationalists not so great. Six other denominations were somewhat under their city percentage.

The social investigation discovered 8,176 families with boarders, of whom 1,518 were men and 878 women. When it is remembered that in crowded tenements boarders are frequently a cause of social evils, the importance of this item is obvious.

One cause of non-attendance at church was found in the fact that, of 10,657 wage-earners, 2,017 were obliged to work seven days in the week. This suggests duties of the church in reference to the inhumanity of certain corporations and respecting a more intimate acquaintance and practical sympathy with the interests of labor.

Eighteen thousand five hundred never attended any church service; 18,279 were nominally church-members, of whom only about 6,000 were Protestants. There were 15,000 children, of whom 3,500 were not in Sunday-schools, and 1,850 of school age were not in the public schools, but at work. Such a condition is a spur to church workers to save life at its most impressionable period, and reveals unsuspected numbers who are growing up without direct moral training and education.

It was also found that to try to bring into the church the 18,500, of which 12,000 are Protestants, who do not attend service, the working force was 1,798 nominal Protestant church-members of churches in the district. Of these, 28 were paid workers, of whom 15 are Romanists. The Protestant force is 11 ministers, of whom only 7 reside within the district, and only 2 are aided by a church-visitor. All other volunteer workers, including Sunday-school teachers, number 248.

Besides, there are the discovered social, educational, economic, and civic problems for the church to help solve. Inasmuch as these churches are inadequate to do this great work, and when asked what they needed to perform properly their duty to the people about them, replied: "More workers and a larger plant," the question is vital: "Can the whole city be saved without a marshaling of forces from the church at large to the places where the need is greatest?"

With such interests of the Kingdom hanging on these weak churches, not to equip them is criminal; and the spirit of selfishness, churchism, or denominationalism which would prevent co-operation must bring a curse upon the churches and society.

The gravity of the situation makes more culpable the individualism of churches. This inadequate band of church-members, instead of being compacted and systematically organized to meet the needs of the home life, is divided up into 24 denominations.

It is still more weakened by the fact that 15 of these denominations have no church conveniently near their members, and none in the district. Nearly 4,000 Protestants must go outside the district to attend the churches of which they are members.

This is significant because, where churches are few, church attendance is smallest, and the inspiration of church-life and fellowship dies out.

West of Tenth Avenue, from 42d to 59th Street, are 39,169, and the only uplifting forces there are the school of the Children's Aid Society and a small Baptist mission. Here was the smallest percentage of church-members and church attendance. In the whole district there are only 3 kindergartens, while the children need at least 50 kindergarten teachers.

The canvass revealed the ratio of the elevating influences to the population, in that for every 4,547 inhabitants there was 1 church building; influences not elevating, 1 saloon to every 444. Of 3,453 homes visited, only 1,039 were reported as clean and thrifty. In the whole district there were only 5 Penny Provident stations to encourage thrift.

It was further found that divided Christianity weakened the energy of clergymen by requiring from 30 to 50 of them to go long distances to visit their parishioners in this district.

Of greater importance still, there were many neglected by the overlapping of the churches. There was no one to go to them in the name of Christ for the sake of their own well-being.

It was found that as the tenement population is nomadic and shifts about every three years, it was desirable to have in each block a missionary for social salvation.

SUB-FEDERATION FORMED.

These disclosed needs were presented to the churches in the fifteenth and seventeenth assembly districts, and they gladly formed a sub-federation to co-operate in applying the remedy.

This local Auxiliary to the Federation consists of 9 churches and 3 Christian institutions from the fifteenth district as active members, and 5 churches and 2 institutions in the seventeenth assembly district. The work common to all these churches is divided into committees on Investigation, Co-operation, Evangelization, Sunday-schools, Temperance, Thrift, Streets,

Parks and Baths, Tenements, Public Schools, and Libraries.

This Auxiliary is demonstrating what can be done by co-operation.

Monthly conferences are held to receive reports on the conditions of the neighborhood, to devise means of applying remedies, and to develop mutual helpfulness. Christian brotherhood has grown. A hopeful spirit animates the workers. Most important, each church has taken one or more blocks as its permanent mission-field. Now, Christian influences reach into every home in the district, and people are invited, not only to the church sending the missionary, but to some church, any church, and children to schools and Sunday-schools. The work is not for church only, but to help them in every way to realize the best that is in them.

For every home in these districts the Federation has provided calendars of twenty pages, showing where are located all the churches and Sunday-schools, day and evening schools, baths libraries, cooking-classes, dispensaries, employment-offices, museum, sewing-schools, stenography, workingmen's institute, workingwomen's bureau, post-office branches, with tenement and factory laws, and day nurseries.

A directory of helps in the German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Scandinavian languages brings these privileges to all.

OTHER RESULTS OF THE CANVASS.

Another effect has been the placing of new uplifting agencies in this part of the city, such as the Hartley House, which is the efficient residential settlement of the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Neighborhood Guild, and the Episcopal Church of St. Cornelius. By the showing of a canvass of the nineteenth assembly district, greatly needed churches are being placed west of Tenth Avenue by the German Baptists and the Roman Catholics.

From the Park Commissioners the grant of a park has been secured. As an outgrowth of the work of the Federation, the overlooked crippled children, chronic cases, are being cared for, who hitherto have had no schooling, no summer outing, and no adequate care. This work has been effected by co-operation of three churches, Episcopal, Baptist, and Congregational, and the Children's Aid Society.

Much more is under way of greater importance and far broader scope.

When the work shall cover the whole city the people will find that the church is their best friend, and the Federation will be able to point to interdenominational church-work on a sociological basis as the best of all evidences of Christianity.

Such co-operation is of equal importance in small places, and an outline of its possibilities may be given to pastors interested in realizing the Kingdom of God on earth.

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BURDETT'S INTERVIEW WITH THE RAILROAD BRAKEMAN.

A GOOD many of our readers have seen this before. It is old, but it is so good, and so much in the line of THE CHURCH UNION, that we make room for it:

On the road once more—the fat passenger drum-

ming idly on the window pane—the cross passenger sound asleep—the tall, thin passenger reading General Grant's tour around the world.

The brakeman comes to me, and seating himself on the arm of my seat, says: "Went to church yesterday." "Yes?" I said, with that interested inflection that asks for more. "And what church did you go to?"

"Which do you guess?" he asked.

"Well, some Mission Church," I hazarded. "Naw," he said; "don't like to run on these branch roads; don't go to church often, and when I do, want to run on the main line, where you run on regular schedule time, and don't have to wait for connections. I don't like to run on a branch road. Good enough, but I don't like it."

"Episcopal," I guessed.

"Limited express," said he; "all palace cars, and two dollars extra for a seat; fast time, and only stops at the big stations. Nice line, but too exhaustive for a brakeman. All train men in uniform. Conductor's punch and lantern all silver-plated, and no train boys allowed. The passengers can talk back to the conductor, and it makes them too free and easy. No; I couldn't stand the palace cars. Rich road, though. Don't often hear of a receiver being appointed on that road. Some mighty nice people travel on it."

"Universalist," I suggested.

"Broad gauge," said the brakeman; "does too much complimentary business. Everybody travels on a pass. Conductor don't get a fare once in fifty miles. Stops at all the flag stations, and won't run into anything but a union depot. Train orders rather vague. Train men don't get along well with the passengers. No; I didn't go to the Universalist, though I know some good men who run that road."

"Presbyterian?" I asked.

"Narrow gauge, eh?" said the brakeman; "pretty road; straight as a rule. Tunnel right through a mountain, rather than go round it. Spirit level grades. Passengers have to show their tickets before they get aboard. Mighty strict road, but the cars are a little narrow. Have to sit one on a seat, and no room in the aisle to dance. Then there's no stop-over ticket allowed; got to go straight through to the station you are ticketed for, or you can't get on at all. When the cars are full no extra coaches. Cars built at the shops to hold just so many, and nobody else allowed on. But you don't often hear of an accident on that road. It's run right up to the rules."

"Maybe you joined the Free-thinkers," I said.

"Scrub road," said the brakeman; "dirt road-bed, and no ballast. No time card, and no train dispatchers. All trains run wild, and every engine makes his own time just as he pleases. Smoke if you want to. Kind of go-as-you-please road. Too many side tracks, and every switch wide open all the time, with the switchman sound asleep and the target lamp dead out. Get on as you please, and get off when you want to. Don't have to show tickets, and the conductor isn't expected to do anything but amuse the passengers. No, sir; I was offered a pass, but I don't like the line. Don't like to run on a road that has no terminus. Do you know, sir, I asked a division superintendent where that road run to, and he said he'd die if he knew. I asked him if the general superintendent could tell me. He said he

didn't believe they had a general superintendent, and if they had he didn't know any more than the passengers. I asked him who he reported to, and he said to nobody. I asked a conductor who he got his orders from. He said he didn't take orders from any living man or dead ghost. When I asked the engineer who he got his orders from, he said he would like to see any one give him orders. He'd run that train to suit himself, or he'd run it into the ditch. Now you see, sir, I'm a railroad man, and I don't care to run on a road that has no time, makes no connections, and has no superintendent. It may be all right, but I've been on the railroad too long to try it."

"Did you try the Methodists, then," I said.

"Now you are shouting," he said, with some enthusiasm. "Nice road, fast time, and plenty of passengers. Engineers carry a power of steam, and don't you forget it. Steam gauge shows a hundred and enough all the time. Lively road. When the conductor shouts all aboard, you can hear him to the next station. Every train lamp shines like a headlight. Stop-over checks given on all through tickets. A passenger can drop off the train as often as he likes, and hop on the next revival train that comes thundering along. Good, whole-souled and companionable conductors. Ain't a road in the country where the passengers feel more at home. No passes. Every passenger pays full fare rates for his ticket. Pretty safe road, but I didn't ride over it yesterday."

"Maybe you went to the Congregational Church," I said.

"Popular road," said the brakeman, "an old road—one of the very oldest in the country. Good road and comfortable cars. Well managed road, too. Directors don't interfere with the division superintendent or train orders. Road's mighty popular, but it's pretty independent, too. Sir, didn't one of the division superintendents down East discontinue one of the oldest stations on the line, two or three years ago? But it's a mighty pleasant road to travel on—splendid class of passengers."

"Perhaps you tried the Baptists," I guessed once more.

"Ah, ha!" said the brakeman; "she's the daisy. River road. Beautiful sweep round anything to keep close to the river; but it's all steel and rock ballast. Single track all the way, and not a side-track from the round house to the terminus. Takes heaps of water to run it, though. Double track at every station, and there isn't an engineer in the shop who can pull a pound or run a mile with less than two gauges. But it runs through a lovely country; these river roads always do—river on one side and hills on the other—and it's a steady climb all the way on the up grade till the run ends where the fountain head of the river begins. Yes, sir; I'll take the river road, every time. Sure connections, good time, and no prairie dust blowing in at the windows, and yesterday, when the conductor came round for the tickets, with a little basket and punch, I didn't ask for a pass, but just paid up my fare like a man—25 cents for an hour's run, and a little concert by the passengers thrown in. I tell you, Pilgrim, you take the river road, when you want—"

But just then the long whistle from the engineer announced the station, and the brakeman ran to the door, shouting "Zionsville!"

ALICE IN WONDERLAND.

MRS. REGINALD HARGREAVES, the original Alice of "Alice in Wonderland," sends us an interesting letter regarding the origin of the famous book to which she has given her name.

"Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories," writes Mrs. Hargreaves, "were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister, now Mrs. Skene, was Prima, mentioned in the poem at the beginning of 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.' I was Secunda, and Tertia was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of 'Alice' was told one summer afternoon, when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of 'Tell us a story'—and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes, to tease us—and, perhaps, being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till the next time.' 'Ah, but it is next time,' would be the exclamation from all three, and after some persuasion the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay.

"I have often thought with gratitude and wonder of the unvarying kindness and good nature shown to us. Alice's adventures were first written down in answer to my teasing wish to possess the story in book form. Long before I can remember, in the intervals between photographing one or other of us Mr. Dodgson would make quaint drawings in the style of Father William, and fit them to a story he told as the drawings were made. Sheets of these were treasured by me, but, alas! none remain now."—The St. James Gazette.

* * *

THE WAY TO DIE.

SOMETIMES it requires the lowliest of lives, the plainest of surroundings, to bring out the fact that the highest learning is the absorption of the greatest truths in the simplest way. The writer's grandfather had an old colored workman, who had been a slave, and was used to the severest kind of labor. No need for a slave-driver for him, however, as his tasks were always conscientiously performed. Corporal, as the old slave was called, was of a religious turn, and believed, with an unalterable firmness, in the truths brought to him. In his own simple way he was a good deal of a philosopher, and did not a little good by the everyday showing of his quiet faith. Finally the time came for Corporal to leave this world for a better one. The doctor was called, and after an examination said: "Corporal, it is only right to tell you that you must die."

"Bless you doctor; don't let that bother you. That's what I've been living for," said Corporal with the most undismayed of smiles.

* * *

PRIMARY REFORM.

PRIMARY REFORM is quite as necessary in the rural districts as in the cities. At the County Convention at Batavia, N. Y., County Judge North spoke thus:

"It was in the year 1890 that the thistle-blow of corruption was first sown which is being harvested to-day. It was during the Congressional campaign of that year

that money was distributed among the voters of this county for the first time—at least, to any considerable extent. Men learned to know and follow that fatal will-o'-the-wisp, the unearned dollar. Men who had never known what it was to have money that had not been earned in an honest manner, and men who had taken little, if any, interest in politics, found themselves suddenly important factors. They found distributing agents in their towns ready to pay \$1 for their vote, \$2 or even \$5 if need be. The campaign of 1890 was fatal to the peace and integrity of our community. It was the first time when any candidate had ventured upon the wholesale use of money to secure votes, and men smothered their consciences in the idea that they were simply being paid for their time, their teams and their services.

"Here in Batavia we know well enough that large sums of money were expended in a vain attempt to carry the town. Representatives of the candidate standing very close to him went from saloon to saloon the night before the caucus, treating young and old—Republicans and Democrats, any one and every one. The saloons were wide open and everything was free. What was this but an attempt to buy votes or to gain votes, if you prefer the term, in exchange for whiskey? I openly declare in the presence of this assemblage that the town caucus of Saturday, August 8, as carried or sought to be carried by the use of money and by indiscriminate treating, was disgraceful and scandalous to the last degree.

"While I do not to-day charge actual bribery, I do charge that money in large sums has been distributed among the voters in Genesee County for purposes and by methods which under no circumstances can be brought within the sanction of the law, and that towns have been carried by means offensive to good morals and good government, which left to themselves were overwhelmingly the other way.

"I do expressly charge that in nearly or quite every town in the county a barroom-and-free-whiskey campaign has been carried on, which is a disgrace to our civilization and a reproach to decency.

"Fellow-citizens, I have spoken these words not in anger, but in sorrow. I alone am responsible for them; not even my associates of this delegation knew they were to be uttered. To two of the cherished friends of my life I have said that I should speak plain words to this convention. Both of these friends, while fully approving my plans, suggested that I might injure myself; but to both I replied, as I say to this convention, that I care no more for the effect upon myself than I do about the state of the weather in the Sandwich Islands. If any one says I am making a mistake, I have but one reply, and that is that I am right."

* * *

The prayer of Israel's King may well be on our lips in the present days:

Strength is not always the strongest thing; the violinist will move the multitude far more powerfully than the big base drummer, who has twice his muscle

God has nowhere written more clear and instructive lessons than in a garden, and the plainest of them is that the way to keep bad things out is to keep good things in.

THE GOSPEL OF GOING ON.

REV. WILLIAM T. BROWN.

I. Cor. xiii. 9: For we know in part and we prophesy in part.

Philippians iii. 13, 14: Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended; but this one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Jesus Christ.

By the common consent of Christendom the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians will stand as the noblest writing of the apostle Paul, if not the most inspired utterance of all literature, excepting only the genuine words of Jesus. This universal judgment of men on that wonderful chapter is not the result of a course of reasoning. It is the spontaneous verdict of the human soul, the recognition by that which is best in human life of that which must eternally be true. And this other personal testimony of the same apostle to what was truest in his own experience is an echo of the same truth which underlies the chapter on love.

That chapter, if you stop to think about it, is quite as remarkable in what it denies as in what it affirms; or, rather, it is quite as wonderful in its discrimination as to the things that are temporal as it is as to the things that are eternal. This wonderful preacher tells us in this immortal chapter that love is abiding. "Love never faileth," he says. "Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." But he tells us also that "whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Prophecy, the speaking with tongues, knowledge, all these are temporal. They are changeable. They do not abide. They are not eternal. They are all the while passing away. And when still later he gives expression, in a letter, to his own aspiration, opens his heart to his readers, it is to tell them that he does not count himself yet to have apprehended. What he has, what he knows, what he has attained, these are not final. They are partial. One thing fixes his purpose and shapes his life: that, forgetting the things that are behind and stretching forward to the things that are before, he presses on to the goal for the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus. The one thing that is final with the apostle Paul is love, and that is final because that is God. All other things are changeable, and must be so thought of.

The Gospel which Paul preaches in this, his most inspired utterance is, in part at least, the Gospel of going on. The personal Christianity of which he is conscious is a constant spiritual and moral expansion.

It is of the Gospel of going on that I would speak to-day.

The one great mistake of life and thought in all ages and in all men is the mistake of supposing that anything we have or know is final. The greatest triumph of faith or of life is the recognition that nothing we have or know is or can be final.

To illustrate the principle, take the one thing which is most self-evident: the partial character of our knowledge of facts. The history of the world is the record of constant change in men's knowledge of nature and its laws. At various periods men have regarded their knowledge of different phenomena in nature as final. Until about 400 years ago it was accepted as a final fact of human knowledge that the earth is the centre of the universe, and all the other heavenly bodies

exist for its sake. The discoveries of Copernicus and Kepler and Galileo proved that such a conception of the universe was without foundation, and the world has had to adjust itself to the idea that the earth is only a satellite among many others of one of the millions of suns that fill the measureless spaces of the cosmos. Until the present century, indeed until late in the present century, the idea of a mechanical creation six thousand years ago was the belief of the civilized world. During the past generation we have learned that the earth is many times six thousand years old. Indeed, that the life of man on the earth is to be measured in multiples of that number. There is not a book in any department of science, except Mathematics, that is reliable, if it is twenty years old. The Encyclopedia Britannica was prepared a few years ago, and it is well known to students that many of its scientific articles have become practically useless. And yet it is a lesson that even science has been slow to learn, this lesson of the apostles, that we know only in part. He is a rash man to-day who supposes that we have reached anything like a finality in any department of science.

It is the part of wisdom for us to remind ourselves frequently that men's thought of God and of His relations to the world is not final. No temptation is greater than the temptation to think that the conceptions which we hold to-day of God and His purposes are the final ones. But we can entertain any such thought only as we close our eyes and ears to all the records and voices of history. Think for a moment of what have been the thoughts of God, which have marked the life of man on the earth! Take the history of Israel as recorded in the Old Testament Scriptures. You have there a miniature history of the thought of God in all time.

The first idea of God which you find in that nation is of a being whose manifestation is limited to the events of nature. God is a being from whom come the rain and the sunshine. The thunder is His voice and all the catastrophies of nature are evidences of His wrath. Freedom from injury by the forces of nature is evidence of His favor. You may find that conception of God clearly reflected in some of the oldest literature of the Bible. No one could tell anything about what God would do. He could do what He liked. Lightnings, floods, earthquakes, and all the violent events of nature were expressions of His displeasure.

Then comes a long period when God is thought of as the national deity. Israel is his chosen people, chosen arbitrarily, singled out of all the other nations as the object of His partiality—a conception of God which utterly lacks moral quality. The rise of the prophets is a protest against that false idea. And yet the nation held it with fatal tenacity, and the prophets were exiled or put to death. Not even the captivity in Babylon was sufficient to uproot that false and partial idea. For the thought of a Messiah which took its place was just as narrow. The Messiah was to be

sent to Israel, and not to other peoples. That was the religious faith which met Jesus, and rejected and crucified Him.

It would be strange indeed if even the disciples of Jesus had proven an exception to the rule. They did not. Their thought of God was not final. They could comprehend only a small part of the message of their Master. They carried into the new religion so much of the old that it was not they, but Paul, a man who had never known their Master as they had known Him, who became the great missionary of the new faith.

The history of the past eighteen hundred years is the record of ever-changing conceptions of God within what we call the church. The greater part of these centuries has been characterized by controversies between conflicting thoughts of God, and of His relation to men. One generation has formulated its articles of faith, only to have them revised by the next. The unfolding of the inner life of men, the deepening of the feeling of brotherhood inspired by the example and spirit of Jesus, and the changes in human knowledge and institutions have compelled constant changes in men's interpretation of God and of life. Forms of expression which once seemed unobjectionable now sound harsh on our ears. Representations of God which once seemed perfectly natural and right now seem partial and false. Conclusions which the men of another age did not hesitate to draw from certain conceptions of God have become to us intolerable.

The theology of our fathers is gone. Nothing under heaven can keep it or ought to keep it. It was partial. It contained elements of truth, but the error lay in holding it in the same form for all time. Calvinism stood for a great truth; a truth which persists, and will always persist—the sovereignty of God. Its error lay in its interpretation of the moral nature of God. It could not speak the final word on that subject in any philosophy. Calvinism is forever gone. And so have its successors, one by one. They are gone, so far as being an adequate statement of the faith of the world or any large part of it is concerned. The theological changes of the last century have been kaleidoscopic and bewildering. One after another theologies which in their time had many adherents have gone. They exist to-day merely as a matter of record. They represent the faith of practically no one. No man's attempt to interpret the nature and plan of God in a human philosophy can be permanent. You cannot formulate the purpose of God. You cannot set limits to His love. Love permits no limits to be set for it. It overleaps all barriers. It refuses to be confined within any limiting walls.

We cannot think, if we would, as our fathers thought of God. It is morally impossible for us to do so. What has been going on for all these fruitful years in which it has been your privilege and mine to live, what is going on now in this year of grace with all the silence and yet all the potency of nature,

"As the spring-time her crown of verdure weaves,

And all the trees on all the hills open their thousand leaves."

what has been going on, what is continually going on in this great world of ours, with a potency which nothing can resist is a new dispensation of the Holy Spirit, as real and beneficent as any that has preceded

it; and it would be as fitting for you and me this very day and year to say that these are the times spoken of by the prophet Joel, when he said: "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your old men shall see visions and your young men shall dream dreams," as it was for the apostles on the day of Pentecost. Pentecosts do not need to be all just alike. The Holy Spirit is not confined to some single method of manifestation, but the days in which you and I are living are as truly the days of the revealing of the Holy Spirit as any that have ever been. There has not been an age in the history of the world of which we have record which was marked by plainer signs of the presence of God in the souls of men than are these days. No man can live in these days of ours and feel the currents of moral influence, be conscious of the movement of the Divine Spirit through the ranks of our humanity, hear the thousand voices that from unexpected sources are speaking the message of the divine will,—a man cannot be sensitive to these influences and voices and not know that there is sounding to-day the call to all men to adjust their thought, their life, their institutions, their ideals, their everything to the nobler thought of God with which the world is being flooded. The splendid task which beckons to you and me to-day, as never before, the task which seems never to have risen so gloriously above the horizon of our life in any preceding age since the days of Jesus of Nazareth is the task of reconstructing all our thought and all our life and all our institutions upon the basis of the unutterable, illimitable, measureless love of God.

Here is the call of the Divine Spirit to you and me. The thought which we have received from our fathers will not do for the times upon which we have fallen. There are possibilities and yearnings and needs in this human life of ours which those who would perpetuate some partial and unworthy thought of God or of life have not taken account of. Indeed, if you and I are to have any faith at all, if we are to have a grain of saving salt in the ideals which we cherish and with which we go forward to the days, the new, the larger, the potent days of the future, the days that shall try men's souls in a way of which they do not dream, the days which shall be days of the Son of man, days of tremendous moral demand upon our hearts and souls, if you and I are to go on into these days of opportunity and privilege and responsibility that lie ahead of us so near at hand that we can feel their breath upon our faces, we must have something better than we have thus far cherished. This is no time for us to speak the meaningless shibboleths of the past. We cannot take into those future days even the faith of the present. It must be the faith of the future. As the world grows larger, as its demands become more sweeping, as its needs open in deeper abysses at our feet, as in a spiritualized atmosphere, matter more and more vanishes and the things of the spirit with their wider horizons and their broadening vistas of opportunity and responsibility stretch before us, we must have some adequate faith, some glorious hope, some timeless vision, some deathless love, if we would walk along those paths of Divine service and Christly sympathy.

One by one, whether we know it or not, the things of the past, whatever they were, have gone. If we feel about for them, they are not there. Life is not a fix-

ture. We cannot have it so. Life is an eternal thing, and we cannot have it at all unless we have it as an eternal thing. It lays hold on the things that are unseen. It partakes of the very nature of God. Into all these plans and purposes of ours, into all this ongoing of life, into all this social development, into all this religious activity, into all these ideals of ours we have got to take God. We have got to make room for Him. There is no room for God in a large part of the things we do, in a great part of the things we think. Our creeds, our theologies, our confessions, our missionary motives, our church plans and campaigns are all too pitifully small and narrow to make room for God in them. They must be made larger, or they will be shattered in pieces by the insistent, potent life of our God. The idea of God is the most revolutionary idea in the world. It is the slumbering volcano beneath every prosperous injustice. We talk of the French Revolution, and how little do we dream the truth about it! We think of it as the uprising of men against oppression. We forget that it was but one of the throes of pain in the coming to birth in our humanity of the sense of God. We think, in our little trifling ways of the movements of our age as if they were the results of the agitation of demagogues. We fail to see until they have come upon us, and we have passed through them to the better time beyond, that they were nothing other than steps in the incarnation of the spirit of God in the collective heart of humanity.

The Gospel of Christ is ever and forever a Gospel of going on. It is the perpetual going on of life to its higher and diviner uses. We can have nothing in this life of ours, unless that thing which we would keep shall all the while grow from more to more. Here are men and women who have sworn eternal fealty to each other. They have taken upon themselves what they think of and anticipate and assure each other is an eternal thing. And yet how little the great majority of us know what we are saying and doing! Nothing can be eternal which does not possess the capacity of constantly adjusting itself to an ever-widening and enlarging environment. Biologists tell us that if an organism could continue to adjust itself to every change of environment, it would never perish. That is a definition of eternal life. It is an interpretation, in scientific terms, of this principle of Christian truth and life to which Paul bears testimony. No faith of ours, no hope of ours, no love of ours, can survive which does not conform to this law. Nothing remains fixed but God. Our faith must grow, must expand, must enlarge, or it must die. It cannot live in the rarefied atmosphere at the heights which it is forced to climb, unless it shall carry to that loftier height or develop in that ascent the inner correspondence which is necessary for the breathing of that upper air. Our friendships and affections must likewise grow. They must take into themselves this same Divine Life which knocks at every door of our being. We cannot keep them always the same. We can have nothing which will stand still. The sun will not stand still in the heavens. The legend of the Scriptures is myth. The sun stands for no one's praying. It keeps steadily on in its eternal march of light and beneficence. We can prolong into the future no joy, no gladness, no grace, no glory of the present. The coming day must have its own faith. It must have its own hope and gladness

and grace and glory. And the faith and hope, the joy and inspiration, the grace and glory of that coming day will be richer and dearer and truer and sweeter than that which we have had in the present. Not only so, but the attempt to project into the future the faith or hope or joy of the present is a fatal thing. It is an attempt to commit spiritual abortion. You cannot make any sort of faith that has been, do the work that waits to be done. The faith which you have is a false and useless thing, unless there is something in it that looks toward the future. On the Yale campus are two buildings that well illustrate this law. They are the Chittenden Library and the Peabody Museum. Neither is finished. They are intentionally partial. Each of them suggests something greater yet to be. They were built for the future. They have left room for what remains to be. So must your faith and mine, if it is to survive. It must be a faith that looks toward the future, toward a more glorious future. So must our institutions, our political parties, our social ideals, our industrial plans, our hope for humanity. Said Pastor Robinson to the band of Pilgrims, his congregation, as they embarked for the unknown fortunes of the western world, "More light shall yet break forth from God's Word." Splendid words were those, words too soon forgotten by those to whom they ought to have been a constant reminder of better days and visions yet to be!

All through this wonderful life of ours, does this sacred principle run. God means us to grow. God has made us to be unsatisfied with anything short of that which shall satisfy Himself. He has filled us with a prophetic and blessed discontent which is an earnest of the Spirit for the larger life to be. And we can hold no gift of His to our hearts in selfishness. His gifts are incomplete. They point to something further. We can keep them only as they shall all the while grow larger and purer and richer and holier, only as they shall keep pace with the enlarging needs of our own life and of the life of the world in which we live.

I must not prolong this sermon, but cannot forbear this final word. Is there not for you and me, my brothers and sisters, in this principle of which we are thinking, a beautiful and reassuring message, not only from these golden days to come, which are so near, these days of the new time which is even now irradiating the horizon of the opening century with the glow of promise, but also from all the days to come, from the days which lie beyond the shadows for us all? The life to which we go forward with the fleeting years is no dreamy existence in which our souls shall be drunk with the wine of forgetfulness or satiated with an eternal round of pleasures. It is rather an ever-expanding life, filled with all the activities and requiring all the readjustments to ever-widening horizons of thought and service which have marked the inspiration of our noblest life here. To follow the light of a beneficent purpose, to share in the timeless love and life of God, that is living, whether it be here or there. So to live is heaven. So to live is to carry up into the unspeakable gladness of the Eternal Heart all the thought and all the ties and tasks of our lives, for there and there only can we have them and keep them forevermore.

Madison, Conn.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE APOSTOLIC AGE.
By Arthur Cushman McGiffert, D.D. Published
by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Dr. McGiffert's work is of the most notable character. It deserves thoughtful and careful attention, not because of the excitement which it has caused in some quarters, but because of the intensely interesting and important matters which it discusses. Whether its positions be sustained finally or not, it is certain that the appearance of this work marks an epoch in American study of the New Testament. Even those who are most opposed to the methods here used, and the conclusions here attained are compelled to turn their attention to it. We cannot feel at all confident of the correctness of much that is here stated, but we are certainly impelled by its reading to a more intense interest in the study of the Apostolic age and writings. Our attention is called on almost every page to something that we had not noticed, which was well worth noticing.

Dr. McGiffert allies himself very closely both in method and conclusions with the more recent German students, such as Harnack, Weizsacker, Wendt and Julicher, but he is by no means a slavish imitator. His work shows intimate acquaintance with theirs, and high appreciation of it, while he has evidently done his thinking and writing as the result of most careful independent labor. There are many opinions advanced which are strange not only to the ancient conservative and dogmatic method of inquiry, but strange as well to these newer scholars; yet it is manifestly evident that no opinion is here brought forward merely for the sake of declaring some new thing. For defence of his positions Dr. McGiffert has always something reasonable to advance. His work will demand and will receive attention as well from the most radical as from the more conservative critics. Indeed, many eminently conservative positions are ably defended here, while there is no slightest hesitation to face even the most radical conclusions, if such seem necessary.

Such points as the early date of Paul's conversion, the early writing of the Epistle to the Galatians (Dr. McGiffert puts this first of all the epistles), the death of St. Paul at the end of his first imprisonment, and that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written for Gentile, not Jewish Christians, are as ably expounded as they are new and interesting.

It may be that this work "roots up the Westminster Confession of Faith—revises it off the face of the earth," as one of its critics has said; but really that does not seem to us the important consideration. Its endeavor to discover the truth about the Apostolic life and the Apostolic thought is undoubted; in the end the success of that endeavor will be greatly promoted by this book, even if the final conclusions should be very different from those of this book. It is therefore, of the highest value to the world and to the Church. Rather than being turned out of the Church such scholars ought to be honored among its members. A man who sets the Presbyterian Church a step forward in earnest, honest, manly search after the truth of the Apostolic Age ought to be in the Presbyterian Church, whether he revises its confession of faith off the face of the earth or not.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE. A Study of Revelation in the Light of Science. By Harry E. Richards, A.M., M.D. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This book is an earnest endeavor to follow out somewhat more fully and formally the lines of Henry Drummond's earlier biological apologetic. Rightly emphasizing the harmony of all truth as from God, whatever be the means of its communication to man, the author proceeds to apply to the "eternal life" of the Gospel promise the laws of modern biology, and finds that the Johannine statements concerning it harmonize therewith. Eternal life belongs to the spiritual kingdom, the culmination of the series of which the mineral, animal, vegetable and human kingdoms are the lower members. The new life finds its origin in a new birth, the result of the action of the vitalizing power of the Spirit of God on the believing human soul. The necessary environment of its birth and growth is the knowledge of the divine revelation in the Old and New Testaments. Its most conspicuous characteristic is immortality. The spiritual nature of environment of the life to come makes it reasonable to believe according to Scripture statement that only spiritual beings can live in it. Those who are not begotten of the Spirit have only human life and, dying, perish utterly. Faith, *i. e.* belief in the existence of this new life-kingdom and action thereupon, is the essential human condition of receiving the life.

While the author, so far as the reviewer can judge, is familiar with modern conclusions in science, and although he seems to consider his strong insistence on the doctrine of conditional immortality theologically radical, the great defect of the book is the crude and mechanical nature of its theological conceptions. Eternal life is little more than never ending existence. Conversion is unrelated to character, but demands a measure of culture as a prerequisite. Faith is intellectual acceptance of the revelation of the possibility of deathless life for men. Although a very sharp line is drawn between believers and those who do not believe, or do not know the revelation of immortality through Jesus Christ, among whom on the basis of Matt. xi: 11 is included John the Baptist, and by inference the whole Jewish and heathen world; yet there is no room left for the person and work of our Lord. A criticism of Calvinism in the middle chapters of the book concludes that man possesses "perfect free will," which consists in the ability to "act in entire and exact obedience to the forces influencing his movements," a statement which would hardly be controverted by the most extreme necessitarian. "Kingdom" is used throughout, solely as a term of biologic classification and the social ideal connoted by the term as used by our Lord according to the Synoptic Gospels is quite ignored.

The book brings out in interesting fashion, important truths, and commends them by scientific analogies. It treats of the spiritual kingdom, but it lacks the spirituality, so notable in Drummond's work along the same lines. It is about life, but it is not vital.

DREAMERS OF THE GHETTO. By I. Zangwill. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

These stories are quite largely founded on historical incidents of Jewish history. What specially impresses us in them is their real appreciation of spiritual relig-

ion. The lines on almost the first page, "Moses and Jesus," may be taken as a fair setting forth of all the chapters. They close sadly, however, as the two great teachers look upon each other

"In one strange, silent, piteous gaze, and dim
With bitter tears of agonized despair."

We have hope that their look would be of much more gladness. The spiritual will come out above all things at last; and the great leaders know it.

Most graphic are the pen-pictures of the Hebrew life, and done with the greatest tenderness. For a Hebrew to think so far above the low-class of the Jews, yet to feel so deeply for their sorrows and even their prejudices, shows a wide range of mind and heart. Humanity has surely the depths too deep for tears, and we like to have those profound depths opened up before us, if we cannot fathom them. The enthusiast is painted here in numerous forms, and if we have abundance of cool cynicism ourselves, we do love the enthusiast; he is as dear as the cynic is objectionable. In the last analysis, man is a creature whom a God made, and a Son of God died to save. We like to find him such a creature even in fiction. The trouble with certain classes of fiction is that they can only reveal him as something very different. We thank Mr. Zangwill that he never loses sight of this profound aspect of humanity.

COMPANIONS OF THE SORROWFUL WAY. By John Watson (Ian Maclaren). Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

The companions are certain of those whom the Saviour met in the last hours of His divine life. A chapter is given to each—Simon, the penitent thief, Pilate's wife, the centurion. Dr. Watson is always thoughtful and suggestive. He has chosen a most tender theme, and treats it with an answering tenderness. We are grateful to any one who will lead us to the side of the Master in His great agony; and Dr. Watson does it with true and deep feeling. A great variety of character, as if representative of the whole race, gathered about the Lord in these last hours. The author touches them all with his often-admired sympathy. The chapter of "The Daughters of Jerusalem" is a beautiful tribute to womanhood.

FOLKS FROM DIXIE. By Paul L. Dunbar. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

These are capital stories. Some of them rank with the best of Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chanler Harris. Mr. Dunbar in his poems has shown himself to be a genuine lover of nature and a correct interpreter of its language. He now appears as a master hand at character delineating.

The sketches are mostly those of the Southern negro—the staid, imposing, theologically-inclined darkey, with the long words and short pocket-book.

There is not, perhaps, as much humor as we expect to find in characters of this sort, but the author makes up for its lack by giving to the stories a higher tone than we are accustomed to find in such works.

* * *

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

In the May "Atlantic," John F. Morse, Jr., takes up from the beginning the mysterious question of

Dreyfus, and the eventful consequences involved in it. The Hittite problem has had noteworthy light cast upon it by the work of Professor Jensen, the results of which are given by himself in the "Sunday-school Times."

"Ghosts in the Bible" is the title of an interesting article in the May issue of the "Homiletic Review."

In the "Youth's Companion," Lieut. H. D. Wise describes the use of kites in modern warfare.

The "American Monthly Review of Reviews," in the May issue, enters most ably into a discussion of the events leading up to the Spanish war.

Life among the girls at Wellesly College is interestingly described in the May "Scribner's."

Kipling's Recessional set to music appears in "The Ladies' Home Journal" for May.

The personal recollections of Chas. A. Dana find prominent place in May "McClure's."

"The Bookman" for May informs us that a life of Patti is about to be issued, which is written by a prominent journalist, familiar with the musical world.

"Missionary Review" for May gives a leading article on Savonarola in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of his martyrdom.

"Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly," in its May number, entered elaborately, by illustration and description, into the naval warfare of to-day.

The "Presbyterian Journal" of Philadelphia, in a recent number, contains a very interesting illustrated article on the notable anniversary of the Rev. William Sterling's pastorage of the Covenant Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia.

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Miscellaneous.

THERE is an art in putting things "He never turned the hungry from his door" sounds very well, but it's different when you say, "He fed every tramp that came along."—Philadelphia Ledger.

* * *

ONE of the English papers comments as follows on an article by Andrew Lang in the April "Bookman." Mr. Lang's article was a spicy criticism of the higher critics and their work:

"It is all very amusing and has a value of its own, but it seems rather a pity that these remarks never seem to come from people who are Oriental scholars. Mr. Lang himself adds the usual disclaimer, 'A reader who is not an Oriental scholar, as I am none.' Alas! those Oriental scholars all more and more go the same way, and Sheriff Nicholson's argument seems to be still in point that the only logical conclusion is that the study of the Hebrew language destroys every faculty of the mind and heart, and should therefore be summarily put down in Churches and out of them. German, too, is a language, the effects of which are only next to those of Hebrew in their painful and poisonous character."

* * *

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Plays a jolly new rôle;

A jolly new rôle plays he.

"Powder and ball

Are no use at all,

If you can't make steam," says he.

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—Philadelphia Record.

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Self-sacrifice transfigures the common, and makes it radiant; transfigures the most common, and makes it divine. The father toiling in the coal mine, the Irish-woman over the washtub, the love of the "childers" glorifies them both. Jack on the storm-swept deck—Jack was seduced into a shark's boarding-house in New York, and came aboard drunk—offers himself to go in the little life-boat out into that hell of waters, and save the souls devoted to death. Some people call him a drunken fool; the Lord remembers that hour, and asks the others what they ever did like that. If they answer that they do not get drunk, and believe on Jesus, perhaps He tells them that there are strong elements of faith in that—that oar in the life-boat.

We walk through Camp Black, and as we think of all the confusion and trouble, the men called from their work and from their homes, the weeping wives and daughters, the shock given to all the peaceful labor of the continent, the possible victims of the sword, and, still worse, of the deadly climate, we may be tempted to cry, "To what purpose is this waste?" But we remember the two hundred thousand murdered Cubans, and that this camp is gathered to put a final end to such a work; it is the Cross again, and is worth all it costs. The world is learning that money-loving America loves honor and kindness more than money or life. The world honors America more than ever before. America will be grander, nobler than ever before for this.

* * *

The Cross at the Peak. IN the navy, when the ship's bells toll for church, the national colors are hauled down from the peak, and the church-pennant, a blue cross on a white field, is displayed. Then the colors are hauled back underneath the pennant. The Cross is the only flag that is ever hoisted above the Stars and Stripes.

And yet the Cross was the emblem of not only contempt, but the most vile contempt. It was the lowest depth, the most cruel death of slaves. It is quite impossible for us to understand this. We say it a thousand times, and appreciate it not at all. It is one of God's great wonders, this way of teaching. Jesus Christ stoops and lifts the most hated, despised thing, and makes it divinely glorious by His light of infinite love; makes it shine as a star forever and ever.

The rule stands firm; the Cross always at the peak.

The Fourth of July. THE great national day will undoubtedly be celebrated with especial vigor this year. The war puts patriotic celebrations at a premium. We feel that this is rightly so. The birthday of a nation could never more fittingly and exultingly be honored than at the time which finds that nation laboring to pass on the good gift of freedom to other peoples. If, with all her faults, we should love our country still, how much more when we see her crowned with a glory of sacrifice and service freely born for others' good, shall we delight to love her and to do her honor! It is worth while being the citizen of a nation which is chivalric enough to dare the risks and the complications of an unselfish war in the cause of right and of humanity.

But while this is so, this is not all of patriotism. The great danger of this war is that it may woefully post-

pone progress in many branches of civic life at home. In the interest and excitement over foreign affairs, interest in home matters tends to be lost. Evil and unpatriotic citizens find no time so ready for the despoiling and the dishonoring of their country as the time of external complications. Already this is being manifested. The war has given every corrupt boss and machine a new lease of hope and life.

Let Fourth of July come in a reminder to every citizen that the call which sends brave men to go abroad, that same call of fervent patriotism commands those who stay at home to be doubly watchful that evils which we would uproot elsewhere be not fostered and nourished among ourselves. Let patriotism at home see to it that not partisanship, but citizenship, is exalted by the effects of this struggle. Let there be a wave of patriotism, which, glorying in the consecration of the forces of this land to deliverance of others, sets itself all the more fervently to the deliverance of this land from corruption and sordidness of public life within its own borders.

Let us put aside our resolve that the Spaniard must go from Cuba, the like one that the boss must go from America. Each of these great things demands a tremendous force of awakened patriotism.

* * *

Spanish Religion. IN the matter of Church Union, we have tried to lay the stress upon the spirit of Christ. We have maintained that it is quite impossible to unite upon opinions or ceremonies, but that we are already united in the most positive way by possessing the one spirit of Christ. We find our position endorsed from an unexpected quarter in the June issue of the "Cosmopolitan:" "It was a Catholic priest who put into his own words what he knew of the Spaniards—what we all know. He said: 'I cannot understand it. We have the mysteries of the one true faith. But I have lived in England, in America; and though I hold you to be entirely wrong in your premises, somehow your religion makes for character. I look around in Spain and I see good Catholics always, but not so often good Christians. I see a frightful immorality. I see a Sunday without true sacredness, indefensible; I see low standards of life, of truth, of honesty, of honor. In the family, in the state, I see that which no Christian priest can respect or conscientiously uphold. I do not know what the remedy is. Doubtless our blessed Lord will give it to us eventually, but this country is in a far worse state, religiously and morally, than politically. I do what I can personally—that is, all any man can do when things go wrong—and leave the result with God.' He bowed his head on his breast while he thus spoke, and his face was full of sorrow."

Surely this is the remedy: To acknowledge that the

only true religion is the one that, as the priest said, "makes for character." This is the test that our Lord gives—by their fruits ye shall know them. The trouble with Roman Catholicism is that it has put so many things in place of a simple love and faith towards Christ which will make a man a good man. The Presbyterian church is in much trouble because she has put her big confession in place of this one thing, and must cast out Dr. Briggs and Dr. McGiffert, and perhaps ever so many more who show the life of Christ in their daily life. Never will Spain have peace and life till she flings off the dreadful incubus, and never will the Presbyterian church or all the churches have the full life, till she and they do the same. The mistake of the priest was in saying: "I hold you entirely wrong, but your religion makes for character." The religion that makes for character cannot be entirely wrong; nay, it cannot be on the whole wrong, since character is what religion is meant to make, more than any other one thing. The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Where these are, the Holy Ghost is; but where doctrines by the hundred are, and ceremonies by the bagful, the Holy Ghost may not be at all. The priest being that best of men, a candid man, spoke out in his simplicity the curse and woe of all ecclesiasticism, and sacramentalism, and ceremonialism from the day of Noah to the present time. They do not make for character.

* * *

Laughing Away Division. WE have sometimes thought that our divisions were perpetuated by a deficiency in our sense of humor.

If our eyes were more open to see the peculiarities and oddities of our divisions, we would be less serious about them. Dr. Swing made one of the strongest arguments for bringing other churches near to the Baptists, and Baptists near to other churches, when he declared that after all, it was a very slight difference; one applied water to the candidate, and the other applied the candidate to the water. While the man who found out that the real difference between the Methodist and Congregationalist churches in his town was that in the one the minister said "Amen" when he was ready to stop his prayer, while in the other the people said "Amen," when they were ready to have him stop, was a weighty advocate of union.

Indeed, the situation forcibly reminds us of the old story of the Western plains. A traveler found a man beside a brook, stripping off his clothes and preparing to struggle across. The brook was but eighteen inches wide; the traveler demanded why he did not just step across instead of going to all that trouble. "Ah, stranger," said the man, "I know it only looks a foot wide; but I've been traveling ten days to get to those

mountains, which only looked a mile away, and I've found things are a good deal bigger than they seem out here." It does seem as if the churches had been endeavoring so long towards union that they have come to think the distance between them vastly greater than it really is. Somebody who can come along and laugh them into a rightful sense of their real position would do them an inestimable benefit!

* * *

Whither, and How Far? In the vast sweep of religious union, where are we tending, and how far shall we go? Each man interested gives a different answer. There is the one who may be represented by the worthy Scotchman, who said that he was open to conviction, but he would like to see the man who could convince him. We may rest assured he never met that man. With him we may pass by the one who is favorable to union—very favorable to union; but he means that all shall become Presbyterians, or Baptists, or Episcopalians like himself. His earnestness and sincerity are irresistibly comical. Then there is the one who favors all the Methodists uniting in one Methodist church, all the Baptists in one Baptist church; and, by the way, it is one of the curiosities of union that that particular union would be as hard to bring about as any other. Indeed, we should rather undertake to unite some Presbyterians and some Episcopalians than to unite some Presbyterians and some Presbyterians, or some Methodists and some Methodists. Division is in the individual, in the set of his jaw, or the clench of his fist. He probably thinks it is his Christly part, and would die rather than lose that grip of teeth or talons. Then there is the one who favors the uniting of all the spiritual sort who dwell in the love of God, and know the sweetness of Jesus. Now we are getting more light. We feel as if passing out of a cave in the earth into most beautiful sunlight. But even to him we say, with some hesitation, "Brother, how about the Roman Catholics?" Here again heredity and a good many other things may come in. Mr. Beecher used to say that there were some people whose chief reason why they thought they were Christians was that they hated the Catholics. If a man were born anywhere near the North of Ireland, that would be one of the "five points." If we should receive an unexpectedly favorable answer to our question, then with mortal fear, as if we were approaching a submerged mine, we ask, and move further off: "How about the Jews?" Cannon to the right of us, cannon to the left of us, would probably volley and thunder. Well, if that is going too far, and we must draw a sharp line between Jews and Gentiles, can we not be allowed to say one little word as respects the marvelous change which has passed over some American Jews? We have taken up a pamphlet address,

given by Rabbi J. Leonard Levy before the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel at Philadelphia. We read: "I need not point out to this congregation the reasons to show that the Jews are totally guiltless of the death of their talented, favored and spiritual brother. I feel it needless to-day to analyze the beautiful character that has so spontaneously charmed the world. I feel it unnecessary to reiterate that I regard Jesus as one of the greatest glories of the Jewish people, one of the noblest types that has ever existed in Israel." The rabbi we do not claim as a Christian at all; he knows best, and says he is not. But this is a very different style of talk from that which has often been heard from the pulpit of the rabbis. Shall we not recognize it in some way? May we not profoundly rejoice at the change? Is there not something in Christianity, and what it has likest God in it, which leaps forth to recognize such words as these? That they move toward religious union, what candid man can deny? But whither are we going, and how far?

* * *

Isolation as a Policy. Is isolation the right ideal for our country and its people? The con-

sideration of this question has been forced into prominence by the Spanish war. Avoidance of entangling alliances has been, undoubtedly, a safe policy; it was for a long time wise and necessary, but there is a widespread and a growing feeling that it is now hardly right. We are a great people, one of the greatest peoples of the world; we cannot forever shut ourselves out from the problems of the world. We are a civilized people, perhaps the mostly highly civilized people; we cannot forever shut ourselves out from the responsibility which the incubus of barbarism still in the world lays upon civilization. Those were significant words which the English "Spectator" used when it said: "It would be a relief if another English-speaking power would take up a portion of our task, and, in taking it, perform the duty of repaying something to the world which yields her such advantages."

Indeed, the labor of controlling and civilizing barbarism is a task. It is a task into which England has gone most nobly. She has made mistakes often; she has undoubtedly had an axe to grind in almost every such duty which she has undertaken; nevertheless, that work she has done, and is doing for the world. Is it not right that we enter into her labors? Is it not a fact that for all that our country has been given of this world, something of this world's obligations and labors she must undertake? The possibilities and advantages of an English alliance are much discussed among us to-day; were it not wise to consider this as among those possibilities and advantages? It is time, perhaps, that we be allied with England in those great

civilizing efforts which she has undertaken. This unforeseen coming of the Philippines into our hands may be our new and heaven-sent opportunity; they may be our mission.

If we still cling to the wise words of our first President, if we still feel that they mark out what is for us the course of greatest safety, it is nevertheless right that we stop to think whether, under our vastly changed conditions, they may not lead us to take up what would be the demand of our selfishness. The final end of a nation is not to dwell in safety, but to fulfill its mission. Even as a policy of safety, selfishness is not secure. A people unwilling to go out to meet problems will find itself some day unwilling or unable to meet the problems which come in to them. We really believe the present days are serious, momentous, perhaps critical. We will be wise if we regard in them not only what will be wisest, safest for ourselves; let us consider, and carefully, what in them is our duty.

Who knoweth but that we have come into our Kingdom for such a time as this?

* * *

Clearness. IF a man cannot see clearly, we get him glasses; if a man cannot hear distinctly, we have multiplied varieties of phones; if a man cannot write distinctly, we give him a typewriter. Oh, that our genius would go a step farther, and invent for all of us some kind of an apparatus for clear thinking and plain speaking. There is no place in which this is so much needed as theology. We are sure many congregations would invest immediately in some such thing for their minister if it were available. There is so much muggy preaching; so great is the lack of clear, concise, definite teaching. Dr. Munro Gibson tells of an old Scotch minister who was so deeply wrapped up in abstruse metaphysical questions that his people used to say that he was invisible for six days of the week, and incomprehensible on the seventh.

Let us set it down, when we speak, or teach, or preach, that our greatest enemy is vagueness. Nothing that we say can be of the slightest value unless it is understood. We must constantly beware of running into a fog. Elaborate the old proverb a little bit, and if you have anything to say, say it; say it so that it will be heard, and say it so that it will be understood.

* * *

Dogma. DOGMA is having a hard time just now. But what is dogma? Is it not thinking? Has man many glories that can compare with his thinking? What would man be without his thinking? What would there be left of him? What price would we take to part with our thinking? We should, by much, rather part with this thing which we call life—the union between our soul and our body.

If thinking be such a magnificent thing, what has brought dogma into such discredit? What but bad thinking, prejudiced thinking, above all, thinking that would throttle the other man's thinking. With many dogma has come to mean, You stop thinking; let me do the thinking for you. His very reverence for thinking makes man say, Indeed, no! When dogma comes to mean, think and let your brother think, it will not have such bad words used about it.

One of the saddest troubles of our humanity is that we cannot get men to think as much or as wisely as they should. The world wants more thinking, not less; more clear thinking, brotherly thinking. And the true despot, and the last to be overthrown, is the thought-despot, the despot who burns God's book, and writes another; crushes God's thought, and utters his own.

It is often so that what might have been our greatest glory becomes our shame. It is our perverted gifts that destroy us—Cleopatra's beauty, Napoleon's mastery, Byron's genius. But of them all there is no case of perversion so bad as perverted thought. History hides her face with burning blushes when she comes to tell the ghastly triumphs of perverted thought—the martyrdoms of Socrates, and Paul, and Huss; above all, with whispered breath, of Calvary. The crimes of perverted thought fully explain how magnificent thought came to be scorned as dogma. Let us not add to the sad story. Every bigot still does his part.

* * *

Morals in Literature. ONE of the great duties of literature, and one which has been often neglected, is to guard its morals well.

There have been some who stood very high in the world of literature, who were great offenders in the line of morals. The lords of the literary world owe it to themselves, their realm and their fellowmen, to give no uncertain sound in respect to these fallen angels. No tongue can tell their pernicious influence, especially over the young. It is a subtle temptation which says to the young that life is for license, an offering to Bacchus, and that the highest qualities may go with moral prostitution. Nothing is more seductive to youth, and nothing more deadly. The suggestion is the very essence of perdition. The guard that a man keeps over his moral nature never can be firm enough; nay, the very fullness of the help of God is needed. And when engaged in the strenuous endeavor which tasks all his powers, to be told by a gifted genius that it is all mere Philistinism, and an old woman's story, this watch and care, the sneer may make the young man lose his soul.

A good exemplification of perverted genius we find in Heine. His gifts were great; but it often appears to us that the weakness of the great German people, its

"wine, women and song" excess, may be credited quite largely to the teaching of Heine. He it was who called the great God the "Aristophanes of Heaven," and spoke of His "colossal mockery." A high duty rests upon the masters of literature that they give no indiscriminate praise to such a life and character; that they guard the young against an insane worship of such a man. It is well for our youth, and as well for all, to know that, however men may cover the hideousness of the deformity of the sinner by the beauty of some of the fruits of genius, God and His great laws move on in sublime unconsciousness that this Titanic sinner is a genius. Mr. Zangwill, in his "Dreamers of the Ghetto," devotes one chapter to a powerful description of the last days of Heine. It is "Archangel ruined." The picture is an excessively unpleasant one; the great poet, deformed in body, writhing in pain, pouring out all kinds of speech, brilliant, blasphemous, bright, but often bitter as gall, and yet concluding, "We must have faith; we cannot live without faith in the old simple things, the personal God, the dear old Bible, a life beyond the grave."

After reading this melancholy story, we took up a sketch of the life of General Armstrong, head of Hampton school. We read that he founded his school upon three ideas—Labor, Love and Life—and that he taught a gospel of work, of service for others, and of devotion. As we read, it was like passing out of a dungeon into a palace. The oppressed spirits instinctively rose, as though relieved from a heavy weight. We were in God's land of Light and Love again. We were reminded, as we need continually to be, that God's law offers no apologies to great transgressors, but gives its priceless rewards to the faithful soul, however humble.

* * *

People Worth Knowing. THE world is full of people worth knowing. In every place into which we go there they are!—many people worth knowing, and glad we are to meet them. This is one of the wonderful gifts and privileges of life. Earnest workers, earnest thinkers, find those who are akin to themselves everywhere. We don't find them living in any one kind of house, or moving in any one kind of society; we don't find them all fashionable or all unfashionable; we have met them in colleges and cities; we have met them in factories and on farms; such numbers, whom to meet was a pleasure, whom to have known is an inspiration—it was good to be with them; it is good to know that we may be with them yet again. We cannot but think that the world must be wonderfully rich in human character, from the certainty with which we can count upon finding delightful and helpful intercourse, no matter where we may be.

As we go whirling through some village on an express, catch a fleeting glimpse of the houses, spy a church-steeple peeping over the trees, cannot even read the name of the place as we whisk by the station, would not know anything about it if we did decipher it, yet how often we have thought: "Now there must be people living here well worth knowing, many of them probably. Men and women live in these houses whom I would be the better man for meeting." So full is the world of people worth knowing. So rich is every time in character.

Surely there is a vision here of one great joy and privilege preserved for us in eternity. We shall know each other. The man whom we met hastily, spoke but a single word to him, and he to us, but in whom we discerned a power and an attraction—we have not forever lost the stimulus and the help of that fellowship. The man or woman whom we knew very well, were drawn to them very greatly, could have held with them converse most intimate, most friendly, but time and change have put our lives far apart; friendship and spiritual communion are not finished forever with these. Infinitely rich in people worth knowing, that must heaven be, judging from the almost infinite riches of such knowledge which this life reveals. The best things of this life are its fellowships; and the brightest, highest hopes of that life which is to come are linked with its fellowships, divine and human, abundant, perfect, the fruition of the prophecies which we have had manifested unto us in the friendships here.

* * *

Fatty Degeneration of the Spirit. THE doctors tell us all about fatty degeneration of the liver and of the

spleen. Indeed, we understand it is a thing which affects every organ of the body. It comes pre-eminently from overindulgence. Bodily organs are overstimulated; they lose their vitality; they break up into fleshy obstructions of the system, instead of filling their place as healthy and active agents in its economy. The physical misery and final death of the body from such trouble is clearly manifested. But the more grievous evil the doctors leave untold; it is the minister's place to speak of it. The same thing goes on in the spirit. Sensual, gluttonous and bibulous living don't stop with breaking down the heart, and the spleen, and the liver. That is the least of their ruin. Exactly the same process goes on in the spirit. The things are most wonderfully alike. The vitality is eaten out of a man's soul by such courses. He becomes a degenerate. The broken body is the physical hell which he has made for himself, and the broken-down soul is the spiritual hell which he has made for himself.

Why, think of the life which has lived so selfishly that it simply cannot see any pleasure in doing a favor, or giving a help! What is the lot of a man who does not know the fun of being generous? What of the heart which cannot even understand the pleasure of giving another pleasure? In such lives great powers, vital powers, have been broken down. They have been swallowed up in a fleshly degeneracy. The manhood cannot live any longer in such, any more than the body can endure without a liver. The pulpit should make this thing as clearly understood as the physicians have made its prototype. Let it be declared, manifested by spiritual post-mortem examinations, if needs be, that soul degeneracy is a fact. Unfortunately, we have plenty of specimens wherefrom to declare our deductions. This is a retribution of selfishness and sin which needs no long argument. It speaks for itself. Its woe is all too eloquent. Still the divinely prophetic voice rings in our ears: "Speak ye unto the people, lest they die in their sins."

* * *

Missions and Union. IN a recent issue of the "Watchman," the following discussion of the divisions of Christendom, as manifested on home-mission fields, appeared:

"That there may have been some denominational rivalry is doubtless true, and that this has involved a seeming waste of money may be admitted; but it should be remembered that denominational divisions in Protestantism have sprung out of religious convictions and honest doctrinal differences, and must be reckoned with as a fact. There may possibly come a time in the future when the various bodies of Protestants will be united and will prosecute home-mission work as a unit, and when there will be needed only one general missionary in a district, but certainly that time has not come yet; and it is worse than vain to attribute any supposed failure in missions to the continued existence of the denominational spirit."

Over against this THE CHURCH UNION desires to set what appeared also recently in the "Outlook" upon the same subject. It is a subject important enough to be looked at from every side of the case. The "Outlook" spoke as follows:

"When those who administer missionary affairs show the world a united front, and are able to prove that they are engaged in Christian rather than in denominational missions, they will find a more general response; for thoughtful people know that the work can be conducted on far more economical lines, and would be if there were co-operation. Some of the societies are doing their best to work together; others are not even attempting it; and all alike are suffering from the feeling, on the part of the people, that there ought to be combined effort."

We feel very strongly that this latter statement expresses the right of the case. We would rather have the "Outlook" or some other paper say it for us, for we are well known to be constitutionally opposed to any belief in the necessity of denominationalism which the "Watchman" assumes.

So far as mission work is concerned, the time is present when we should be united. We are wasteful in maintaining our divisions upon foreign and home fields. It is unwarranted extravagance. We have societies by the score, and officers by the hundred, to do the work which could be vastly better done by a tithe of the societies and a hundredth of the officers. We are glad to have other papers confirming our convictions in this matter, and fighting for us, and with us, the battle for a united work.

This is a most vital matter. Disunion is extravagance anywhere. On mission-fields it is wanton and willful extravagance. It uses up forces which are given for the service of God's Kingdom in the nourishing of peculiarities. How much money could be gotten in any church if mission-boards took the stand of the "Watchman," and frankly stated to their constituents: "Now, we want money to rival Methodists, and the Presbyterians; denominational rivalries are essential, and we want you to support us in this rivalry with four other churches in some Western town of four hundred people!" We warrant that such a course would cause a falling off in contributions more fearfully portentous than anything which has yet been seen. People are not giving their money for such purposes. They will not give if they are frankly told that it is being used for such purposes. Such use is, therefore, really a malfeasance in trust. If it exists, it is not vain to attribute any seeming failure of missions to it. THE CHURCH UNION has the greatest interest in missions. Indeed, it believes itself to be a hearty supporter of them. But this is because it believes that care is widely and ever more constantly being exercised in this matter. It believes that in no way can it be a more effective friend of missions than in thus urging the absolute necessity of progress towards union, before we can make progress toward that efficiency and final success in missions which we greatly desire.

* * *

IN BRIEF.

THE President has appointed Oscar S. Straus as Minister to Turkey. This is a most excellent nomination. No man has ever looked after American interests in Turkey as capably as Mr. Straus. His administration of that position was uniquely effective. That he is a Democrat makes the appointment still more commendable; it shows that the President was genuinely anxious to get the best man for the place. There is no politics in it. We trust that this appointment may be the beginning of a much more energetic and careful administration of American affairs, especially

of the property and lives of American missionaries in Turkey. Mr. Straus, we understand, is a Jew; but never has there been a Christian minister to Turkey whom the missionaries learned to trust as implicitly as this one of another faith. After all, what is wanted in such a position is a man.

* * *

There is a class of persons who do not recognize the syllogistic method as the chief organ for investigating truth, or feel themselves at all times bound to stop where its light fails them. Not our logical, mensurative faculty, but our imaginative, is King over us—I might say Priest and Prophet to lead us heavenward, or magician and wizard to lead us hellward.—Carlyle.

* * *

It is told, in an excellent legend of the early Church, how the penitent thief, relying on the Lord's word, took his way to the gate of Paradise and sought entrance, and how the holy angels assured him that whatever the Lord had said would be performed, but that he must wait till Jesus had returned from the lower places, whither He had gone to release the holy dead. So the malefactor stood by the gate while the angels talked with him about Calvary, and heaven bent over to see the first-fruits of the Lord's redemption. Then came the Lord with His company of patriarchs, prophets, martyrs from our forefather Adam to John the Baptist, and as they passed all looked at him, for this malefactor was the beginning of the New Testament Church.—Ian Maclaren.

* * *

An officer of the English Army, who went through the last war on the Afghan frontier, says that the hardships of the war were not a bit greater than many a monk or ascetic went through in order to enter into some knowledge of the mysteries of the future life, and the soldier's chances of learning about the next world were infinitely greater than the monk's.

* * *

A New York firm applied to Abraham Lincoln, sometime before he became President, for information as to the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows: "Yours of the tenth instant received. I am well acquainted with Mr.—, and know his circumstances. First of all he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth \$50,000. Secondly, he has an office, in which there are a table worth \$1.50, and three chairs worth, say \$1. Last of all, there is a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into. Respectfully, A. Lincoln." We highly commend Mr. Lincoln's measure of values.

* * *

Reforms never seem so far off as when they are on the way. The surest sign of the final triumph of a righteous cause is the interest of those who are beginning to despair about it. When there is nobody that cares, there is nobody that despairs.

* * *

The bluest sky is the piece that we see between the clouds, and the really brightest piece of life is the one which looks out from between the dark places.

Selfishness is lack of faith. If we fully trusted God we should not trouble ourselves enough about ourselves to be selfish. When a man sees clearly, that he is set down to a table which contains more than enough for all, he does not grab; he does not have to take that trouble. When our eyes are opened to the fullness of God's provision and we are filled, there is no longer temptation to be selfish. It is the gift of faith that grace will conquer greed.

* * *

In an interesting book on the old Puritan Sabbath, we are told that when the meeting-house was built in Northhampton, Mass., the records show that forty dollars were expended for rum "to raise the meeting-house," and the village doctor got \$15 for setting "his bone Johnathan Strong," and \$17.50 "for setting Ethan Burt's thigh." Rum and religion did not make any better and more healthy combination then, than they do now.

* * *

There is an immense lesson to us all in Mr. Edison, who had done so much before, putting three millions of his money in the invention that will bring by electricity valuable iron from low-grade ores. Such a spirit is what the world needs in science, religion, politics and all things.

* * *

One of the facts that are ineffaceably cut into my memory during my first winter in New-Chwang was the finding, on one morning about New Year's time, thirty-five masses of ice, each mass having been a living man at 10 p. m. the preceding night. The thermometer was a good bit below zero (Fahr.). The men had just left the opium dens, where they had been enjoying themselves. The keen air sent them to sleep, and they never wakened.—North China Herald.

* * *

An International Temperance Congress will be held at Prohibition Park, Staten Island, N. Y., from July 1 to 6 inclusive. A cordial invitation is extended to every national and general organization, including the church, that is opposed to the liquor traffic and the drink habit.

* * *

We are getting the benefit of our money spent for school taxes now. Those guns at Matanzas and Manila were sighted by common-school boys grown up to be men; that is what made them go so true. Religion and education pay the highest interest on the money invested.

* * *

Perhaps some word has been spoken in our day which we have not deigned to hear, but which is to grow clearer and louder through all the ages. Who made Socrates the most venerable name of antiquity? The men who mixed for him the cup of hemlock and drove him as a criminal from the world he had enlightened. No man can be excommunicated from the universal church but by himself, by the death of goodness in his own breast.—Channing.

* * *

The foolish measure a man's worth by what he has, the wise by what he does; but God, who sees the heart, measures the worth of a man by what he is.

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SAMUEL T. CARTER, Editor.

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THE MCGIFFERT CASE.

THE action of the General Assembly upon the teaching of Dr. McGiffert indicates a distinct advance. The majority of the General Assembly have had the good sense to learn from the lessons of the past few years—always a most desirable thing. They should not be at all ashamed of having done so. A few years ago, Dr. McGiffert would have been suspended or cast out from the Presbyterian Church more quickly than was Dr. Briggs. The General Assembly neither suspends him nor casts him out, but advises him to reconsider his teachings, and if he abides by them to quietly depart. Most of our readers have seen the deliverance of the General Assembly; but, as it is matter of great importance, we subjoin it in part:

The Assembly, indeed, desires the fullest and freest investigation and inquiry on the part of reverent Christian students into the foundations of the Christian faith; but it deprecates everything which, whether in its substance or in the form of its expression, needlessly disturbs the faith of Christian people.

The Assembly deplores the renewal of controversy occasioned by the publication of this book, at a time when our recent divisions were scarcely healed. It sympathizes with the widespread belief that the utterances of Dr. McGiffert are inconsistent with the teachings of Scripture interpreted by Presbyterian churches and by Evangelical churches.

And the Assembly stamps, with emphasis, disapproval of all utterances in the book called to its attention by the Presbytery of Pittsburgh, not in accord with the standard of our church. But the church needs peace; the union of all its forces; the co-operation of all its members—a spirit of brotherhood and mutual confidence, so that it may address itself with intense zeal and no waste of energy to its great, pressing and practical work of saving the souls of men.

The Assembly, therefore, in the spirit of kindness counsels Dr. McGiffert to reconsider the questionable views set forth in his book, and if he cannot conform his views to the standard of our church, then peaceably to withdraw from the Presbyterian ministry.

While we recognize this action of the Assembly to be an advance upon their treatment of Dr. Briggs, we yet consider it to be most unfortunate. The feeling which it instinctively awakens in every true heart is so

well expressed in an editorial of the New York "Tribune" that we quote from it:

In this deliverance the Assembly says that it "desires the fullest and freest investigation and inquiry on the part of reverent Christian students into the foundations of the Christian faith; but it deprecates everything which, whether in its substance or in the form of its expression, needlessly disturbs the faith of Christian people." Now, the difficulty with this disposition of the matter is that in effect, though of course not in intention, it asks both Dr. McGiffert and the Presbyterian church to commit a distinctly immoral act. The accused professor was either honest or dishonest in promulgating the views under discussion. If he was honest, he cannot reconsider them without becoming dishonest; and, therefore, were he to take this course the General Assembly is on record as willing to retain a dishonest man in the ministry of the church. Surely the brethren in the General Assembly cannot have realized the real character of such a proposition as that, or they would not for a moment have considered it.

On the other hand, if Dr. McGiffert put forth statements in his book which he did not at the time believe,—an incredible supposition,—the only thing for the church to do would be to expel him from his ministry at once. The fact, of course, is that whether his views are or are not in accordance with the creed of his church, he has adopted them honestly and conscientiously. In justice to him and to itself, therefore, the General Assembly ought to take that for granted and address itself simply to the question whether the statements in his book amount to a denial of the Presbyterian faith. That question can be settled only by putting the accused man on trial in his presbytery. That such a trial would not only embarrass the New York Presbytery, not yet recovered from the evil effects of the Briggs trial, but might probably also disrupt the whole church, may be admitted. But this is one of the misfortunes of the case that cannot be avoided, unless the church should admit that Professor McGiffert's views are within the limits of tolerated opinion, which apparently it is not willing to do.

Moreover, the declaration of the Assembly injects another difficulty into the case. It says that it desires "the fullest and freest investigation and inquiry" as to the foundations of the Christian faith, but by implication it declares that men in the church who engage in such inquiry and investigation must reach only conclusions that are in harmony with the doctrines of the church. Under such circumstances, how can an inquiry be full and free? Obviously it cannot, as this very case of Professor McGiffert shows. He is an honest and reverent Christian scholar, and his sole aim has been to get at the facts as to the Apostolic church. In other words, he has done what the General Assembly says it desires to have done. And yet he has not been able to do so without exposing himself to grave charges of heresy and unbelief. It would seem much more consistent for the church to forbid any investigation of its doctrines so long as it regards those doctrines as infallibly and unalterably true.

We do not question the general honesty of the majority of the General Assembly, though we believe that this majority has been led sometimes by ecclesiastical politicians, who have more zeal for power than they have for truth, and that there is no duty more pressing upon the Presbyterian Church than to throw off as quickly as possible the yoke of these self-seeking men. But aside from the evil influence of these politicians and partisans, the Church is suffering greatly from having been long in a false position. She has a millstone about her neck, the weight of which she will feel more and more as the years pass, and the general intelligence of the people advances. We refer to her very elaborate Confession, which covers everything—from the creation of the world in six days to the once-received perdition of non-elect infants. There is no church on the face of the earth stalwart enough (and perhaps the Presbyterian church has been as stout as any) to stagger on beneath this dreadful load. It can be done so long as no one reads the Confession; but, as soon as it is read in these days, it produces unfaith in the reader. We are not saying anything new; we

are only saying what honest conservatives will themselves confess. They do not believe that the world was made in six days, nor that infants a span long burn in hell. What, then, does the General Assembly mean when it charges Dr. McGiffert that if he does not agree with the Confession, he must leave the church? Does it mean that if he does not believe in Reprobation, for instance, and Reprobation is an integral part of the Confession, he must leave the church? Two-thirds of the Presbyterian church have declared, by direct vote, that they do not hold to Reprobation. That immense benefit was wrought by the discussion on the revision of the Confession, if nothing else came from it. There is no canceling that solid vote. It abides as one of the grandest acts of American Presbyterianism.

But the General Assembly says that if Dr. McGiffert "cannot conform his views to the standard of our church," he must peaceably withdraw from the Presbyterian ministry. The General Assembly cannot make fish of one and flesh of another. By their action they demand that more than two-thirds of their ministers, and the best two-thirds,—the two-thirds that think,—must withdraw from the church; which is the very last thing in the world that the General Assembly wants. By their determined retention of an antiquated Confession, they have put themselves in this preposterous situation.

They have not only landed in a logical absurdity; they have done worse. They have, in the most open way, in the sight of all men, counseled one of their chief teachers not to seek most diligently for the truth as for hid treasure, not by all that men hold dear to find it, and then proclaim it with all the fervor of the inspiration of the truth, convincing and mastering all opposers; but, while professing that they desire "the fullest and freest investigation and inquiry," they openly charge Dr. McGiffert that he must, if he would find a place still in their church, come to a certain conclusion. What would be thought of a college of physicians who should demand this of one of their best surgeons, or of lawyers who should demand such a course from their great lights in law, or men of science who should claim this from a Wallace or a Darwin? The word in all other branches of study to the leaders is, Ask, Seek, Knock, and when you have found, tell the rest of us, and we will be only too glad to learn the truth. The other position is not only ignorant—it is distinctively immoral; it puts a premium on intellectual dishonesty, and, alas! it needs no premium.

We have always felt that the Presbyterian church is one of the grandest institutions of our land; but we are coming to be moved with the most profound pity for this giant Samson, shorn of his strength and grinding blindly in the mill of traditionalism. May the good God give him his two eyes and his mighty strength again!

* • * *

WHO IS JESUS CHRIST?

ALLAN CONANT FERRIN.

THERE is a thus far and no farther for every student who faces the problem of the person of Jesus Christ. The church fathers seem not to have recognized the limitations of the problem. They were not content to dogmatize with facts. They must weave their speculations into their dogmas. Modern schol-

arship is less confident of its ability to solve the mysteries of the Godhead. Its attitude is cautious. It is loth to press the question into the realm of speculation, hesitating to go farther than legitimate conclusions from generally accepted data will carry us. The insistence to-day is that we go behind the opinions of the fathers and draw from sources that are more fundamental and less fluctuating. These sources are three—the declarations of Jesus Himself, His life and character, and the revelations of science concerning the nature of God and man.

It will be readily seen that the last two are to be used to interpret the meaning of the first. It also will be admitted, I think, that if we let Jesus Himself answer the question of His personality, so far as He does answer it, and interpret His declarations in the light of His character and life, and of the larger and, as we believe, truer conception of God and man which are characteristic of modern theology, we shall at least keep within the bounds of fact and reason.

Who, then, did Jesus Himself say He was? There are several expressions which might be taken as an answer, but there are two which apply more specifically to His personality—the Son of Man and the Son of God.

The first is the one Jesus most often used. It is the habitual way in which He thought and spoke of Himself. So Jesus Christ, according to His own testimony, is a man, and so absolute is His humanity, so full and unique, that He is not only a man, but the man—the Son of Man.

To quote Dr. Behrends: "Jesus is human in every fibre of His being, from centre to circumference. He is human, sleeping and waking, speaking and thinking, meditating and praying. There are no depths in Him which are not human, there are no heights in Him which are not human. He is human in the manger; He is human on the throne. There is no divided life in Him. . . . He was one, not two, in consciousness and volition, . . . a true man in the whole scope of His conscious and active life."

The true humanity of Jesus is one of the choicest fruits of modern Biblical scholarship. The Christian is not asked to-day to believe in a monstrosity,—in a being who is a man, and yet not man,—but in a real man, human through and through, who has been tempted in all points as we are.

Jesus Christ is a man. But when we read the records of his life we are impressed, and the more we study them the more deeply are we impressed with the uniqueness of this person, Jesus Christ.

He is a man "in every fibre of His being"; but, look wheresoever we will in the annals of history, before or after Jesus, we find no human being comparable to Him. He stands out in solitary splendor—a unique man.

He was a Jew, and yet He had none of the prejudices of His race. The sympathies of His people were racial; His were as wide as humanity. His parents were citizens of little Judaea; He was a citizen of the world. They belonged to the peasant class, were poor and able to give their boy but meagre opportunity for intellectual growth. He could have known but few books—"probably none but the Old Testament and some commentaries upon it"—and had little contact with the world and its larger thought and life. And

yet Jesus had thoughts and visions which no other human being has had. He spoke as one having authority. Even His enemies acknowledged this. "How knoweth this man of letters, having never learned?" they exclaimed in their astonishment. His people were lovers of money; from Jacob down they have been known as drivers of sharp bargains; there was none of this in Jesus.

He lived in an age of indescribable immorality, but remained as pure as the new-fallen snow. His age was notoriously materialistic; Jesus was the most spiritual man in all history. Instead of perpetuating the teaching of His people and His age, he reversed it. Not the letter, but the spirit; not the outward conduct, but the inner state of the heart were His tests of character and life.

The supremacy of spirit and the righteousness of the heart were the two foci of His teaching and His life. But these were utterly unlike the thought and ideals of His people and His age.

So He was utterly unlike them in His consciousness of God, not only in the nature of that consciousness, but also in its clearness and intensity. Something like this had characterized a few of the prophets, but nothing parallel to it. Jesus spoke like a man who had seen God, not simply heard about Him or reasoned of Him. And this uniqueness becomes further evident when we remember that our own age, immeasurably richer intellectually, morally and religiously, than the age of Jesus, has not produced a parallel to Him, even with the heritage of His example and influence. No one to-day thinks of comparing any living man with Jesus. Men are trying to be Christlike, but Christ is still an unattained ideal. This suggests still another evidence of His uniqueness. He is the acknowledged spiritual leader and teacher in all the ages since He lived and taught, and no other has taken one step in advance of His teaching. It is to His teaching—to His conception of God and man, to His ideal for the individual and society—that the world is slowly but surely approximating. With Jesus there began a new era in the history of the world. Every man who writes 1898 A. D. is a willing or unwilling witness to the greatest event in history, and to the uniqueness of the person of Jesus Christ. This is the testimony of even unsympathetic criticism. This, then, is Jesus—a man by His own declaration, but an incomparable man, possessed of a profundity of thought, a clearness of vision, a purity of character and a source of power found in no other human being before or since. He belongs to no known class, represents no known type. He stands alone, the one star in a higher firmament. And yet Jesus was a man, by His own declaration and the testimony of His life on earth.

What, then, shall we do with this person, who defies classification and supersedes all known types of humanity, but who is man "in every fibre of His being?" How shall we account for Him? Right here is where the evolutionary philosophy comes to our aid. It is in its answer to the question, What is man?

Man, evolution tells us, is an animal, ascended from the lower forms of animal life; but he is immeasurably more than animal. And what makes him more is the development of the spiritual life in him—the life of thought and conscience, of faith and hope and love—not of the physical life.

Furthermore, the possibilities of the development of the spiritual life are unlimited. There is no evidence of limitations. Man cannot imagine an end to his capacity and power. Every day brings new surprises from the field of human achievement. When Christ said it was possible for man to be perfect even as God is perfect, it was not a poetical effusion, but a statement of fact. Man is immeasurably more than animal, because of the development, actual and potential, of his spiritual life.

Now the difference between men and the man Christ Jesus is not a physical difference, but a spiritual difference. Jesus was not physically greater or stronger or more beautiful. His superiority was a spiritual superiority. His grasp of eternal truth, His clearness of vision, His insight into and power over human nature and the laws of the material world, His conscious nearness to God, His beautiful life of faith and hope and love,—these are what lift Jesus Christ above—so far above, all other men. This is how He is immeasurably more than other men—His spiritual life is perfected; it is as the life of God. He is perfect even as God is perfect. This is why He speaks of Himself as the Son of Man—He is a man, but the ideal man, man as He lay in the mind of God, the man God proposed. He is "man at his best," as Dr. Gordon says, and "man at his best" is man with his spiritual nature perfected, whose life is like the life of God. So much is clear, then—Jesus was man at his best, and at his best when all other men were, and ever since have been, immeasurably below their best. How could this be—that one man could become, in a few years, what the Eternal purpose allows ages for the race to become? How can we account for such a phenomenon, which seems at variance with all the known laws of the development of life? The mystery seems unfathomable. And yet the phenomenon is not absolutely unique. Modern scientific research shows us that, while it may not have its parallel, it at least has its foreshadowing.

The study of embryology the past fifteen or twenty years has revealed the astonishing fact that every individual human being in his prenatal existence passes through the successive forms in the lower orders of animal life, that in these few months is re-enacted the story of the ages in its successive chapters of evolution. This is a scientific fact. We do not understand it. It is a miracle. But it is surprisingly like the phenomenon of the development of Jesus. The element of growth, I think, is not denied in the life of Jesus. There is no evidence that the child Jesus was different from other children, but the man Jesus Christ we have seen was immeasurably more than other men. He is by general admission the ideal man, the goal for humanity. In a few years, in the life of this one person, was enacted the as yet uncompleted story of the development of man from the first man Adam to man after the Divine pattern in the mind of the Almighty. This is why Jesus defies classification and supersedes all known types. What man has been struggling toward in all the past, and will be in the long future, in spiritual development, Jesus attained in a few short years. It is an astonishing fact. We cannot understand it. It is a miracle.

But it helps us to apprehend the meaning of this unique life. We see that Jesus is what man will be

when the Divine purpose shall be consummated in Him, when His spiritual life is perfected—the Son of Man.

This is clearly the way Jesus best loved to think of Himself. But a few times He used that other title—the Son of God—more often assented to its application to Him by others, and never rejected it.

What are we to understand by it?

We must remember that this is the same person who calls Himself the Son of Man; that we cannot divide Jesus. We have not two personalities here. Any such metaphysical distinction is unthinkable.

To understand Jesus as the Son of God is simply to apprehend Him from another point of view—a more difficult one, no doubt, because we have less data to help us, but the problem is not absolutely insoluble. We know what the term Son of Man means, because we know what man is. We can know what the term Son of God means only as we comprehend who God is.

We believe that Jesus Christ interprets to us God. We must let God interpret to us His Son, Jesus Christ. We must apply our knowledge of God and His method of manifestation to our problem, and here is where the larger conception of God, which is the fruit of modern scholarship, is of invaluable service. The characteristic element in the modern conception of God is His immanence. God, who is spirit—life—is in His world. All that is spiritual is of God. There are not two kinds of spirit, human and divine. There is but one spirit, which is God, and but one source of spiritual life, which is God.

That spiritual life which in its greater development makes man immeasurably more than animal, and which in its perfection makes Jesus Christ immeasurably more than all other men is one and the same, and is of God. Jesus is the Son of Man because in Him the spiritual life is perfected, so far as is possible under physical limitations—He is “man at his best.” Jesus is the Son of God because that spiritual life, perfected in Him, is the life of God. “God was in Christ,” said Paul. “I am in the Father and the Father in Me,” said Jesus.

But there is another avenue of approach to our problem. God is a self-revealing God. This is the Scriptural teaching. Modern theology only gives it its legitimate breadth of meaning. God has always revealed Himself, first in His works, then in the life of His chosen people, through the mouth of His prophets, and when the fullness of time came in one human life which “he filled full of Himself.” This is what the author of Hebrews teaches. It is also the teaching of John. “The word became flesh.” God was manifested in a human life and character, God in man. What Jesus Christ was in his short ministry, that is God as He would live on the earth; what we see in Jesus Christ—in His life and character—is what we would see in God, if He, whom no man hath seen, were visible; what Jesus required of men, how He treated them, how He helped them, warned them, sympathized with them, loved and forgave them; that is the way God does. To know the mind and heart of Jesus is to know the Divine mind and heart. Who, then, is Jesus Christ? He is the Son of Man—man risen to the height of God, his spiritual nature perfected, man as God, man as God would that all men shall be.

He is the Son of God—God manifest in man, filling a human life full of His spirit, God as man, God as He would be in the life of all men. Son of Man and Son of God,—these are not two persons, but one; they are not expressions of two truths, but of two sides of the same truth; they are the two points of view from which Jesus regarded Himself.

Resting upon this consciousness of Jesus of both His oneness with man as God purposed man shall be, and of his oneness with God, the new theology holds, to quote Prof. Bacon, “that the terms Son of Man and Son of God, when raised to their highest potentiality of meaning, are coincident.” There is no “impassable chasm between ourselves as human, and Jesus and the Father as alone divine;” nor between God as divine;” and Jesus and the rest of the world’s teachers and ourselves as only human.” There is a unity here, either actual or potential. It is as Jesus Himself prayed, “that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and Thou in Me; that they may be perfected into one. . . . that they also may be one in us.”

Blanford, Mass.

* * *

A VISIT TO MOUNT VERNON.

Two of us started, one of the few beautiful days of this May, on a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of patriotism. We found at the gate the least pretentious restaurant that we had ever seen, but being hungry we passed within. There was but a single room, and behind a screen a typical Southern colored cook was presiding over the stove. The more or less savory smell of cooking fish filled the atmosphere. It was from a shad, just caught from the Potomac, and we found it delicious. Everything was extremely simple, but all good. We mention this because, as we meander through this world, we find much pretension and enjoy exposing it; but much more do we enjoy lighting upon humble worth, either in bread and butter or a pulpit, or a professor’s chair. The restaurant outside of Mount Vernon ought to be plain but good, and it is.

We walked through a pleasant grove, by beautiful lawns, till we came upon the Mansion itself. There is something quite unique in Mount Vernon, which corresponds well with the uniqueness of its greatest owner. The architecture is very simple, but unusual and original; the main building is attached to certain outhouses by corridors that give an air of largeness to the whole, while in reality the building is not a large one. As soon as your foot is placed beyond the threshold, you are brought face to face everywhere with the one personality. It is not only the busts and pictures and engravings which are seen in each room: there is a breathing of his very presence through all. The ancient furniture in every apartment carries on the impression. You are back in the eighteenth century, almost on a visit to the President himself. In the main hall hangs the key of the Bastille, presented to Washington by Lafayette. The table he dined from, the chairs he used, the mirror that reflected his face, the swords he wore, and a hostful of other things are carefully cherished. We passed through the hall to the fine colonnade piazza that extends the whole width of the house. Sitting here, we were so happy as to hear from the superintendent in charge of the whole

place many most interesting facts, not generally known. The land at the left end of the piazza rises so as to command the house and grounds. It was known that there was a plan on foot to sell this land to be used as a hotel, or for such like purpose. It would have been a great pity to have it so used, as it would destroy the quietness and becoming dignity of Mount Vernon. But the ladies of the Association, by their charter, were only allowed to purchase two hundred acres, and they already owned that number. The gentleman who told us the story was so impressed with desire that this bargain should not be consummated that he himself went to the agent having the matter in hand, and with some difficulty got his refusal of the thirty-four acres for a week. This he did without any authority, but by inward compulsion, and after it was done he was embarrassed by his offer. Just then he was informed that the steam-yacht of Mr. Jay Gould was in the stream below, and that he wished to visit Mount Vernon. The superintendent received him and conducted him through all the place. Mr. Gould asked how much land the Association owned. On being told two hundred acres, he asked if that was enough. He was answered, "No, but that is the limit of their purchasing ability." "But cannot they receive it as a gift?" "Yes," and then the story, so far as necessary, was told. "Buy it," said Mr. Gould, "and draw on me for the amount." We can imagine there was little hesitation in so doing. When the seller heard who the buyer was, he asked, to use his own expression, to be well kicked; for if he had known that Mr. Gould was the buyer, he would have asked him a thousand dollars an acre.

We walked down to the sacred spot where the remains of Washington lie in their marble sarcophagus. There we lighted upon the venerable man of color, seventy years old, who boasts of having been always the slave of the Washington family. We fancy that he cherishes even more proudly his theological proficiency. We had not engaged him long in talk when he launched vigorously into the subject of religion. That subject may be in discussion in many particulars in this day, but it is all brought down to a very fine point by this venerable son of Africa. We are passing through this vale of tears to the judgment-bar of God. If we are converted and believe on Jesus Christ, it will be well with us. But our hearts must be right. There were some folks, if you cut off their heads, they would lose all their religion; but this was the wrong kind. Asked if he were a Methodist, he answered, "No, sir; I'm Baptist, but I don't think much of 'nominations'" (THE CHURCH UNION agrees with him.) The heart is the thing, and 'nominations' won't do much. If you visit Mount Vernon, tap him, and theology will flow out from him at every pore.

Most wisely the remains of Martha Washington repose by the side of her great husband, and they alone repose there. It is fine testimony to the honor of woman in our Christian land that husband and wife are so equally associated here. We were pleased to remember that no morganatic connection or other monstrosity is connected with our great Leader, as so often with the royalties across the water. Royalty does not shine at Mount Vernon; character does.

We sat on the grass, beneath the trees within a few steps of the tomb, and let the influence of the sight and

memory impress itself. To us this appears the grandest spot in all America; nor can we remember one in the whole of Europe that transcends it. It is the *tout ensemble* that is so fine. It moveth all together, if it move at all. Man, and Wife, and Home, share the simple grandeur. America will not be at a loss for a lesson so long as this mansion endures, and a lesson of the most vital nature. In our heart of hearts we do so greatly hope that no man, Congressman or other, will ever rise and move that a tomb be erected to the memory of Washington at a cost of a million dollars; that would spoil it all! Let there be one spot where money is forgotten, where mere and sheer worth is regarded.

* * *

THE SYMPATHY OF ENGLAND.

A FRIEND has kindly placed in our hand three letters from English clergymen, containing warm expressions of interest in our nation and its interference in behalf of Cuba.

The first is from a Congregational clergyman in London. He writes:

"We are full of sympathy with you in the noble struggle you are making to put down Spanish horrors in Cuba. England's heart is with you—all of England that is worth anything. May your work soon be successfully accomplished!"

The second is from an Anglican clergyman in Bath. He writes:

"I must write a line, if only to ease off my excited feelings. You are on the very brink of a collision with Spain, held off for two or three years, but it has at last come, and you are God's executioners. I need scarcely assure you (for you know it already), there is only one feeling in this country, and that is so entirely on your side that, if there were the smallest need of men, whole regiments would volunteer for the work, and the two flags would be enfolded together. . . . Here there is the same old contrast as ever between the classes and the masses. I don't know why, but the classes almost always turn up on the wrong side. I see the Day of Judgment coming on a people after the day of no-judgment. It must be so with a priest-led people. My only hope is that the smash-up may be swift and final. . . . McKinley's conduct, on the whole, I approve of. The first man in the States, the elect of the people, should be the last to give his voice for war. There is no jingoism then, but a silent, sad decision of the people. I only think the better of him because he feels his responsibility, and with no light heart casts in his lot with the popular feeling. . . . Spanish colonies have been the scandal of the world. You need not be disturbed by any dream of a coalition of Europe to back Spain; the only concert will be to hurry her out of an *impasse* caused by her foolish obstinacy; and, if short, may the work be sharp and effective!"

The third is from a Congregational clergyman in Liverpool. He writes:

"As a very humble citizen of England, and a firm believer in the Anglo-Saxon race wherever found, I wish to express to you my admiration of the noble and humane policy adopted by your government and people, in their resolve to end a long-standing disgrace to

Christendom in Cuba. Spain has shown, by her long series of failures, that she cannot govern her colonies.

... It is a great cause to which you are purposed to give your money, influence and human life. War is a terrible thing, but there are more terrible things than war. For a great nation like the United States to stand by and see thousands of Cubans starved or murdered by the incompetent Spaniard without lifting a hand would be a thousand times more disastrous to your national life and character than drawing the sword in favor of freedom and humanity at all costs. ... I do not remember to have seen so much common sense sympathy on the part of our people as a whole as we see at the present moment. Blood is thicker than water. We are one people, living under different governments. Many of our newspapers cannot discuss the present situation without discussing the possibility of an Anglo-American alliance. It has been the dream of my life, and the hope of my best moments, to see the two great self-governing nations which have sprung from the same root-stalk in history; who are the two great Protestant and missionary forces in the world; who use the same Bible, sing the same hymns, study the same literature; who marry and intermarry, bound together for freedom and humanity, as they are bound by the ties of blood and religion. ... The action of your President seems to have been prudent, considerate and strong; most commendable."

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QUEEN LOUISA'S JUDGMENT OF NAPOLEON.

At the time when Napoleon stood at the very height of his power, and when the kingdom of Prussia lay broken and captive at his feet, the beautiful and pious Queen Louisa of Prussia wrote to a friend:

"We may learn much from Napoleon. It would be blasphemy to say that God is with him. Good can only be produced in this world by the good; therefore, I do not believe that the Emperor is secure on his resplendent throne. Truth and justice alone are firm and immutable, and he is only politic. He is blinded by his good fortune, and believes that he has power to do everything that he wills; therefore, he is totally without moderation, and he who is without moderation must eventually lose his equilibrium and fall." How exactly the prophecy was fulfilled—the master of the world shut in upon the rock of St. Helena! And any true man or woman can make the same prophecy whenever any conscienceless schemer rises to startle the foolish world with a sudden blaze of glory. He will fall more quickly than he has risen. See the abominable conspiracy of Tammany and the Republican machine at swords' points to-day! Mr. Platt is sick of what he was sick for, and so will it always be. So will it be with Spain and its cruelty to Cuba. Our children will write that as one of the lessons in their histories.

Let our hearts meditate for instruction how the children of this same captured Queen Louisa came conquerors to Paris, and how her own son was crowned Emperor of Germany in Versailles, the grandest palace of France. There is a hand that guides in the world, and righteousness is the rule of His dominion.

TWO WINGS OF CONGREGATION- ALISTS.

IN an old issue of "The Christian Union" we lighted upon a brief comparison of conservative and liberal Congregationalists, which is worth preserving.

The differences between the two wings of the Congregationalists, the liberal and the conservative, are differences wholly in theological explanations of Christian experience; they are not differences in the experiences themselves. They exist in all denominations, though just now they are especially prominent in one. To particularize: all Congregationalists believe that Christian parents ought to consecrate their infant children to Christ; the conservative thinks he should do this by sprinkling water upon him; the liberal thinks it makes no particular difference whether he sprinkles water or not. All Congregationalists find the burden of sin removed in the presence of the grand historic fact of the life, sufferings and death of the Son of God; the conservatives are sure that this is due to some effect which that death has had upon God and His government; the liberals are sure that they do not know how that death gives peace to the perturbed; and they are inclined to think that no one else knows. All Congregationalists are agreed in bringing the richest treasures of their hearts' adoration to Christ Jesus; the conservatives think they know what is meant by the declaration that he is "of one substance with the Father," the liberals are sure that they do not. All Congregationalists are agreed in the solemn sense of their personal accountability to the Judge of all the earth; the conservatives are more or less clear in their prophecy of the final results of incorrigible sin, the liberals are more or less inclined to leave that final result in the hands of God, as among the unsolved problems of the universe. An army with an invincible centre is none the worse for two wings. The two wings may be far apart at the tip if they are united firmly in the centre. Whenever the liberal wing gets so far from the centre as to deny the vital, spiritual facts of sin, pardon and a Divine Saviour and Life-giver, or whenever the conservative wing gets so far from the centre as to think only of its dogmatic definitions and forget the spiritual truths they were intended to define and defend, there is danger of disintegration—not before. At present there is no such danger in the Congregational churches.

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DR. HALL ON UNION SEMINARY.

At the closing exercises of the Seminary, the President, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., delivered an address, which was requested for publication by the alumni. We quote from the address:

"Divine truth, like divine love, is of God—infinite, eternal, unchangeable, indestructible, as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. But man's modes of expressing divine truth change from time to time. The history of religious thought shows this. One age lays the emphasis at one point; another age at another point, each age true to its own intuitive sense of need. The history of religious thought also shows that this tendency to readjustment of expression has always been opposed and

resisted. Changing the emphasis has always been regarded by some as equivalent to changing the truth, and on this ground it has been resolutely and conscientiously opposed. Nevertheless, two things are certain: the change of emphasis has always gone on in spite of opposition, and the truth, the Catholic truth, has always remained unchanged in spite of the mutation of emphasis.

"Life is full of contrasts between what ought to be and what is. And in nothing is the triumph of God's grace more eminent than when it helps one to use, nobly and broadly, what is (although it be inadequate and unjust) as a means of reaching what ought to be. I have no hesitation in saying what, in this age of intellectual liberty and spiritual maturity, ought to be the attitude of the ministry toward every seminary that is realizing and fulfilling its vocation in the Church of Christ along the lines which I have just described. It ought to be something far different from that which, for the most part, it is. In the light of the whole history of religious opinion, in the light of the clear evidence that mutation is emphasis in the expression of truth, has in all ages accompanied the conservation of truth, the ministry ought not, at this advanced stage in the world's intellectual development, to take part in a movement to limit the usefulness and to discredit the sincerity of men or institutions that, by their earnestness in reporting the very new aspects of God's eternal truth, are winning toward that truth and toward the Church of Christ the confidence and love of multitudes who, but for such work as this, would doubt the ability of Christianity to survive critical and scientific tests.

"I do not presume to question the moral honesty of those who take part in the movement to discredit the men and the institutions representing a liberal, evangelical school of Christian thought. I do not utter one single word of condemnation concerning those who deem it their duty to make the ruthless statements which have of late been made upon this subject. I do not protest against the action, past or contemplated, which aims to embarrass the operations and to diminish the prosperity of any institution standing for the principles which, to-day, I have affirmed. Such opposition as this has always been. It is part of the history of human thought. I myself, an evangelical of the evangelicals, have not one thought of bitterness in my heart toward those whose spoken and written words have of late been so vehement. But of two things I am profoundly certain. I am certain that proceedings of this character must, in the end, tend to diminish the usefulness of the churches and of the individuals who engage in them. However well meant, however conscientiously undertaken these proceedings may be, they cannot add to the lustre of the name of Christianity, or to the spiritual efficiency of the Church of Christ, or to the influence of the church over the masses of unevangelized men, who need sorely and instantly to be pointed to that Great Fountain which has been opened for sin and uncleanness, and to that Divine Redeemer who alone can assuage the sorrows of a miserable world. And I am certain that no amount of opposition can stop or even discourage a movement which is founded in truth, which builds all its labors on the underlying belief, in the Holy Spirit's progressive

work within the church, and which has, as its sole aim, the glory and honor of the Lord Jesus Christ in His revealed truth.

"It is not sweet to the heart of any man to endure injustice; but we should be unworthy of our calling if we were not willing to endure it manfully and patiently, when such a mighty privilege is ours, the privilege of serving Christ's living and progressive church, as she steers her homeward way along the splendid shore of truth."

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APROPOS OF THE MCGIFFERT CASE.

BY A MEMBER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

"FOR instance, now," the White Queen replied in a careless tone, "there's the King's Messenger. He's in prison, now, being punished; and the trial doesn't even begin till next Wednesday, and of course the crime comes last of all." "Suppose he never commits the crime?" said Alice. "That would be all the better, wouldn't it?" the Queen said.

A PROPHETIC inspiration would not have enabled Lewis Carroll better to describe the attitude of the Presbyterian General Assembly in its recent action in the "McGiffert Case" than in these words from "Through the Looking Glass." Convinced from sad experience of the disastrous effects of doctrinal controversy and heresy trials on the influence and work of the church, it was unwilling to direct an investigation of Dr. McGiffert's belief and teaching by the Presbytery of New York, which alone has primary jurisdiction over its members. So without investigation or hearing of accused, "sympathizing with the widespread belief that the utterances of Dr. McGiffert are inconsistent with the teachings of Scripture, the Assembly stamps with its emphatic disapproval all utterance in the book." ("A History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age," unread by the Assembly or the Assembly's committee), "not in accord with the standards of our church," and "in the spirit of kindness" suggests to Dr. McGiffert a reconsideration of his "questionable views" or a peaceable withdrawal from the Presbyterian ministry. Quite in "Looking Glass" fashion, the spokesman for the majority argued that if Dr. McGiffert is aggrieved by his condemnation by the Assembly, he can demand a trial by his Presbytery. "I don't understand you," said Alice; "it's dreadfully confusing!"

"That's the effect of living backwards," the Queen said kindly; "it always makes one a little giddy at first."

* * *

LIVING AND DYING NATIONS.

LORD SALISBURY has spoken on this theme words which have attracted great attention, from their well-understood reference to present national conditions:

"You may roughly divide the nations of the world as the living and the dying. On one side you have great countries of enormous power—growing in power every year, growing in wealth, growing in dominion, growing in the perfection of their organization. Railways have given to them the power to concentrate upon any one point the whole military force of their population, and to assemble armies of a magnitude and power never dreamed of in the generations that have gone by; and science has placed in the hands

of those armies weapons ever growing in their efficacy of destruction, and, therefore, adding to the power—fearfully to the power—of those who have the opportunity of using them. By the side of these splendid organizations, of which nothing seems to diminish the force, and which present rival claims which the future may only be able by a bloody arbitrament to adjust, there are a number of communities which I can only describe as dying, though the epithet applies to them, of course, in very different degrees, and with a very different amount of certain application. They are mainly communities that are not Christian, but I regret to say that is not exclusively the case. And in these states disorganization and decay are advancing almost as fast as concentration and increasing power are advancing in the living nations that stand opposite them. Decade after decade they are weaker, poorer, and less provided with leading men or institutions in whom they can trust, apparently drawing nearer and nearer to their fate, and yet clinging with strange tenacity to the life which they have got. In them misgovernment is not only not cured, but is constantly on the increase. The society—and official society—the administration, is a mass of corruption, so that there is no firm ground on which any hope of reform or restoration could be based, and in their various degrees they are presenting a terrible picture to the more enlightened portion of the world—a picture which unfortunately the increase in the means of our information and communication draws with brighter—I should say darker—and more conspicuous lineaments, in the face of the eyes of all nations, and appeals to their feelings as well as to their interests, calling upon them to bring forward a remedy. How long this state of things is likely to go on, of course, I do not attempt to prophesy. All I can indicate is that that process is proceeding, that the weak states are becoming weaker, and the strong states are becoming stronger. It needs me to enter into no detail, and to attempt no specialty of prophecy to point out to you what the inevitable result of that combined process must be. For one reason or for another—from the necessities of politics or under the pretence of philanthropy—for one reason or another the living nations will gradually encroach on the territory of the dying, and the seeds and causes of conflict among civilized nations will speedily appear. Of course, it is not to be supposed that any one nation of the living nations will be allowed to have the profitable monopoly of curing or cutting up these unfortunate patients, and the controversy as to who shall have the privilege of doing so, and in what manner he shall do it—these things may introduce causes of fatal differences between the great nations whose armies stand opposite threatening each other. These are the dangers, I think, which threaten us in the period that is coming on. It is a period which will tax our resolution, our tenacity and imperial instincts to the utmost. Undoubtedly we shall not allow England to be at a disadvantage in any rearrangement that may take place. On the other hand, we shall not be jealous if desolation and sterility is removed by the aggrandizement of a rival in regions to which our arms cannot extend."

* * *

"Punch" makes a famous joke about converting the world, not by Henry Martyn, but by Martini-Henry rifles.

STRIKE!

BY N. S. P.

Strike for the victims on the Maine,
Strike for the thousands hunger slain,
Strike for the famished living still,
Strike surely, quick, and with a will!

Strike with the brave who would be free—
Who will no longer bow the knee;
Strike for thy brother in his need,
Victim of perfidy and greed!

Strike with stern war that peace may reign,
Unspotted by the crimson stain.
"The good time coming" then shall be,
Millennium of liberty.

Then smiling sun and twinkling star
Shall beam upon us from afar.
No more be heard the battle's sound,
For peace shall reign God's world around.

Huntington, N. Y.

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SECRETARY LONG AND MR. ROOSEVELT.

LIKE our English progenitors, we do a good deal of scolding about public affairs, and if any opportunity occurs for legitimate criticism we use it to the utmost. If then an occasion for felicitating ourselves does occur, we should make the most of it. Such an occasion arises just now, as is manifested by two letters which will form a part of the archives of the Navy:

MR. ROOSEVELT TO SECRETARY LONG.

My Dear Mr. Secretary: Let me add one word personally. I don't suppose I shall ever have a chief under whom I shall enjoy serving as I have enjoyed serving under you, nor one toward whom I shall feel the same affectionate regard. It is a good thing for a man to have, as I have had in you, a chief whose whole conduct in office, as seen by those most intimately connected with him, has been guided solely by resolute disinterestedness and single-minded devotion to the public interest. I hate to leave you more than I can say. I deeply appreciate, and am deeply touched by, the confidence you have put in me, and the more than generous and kindly spirit you have always shown toward me. I have grown not merely to respect you as my superior officer, but to value your friendship very highly, and I trust I have profited by association with one of the most high-minded and upright public servants it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Permit me to sign myself, with great affection and respect,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SECRETARY LONG TO MR. ROOSEVELT.

My Dear Mr. Roosevelt: I have your letter of resignation to the President, but, as I have told you so many times, I have it with the utmost regret. I have often expressed, perhaps too emphatically and harshly, my conviction that you ought not to leave the post of Assistant Secretary of the Navy, where your services have not only been of such great value, but of so much inspiration to me and to the whole ser-

vice. But, now that you have determined to go to the front, I feel bound to say that, while I do not approve of the change, I do most heartily appreciate the patriotism and the sincere fidelity to your convictions which actuate you.

Let me assure you how profoundly I feel the loss I sustain in your going; for your energy, industry, and great knowledge of naval interests, and especially your inspiring influence in elevating and lifting the whole tone of the personnel of the navy, have been invaluable. I cannot close this reply to your letter without telling you also what an affectionate personal regard I have come to feel for you as a man of the truest temper and most loyal friendship. I rejoice that one who has so much capacity for public service and for winning personal friendships has the promise of so many years of useful and loving life before him. My heart goes with you, and I am very sincerely yours,
JOHN D. LONG.

* * *

A CHINESE ACCOUNT OF THE UNITED STATES.

WE are always told that the countries of the foreign devils are grand and rich, but that cannot be true, else what do they all come here for? It is here that they grow rich. But you cannot civilize them; they are beyond redemption. They will live weeks and months without touching a mouthful of rice, but they eat the flesh of bullocks and sheep in enormous quantities. This is why they smell so bad; they smell like sheep themselves. Every day they take a bath to rid themselves of their disagreeable odors, but they do not succeed. Nor do they eat their meat cooked in small pieces. It is carried into the room in large chunks, often half raw, and then they cut and slash and tear it apart. They eat with knives and prongs; it makes a civilized being perfectly nervous. One fancies himself in the presence of sword-swallowers. The opium poison, which they have brought us, they do not use themselves. But they take enormous quantities of weskichu and shang-ping-chu (whisky and champagne). The latter is very good. They know what is good, the rascals! It is because they eat and drink so much that they never rest. A sensible, civilized person does nothing without due consideration; but the barbarians hurry with everything. Their anger, however, is only a fire of straw; if you wait long enough they get tired of being angry. I worked for two of them. The one we used to call the "Crazy Flea," because he was always jumping about; the other we named the "Wooden Gun," because he never went off, though he was always at full cock.

They certainly do not know how to amuse themselves. You never see them enjoy themselves by sitting quietly on their ancestors' graves. They jump around and kick balls, as if they were paid to do it. Again, you will find them making long tramps into the country; but that is probably a religious duty, for when they tramp they wave sticks in the air, nobody knows why. They have no sense of dignity, for they may be found walking with women. They even sit down at the same table with women, and the latter are served first. Yet the women are to be pitied, too. On festive occasions they are compelled to appear almost naked before the men.

BY JES' LAUGHIN'.

SHORTLY before her death, the greatly beloved Miss Willard recommended to her friends these quaint lines:

It's curious whut a sight o' good a little thing will do;
How ye kin stop the fiercest storm when it begins to
brew,
An' take the sting from whut commenced to rankle
when 'twas spoke
By keepin' still and treatin' it as if it wus a joke;
Ye'll find that ye kin fill a place with smiles instead o'
tears,
An' keep the sunshine gleamin', through the shadows
of the years

By jes' laughin'.

Folks sometimes fails ter note the possibilities that lie
In the way yer mouth is curvin' an' the twinkle in yer
eye;
It ain't so much whut's said that hurts ez what ye
thinks lies hid;
It ain't so much the doin' ez the way a thing is did;
An' many a home's kep' happy an' contented, day by
day,
An' like ez not a kingdom hez been rescued from de-
cay

By jes' laughin'.

* * *

"DINNA FORGET SPURGEON."

IAN MACLAREN, IN "BRITISH WEEKLY."

His charge was given to the good man on the morning of market-day as he brought the mare out from the stable, as he harnessed her into the dogcart, as he packed the butter basket below the seat, as he wrestled into his top-coat, worn for ceremony's sake, and as he made the start—line upon line and precept upon precept as he was able to receive it, but the conclusion of the matter and its crown was ever the same, "Dinna forget Spurgeon."

"There's twal pund o' butter for the grocer, the best ever left this dairy, and he maun gie a shillin', or it's the laist Andra Davie'll get frae me; but begin by askin' fourteenpence, else it's eleven ye'll bring back. He's a lad, is Andra an' terrible grippy."

"For ony sake tak' care o' the eggs, and mind they're no turnips ye're handlin'—it's a fair temptin' o' Providence to see the basket in yir hands—ninepence a dozen, mind, and tell him they're new laid an' no frae Ireland; there's a handfu' o' flowers for the wife, and a bit o' honey for their sick laddie, but say naethin' o' that till the bargain's made."

"The tea and sugar a've markit on a bit paper, for it's nae use bringin' a bag o' grass-seed, as ye did fower weeks ago, an' there's ae thing mair a' micht mention, for ony sake dinna pit the paraffin-oil in the same basket wi' the loaf-sugar; they may fit fine, as ye said, but otherwise they're no gude neeburs. And, John, dinna forget Spurgeon."

Again and again during the day and in the midst of many practical operations, the good wife predicted to her handmaidens what would happen, and told them, as she had done weekly, that she had no hope.

"It's maist awfu' hoo the maister'll gae wanderin' and dodderin' thro' the market a' day, pricin' cattle

he's no gaein' tae buy, an' arguin' about the rent o' farms he's no gaein' to tak', an' never gie a thocht tae the errands till the laist meenut.

"He may bring hame some oil," she would continue, gloomily, as if that were the one necessity of life to which a male person might be expected to give attention; "but ye needna expect ony tea next week"—as if there was not a week's stock in the house—"and ye may tak' ma word for it there 'ill be nae Spurgeon's sermon for Sabbath."

As the provident woman had written every requirement—except the oil, which was obtained at the iron-monger's, and the Spurgeon, which was sold at the draper's—on a sheet of paper and pinned it on the top-most cabbage-leaf which covered the butter, the risk was not great, but that week the discriminating prophecy of the good man's capabilities seemed to be justified, for the oil was there, but Spurgeon could not be found. It was not in the bottom of the dogcart, nor below the cushion, nor attached to a piece of saddlery, nor even in the good man's trouser-pocket—all familiar resting-places—and when it was at last extricated from the inner pocket of his top-coat—a garment with which he had no intimate acquaintance—he received no credit, for it was pointed out with force that to have purchased the sermon and then to have mislaid it was worse than forgetting it altogether.

"The Salvation of Manasseh," read the good wife; "it would have been a fine like business to have missed that; a'll warrant this'll be ane o' his sappiest, but they're a' gude," and then Manasseh was put in a prominent and honorable place, behind the basket of wax flowers in the best parlor till Sabbath.

It was the good custom in that kindly home to ask the "lads" from the bothie into the kitchen on the Sabbath evening, who came in their best clothes and in much confusion, sitting on the edge of chairs and refusing to speak on any consideration. They made an admirable meal, however, and were understood to express gratitude by an attempt at "gude nicht," while the foreman stated often with the weight of his authority that they were both "extraordinar' lifted" by the tea and "awfu' ta'en up" with the sermon. For after tea the "maister" came "but," and having seen that every person had a Bible, he gave out a Psalm, which was sung either to Coleshill or Martyrdom—the musical taste of the household being limited and conservative to a degree. The good man then read the chapter mentioned on the face of the sermon, and remarked by way of friendly introduction:

"Noo we'll see what Mr. Spurgeon has to say the nicht."

Perhaps the glamour of the past is on me, perhaps a lad was but a poor judge, but it seemed to me good reading—slow, well pronounced, reverent, charged with tenderness and pathos. No one slept or moved, and the firelight falling on the serious faces of the stalwart men, and the shining of the lamp on the good gray heads as the Gospel came, sentence by sentence, to every heart, is a sacred memory, and I count that Mr. Spurgeon would have been mightily pleased to have been in such meetings of homely folk.

It was harvest-time, however, when Manasseh was read, and there being extra men with us, our little gathering was held in the loft, which is the place where corn is placed which is to be threshed in the mill. It

was full of wheat in heavy, rich, ripe, golden sheaves, save a wide space in front of the machinery, and the congregation seated themselves in a semicircle on the sheaves. The door through which the corn is forked into the loft was open, and with a skylight in the low, dusty roof, gave us that fine August evening all the light we needed. Through that window we could look on some stacks already safely built, and on fields, stretching for miles, of grain cut and ready for the gathering, and beyond to woods and sloping hills towards which the sun was westerling fast. That evening, I remember, we sang

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,"

and sang it to French, and it was laid on me as an honor to read "Manasseh." Whether the sermon is called by this name I do not know, and whether it be one of the greatest of Mr. Spurgeon's I do not know, nor have I a copy of it; but it was mighty unto salvation in that loft, and I make no doubt that good grain was garnered unto eternity. There is a passage in it when, after the mercy of God has rested on this chief sinner, an angel flies through the length and breadth of Heaven, crying, "Manasseh is saved, Manasseh is saved." Up to that point the lad read, and farther he did not read. You know, because you have been told, how insensible and careless is a schoolboy, how destitute of all sentiment and emotion . . . and therefore I do not ask you to believe me. You know how dull and stupid is a plowman, because you have been told . . . and therefore I do not ask you to believe me.

It was the light which got into the lad's eyes, and the dust which choked his voice, and it must have been for the same reasons that a plowman passed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Ye'll be tired noo," said the good man; "lat me feenish the sermon," but the sermon is not yet finished, and never shall be.

Who of all preachers you can mention of our day could have held such companies save Spurgeon? What is to take their place, when the last of those well-known sermons disappears from village shops and cottage shelves? Is there any other gospel which will ever be so understood of the people, or so move human hearts as that which Spurgeon preached in the best words of our own tongue? The good man and his wife have entered into rest long ago, and of all that company I know not one now; but I see them as I write against that setting of gold, and I hear the angel's voice, "Manasseh is saved," and for that evening and others very sacred to my heart I cannot forget Spurgeon.

* * *

ACTUAL CHURCH UNION FOR A DAY.

REV. FREDERICK LYNCH.

DEMONSTRATIONS by Sunday-schools on Memorial-day are not uncommon in any part of the country. Brooklyn, we believe, was the pioneer in this movement, and has become noted for its great annual parade of children. But the most unique feature of these events, and the one giving them greatest interest and permanent value, has this year been introduced in New Haven. We refer to the meeting of the different schools in the central churches of the city for worship

and addresses, just before the public demonstration on the Green. Here occurs a very striking event—viz., Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Baptists and Hebrews forget their differences and worship together as Christians and children of the one God. Thus, in the United Church (Congregational), the services were led by Max Adler, of the Hebrew synagogue, prayer offered by a Presbyterian clergyman, and the sermon preached by an Episcopalian. It was worth noticing, too, that the Episcopalian said that when he used the word church he included all denominations. Across the Green in Trinity Church (Episcopalian) were gathered Baptists, Methodists and Episcopalian Sunday-schools, and the exercises were led by a Congregationalist and the sermon preached by a Methodist. So in three other churches the same undenominational policy was pursued. When the schools assembled on the Green, they were joined by the Roman Catholic schools, and were led around the Green to the front of the reviewing-stand. Here hymns were sung and the benediction given by a Roman Catholic clergyman. As the great group of children stood side by side in common worship, how all sectarian lines were broken down! No one thought of the denomination he belonged to, or dwelt on the distinctive tenets of his church, but as common children of the one God they sang their hymns of worship and prayed together, "Our Father, which art in heaven." We could not help thinking, as Protestant, Roman Catholic and Hebrew joined in the swelling harmony of song, singing together "America," and "Onward, Christian Soldiers!" what if the feeling and unity of this one hour could be perpetuated through all the days and years! What an impetus would be given to the Gospel of Christ! How we should begin to look for the Kingdom! Alas! we go back into our own small houses, and look at the sun through our own peculiar window. But we go back broader-minded, more charitable, after all, for the one hour of brotherhood! And we go back asking ourselves if what we have been for an hour we cannot be for a day, a week, a year, an eternity.

New Haven, Conn.

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LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PAINE.

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER PAINE, of the *Olympia*, now in Manila Bay, was my traveling companion in China in 1895, and a better fellow never lived. I had known him in Washington for some years in a casual way, but never found out what a good fellow he was until we were thrown so intimately together. There was a little incident on the journey that is worth telling. While we were at Nagasaki, waiting for the Pacific Mail steamer for China, we heard of a missionary massacre in Szechuan, which naturally made us both eager to go as soon as possible, because I wanted to get the news and Paine wanted to join his ship, and he expected she might be sent up into the country to protect Americans.

Finding in the harbor an old British tramp that was to sail for Shanghai that night, we decided to take her instead of waiting for the regular steamer, and after a pleasant dinner with Dr. Abercrombie at the American

Consulate went on board. She was advertised to leave at sunset, but they told us the captain was ashore, and we sat on the deck waiting for him until nearly midnight. Finally he came aboard so drunk that he could scarcely crawl up the ladder. Dropping into a chair he began in a maudlin to praise Dr. Abercrombie, our Consul, and Captain Coffin of the cruiser *Charleston*, which was then in the harbor, and condemn in the most profane language the British Consul and the captain of a British man-of-war that was also in port, for they had wounded his vanity.

A British naval officer never addresses the skipper of a merchant ship as "captain." He always calls him "master," and it appeared that our tramp had met the two consuls and the captains of the two warships at the club. The Americans had shaken hands with him when they were introduced and had called him "captain;" the Britishers had declined to shake hands with him and had called him "master." This made him very angry, and he was going it over and over again incoherently when the first mate came aft, and in a deferential manner suggested that if we were going to sail that night it would be well to get under way at once and take advantage of the tide. The captain staggered forward, and we soon heard preparations for departure. He was screaming at the crew in a hoarse, profane voice and lurching and lunging upon the bridge. I remarked to Paine that I did not like to sail with a drunken man, but it was too late to go ashore.

"Yes," he replied, "I feel as you do, and this is a nasty harbor to get out of. If we were at sea it would be all right. The quartermaster would have his course set for him, and there would be no danger. I guess I will go forward and see if the captain will let me take the ship out for him."

Knowing a sailor's sensitiveness, Mr. Paine went first to the mate, and in a diplomatic way inquired if the latter had any objection to his asking permission to take the ship out of the harbor. As he was an officer of the United States Navy and had never handled a merchantman, he felt a great desire to do so just for the fun of the thing. The mate twigged the situation, and evidently felt relieved when, a few minutes later, he found that the captain had consented to take a nap and let Commander Paine navigate his vessel. After we were fully under way I crept forward. The men had gone to their quarters; the mate was in the bow.

"You've a new man on the bridge," I suggested. "Yes," he replied in an undertone, "and it is a miracle that he is there. He must have mesmerized the captain, because when the old man is drunk he gets very pigheaded."

I did not see Commander Paine again that night, but when I turned in he was pacing the bridge and giving orders quietly to the quartermaster in the wheelhouse below. The next day he told me that he had taken the ship out of the harbor and retained command of her until the dog-watch in the morning, when the first mate relieved him. He said he had no trouble with the captain at all, except that the latter got very affectionate, and insisted upon embracing him three or four times before he would lie down for his nap. Then he dropped on a lounge in the chart-room, and was still sleeping like a baby when Paine turned in at daylight, and the *Glenfruen* was far out at sea.—Chicago Record.

SOWING AND REAPING.

TEN thousand sowers through the land;
 Passed heedless on their way.
 Ten thousand seeds in every hand,
 Of every sort had they;
 They cast seed here,
 They cast seed there,
 They cast seed everywhere.

Anon as many a year went by,
 These sowers came once more,
 And wandered 'neath the leaf-hid sky,
 And wondered at the store;
 For fruit hung here,
 And fruit hung there,
 And fruit hung everywhere.

Nor knew they in there tangled wood
 The trees that were their own;
 Yet as they plucked, as each one should
 Each plucked what he had sown.
 So do men here,
 So do men there,
 So do men everywhere.

—Exchange.

* * *

A LETTER OF HON. FRANCIS S. KEY.

THE war has set us all singing again "The Star Spangled Banner." This is the first effect of all our wars. This lyric holds its place in the hearts of our people, and still comes forth when patriotism grows fervent. We give a letter written by the author of the song, because of its religious interest. The subject of it is the character of his friend, Lieutenant Daniel Murray, of the United States Navy. Incidentally we are taught the enduring influence of a very simple suggestion, which may encourage us in that direction. We all fail in our estimate of the power of a little true word or act:

"From my earliest recollections of Lieut. Murray his character and conduct were so remarkable that he seemed to me without a fault. No temptations ever seemed to surprise him. No allurements or persuasion led him from his course. I remember well how strong his influence was over me, and how it was always used for my good. But I ascribed to natural causes altogether the peculiarity and excellence of his character, and did not see how religion could change him who seemed already as perfect as a human being could be. This was not only my thought; all who knew him well thus estimated him.

"I remember being present at a conversation on the subject of religion between the late John Randolph and Commodore Decatur, who had known Mr. Murray while in the navy. The latter was expressing his difficulties about the universal sinfulness of man's nature. It surprised him that the very best people in the world should always speak of themselves as sinners. He mentioned his own mother as an instance, and then, turning to me, said: 'There, too, is our friend Murray; you know what a man he is: who ever saw anything wrong in him? Is it not absurd to think of such a man as a sinner? And yet he accounts himself such.' I shall never forget Mr. Randolph's reply to this. He

rose from his sofa, walked towards Decatur, stood before him, and in his emphatic manner said to this effect: 'I well know how dark and unintelligible this subject appears to you, and why it is so. But I trust a time will come when you will know and feel it to be all true—true of all, true of yourself; when you will be self-arraigned and self-condemned; found guilty of sin—not of the sin of cowardice, falsehood, or any mean and dishonorable act, but at least of this, that you have had conferred upon you great and innumerable favors, and have requited your Benefactor with ingratitude. This will be guilt enough to humble you, and you will feel and own that you are a sinner.'

"The difficulties, however, that I had felt from my appreciation of his early character were all cleared up at the death-bed of my friend. On my first seeing him, he said: 'You witness my most comfortable and happy state. I cannot describe it to you. Now, I owe it all to you, though I never told you, and you never knew it.' Shortly after this, when we were alone, he called to me, and said: 'Now I will tell you what I never told you or any one. When we first met, and you were a little boy, your good mother had taught you a hymn, which you used to repeat aloud every night in getting into bed. That hymn made a remarkable and deep impression on me, which was never effaced. Without your knowing it, I got it by heart from hearing you repeat it; and from that time to this I have never gone to my rest at night without repeating to myself that hymn and praying. This had a most salutary effect upon me all my life. When at sea, I never, under any circumstances, omitted it; and under the influence produced by it, I remember that when I was once for a short time in command of a small brig we had captured from the French in the Mediterranean, one of the first orders I gave was for the regular meeting of all hands for reading and prayer, which was well received, and had a good effect.' He then repeated it to me, and I took a pencil and wrote it down. I had forgotten every word of it."

* * *

CLEAR GRIT.

ABOUT thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a book store in Cincinnati, in search of some books that I wanted. While there a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much." He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I have got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eagerly his little eyes looked for an answer! and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes when the man not very kindly told him he could not! The disappointed little fellow looked up to me, with a very poor attempt at a smile, and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I will try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully, and told the gentleman just what he wanted.

"You want the book very much?" said the proprietor.

"Yes, sir, very much."

"Why do you want it so very, very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I am at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn the places where he used to go."

"Does he go to these places now?" asked the proprietor.

"He is dead," said the boy softly. Then he added, after a while, "I am going to be a sailor, too."

"Are you, though?" asked the gentleman, raising his eyebrows curiously.

"Yes, sir, if I live."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do; I will let you have a new geography and you may pay the remainder when you can, or I will let you have one that is not new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new ones."

"It will do just as well, then, and I shall have eleven cents left towards buying some other book. I am glad they did not let me have one at any of the other places."

The bookseller looked up inquiringly, and I told him what I had seen of the little fellow. He was much pleased, and when he brought the book along, I saw a nice, new pencil and some clean, nice white paper in it.

"Thank you, sir, you are so very good."

"What is your name?"

"William Haverly, sir."

"Do you want any more books?" I now asked him. "More than I ever can get," he replied, glancing at the books that filled the shelves.

I gave him a bank note. "It will buy some for you," I said.

Tears of joy stood in his eyes.

"Can I buy what I want with it?"

"Yes, my lad, anything."

"Then I will buy a book for mother," said he; "I thank you very much, and some day I hope I can pay you back."

He wanted my name, and I gave it to him. Then I left him by the counter, so happy that I almost envied him, and many years passed before I saw him again.

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a most terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself,

threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could ride such a sea. The captain, who had been below with his charts, now came up; he saw how matters stood, and, with a voice that I heard distinctly above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

It was surprising to see these men bow before the strong will of their captain, and hurry back to the pumps. The captain then started below to examine the leak. As he passed me I asked him if there was any hope. He looked at me, and then at the other passengers, who had crowded up to hear the reply, and said rebukingly:

"Yes, sir, there is hope as long as one inch of this deck remains above water; when I see none of it then I will abandon the vessel, and not before, nor any one of my crew, sir. Everything shall be done to save it, and if we fail, it will not be from inaction. Bear a hand, every one of you at the pumps."

Thrice during the day did we despair; but the captain's dauntless courage, perseverance, and powerful will mastered every man on board, and we went to work again.

"I will land you safely at the dock of Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

And he did land us safely; but the vessel sunk, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and the blessings of passengers as they passed down the gang plank. I was the last to leave. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P., do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his ship.

"Do you remember the boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverly."

"I am he," said he; "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Capt. Haverly!

—Sailors' Magazine.

* * *

Of James Russell Lowell and himself, W. W. Story was fond of relating this tale: "Lowell and I were very angry with Webster for staying in old Tyler's Cabinet, and as he was to speak in Faneuil Hall on the evening of September 30, 1842, we determined to go in (from the Harvard Law School) and hoot at him, in order to show him that he had incurred our displeasure. There were three thousand people there, and we felt sure that they would hoot with us, young as we were. But we reckoned without our host. Mr. Webster, beautifully dressed, stepped forward. His great eyes looked, as I shall always think, directly at me. We both became as cold as ice and as respectful as Indian coolies. I saw James turn pale. He said I was livid. And when the great creature began that most beautiful exordium, our scorn turned to deepest admiration, from abject contempt to belief and approbation."

* * *

Some one says: "This Gospel that is without money and without price, is beginning to cost outrageously." This is largely owing to sectarianism.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH.

A SERMON BY THE REV. SAMUEL ZANE BATTEN, AT THE MORRISTOWN, N. J., BAPTIST CHURCH.

As My Father hath sent Me, even so send I you.—John, xx: 21.

THERE are three institutions known to man which are divine in origin and ordinance. The family, the Commonwealth of the affections, is primary in human life, and has much to do with the shaping of life and the molding of character. The state, the Institute of right relations, is the organ of the mutual sacrifice of the people, and is the representative of the providential order of God. The church is the organized confession of the divine life in man—the living witness to the spiritual constitution of society, and the prophetic interpreter of the will and word of the Heavenly Father. Each of these institutions has its own functions, though they all cover the one sphere of human life. Each has its own mission, though they all work together toward the one common end. Each is called to be a field for the manifestation of the life and righteousness of the Kingdom, and an agency for its establishment among men. Each aims to incarnate the ideals of the Kingdom, to translate them into human lives, and to realize them in human relations. To seek the Kingdom of God and its righteousness is the duty and calling of each. The Kingdom only is supreme and final; the family, the state and the church are all means to an end, and they are Christian in so far as they seek the Kingdom and honor its righteousness.

To-day I ask you to consider with me the church and her work. The church, we say, is the organized confession of the divine life in man. The word "church" occurs in the New Testament some one hundred and fourteen times, and in its primary significance it always means an assembly or congregation of men. But this simple word bears different meanings according to its relations, thus giving at least four separate meanings to the word.

From these varied uses of the word we learn that the church is a company of believers, drawn together by a common faith in the one Lord—a company of God-inhabited men associated for the promotion of holiness of life, organized for the one purpose of carrying out the Master's commissions, and providing a free and open field on which heavenly righteousness may be manifested and trained. The church stands before men as the pillar and ground of the truth. The church is the salt of the earth—the city set on a hill, whose light cannot be hid. The church is the life of Christ in continuous and visible incarnation, the body through which the Spirit works. But let us now hasten on to consider the true work and mission of this church, which the Master has purchased with His own blood, and set up in the world. The work of the church falls naturally in three divisions:

1. Being. The church is Christ continued, Christ carried along and manifested forth to the world. One great part of the church's mission is just to be the living, visible incarnation of the life of Jesus Christ. Notice for a moment that figure of the body: "Ye are the body of Christ;" it is a figure given us by inspiration, and is full of suggestiveness. In the days of His flesh Jesus Christ walked among men as the revelation

of the life of the world. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, and we beheld His glory, glory as of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Men seeing and knowing Jesus Christ saw and knew the eternal God. Men looking on Christ saw the life and glory and character of God revealed before them.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds,
In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

But this life of God once revealed in Christ, men say, no longer walks the streets and lanes of earth. Has, then, the Christ left Himself without a witness? No; His people are His living epistles, the living incarnations of His life and truth. Hear Him say: "As the Father hath sent Me into the world, even so send I you." Hear Him pray: "As thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou didst send Me." Hear Him say: "If a man love Me, he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him." The man who professes and calls himself a Christian is called to realize in his life the life and character of Jesus Christ. He is called to be as Christ was in the world, the living revelation of the life of God. The apostle says: "Ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." Christ is not here now; He is not to be seen in our streets and lanes; we no longer see His eye of love, feel His hand of healing, hear His voice of comfort and warning. Christ is no longer here? Christ has no eyes, no lips, no hands, no feet in the world to day? Ah, what a mistake is this! We, His people, are His body, His eyes, His lips, His hands, His feet. We are His eyes searching out the lost and seeking the out-cast; we are His lips speaking words of love and counsel; we are His ears listening for the cries of needy and stricken men; we are His hands employed in touching and leading and lifting men; we are His feet running His errands and fulfilling His will. The church is set here in the world to be the living embodiment of Jesus Christ, to fulfill in its life the life and work of the Lord Jesus.

Again: the church is here as the pillar and ground of the truth. Truth, Christian truth is a personal, vital thing. It is not something that a man can write down on paper, and carry around in his pocket and show to all inquirers. "I am the Truth," said the Son of Man. We who live in Him are called to be the Truth to our age and place. Truth is something that must think in the brain, throb in the heart, nestle in the affections, live in the will, and grow in the life. Some men have tried to tell us that Christianity is a book religion; the

Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants. No greater mistake could be made; it is a life religion: Jesus of Nazareth, the living Man, is the religion of Christians. The God who created the world and upholds all things by the word of His power is forever unseen by human eyes. "Who by searching can find Him out?" But once there stood up in the midst of us, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, One who called himself the Son of Man. And, lo! men came to see in Jesus of Nazareth God manifest in the flesh; Him who is the life of the world, the Way, the Truth and the Life. God is the life of the world, and fills all things, "For in Him we live and move and have our being." In creation He is revealed, but there we see but the outskirts of His ways. In providence He is found, but few have the eyes to read His providences. In Scripture God has caused a few words concerning Himself to be written down for our instruction; but men do not read this Book, and when they read, so few understand! With it all, God in His own world, among His own works, in His own book is almost unknown, and men still ask, half in perplexity, half in indifference, What is Truth? But some day there stands up a man, a brave, strong, true God-inspired, God-filled man, and all who know Him catch glimpses of God and His truth. As the image in the mirror reflects the face of the man, as the sunlight on the sea shows the sunshine in the sky; so the life of man reflects the life of God. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." Yonder through that wire throbs the mysterious and subtle something we call electricity. And now it finds a manifestation point, and, lo! the light flashes, and the street is bright. The truth of Christianity has no self-revealing power apart from a human life. Not fine logic is what the world needs, but holy manhood. How can the truth as it is in Jesus be made known to men? Logic cannot prove a person or manifest a spirit. Those poor Africans knew nothing of the Light of the world, and in their blindness they bowed down to wood and stone. But at last there comes a man among them, a man in whom Jesus Christ lived, and in David Livingstone Africa saw the Christ. Burmah was dark, and in that darkness groped for light. But there comes a man among them to whom it was Christ to live, and in Adoniram Judson—"Jesus Christ's man"—the people found the truth. There are sections in every city where darkness reigns, where the very streets reek with foulness and sin. Christ? Who is Christ? the children ask; Christ? Oh, He does not live in our street. And then some day a woman who knows Jesus Christ, goes down into the cellars and up into the garrets, and before long the people know who Jesus is and what He does. The church is the organized fellowship of those who possess the new life in Christ. And so the church stands before the world as the living incarnation of the truth as it is in Jesus.

And once more: the church, by its life and order, is a perpetual revelation of the spiritual constitution of society. Two great truths lie at the very centre of Christianity—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. These are not mere sentiments or theological doctrines, but living, practical realities. But, alas! the world does not know the Father, and, not knowing the Father, they do not know their human brothers. Right here we see the mission and calling of

the church: it is a living witness in its life and order to these great Christian truths. The church of the living God is a family, and its members are all brothers. Out in the world all kinds of divisions and rivalries and barriers separate men, and the bond of brotherhood is either denied or ignored. Men are separated by the barriers of class and condition, the barriers of social position and wealth, the barriers of culture and pedigree. Many of those who cherish the sentiment of brotherhood are like the man who, when asked if he believed in the Brotherhood of man, replied: "Yes, I believe in the brotherhood of mankind, except in business hours." Now, right in the midst of the world, we find a company of men who, by their very organization and life, witness to this great and vital Christian truth. The two great ordinances of the church are perpetual witnesses to the unity of mankind. Baptism, on its human and social side, is a declaration to the world that the believer has entered into the life of God. The apostle finds in baptism the declaration of the solidarity of the race: "For as many of you as were baptized into Christ did put on Christ. There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free; there can be no male and female; for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus." The Lord's Supper, the other ordinance of the church, is even more plain in its testimony to the unity of mankind. That simple ceremony of breaking bread together testifies forever to the sacredness and divineness of all life; it testifies to the precious truth that we are all brothers, children of the one Great Father. The church is not a company of elder brothers, to be feasted and petted, but a family circle, in which the strong tarry for the weak, and the highest serve the lowest. There, at this table, the prince and the peasant meet as equals; the millionaire is brother of the journeyman, the cultured is the fellow and friend of the uncultured. Through the church, its life and order, the world receives a lesson in brotherhood and service. In the face of all the rivalries and divisions of earth, the church stands as a living illustration of the truth that one Father hath made us all, and we are all brothers. The church, we say, is Christ continued and made real to the world. The church is the Truth as it is in Jesus, manifested in human life and human society. The church is the perpetual revelation of the spiritual constitution of humanity, the living interpreter of the Fatherhood of God. The first great work and mission of the church is just to be in the world, and by its life reveal the life and will of God.

2. The second part of the church's mission is comprehended in the word witnessing. The Master says that He came to bear witness unto the truth; and He tells His disciples that as the Father sent Him into the world, even so He sends His disciples. The one great duty of the church is to witness for Jesus Christ—His truth, His righteousness. The church is to witness of Him in whom are all things, through whom are all things, and we in Him. This witnessing for Christ does not consist in the vain repetition of his name or the formal discussion of His person; it is not teaching men to say Lord, Lord, but teaching them to do His will and keep His commandments. As Israel was called to be God's witnesses, testifying to His righteousness and will, interpreting His ways and providences, so the church is called to witness for Him in these

modern times. Among the nations of that ancient world stood little Israel, upholding the banner of the Divine righteousness and proclaiming to the nations that the will of the King of Kings is the only law for men and nations. Among the nations stood Israel like an embodied conscience, illustrating in her life the glory and majesty of the moral law. So the church is called to witness for God, to be a kind of personalized Sinai, showing the men of the world what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God. The sons of the Kingdom are set here in the world to illuminate it, to be living expositors of the truth as it is in Jesus. Like the Master, they are to bear witness to the world that its deeds are evil. Like the Master they are to make men know the will and requirement of God.

No other institution can do this work except the church. The churches claim to have the truth of Christ, the truth which is able to save and renew the world. Then the churches must make men see that truth in all its bearings and applications. Our schools are doing a magnificent work, but they cannot meet the world's need at this point. Our newspapers are giving us the news of the world in small compass, but they are not yet fit to be the pillar and ground of the truth. Our governments to day are most necessary, but they cannot be trusted to do this work of teaching men the will and word of God.

This work of witnessing for God is a work as broad as the will of God and as wide as human life. The will of God is universal in its sweep and all-inclusive in its scope. It comprehends the myriad-sided life and activity of man, and has to do with all his interests and activities. The will of God has to do with out families and our churches, our stores and our courts, our stock exchanges and our governmental affairs; it has to do with such real and every-day things as buying and selling, praying and voting, editing newspapers, and managing farms, teaching school and collecting rents. Nothing in this world can find a reason for its existence, unless it is in living relations with the will of God. Whatever is not done as the King eternal appoints is wrongly done, and is in rebellion against the Most High. Right over against the kingdoms of this world, with their wrong works and ways, stands the Kingdom of God with its righteousness, its peace, its gladness in the Holy Spirit. Hear these great words of De Laveleye: "There is in human affairs an order which is best. That order is not always the one which exists, but it is the one which should exist for the greatest good of humanity. God knows it and wills it; man's duty it is to discover and establish it."

The modern world is full of urgent and clamorous problems, which must be solved or our civilization will pay the forfeit. Every one of these problems has a moral and spiritual aspect; at bottom they are all religious questions. "Omnia exenit in theologiam." Carlyle used to say that any road would take one to the end of the world; and it is even so. Any problem of society leads us out into the infinite, and only in God can we find its answer. With political policies and parties we have nothing to do as churches; but with right and wrong we have everything to do. We are not here to preach the rights of laborers or the rights of capitalists; but we are here to witness for righteousness and love in all relations. We are not here to dictate statutes and

ordinances, but we are here to create the conscience which shall make all right statutes and laws. We cannot shirk this work and be true to God and man. The state, men of all schools of thought are coming to recognize, has a moral end, and is the representative of the Providence of God in human affairs. The state, in the noble words of Burke, is a partnership of men in every good and in all perfection. The state is here to promote and conserve human welfare, to secure conditions favorable to the development of strong and moral personalities. And all the time it is the mission of the church to hold up before men the true ideal of social life, to enforce with its spiritual sanctions the truth of God, to bear witness to the larger fellowship by which class is bound to class, to vindicate the reality of the powers of the age to come. The state is called to give effect to public opinion and the social will; the church is called to create the public opinion and determine the public will.

The church is called to stand in the community as a kind of personalized Sinai, bearing a living testimony to the righteousness of God. The church is the conscience of the community, making men know what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God. The life and testimony of the church should be so clear, so definite, so unfaltering that every man in the community may know the way of righteousness. No age or community can do without the church's witness for righteousness—certainly not our age or land. The most ominous event that can befall any age is a church on good terms with the world. The order that prevails in the modern social and political world is not the order that God wishes or ordains. It is dangerously near to blasphemy to say that the order that prevails to day is ordained by Divine Providence. The church of the Lord Jesus Christ is a company of people afflicted with the malady of the ideal. The most insidious and destructive temptation that can come to the church is the temptation to a comfortable neutrality—a base acquiescence, an immoral indifference to the condition of the world. "The splendor of a church which is on good terms with the world," says Farrar, "is but the iridescence that gleams over stagnation; it is the glittering scurf over the barrenness of the Dead Sea shore." "Know ye not," cries the beloved apostle, "that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever maketh himself the friend of the world is the enemy of God." The church in the early centuries was strong and conquering so long as it held itself aloof from the world. But when the church began to mix itself among the people; when the mixed multitude came in like a flood; when the church and the world sat down together and became friends, the church lost her power and forgot her testimony. And so it has been in many a generation since. The life of the Earl of Shaftesbury is most instructive and most painful reading. This man stood forth as the champion of the children of England, working sixteen hours in the mines and mills, and growing up ignorant in mind, weakened in will, and stunted in body. Some one ventured this prophecy, that if the Earl keeps on in this way he will soon be the most hated man in England. During all those long and toilsome years he found almost no help in the churches. Again and again in his diary we have such records as this: "Manchester—The clergy here, as usual, are cowed by capi-

tal and power. I find none who cry aloud and spare not; but so it is everywhere." "Prepared as I am, I am oftentimes distressed and puzzled by the strange contrasts I find; support from infidels and non-professors; opposition or coldness from religionists or declaimers. I find that Evangelical religionists are not those on whom I can rely. The Factory Question, and every question for what is called humanity, receive as much support from men of the world as from men who say they will have nothing to do with it." June 3d. Last night pushed the Bill through Committee; a feeble and discreditable opposition. Sinners are with me, saints are against me—strange the contradictions in human nature!" And this testimony can be matched by the testimony of many other men who have labored in the cause of righteousness and humanity. In this work of righteous reform the church has lagged pitifully behind, and has left to outsiders, to unbelievers often, the agitation of the great wrongs of society. The churches did not lead in the agitation against slavery, that sum of all villainies. The churches are often not leading in the temperance reform to-day. Some time ago a well-known citizen, in an address before the Catholic University in Washington, declared: "Even to-day in New York you wait in vain before Catholic altars for sermons commensurate with the subject, against corrupt city rule, and the evils of unlimited drinking-saloons; although they are Catholics who are chiefly responsible for the existence of both these evils."

There is no use in blinding our eyes to the fact that evils are around us on every side—evils not violent and visible, but subtle and subterranean; evils which are sucking the blood and undermining the life of our people. The church will fail in her duty to God and to man if she fails to rebuke again and again these things. "Salt is good, but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under the feet of men." It is all very well to labor to save men from the hell hereafter; but it concerns us quite as urgently that we abolish the hells of this world, and put out their fires forever. The church needs to learn how to give her testimony from some of her noble sons and confessors in the past. The church must testify as did Nathan before David, the king, saying: "Thou art the man." The church must testify as did John the Baptist before Herod: "It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife." The church must testify as did Paul before Felix, when he reasoned of righteousness, and temperance and judgment to come, and made Felix tremble. The church must testify as did Ambrose when he stood in front of the cathedral-door, and drove the Emperor Theodosius back when he came red-handed from the slaughter of Thessalonica. The church must testify as did Savonarola when he refused to absolve Lorenzo de Medici, unless he gave up his tyranny and set Florence free. The church must testify as did Basil, who refused to accede to the demands of the Emperor Valens, the persecutor. When the good bishop gave his refusal, the prefect started from his seat and cried: "Do you not fear my power?" "Why should I? What can happen to me?" said the bishop. "Confiscation," cried the prefect, "punishment, torture, death." "Is that all?" said Basil. "He who has nothing beyond my few books and these

threadbare robes is not liable to confiscation. Punishment! How can I be punished when God is everywhere? Torture! Torture can only harm me a moment; and death—death is a benefactor, for it will send me the sooner to Him whom I love and serve." "No one has ever addressed me so," said the prefect. "Perhaps," replied the bishop, "you never met a true bishop before." Woe to the church that is seeking to keep on good terms with the world! And woe to the church that cries Peace, Peace, when there is no peace! The world will hate such a church as this; but the hate of the world is the church's glory. Woe unto you when all men speak well of you! That is what they did to the false prophets. I suppose we need not fear the prison and the stake to-day, as the seal of our testimony; but it will cost something to be true in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. Would to God that the churches of our day might know something of the blessedness of the Master's beatitude: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My name's sake." Remember this word, O soldiers of Jesus Christ: They, the followers of the King of Kings, overcame the devil and his hosts, by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony, and they loved not their lives unto death. We are not here, I say, to advocate schemes of social reform or to frame laws and statutes; but we are here to hold up the great ideals of the Kingdom, to testify for the righteousness of God, to hold up in the sight of men the standards of the Great White Throne, and the will of the King Eternal.

3. The other part of the church's mission is that of Serving. Jesus Christ, the King and Lord of the Church, came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give His life a ransom for many. The church, we have said, is Christ continued—Christ continued and carried along and made living. To-day the world is demanding of the churches reasons for their claim to be called Christian. The churches are challenged, and I am glad of it. How can the churches prove to the world that they belong to Christ? Arguments based on apostolic succession, identity of ordinances and creeds, count for little. No, the only apostolic succession that God honors and the world regards is an apostolic succession shown in a succession of life and work, in the lost that are sought, the sick that are cared for, the lambs that are fed, the word that is preached, the society that is being leavened. Any other apostolic succession than this is a cheap and trifling thing. The church, let us emphasize it, is not an end in itself; its one only object is the seeking of the Kingdom of God. "The true and grand idea of a church," said Thomas Arnold, "is that of a society for making men like Christ, earth like heaven, and the kingdoms of this world the Kingdom of our God." The church is not a mutual benefit society, not a social club, but a company of God-inhabited men, intent on the one object of sweetening, purifying, serving and uplifting the whole life of man. The meeting-house of the church is the drill-room of the King's soldiers; it is the classroom for the King's children; the mountain-top where visions for life get shown to the soul; the upper room where the Risen Lord comes to breathe upon His disciples and to give them their commissions; the family room where the Father's children meet to pray and

talk over their plans and purposes for helping their wayward brothers. We come together to the house of the Lord to return our thanks to the Heavenly Father for all His mercies and blessings; to confess our sins and shortcomings one to the other; to offer unto the Lord our efforts and our failures; to wait upon Him for a new disclosure of His will; to receive His spirit in power for service; to have a vision of the Christ who liveth and reigneth King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Then from that house we arise and go down to serve each in his way his fellows, and thus glorify the Father who is in heaven. We come here with our burdens and cares, our fears and hopes; we wait upon the Lord and He sends answers of peace and blessing; He speaks the word of pardon and life to our souls; the Holy Spirit fills our hearts and minds with the light and power of God. Then we go forth pardoned, blessed, inspired to serve, each in his place, the needy world around.

Our forms of service are to be as manifold as the needs of the world and the talents God has given. In the church there are all sorts of talent for all sorts of work. The apostle says: "He has set some in the church, first apostles, secondly prophets, thirdly teachers, then miracles, then gifts of healings, helps, governments, divers kinds of tongues." "There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are diversities of ministration, and the same Lord. And there are diversities of workings, but the same God worketh all things in all." The gifts of talent and ministration in the church are as varied as the manifold life of man. Never must we make light of the work of the missionary and the prophet, but never must we lose sight of the teacher and the nurse. Nursing the sick is as truly Christian work as preaching sermons. Making good laws is quite as necessary as doing the work of an evangelist. Casting a vote is as sacred a duty as making a prayer in the church-gathering. The believer is exhorted to covet earnestly the best gifts; but, for all that, the prophet need not lord it over the legislator, the preacher despise the teacher, nor the evangelist make light of the social reformer. Every man who, in an honest and good heart, is working for better laws, for purer literature, for safer water, for cleaner politics, is a worker in the great Kingdom of God, and should receive a hearty Godspeed. The church is not here to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give itself for men. For men and for churches there is the one law: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." The church that becomes a centre in itself, that seeks to gather into itself the honor and wealth of the world, that makes itself an end to itself, loses its life as a church of God and a power in His Kingdom. But the church that gathers only that it may give, that receives only that it may transmit—that, like the Master takes the loaves of the Father's bounty and breaks them and multiplies them in its hands, is the church that truly saves its life. The church that seeks to fulfill the will of Christ seeks to spend and to be spent for men. And any form of service that truly helps men it regards as legitimate and Christian work. The special form of work must be determined by circumstances and talents; but the spirit and life is the same. The church has divine warrant for becoming all things to all men that it may by any means gain the more. We do not ask, Can this

particular form of work be matched in the apostolic church? We only ask, Will it help men? Will it make men's lives sweeter, purer, better? And we do not ask, Will this particular line of work build up our congregation, and increase our wealth? But we only ask, Will it serve men? Will it convey to them something of the full and gracious helpfulness of God? If so, we do not hesitate; our course is clear and our warrant is plain. There is not a spindle turning in any mill, not a locomotive drawing its heavy freight, not a farmer planting his seed, not a housewife sweeping a room, that may not have a place within the Kingdom, and work to the glory of God in the welfare of man. Whatever concerns man concerns Jesus Christ; to Him nothing can be common or unclean in itself; things are common only as they are done in a common spirit, and unclean as they are done in an unclean spirit. An old woman in Glasgow was seen one day in the streets gathering up something which she carefully hid in her apron. A policeman saw her engaged in this, and supposed that she had found something valuable that she was trying to conceal. He compelled her to show what she had found, and saw nothing but some pieces of glass. When questioned as to her reason for gathering these bits of worthless glass, she replied that she picked them up "that the bairnies might not hurt their feet." The church is here to pour out its life in a great flood of love and blessing over the desert places of life, that the world may become a garden of the Lord.

There is one law, only one for the church, and that is the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. The church is here, not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give itself a sacrifice for men. Nothing but a crucified Christianity can ever win the world unto the crucified Christ. What can the churches do toward the deliverance and redemption of this world? Let the churches teach men to revise their earnings and expenditures at the foot of the Cross. Let them teach men to adjust their plans and ambitions by the mind of Jesus Christ. Let them teach men to frame their social life according to the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus. Let them teach men that they are to expect their joy and glory in ministering to their fellows and in seeking their good. Ah, if the churches could but once well understand what God wants to do in this world; if they could well understand His gracious purpose; if they could well see the glory of His Kingdom,—they would count it their joy and glory and crown of rejoicing to do anything, anything to glorify the Father in Heaven and to serve His needy children on earth.

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If any one wishes to say that my father, so eager to learn of God, and my mother so tender and sweet have gone to hell, because no Christian ever reached them with the glad tidings of Christ, I have only to tell you, never say so in my presence, for I will not hear it and I cannot bear it.—Pundita Ramabai.

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Recklessness is the exhibition which inexperience gives of its ignorance; courage is experience recognizing danger, and meeting it in the way most effective, because the least dangerous way.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

AN OUTLINE OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By William Newton Clarke, D.D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

If there is one man whom we feel drawn to commiserate, it is the professor of systematic theology in a sectarian seminary. He is usually bound hand and foot. He is not to range freely over grand fields of thought, and return laden with rich spoils of truth; but he must keep carefully within certain narrow fences, and however inviting pastures new may seem, at his peril does he set his foot in them. He is to teach what has been taught, repeat what has been repeated a thousand times, and be only an echo.

As fine a departure as we have ever lighted upon from the traditional idea of the professor of systematic theology is given us in Dr. Clarke's book. Dr. Clarke is professor of theology in Colgate University, a Baptist institution, but you would never know it from his book. It breathes everywhere the freest spirit; yet it is not rash, nor does it make a parade of its freedom. It is not extreme, nor combative, but irenic. Indeed, the chief excellence of the work is its beautiful spirit. It incorporates all the best results of modern thought, without apology, but without acerbity. It drops the old, worn-out phrases, and moves on to the real inwardness of religious truth. Inerrancy has only one page of the 500, but that is enough. Rigid dogmas of substitution, predestination, and such like receive fair treatment and no more; they must stand or fall by their evidence, and not by external authority. The great questions of the future life are met in an unusually admirable way. Dr. Clarke does not incline to ideas of endless punishment, though he speaks very guardedly upon the matter, and he hardly gives sufficient weight, as it appears to us, to the doctrine of conditional immortality. We judge that his mind inclines to a universal restoration after full retribution. The unsatisfactory nature of commonly received opinion on all these heads is confessed. This is a great deliverance from the old rigidity. Perhaps most wonderful of all we find little or nothing of sacraments, even baptism; this, in a Baptist theology, would of old have been Hamlet without Hamlet. We can get on without this Hamlet: he has filled the stage too long and largely.

The thoughtful seeker after truth will find the book most helpful. The publication of such a book as this, from such a source, is one of the most hopeful signs of the disenchantment of theology. It is a religious Emancipation Proclamation. Yet so far from flinging away, it conserves all the great Gospel truths.

LAO-TZE'S TAO-TEH-KING; with introduction, translation, and notes. By Dr. Paul Carus. Published by The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Taoism and its founder are alike almost unknown factors in the world's religious history to Western minds. Yet both the religion of Taoism, and its reputed founder, "the Old Philosopher," have had no little influence in the shaping of human lives in the great Eastern Empire. Taoism is one of the great religions of the world, and Lao-Tze one of the great leaders in spiritual perceptions.

This book aims to bring the primitive teachings of Taoism to the attention of Western peoples. It goes back to the work of Lao-Tze itself, and thus avoids all that mass of superstition and formality which, in Taoism, as in every other religion, has tended to grow up around the earlier and simpler expressions of spiritual truth. The life of Lao-Tze himself occupies but very small space in the book. Very little, indeed, is known of that life; but that little is singularly definite and accurate when one considers that for it we have to go back six centuries before Christ, and a century or more before Budha. The great part of this book is taken up with the reproduction, the translation and the explanation of Lao-Tze's great work, which is the Bible of the Taoist faith. This work, the "Tao-Teh-King," is here studied most carefully.

The book consists of five parts. 1. An introduction, which treats of the life and the philosophy of "The Old Philosopher." This is interesting. Especially so as it brings out the parallelism between Lao-Tze's method of thought and that which appears in the first portion of the Christian Gospel of St. John. In almost the words of that Gospel, Lao-Tze maintained that "The Divine Word," or "Reason," was in the beginning. It is this divine "Word" and its activities which are the theme of all the "Tao-Teh-King."

The second part is the Chinese version of the "Tao-Teh-King." This is of little interest to the present reviewer, and will probably be of about as much to the great majority of readers, but is undoubtedly valuable for one of the purposes for which the author intends this book, viz., as a text-book, out of the best Chinese literature, for those who desire to study the Chinese tongue or learn to use it.

The third portion is a concise and admirably worded English version of the "Tao-Teh-King." This will be the centre of interest in the book. It brings before us the central teachings of the great Taoist in a valuable form. These teachings are eminently philosophical. Indeed, that seems to us the great contrast between much of the high work of other religious leaders and the work of the Lord Jesus. Something of the same truth comes out in the moral teachings of these religious leaders that we find in the Gospel sayings; but in the Gospels they are so simple, so pithy, that they have meaning for the child, for the simplest reader. They catch the ear. They strike the mind. When these truths are found, as they are sometimes, in other places, they are philosophically put. They are rich in meaning to the learned, but they are too abstruse to exercise great influence on the popular mind. The opening sentence of the "Tao" expressing the infinity of the "Word," is typical of many: "The reason that can be reasoned is not the eternal reason." But there are simpler sayings, such as this:

"Hold fast to that which will endure;
Show thyself simple, preserve thee pure;
Thy own keep small, thy desires poor."

Many wise and helpful teachings might be quoted from this part of the book, which would indicate why it was that the "Tao" has taken such hold on millions of the human family. The closing word is good: "Heaven's Reason is to benefit, not to injure; and the holy man's reason is to act, but not to strive."

The fourth portion is a parallel column version of English Chinese, by which students of Chinese can be

even more directly guided, while at the same time a much more literal though less attractive English version is given.

The last portion consists of rather extensive notes of comment, both on the original text and on the right rendering of the sense in English. This is very necessary at times, as the sense is often obscure and the rendering doubtful. Much labor has been put into this book. It will be a great addition to the knowledge which English readers have of one of the greatest of religious books and religious leaders.

CHRIST IN THE DAILY MEAL. By Norman Fox, D.D.
Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

We have read this little book with great delight. The design of it is to teach that the remembrance of Christ's death may be in every daily meal, as well as, in some respects more truly than, in the solemn occasion at the church. We think that Dr. Fox does his work with great ability. We are convinced that the deadly enemy of Christ and His church to-day is formal, ceremonial, in distinction from vital and free piety. And the very centre of this formal religion, as best exemplified in the Roman Catholic church, though exhibited by all mere ecclesiastics, is the Lord's Supper. Nothing has been so much perverted from its original idea as this, and consequently nothing has been so injured. The contrast between the original feast and a celebration of high mass is quite extraordinary. The concretions have crushed out, strangled, suffocated the original life. The thing is dead. If we can be brought back to the true life and simplicity in the sacrament, we should have hope of getting on a right basis everywhere in due time. It is a herculean effort; but such a book as this is a great help, and there will be more like it. Incidentally, it sweeps away all the close communion folly, and that is a great boon. The children of God will yet gather about the one table, and who has dared to keep them apart so long? On him rests a deep condemnation.

FOUNDER'S DAY IN HAMPTON. By Francis Greenwood Peabody. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

A noble life is a perpetual benediction. After death has closed the eyes and sealed the lips, it still lives. General Armstrong was one of the noblest. This address glows with the warmth and inspiration of his life. You lay it down helped and strengthened. To be good is clearly the best way to make others good; to lovingly serve, the best way to make loving servants. As we read, though we never saw General Armstrong's face, we love the man and thank him for living. Doubts, questionings, complainings pass as we feel that this is all. Just live this way, live and say nothing about it.

* * *

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

PUBLISHERS declare that the war has interfered with the production of books. The well-known authors are drafted into the work of correspondence for the great periodicals.

Naturally the magazines profit in this by what the book world loses. The periodicals are filled with matter of war interest. The "Youth's Companion," in its June issues, is replete with narratives and illustrations of the navy in peace and at war. Frank Leslie's "Popular Monthly" for June goes extensively into the description of "Torpedoes and Torpedo-boats." The "American Monthly Review of Reviews" discusses at length the relation of the Hawaiian question to the war, while the "Atlantic" gives the place of honor to a judicial but patriotic discussion of the questions raised by the war.

Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons announce that their new edition de luxe of Byron was subscribed for more than twice over.

The reception given to Hr. J. A. Altsheler's romance, "A Soldier of Manhattan," published by D. Appleton & Co. in England, is suggestive of the change in sentiment in that country towards America and American affairs.

Maria Louise Pool is the author of the long story in the June issue of Lippincott's Magazine.

In its June issue, "The Bookman" strongly advocates "The Star Spangled Banner" rather than "America" as the national hymn of the people.

Fords, Howard & Hulbert have issued, under the title of "Don't Worry Nuggets," a convenient pocket volume on matters relating to the "Don't Worry" movement.

The President of Leland Stanford University, Dr. David Starr Jordan, writes in the June issue of the "Arena" on "The Elements of Organic Evolution."

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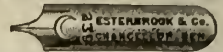
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Some artist saint
Spilled all his paint,
Adown the Western sky.

* * *

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"Can't nohow, mister."

"Why not? You've got them, I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard to the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling, hand me a paper; I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister; 'cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's jest up the funder end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy, pray? And why does he have this especial block?"

"'Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run on 'count of the offices all along; and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be lit on an' thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I do see. So yon newsboys have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're a goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow, you bet!"

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

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Miscellaneous.

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war is horrid:
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my heart,—
But civilization does get
forrid
Sometimes upon a pow=
der=cart.

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"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

VOL. XXV. NO. 8.

NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1898.

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Truth's Robes. TRUTH has many garments. These greatly alter her appearance to our eyes, but they do not change her essential nature. There is the full dress of stately systems—the courtly apparel of philosophies, theologies, and sciences. In these Truth cometh before us in full state. There are her working-clothes of experiment and application, in which Truth delighteth to minister; in these, perhaps, she is most welcome of all to ordinary mortal eyes. There is the negligé—the loose and careless garb of proverbs and witty sayings, and bright inventions, into which Truth is quick to clothe herself for a season. Sometimes in what the haughty think to be mean and lowly garb of homely wisdom and illiterate phrase she finds expression; and again, in horrible accoutrement,

clad as Carlyle said, "in hell fire," she bursts forth and sweeps over the earth. And there is the strong armor of common sense, and certain fact, and sturdy logic, into which Truth hastens when it is necessary for her, like an Amazon, to go forth in the battle against error, falsehood and misconception.

But when Truth comes to us, the wise discern her pure form as the real glory, which transfigures her robes in whatever she be appareled. It is all the same to the discerning heart, whether it be in simple and homely phrase or in learned system that a certain truth is given; if it be really truth, he welcomes and he loves. The truth of Heaven's guidance is the same, whether it appears before men in stately manner as God's sovereignty, or in the common, familiar dress of Providence. The truth of the future, fitting itself into the life of the present here, is all the same, whether we clothe it in the formal dress of retribution and reward or let it stand in what some may think the careless costume of consequence. The French Revolution clothes in robes of fire that same true warning which the Spirit exhibits before a people in raiment of solicitude and of love.

Thus, not in her "naked loveliness," but in varied robes of human speech and human thought, do we view Heaven's truth. Let us remember this; let us not be too sure that what we see is not the same as that which another sees from whom we differ; let us be very sure that whatever comes before us certain and beautiful as the truth, will be seen some day in perfect harmony with all other ways of herself and of God. It is written by the Prophet of the Lord: "Behold, I will unclothe before them the abundance of the truth" (see the Hebrew of Jer. 33:5).

* * *

Duty. A LITTLE word, but it lies near the heart of things. It is what the world wants and God wants. If you wish a chimney built, you want the mason to know and to do, that a beam may not find its way into the flue, nor the sparks fly out among the lath. This, and not only that the mason talk in the prayer-meeting. If there is plumbing to be done, that sewer-gas have not free course, nor diphtheria hide among the pipes. This, and not only that the plumber come to the sacrament. The sacrament and prayer-meeting are great helps; they mean God in our lives, and that is quite as necessary as a sense of duty. But always, everywhere, nothing is great or good without

sterling conscience. Our civilization, with its love of money, and its hurry and shoddy and much veneer, must be guided back to stern, hard, strong duty. In its admiration of Venus and Mars it must not lose sight of the Pole-star. Character builds on God and duty. Near the bottom of things lie the Ten Commandments. When Lafayette poured out his French soul in warmest words about Washington to Washington's mother, the good lady only said: "George always was a good boy." The Washingtons are made in that way. Heart of oak grows slowly and makes good timber.

When Commodore Foote was spoken to by a brother officer about the Kingdom, he was displeased. But on the second approach, he received the word, and as he passed onto the deck he resolved that henceforth he would act for God. The quiet word of duty did its work, and the result was the Christian officer. When the Commodore took Fort Henry, a success which awakened the greatest enthusiasm in the North, he went the following Sunday to the Presbyterian church at Cairo. There was a large congregation, but no preacher. He urged one of the elders to conduct the services, but in vain. He himself ascended the pulpit, made a prayer, and delivered a short discourse, and the attention with which it was received may be well imagined. He took as his theme: "Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God." The taking of the fort and the preaching of the discourse were alike duties done. Life has no other worth or grandeur.

* * *

Church Union and the Philippines.

CHURCH UNION has received a new and startling agitation from an unexpected quarter. The acquisition or control of the Philippines by the United States has opened up the question. This was an unlooked for but a most welcome compensation for some of the miseries of the war. The opening of the Philippines to Protestant missions has interested all Christians in this country. The churches have taken the matter up; many of them have already decided to go into the work thus unexpectedly thrown upon them. Indeed, there was danger of a regular denominational scramble, the effect of which would have been anything but helpful, either to the cause of missions or to the islanders of the new fields.

It is most important that the American churches go into this work wisely and unitedly. It is a splendid opportunity for Foreign Mission Societies and Boards to show whether they are really using their funds so as to do the most Christian work or using them to get ahead of one another. It is a time when many clamors against expensive denominational rivalries can be silenced or else tremendously reinforced. We hope that Christianity may go to this field of the Philippines, and not Churchanity. If there is danger of a disgrace-

ful pushing and crowding, we feel very sure that the really Christian church will be the one which stands aside, ready to let others strive for advantages of position.

It is most encouraging, under these conditions, to see that religious papers and religious denominations are dwelling upon this aspect of the question. The Foreign Board of the Presbyterian church appointed a committee to confer with the like societies of the Methodist, Congregational, Reformed, Baptist, and Episcopal churches, "with a view to a frank and mutual understanding as to the responsibilities of American Christians to the people of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and an agreement as to the most effective distribution of the work among the several boards, if it shall be found expedient and practical to undertake it." This is the right step. There is much reason to think that all the churches mentioned are of much the same mind in the matter. We greatly hope that something may be accomplished by this situation to bring the churches into federal work in these new fields, and perhaps to promote such methods of labor on older territory. The Lord Jesus told His disciples to go into all the world; He did not tell them all to go into the same piece of the world.

* * *

Strange Combinations.

THE proverb says: Misery makes strange bedfellows. But in general one of the inexplicable things of life is its marvelous combinations. The most heterogeneous things come together and stay together for so long. For instance, the Inquisition was one of the greatest monsters that ever cursed the world with their presence. It was fiendish in its malignity. It was remorseless in its cruelty. It desolated everything that it touched. It laid waste nations. Its rivers of blood were only surpassed by its greater rivers of tears. Anguish followed all its course.

But the emblem of the Inquisition was the Crucifix. The monks who engineered it wore the Crucifix on their girdles. The awful dens of the Inquisition abounded in crucifixes. If one died in the torture his eyes could always rest on a crucifix. And when that woeful procession marched forth from the dungeons of the Inquisition with its haggard lines of doomed men and women, clad in the terrible San Benito, over their heads moved the crucifix.

The Crucifix represents all that is most tender and gracious, a self-denying love even unto death—a mortal agony to save, a Son of God showing the love of a God by death. It is love—love, tender, melting, triumphant love, out of death bringing everlasting life. And this was the emblem of the Inquisition; this it carried in its hands and bore upon its banners. Queer, isn't it?

Christian Endeavor Conventions. THE reports of two great Endeavor conventions have gone forth. Of the Nashville convention, it is not necessary to speak. American Christians know all about it. But the descriptions of the great Christian Endeavor convention of the United Kingdom, which was held in June at Glasgow, might almost be duplicates of those coming from Nashville. The same enthusiasm, the same inspiration of strong youth and deep earnestness characterized the British, that we have become so used to in the American meetings. Christian Endeavor can hardly be said to have failed in England and Scotland when European papers say that this Glasgow convention "was the largest meeting for strictly religious purposes ever held on this side of the Atlantic Ocean." That sounds like Christian Endeavor success. President Clark preached in Glasgow Cathedral at a most impressive service. It must have been a sight worth seeing to have witnessed the grand old Cathedral, ancient monument of Scottish religion, ministering most effectively to such a modern, nineteenth century matter as a Christian Endeavor convention! It must have made the ghost of old Rob Roy wandering around, down in the crypt, think that new times had come indeed. Twenty thousand young Christians in Glasgow or in Nashville, meeting together out of all churches, and joining together in one hearty endeavor, is a sign of present union, and a prophecy of future union. We greatly rejoice in these union movements.

* * *

Progress in Religion.

WE think it was Macaulay who said that there is no progress in religion; that in law there is, and in medicine, but that religion was authoritatively fixed long ago, and we must abide by that. This is a most extraordinary statement in view of the facts. Dr. Beecher, when he went West, was asked by a friend whether there was room in the West, and replied: "It is all room." We might say that religion has been all progress. A religion that does not progress is a dead religion. No matter how bright and clear the first revelation was, the world in slow ages must creep up to it, and then perhaps more will be given. The man must be blind and deaf who finds no progress in religion during the past century. So has it been from the beginning. In his very suggestive book, "The Ascent of Man," Professor Drummond tells us (page 217): "Worlds grow as well as infants; their tempers change, the better nature opens out, new objects of desire appear, higher activities are added to the lower. The first chapter or two of evolution may be headed the struggle of life; but take the book as a whole, and it is not a tale of battle. It is a love-story."

In his "Ten Great Religions," James Freeman

Clarke tells us (page 202): "The whole of the Sama-Veda is devoted to the moon-plant worship; an important part of the "Avesta" is occupied with hymns to Haoma. This great reverence paid to the same plant, on account of its intoxicating qualities, carries us back to a region where the vine was unknown, and to a race to whom intoxication was so new an experience as to seem a gift from the gods. Wisdom appeared to come from it, health, increased power of mind and body, long life, victory in battle, brilliant children. What Bacchus was to the Greeks, this divine Soma was to the primitive Arians." If there has not been progress, pray tell us what to call it. From this religious worship of the vine to the Prohibitory Law seems a vigorous step. We have learned that we cannot even fight better for being intoxicated, as witness Santiago; and the wisdom and health that come from intemperance we are quite willing to lose. It is a long step from Bacchus to Miss Willard; but not as long as the whole progress of religion. Yes, it has progressed; it does progress and it will progress. It has more of life and therefore more of growth, and therefore more of progress, than any other thing in all the earth.

* * *

The Best for the Neediest.

WHEN the Negro question was up for discussion in Congress, Gen. Banks told this story. He was once on the ice when a colored boy fell in. A plank was brought and pushed out over the ice; but the water washed over it and froze, and the poor fellow could not hold it. He cried out: "Please give dis nigger the wooden end of the plank." They reversed it and he climbed out safely.

Might not this appeal be borne in mind in our constant lives? John Howard, a master in the art of charity, says: "Our luxuries should give place to the comforts of others, and our comforts to their necessities." This would add greatly to the joy of life. It is a beautiful word: Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor.

* * *

Theology and Common Sense.

THERE is a suggestive sermon published by Dr. Van Dyke on "The Horizon." All about us is a certain very clear and very beautiful religious world, which we can see. Out beyond that lies a whole great realm of religious speculation. Our spiritual vision has a horizon beyond which we cannot dip. "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God." We cannot see them. Doctrines of God's sovereignty and man's free-will, doctrines of election and reprobation, doctrines of eternal purposes and final results, we must handle with a vast deal of care and self-distrust. They are beyond the horizon of our vision. This is very suggestive and instructive.

But of one thing we can be perfectly sure: all teaching of the unseen mysteries, all dipping beyond the horizon which antagonizes common sense and violates the instincts of the heart, is unwarranted. However logically we may follow a line which leads straight to the horizon out beyond that limit, we are certainly mistaken if we think it carries us to some conclusion that is discouraging to the human heart or repulsive to the human conscience and understanding.

Whittier had a school-teacher, Joshua Coffin by name, who when old got the idea that he had been predestinated to be damned. It was a grievous burden and sorrow to the poor old man. However, he took it as the will of God, and was resigned to it. Whittier went to see him, and is said to have talked something like this with him about it: "Well, Joshua, don't thee hate God for damning thee?" "Oh no," said the old man. "It is for the good of all; it must be best." "But, Joshua, thee hast spent all thy life doing good, and now since thee is going to hell, thee must be getting ready to do all the hurt thee can." "No, no; my feeling is not so at all." "Now, Joshua," said Whittier, "thee is going to hell with a heart full of love to God and everybody. What dost thee think the devil can ever do with such a one as thee?" The old man laughed heartily, and was wonderfully cheered. Some doctrines need just such a spicy injection of common sense. No amount of logical predestination will make the devil tolerate the company of a good man, even if God were of such a nature as to send such a man to the devil.

What the Lord requires of each one of us: "To do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with our God,"—this is all on this side of the horizon, and is manifest. What is on the other side is never inconsistent with it, or repulsive to it. Let us level up our theologies with common conscience!

* * *

The Children. WE all love the children. We play with them, we tell them stories, we clothe them, feed them, and always patronize them. They are so simple, so innocent, so dependent! But who are the children? Here is one: he plays with marbles, and a bat, and ball. Very good. But here is another, and he plays at dressing—the high collar, pointed shoes and cane. Older, is not he a child? Here is another: he plays with gold and silver coins, stock and scrip. Older, is not he a child? Here is another: he plays with swords and bayonets, flags and epaulets. Is not he a child? Here is another: he plays at politics, better or worse. Is not he a child? Truly, are we not all children?

Who, then, is the *man*? Who is the one who does not play, but lives? It is the one, and he alone, who deals in goodness, in virtues, excellencies, service, duty.

The one whose capital is his heart, his soul; the one who amasses love and joy and peace, who trades in the market of God and the soul and eternity. Mark him down the man. All the rest are children, on thrones, in palaces, in governor's chairs or president's. Verily, it is amusing to see the older children patronize the younger—perhaps younger than they. This fretting woman, bothered by children—if she could but know how much more of a child she is than they! This teacher, fuming over school-room troubles, and vowing that the most aggravating thing in the world is a child—if she could but learn how young she is she would stoop to take lessons from her scholars.

Many people wish to be thought young; but it comes over us how young we are—oh, so young! Bring us the pap and panada, the bottle with the rubber mouth-piece; they are our measure.

* * *

Presbyterian Union in Scotland.

WE have had occasion to notice at frequent intervals the progress of church union between the two largest Presbyterian bodies, not of the establishment, in Scotland. It is a pleasure to note that this union between the United Presbyterian Church and the Free Church of Scotland has taken one more step toward fulfillment. Several months ago we reported that the United Church Assembly had decided, by a large majority, to accept the propositions for union as presented to them. The Free Church Assembly has just agreed, by a still larger majority,—over ten to one,—to approve of the steps toward union already taken by their committee of conference, and to go on with the matter. It has declared its satisfaction with the basis of union suggested, and has remitted the whole question to its several presbyteries for final approval and action. This action is the fruit of the perception that these churches can no longer afford to continue separate. Their strength and Christian influence would be so increased by union, and the differences which stand in the way of union are so slight, that very shame at division and duty of unison have driven them together. It may be a year, or even several years, before these two great churches of a great Christian nation shall be finally united; but that that end is now manifestly certain seems indubitable. That this union may ultimately go still farther is significantly suggested by one minor but not unimportant fact—viz., that these two churches have joined with the Established Church of Scotland in preparing and using a common hymn-book. When we remember that matters of psalms, musical instruments, and hymns have been among the most vigorously disputed points, this step is seen to be more than a trivial one.

Church Services.

Do we not need to lead our churches away from being places where we sing and discuss knotty problems to becoming places for the teaching of present duty, cheering the heart with the surpassing love of God, and moving all bravely and hopefully to do the very best in the great battle for a purified heart and a purified earth? This would make less of oratory and more of the collection. The latter needs to be emphasized, but only as one deed of duty to be followed by a whole week of faithfulness and love.

Professor Seelye well says, in "Ecce Homo": "Those who meet within the church-walls on Sunday should not meet as strangers who find themselves together in the same lecture-hall, but as co-operators in a great work, the object of which all understand, and to his own department of which each man habitually applies his mind and contriving power. Thus meeting, with the *esprit de corps* strong among them, and with a clear conception of their meeting, they would not desire that the exhortation of the preacher should be, what in the nature of the case it seldom can be, eloquent. It might cease then to be either a despairing appeal to feelings which grow more callous the oftener they are thus excited to no definite purpose, or a childish discussion of some deep point in morality or divinity better left to philosophers. It might then become weighty with business, and impressive as an officer's address to his troops before a battle. It would be addressed to an ardent and helpful association, who had united for the purpose of contending within a given district against disease and distress, of diminishing by every contrivance of kindly sympathy the rudeness, coarseness, ignorance and improvidence of the poor, and the heartlessness of the rich, for the purpose of handing on the tradition of Christ's life, death and resurrection, maintaining the enthusiasm of humanity in all the baptized, and preserving, in opposition to all temptations to superstition or fanaticism, the filial freedom of their worship of God."

Oftentimes the preacher feels his words rebounding upon himself, because they are aimless, purposeless. There are few things so absolutely disheartening as this. If we could only see the Kingdom in all its beauty, and be moved in church to go out and build it up together, churches would be fuller. It is said Luther's sermons were half-battles. That meant great preaching.

Riches. The high things of the Kingdom are for us all. Whatever we may lack, we need not lack these; whatever we may have, we must not miss these. Here are palace halls, to which alike our birthright privileges us and our duty calls us. It is our Kingdom, whose riches are our possession, and whose burdens are our obligation. The realm within, world-

wide, heaven-high, is what really gives to a man pleasures, and honors, and riches, and knowledge. Oh, if we only had God-given grace, to "climb upon the mountains which smile down upon us all!"

Stores of knowledge, treasures of love, riches of content, these are not figures of speech; they are facts of life. The King who is not of such soul within that he could be happy without his kingdom, will never be happy in his kingdom. Let us be sure that if we are men enough, Christian enough, we can be filled with possessions under any circumstances, and if we are not such, we could not be satisfied though our lives were full to overflowing.

"Pity thy poor, O God—Thine outcast poor;
Thy poor who only are not poor of gold—
Who have no part in all the stores untold,
The largest which a liberal past has lent,
No wealth of power, no riches of content;
No jewelled thoughts riven from rarest mine;
No pleasure palaces of fancy fine;
No gardens fair, where sweet caprice may wander;
No lavishing hoard of happiness to squander;
No halls of hope; no peaceful green domains;
No brooks of joy and golden memoried plains;
No holy temple guarding its white portal for one beloved guest;
No consecrated feast whose cup immortal love's lip hath pressed:
Who have but gold—dear God, how poor they be!
The Beggared souls! succor their poverty!"

* * *

This One Thing.

ONE of the great lessons of life is concentration. Our powers are limited; our life is short. Art is long and time is fleeting. One thing of importance is about all that we can do. Concentration helps the action of our mental powers, focuses them. Its effect is as great in the outward action—drives it home like a bullet when it might have been a mere splash. Moses delivers Israel; David builds his kingdom; Paul preaches Christ; Luther sweeps away a world of scholasticism, but leaves another world of it for us to sweep away; Washington wins independence; Lincoln frees the slaves; Livingstone opens Africa. Each one of these heroes says, This one thing I do. A visitor in his town asked where he could find Charles Goodyear, and was told: "You will meet him with an india-rubber cap, an india-rubber coat, india-rubber shoes, and an india-rubber purse, and not a cent in it—that's Goodyear." So came one of the greatest benefactions to the world.

A punch will go deeper than a mallet.

* * *

Ecclesiastical Corruption.

As long as Christian churches connive at corrupt politics, we shall certainly have the shame and curse of this evil to bear. The Chicago "Record" says that the managers of the Southern Methodist Church's Book Concern (Messrs. Barbee and Smith) reported to the recent general conference of the Methodist Church, South, that of the three hundred thousand dollars

which was voted by the United States Congress to the church for damage done to property of the church in Tennessee during the war, one hundred thousand was paid by the church to a notorious lobbyist, who put the bill through Congress. The money was voted by Congress with the express stipulation that none of it was to go to third parties. We have heard few things more discouraging than this in American political life. It certainly must be true that we deserve all the corruption which creeps into our public service, if great Christian churches stand ready to use and profit by those who are the ministers of this corruption. The people of the churches deserve the rulers, and the churches of a people deserve the failure and contempt which will come upon them, if for worldly gain they sell their glorious heritage of a godly reputation and a Christian integrity.

* * *

Outgrowing. THE growing life will be an outgrowing life. Constantly a life which is progressing will drop that behind which it has ceased to enjoy or to require. The girl leaves her dolls as she becomes a woman; the boy drops marbles as he becomes a man. We can all of us remember the time when we really dreaded the growing up; we feared that we should have to give up the sports, the games; we felt that there was an unavoidable cruelty of deprivation ahead. Before we entered college we had about made up our minds that after the fun of college days was over we might as well die right off. Life had no more to offer. It would all be work and trouble. There would be no more excitements and pleasures. Generally things looked rather dismal ahead after that; there would be so much of the best of life which must be given up.

As a matter of fact, however, we have found living very passable, although college days are long past away. Not all the joy and spice is gone from living. Somehow, the things we dropped do not count for so much, now that they have been dropped, and the things we gain are much more desirable than we ever supposed they were going to be. We have not given up and lost; we have outgrown.

Ah! this is the way of all right living. It is always leaving something less behind, and finding something better ahead. It learns after a while to be optimistic and cheerful, even in the face of inevitable losses. We shall grow out of them. We shall go beyond them. We shall gather that here and hereafter which shall dwarf all loss into insignificance, besides life's growing gains.

Robert Browning had the right spirit when he wrote:

"Grow old along with me;

The best is yet to be—

The last of life, for which the first was made.

Our times are in His hand

Who saith a whole I planned.

Youth shows but half; trust God: see all, nor be afraid!"

It is not a sad thing to lose youth if we are progressing rather than retrograding into age. Not even what Dr. Wayland calls the three dreaded "A's"—"age, asthma, and adipose"—can daunt a life which is really outgrowing things rather than being forced to give them up. Let us keep up with life's times. Let us find the larger, more interesting matters which are meant to enrich the developing life. It is not death but the "land of the living" which is before us, no matter whether we face the swifter waters of youth or the calmer currents of age, or the deep sweeping flood of the last great change. It is always going on, and growing up, leaving something behind, of course, but finding something before as well, something which, if we have lived rightly, shall be always far, far better than we have ever known.

* * *

Variety of Retribution.

IF we understand the matter at all, there is not the least abandonment of the idea of penalty in modern theological opinion, but only the adoption of more reasonable forms. If the preaching of literal hell-fire is not heard, there may be greater discrimination in the matter of penalty for sin. In our modern views, every man goes to his own place, and to each is given that which is his due; as varied a penalty as is the offense. It may well be that some may escape the furnace of fire of the Parable of the Tares, who yet may know the being cast out of the feast of the Parable of the Virgins. Of all the wondrous deeds of the great God, one of the most wonderful is the punishment of determined transgression. At last it will come home to us, the wrong that we have done. Long we may sit at our ease, and vainly think that the Judge has forgotten; but suddenly the messenger stands before the door. A true repentance would have kept him away. But as that has not been, the best thing is that he should come. God's punishments are not only most wonderful, but most excellent. The one dreadful thing would be, to be without His discipline. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and if our impenitence has made chastisement to be punishment, yet punishment is better than that God should not deal with us at all. Take your due like a man, and do better next time; but don't despair, even when the lash stings.

* * *

Going A-Fishing. GETTING up early to milk is a chore; getting up early to see the sun-rise is an accomplishment; but getting up early to go a-fishing is a positive luxury. This is so in the first place because it puts an end to the long night

spent between endeavors to go to sleep, dreams of big trout flashing around in little pools, and numberless surprises that it is not yet midnight, and certainties that the clock must surely have broken a wheel, or stuck a hand, probably because that fourteen-inch trout which we had just lost in our moment's nap, disappeared right through the face of it. The first part of the luxury of such a getting up is that it finishes the misery of having to stay abed.

But there is more to it. Think of a day in which we do not have to start right off for the store, or for the desk. The luxury of such a day must be as long drawn out as possible. To go up into the mountains and look down upon all that which has wearied us and worried us—the earlier such a day begins, the greater its luxury.

And is any change more great a change than that which takes us away from our comfortable chairs, or from our formal desks and counters, and plants us down among the bare rocks and rushing waters? The body finds sliding around or plunging in a blessed variety on sitting still or standing about; but no more so than does the mind find, in searching the bottom of clear pools, a vast relief from seeking for the ground facts of a case, or for the basal principles of absolute truth.

The Chinese, they say, have the same word for fisherman and philosopher. They consider that the pursuit of fishing makes a man a philosopher. It may be true, but it is certainly more true that every philosopher should be a fisherman. His health will be better for it, and, what is as important, his philosophy, we are convinced, will be the saner for the experience of running up against the practical incidents of an ordinary fishing trip. The reality and absoluteness of the world's phenomena are vividly impressed upon one, for instance, by the excitement of a decided strike; still deeper to be wrought within us if we miss him. No man can view a trout as a mere abstract, or an ideal factor if that trout once gets well under way.

Furthermore, it is the most excellent discipline to patience and pride, a most earnest preacher of humility for a man to go a-fishing. Dignity must take a back seat, and ordinary, common place humanity be clearly in evidence when one's feet are standing in slippery places and the foaming water is all around. Fishing may be a kind of foolishness or insanity, but it is one which injures no other man, and for which the fisherman himself seems only the better.

August will find many of our readers at it. We wish them good success, and, with Isaac Walton of old, would have the "blessing of St. Peter's (The Fisherman's) Master upon them, and upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare to trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling."

The Tripod of Life.

AN eminent French physiologist once said that all life stood, like a three-legged stool, on blood, brains and breath. The thought is equally true if we broaden its application and think of the spiritual being. Spiritual life is not a simple, but a complex activity, even as is the life of the physical man. On the tripod of practical activity, thoughtful activity and prayerful activity—works, thought and prayer—the spiritual being stands. Spiritual life may perhaps exist without one of these developed, but if it does it is very ill-balanced, and will be easily overthrown. The deficiency of any one of these elements in the spiritual life causes an anemia of the soul of man which is enervating and distressing.

What is needed is that the prayer of the Apostle be the earnest petition of each soul, and that we become indeed "full-grown men in Christ Jesus." Let there be work, let there be thought, let there be prayer; then shall we grow into the fullness of the stature of the image of Christ. The practical activities, the intellectual activities, the devotional activities mingle in making a perfect spiritual man. For church or preacher to exaggerate one of these over the other is for the brain to say unto the blood: "I have no need of thee." Nay, rather, those parts of our spiritual being which we are tempted to think the less honorable, upon these ought we to bestow the more abundant care and honor, that there might be no weakness or schism in our spirit. God has made a diversity of spiritual gifts in our life, that they might help each other.

* * *

IN BRIEF.

When Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, was near death, at the age of eighty-six, one asked him as to his health. He replied, "I have lost everything: my understanding leaves me, my memory fails me, my utterance fails, but I thank God my charity still holds out. I find that rather grows than fails." A beautiful comment on St. Paul's "Charity never faileth." When Xavier was dying of fever, through the delirium of his sickness he kept repeating, "My God and my all."

* * *

A little fact to show the improvement of these days; when Schwartz went to India there were twenty English regiments in Hindostan and not a single chaplain. What would we think of that for our boys in Cuba?

* * *

Cardinal Manning once defined "society" as a "conspiracy of fools, fashion, custom, mutual flattery, eating, drinking, and refined hardness of heart."

* * *

The Duke of Wellington saw a poor man shrink timidly away from him in church. He laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and said: "My good man, we all stand on one level here."

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TRUTH THROUGH OBEDIENCE.

REV. FREDERICK LYNCH.

It was the time of the feast of the tabernacles, and many Jews were assembled from all parts of Palestine. They had already been offended at Jesus, because of His claims and teachings, and had sought to put Him to death. Notwithstanding, He must seize this opportunity to speak His message, and to the surprise of all He enters the Temple, steps up to the reader's desk, and teaches His doctrine. And what new and strange doctrine it was! Yet He spoke as one having authority. There was the note of assurance in His voice. No wonder the Jews marveled, and looking at one another asked, How knoweth this man letters, having never learned? He has never studied in any of our schools. He has never heard the exposition of the law from the rabbis. He has no book in his hand. Indeed, there is no authority in books for such teaching. Can he show any authority for His doctrines?

Jesus shows here, as always, His wisdom in dealing with such questions. It would have been useless to have tried to prove to them that He had an authority. They would not have comprehended Him. His thought was moving in an entirely different sphere. He got His truth out of a world that was closed to them—a world that could not be entered by thought alone. The Jews relied on books. The doctrine was recorded in the rolls of the Pentateuch. It was the office of their teachers to expound these laws. Here was an authority. Every rabbi could lay his finger on a passage to back his teaching. This was the only authority that would appeal to the Jews. Jesus knew this, and He knew He had no such an authority. So all He can say—and it is the only thing that can be said through all the ages—is, "My doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me. If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of Myself." See the contrast in the two ways! The Jews said study, and you shall learn of the doctrine. Jesus said

act, and you shall find out the truth. Thus both agree that there is an attainable knowledge of God, but as to the method of attainment they radically differ. In His utterance Jesus asserts, with great positiveness, the one eternal source of that ever-desired knowledge.

The Word is as much the truth for to-day as it was for two thousand years ago. Jesus lived and thought in eternity, and in all His words transcended time and place.

There are no questions that have so abiding an interest as religious questions. With the first dawning of consciousness, the race began to think of God. The great early literatures of every race are made up of speculations about God and man. Some nations—India and Israel, for example—have no other literature. Other interests come and go, attract our thought for a time, sometimes divert us from the great fact of life; but they pass and are lost, while religion abides our questionings, and absorbs all else in its universal, eternal interest. Let us never fear for the decline of interest in religion, whatever signs depress us for a time. As a tide it may ebb for a time, but it will flow in again with ocean fullness, and flood all the channels of our being. So long as man knows he is a spirit and not of the earth, earthly, so long must the great passions of his life be questions of his origin, being and destiny. The time will never come when man will cease to ask, as the supreme question of his life, What is the nature of God, what is His will, what is my relation to Him?

The Jewish, and every other religion, directs us to sacred books for answer. Jesus never does, but says that the revelation of the mind and laws of God are not found by studying books and scriptures. Speculation and thought do not lead back to God and unveil His face. The searching of law and prophecy is, by itself, vain endeavor. The way to realize the truth of God and comprehend His eternal love and law is through living. If you wish to know the nature of God, abide in Him, make His life your life, obey His laws.

This, Jesus said, was His own way of access into the eternal truths. He had lived with the Father as a son. His knowledge was not of books or hearsay, but He had lost himself in God; He had lived in harmony with His will.

Do we want to know whether the doctrines Jesus teaches are from God? He tells us to live these doctrines, and see if they prove not themselves true, and lead us back to God. What is His authority for saying: "The pure in heart shall see God"? He, by being pure in heart, saw Him face to face. This was His authority. The only way for us to know its truth is to prove it by our pure living. How did He know the meek should inherit the earth? Because through His meekness, he had entered into the possession of that spirit to which come all things of earth worth inheriting. If we are meek, full of a deep humility, the same shall be true to us. Is Jesus the Way, the Truth and the Life? Had He any right to make such an overwhelmingly startling statement? Try His way—that is, walk in His footsteps for a while; make His truth your truth, test it in experience; live His life for a while—that is, make its spirit, its faith, its courage, its service yours, and then see if He be not the Way, the Truth and the Life; see if He lead you not to the Father; think if there be any other way of coming to the Father but by Him—that is, by the way He came, the way of obedience.

Jesus taught unhesitatingly that life went on beyond the life we know, and went on in increasing fullness and glory of being. How can I know that His words of eternal life are true? There is one way of realizing whether Jesus' doctrine of immortality is true; and that is by living now as though we were immortal. Suppose we begin at once and live every moment of our life as though we believed we were sons of God. We shall soon find whether we are indeed heirs of eternal life or not. And there is no other way. Books and sciences; analogies from nature; speculation,—none of these things will help us. But if we live as sons of the immortal Father, we will grow into a sure consciousness of the eternal, enduring nature of our sonship, share the immortality of our Father which is in heaven. "Heaven begun is the living truth that makes the heaven to come credible." They who dwell on the high mountain-tops, near the heavens, see the far countries. They who have become one with the Father have already entered upon their immortality.

So one might take all the teachings of Jesus, and see how they were based on life and the consciousness of God—such great truths as the Fatherhood of God, the forgiveness of sins, the final triumph of good over evil, the absoluteness of the law of love, the rising of joy out of the depths of sorrow, the free grace of God. What an overwhelming positiveness there is about these assertions! What an unswerving, single, universal interpretation of life! The speaker had no authority to show, seemingly claimed none; yet the words had a ring of the Eternal in them that vibrated in the souls of those first Hebrew hearers, and they strike our hearts to-day with awaking, convincing touch. It is because they are part of the Man who spoke them; they proceed out of His life; are like life-giving blood flowing out of His very heart. You can no more disassociate Jesus' teachings from His life than you can think of the light apart from the sun. The truth was the emanation of His life. He uttered no truth before He had lived it. This is where He differs from so many other teachers. This is why His truth always strikes one with authority. We read proverbs, and ethics, and philosophies, and say, Yes, no doubt they are true. They are the observations seen and understood of all men. But they have no awaking power; they do not compel us into action, do not feed a soul hungering for the bread of life. But Jesus comes with a message which is the expression of His being; offers us truth tried, welded, worked over in the fire of His personality; quickened, palpitating with spirit, and we take the truth eagerly and make it ours. So we take the truths of Jesus not on any authority of books, not even on the basis of His great claims, but on the authority of life.

We have been too much in the habit of thinking of Jesus coming into the world with a full consciousness of His work and doctrines. Instead we must think of His great knowledge of God and truth as an achievement. It was an achievement won through the quiet years of thought and study and communion with the Spirit in Nazareth, through such struggles as the temptation, through the three years' observation of life and nature, through the contact with men and forces, through midnight vigils on lonely mountain-tops with His soul open-doored to God. It was a growing consciousness of power, an ever-enlarging knowledge of truth through and by life. So His utterances are not

ex-cathedra truths brought from some treasury of another world, but are the fruits of His living, of His oneness with God. He lived in obedience to the will of God, and proved it the true life of the soul. As an obedient child he learned the truth of Fatherhood. He knew well, too, that this was the only way any other man could learn of the doctrine. So He insists that the true meaning of life can come only through living in harmony with God's laws and fulfilling His commands, and taking up one's duties. It is impossible to preach and lecture men into the knowledge of God. They must come by the way of life.

This is why there is so much in Jesus' teaching about doing. It is, "Love your enemies." "Bless them that curse you." In this way you shall find yourself becoming children of God. "Take up your cross and follow Me." Thus you shall come to know Him and feel the secret of His great life. Lose your life in doing good, and do not worry over it, and you shall find your new life all bright and beautiful. So it is all through. It is live with Him, rejoice and suffer with Him, die with Him, rise with Him—thus you shall learn of the doctrine. You never find Jesus trying to prove a statement or describe a doctrine, but to every questioner the answer is always go and *do* this or that; for He knows the willing seeker will thus assuredly grow into the truth.

It is the way of nature and of life. We are continually illustrating the method in the family. The child comes to know his father, not from elaborate explanations or wise maxims let fall from his lips, but by doing his will from day to day—doing things he at first does not understand, obeying when the obedience seems perhaps unreasonable, and costs pain. He does not always know why he should obey, but the father makes him do the thing commanded, and by the *doing* he proves its reasonableness and learns it was commanded for his good. So, living his life with his father and obeying, he grows into the knowledge and love of him, and becomes one with him. What else did Jesus mean when he turned and said, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." That is, reversing its form, if you go into life trustingly, humbly obeying God, doing His will, you shall grow into the heart of His life. How many a man of childlike nature, humbly doing God's will, has been led into the very holy of holies of God's presence, while philosophers, sweeping the heavens with their telescopes of speculation, have caught no slightest vision of His face! For God hides many things from the wise and understanding which He willingly reveals to obedient babes. Ah, how well Christ knew nature and the processes of life! No wonder that wherever He has spoken the hungry and the thirsty have flocked about Him, the blind seen and the lame leaped for joy! And religion is failing? Not while there are true preachers of the Gospel of Jesus. Our churches may be closed because men speak whose only authority is books and prophecies, who rehearse only what other men have said; but when the true disciple of Jesus comes along, who has lived the truth of God and found it true, experienced His love and knows it the only one great reality, has worked his way back into God and His peace, and then stands up and speaks his proven, well-tried truth, pointing others to the same way,—the way of life,—then will people come again eager for the living word—eager to be shown the Way, the Truth and the Life.

For it is truth all warm and glowing that kindles a kindred flame in the breasts of men. It is a passionate, personal Gospel that strikes fire from the heart of youth.

One cannot help being impressed by the contrast between Jesus' methods and the methods of the church. We so often put the doctrine before life and ask of men if they would join our society, that they believe certain doctrines, and sign certain creeds. That is too often our way. But if our text be true, if the story of His life and words in the Gospels be true, our way is the exact reversal of the way of Jesus. (Does it not also contradict the way of nature?) Jesus calls to two men, Peter and John, and without saying a word about belief, takes them to live with Him, sets them to doing good; and Peter, who, when he joined the church of Jesus, thought Him a new teacher, after three years of obedient service and loving communion, calls Him his Lord and Master. When a certain young man came to Him and said, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" He does not say, "Believe in My teachings concerning God," but says, "Do the Commandments, sell your goods and with the money devote your life to service." How well Jesus knew that if the young man would do these things he would soon learn of the doctrines and inherit eternal life. So, I imagine, that if to-day a young man should knock at the door of the church for entrance, Jesus, if He were here, would not show him a creed, but ask him, "Do you wish to follow Me, and do My commandments?" The young man might say, "Yes, but I do not understand all the doctrines that you teach." And would not Jesus say, as He said before, "My dear young man, live My life, do My commandments, and you will soon understand the doctrines." Thus Jesus puts the doing before the doctrine, knowing, by His own experience and by His knowledge of nature, that this is the natural order—that one leads over into the other; that action opens up the way to knowledge. When shall the church learn this lesson, and welcome all who will do His commandments, so that in helpful company they may find He is the way to God?

Before closing, let me make two practical observations, which necessarily grow out of what we have been saying:

First. This method of Jesus is the only method that will appeal to those who are troubled with doubt. There is a good deal of doubt in our day. Dr. Van Dyke calls it an age of doubt. This is too strong a statement; yet there is a great number of honest questioners to whom the way is dark, the doctrines incomprehensible, and the nature of God unknowable. What class of men more need our sympathy? What nobler service can we render than to open the eyes of the blind to the glory of the heavens, and to open the ears of the deaf to the sweet music of the angel songs? Who has not himself sometimes seen the heavens become as brass above him and felt his vain prayer reflected back into his empty heart? Do not try to help such men by argument alone. Do not load them down with books and treatises. Do not try to frighten them into belief. Argument and logical proof rarely ever make God real. It is not hard to present reasons for the existence of God that cannot be met. But when you are through, God is no more real to the heart than before. There is only one way to show a

man that God is a Father. Say to him: "My friend, go out and live as a child of God; feel the yearning of humanity for a love above this world's; open your own heart by loving, and see how soon you feel the higher love; watch for the leadings of the heavenly Father in all your ways; make your home a type of heaven, and see how soon God is there." Then God begins to be a living reality to that man, a Father, and, as with Jesus, his source of life, his home, his resting-place in life's long woes.

So it is with all the doctrines of Jesus. How many a man has said, "I cannot understand the Atonement." Of course he cannot. No one can until he has himself made one. Say to such a man, "In your great strength go down into humanity, and give your strong life to save some weak soul—suffering that it may again rejoice, being made weak that it may be made strong, being crucified daily for the sake of men and truth. Then the Atonement will become the most luminous doctrine in all our theology. You can never get the slightest inkling of its meaning, though, until you have been through it."

The greatest address to doubters is Frederick W. Robertson's famous "Second Address to Workingmen," given at Brighton. A marked tendency toward infidelity had begun to manifest itself in the Workingmen's Institute, and he felt called upon to address them. The average English clergyman of that day would have read them an elaborate treatise on evidences, and this was what they expected. To the surprise of all, the preacher stepped to the front of the platform, and did nothing but lay bare his own great heart to the very depths. He told them what awful sloughs of despondency he had been through, what anguish of soul, what darkness of black night. He said, "It is an awful hour—let him who has passed through it say how awful—when this life has lost its meaning, and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, human goodness nothing but a name, and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God Himself has disappeared." And then he told them how he got back his faith, how he said to himself, "If there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than be a coward." Standing on these great moral truths he began his new life, and it led out into the light. He then spoke of Jesus. No one who ever lived would say His life was not the highest, truest life. By following the way of Jesus, he found this led him over into the doctrines, and thus he worked his way over into the fullness of the noontide glory of his final great, rich faith. He won all hearts that night, and turned the tide. But he had done nothing but describe a process and point out the eternal way of approach to God, told them duty was the path over into truth. A great truth is like the ladder which had one end on earth, the other in heaven. Get hold of the earthly end, and you can ascend to the heavenly.

The second observation, in a word, is this: This conception of Christianity makes it a universal religion. Any man in any part of the world who puts himself under the laws of God which are written in conscience and in nature, is led by them toward God. Great truths are as rivers which set toward God. Whoever embarks

on them is carried with majestic motion to His throne. Whosoever in any nation doeth the will of God, so far as it has been made known to him, will certainly learn something of the doctrine. Whosoever loves and serves, in Asia or Africa, or the islands of the sea, shall not fail to catch some glimpses of God's face. So religion is not a matter of miracles and prophecies; nor of laws and statutes, nor of sacraments and priests, nor of creed and ritual. All of these may have their place, but not the first place. The doctrines must be learned through obedience, the present heavenly life achieved by the earthly, God approached by the way of Jesus, the way of love and purity. "Wherever there is a meek man, him will He guide in judgment, and the meek will He teach His way." "I dwell with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit." The pure in heart of all times and places shall see God. They that do His will shall know the doctrines, whether they be of God or man: they that live with Jesus in spirit and in deed shall catch the glory of His matchless life,

"For they the mind of Christ discern
Who lean, like John, upon His breast."

New Haven, Conn.

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CHRISTIANITY AND THE WORKERS.

MR. WYCKOFF, in his last article, "The Workers," in the July number of "Scribner's," tells of his reception in the churches of Chicago: "In entering a church door on Sunday mornings, I was in no other station, apparently, than that of any workman, who may have wished to worship there. The treatment which I received is, therefore, a fair gauge of the reception which another worker might expect. If it were a single instance, I should not mention it, and I venture to offer no generalization, although I am speaking of tests which cover many Sundays, and included all the principal churches of the town. All that can be said, I think, is that the uniformity of result is some evidence of what a like-conditioned workingman might count upon in the way of treatment at the hands of fashionable churches.

"I was sure, in the first venture or two, that the circumstances were exceptional, and that I had chanced upon churches which, although most evidently of the rich, were yet watchful of every opportunity of welcoming the poor. It was not until I had made the rounds of many churches, of many denominations that I realized how general and how sincere among them is the spirit of hospitality to the working poor."

It is pleasant to read this; but the writer is compelled to add that, while all this is true, yet working-people do not feel themselves at home in rich churches. He says: "The mere suggestion of a mission church was insulting to them, and from the churches for the rich they had learned their first lesson in class distinctions. Every feature of such a church, its richly-dressed occupants in their high-priced pews, and the general atmosphere of merely social superiority, would have inflicted upon these men, in spite of a cordial welcome, as deep a wound to their self-respect as they would have felt in being decoyed to a formal reception in a lady's drawing-room. To them the latter function could not have been more obviously intended for another class than theirs."

There is a lesson here which may well be laid to heart, and it is much easier to receive it because it comes from no unfriendly source. We feel that there is a wrong, though how to set it right is much harder to declare. Class distinctions and the original simplicity of the Christian church do not go well together. The church ought to be the poor man's home and refuge; it will be one day. We may apologize for the present condition of things as much as we please, and give plausible reasons, but it is fundamentally wrong. No man who knows his Master and the message He gives him to preach would be willing to minister to a fashionable church from which the poor are practically excluded. It would be bold for us to assert that we had the remedy; but a remedy must be found, for in no way can the church of Jesus Christ become a rich man's club. In the process of finding the remedy, a good deal of pride and selfishness and hard-heartedness would be unearthed; and these are deadly enemies of true Christianity.

In the same article Mr. Wyckoff gives a graphic description of a Socialist and Anarchist meeting. In this meeting there were fierce assaults upon Christianity, Christian ministers, and the church in general. It appears to us that these assailants are quite as far from the right frame of mind as are the rich churches. If it be a fact that an immense mass of the best people in the world have found a supreme delight in the teachings of Christianity, why should any other class of men make complaint? If Christianity has given its believers strength and comfort, and thus enabled them to become happy and prosperous,—become leaders of men,—why should any one find fault with that? There is nothing exclusive about Christianity; it offers its unequalled blessings to all sorts and conditions of men. The men who yield allegiance to it are among the best and happiest in the world, and they affirm that it is Christianity that has made them so. They range from Queen Victoria on her throne to Uncle Tom in his cabin. Christianity seems to bless both alike. Christianity does not much care whether you are Queen Victoria or Uncle Tom. It says, "To you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." It laughs at our distinctions. Why, then, should any one, especially any poor man, make such a fierce assault on Christianity? He might as well upbraid the sun in the heavens, or rail against the bubbling spring. Neither of them is as great a boon to man as Christianity.

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THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

BY A MEMBER OF IT.

IN spite of the somewhat Laudian, Star-Chamber flavor of the action of the Assembly (and the devout Archbishop and his earlier Westminster Assembly that took such vigorous measures for the purification of the church, came in for some very pretty denunciation at the Westminster celebration the previous day), it is but just to say that the action of the Assembly was taken rather as a testimony against suspected error than for the purpose of exercising discipline, and was intended also as a rebuff to extremists, who were supposed still to represent a Strafford policy of "thorough." For the Assembly says, in the heart of its deliverance, "The church needs peace; the union of all its forces; the co-operation of all its members; a spirit of

brotherhood and mutual confidence, so that it may address itself with intense zeal and no waste of energy to its great, pressing and practical work of saving the souls of men." Indeed, the most notable feature of the Assembly was the dominance throughout of the "peace and work" spirit, the appeal for which met with so little favor five years ago. The Assembly has not become "liberal,"—but, as Dr. Gray writes in the "Interior," "All the indications that I observe are that men known to be for extreme and violent measures have lost their influence in the Presbyterian church," and his hope "that love of strife, intolerance and tyranny will never more prevail," is well-nigh universal. In accepting the Moderatorship, Dr. Wallace Radcliffe, of Washington, voiced the spirit of the meeting: "Let us close up the ranks, let us recognize the past as past. Let us address ourselves to our work with our minds open to the Holy Spirit, with our eyes to the sunrise, our hands clasped in the confidence of brotherhood, and in abiding love to Him 'whose we are and whom we serve.'" Union was a word to conjure with. The closer drawing together in heart, if not in formal alliance, of the two great branches of the English-speaking people; the obliteration of sectional lines in the nation in the rising tide of patriotic devotion; the hope of the obliteration of sectional lines in the church in a reunion with the Southern brethren,—these were thoughts that appealed to every heart, and called forth great and sometimes tumultuous applause. The message to the Southern Assembly was, "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye were called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all, and through all, and in all." There is no obstacle to reunion whenever the Southern Church is willing to join with the larger body.

Less noisily received, but finding as responsive a chord deep in almost every heart, was the appeal for the merging of all partisan differences in a common effort to do more fully and more faithfully the great work which is before the church. If there is an extremist who is not sick of controversy, and convinced of the disastrousness of conflict, he did not make himself heard at the Assembly. In the consideration of the four or five administrative, ethical and theological questions before the Assembly on which there was radical difference of opinion, there was a complete absence of bitterness, a calmness and fraternity of spirit, even in disagreement that was as fitting as it ought to be universal among Christian brethren.

One of the speakers at the quarter-millennial celebration of the adoption of the Westminster standards said: "Ax and gibbet and burning-stake are but mile-stones that mark the progress of civil and religious liberty." The Presbyterian church put up its little mile-stone a few years ago, and he whose head was grayed but not bowed by two years of trial, as he turned the other day from the loving perusal of musty Westminster pamphlets to receive the news from Winona, may have been glad to note that his trial was not all in vain, and that from *his* mile-stone there can already be noted, in spirit and profession, at least some steps of progress.

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THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

In a very interesting little book, "The Spaniard in History," we find a brief account of that dreadful in-

stitution which spread its terror over Europe for so many years.

In the days of its power a familiar or officer of the same rank as the accused appeared suddenly before him, perhaps just as he was entering his own door, and with a brief phrase summoned him, then walked away, and the person summoned, as if under a spell, followed, without reply or question, without change of raiment or word of farewell, and vanished from the world of the living as if the earth had swallowed him up. The prisons were secret in the strictest sense. Should a word be spoken audibly without, the speaker was liable to be beaten like a dog by the staff of the warders, so that a silence like the grave reigned within the place. The whole process of the trial was kept secret from the prisoner. If released, he was bound by a most solemn oath never to reveal anything he had heard or seen within the walls. If condemned, the sentence was kept secret from the victim till the evening before he was to die. From these secret prisons no appeal was possible, unless accepted and forwarded by the Inquisitor himself. From the moment of arrest all the property of the accused was attached in the name of the Inquisition; it was rarely restored. Intolerable agony, under which one might happen to die, was but a casual incident of the trials. Every man lost all beneficence, right and dignity as soon as he incurred inquisitorial punishment.

Executions were reserved for one great day,—a Sunday or festival. At some central point an amphitheatre was built, with special accommodations for dignitaries of church and state. A vast throng of spectators gathered from far and near.

At early dawn the great bell of the cathedral begins to toll, and the whole city is astir. A showy procession issues forth from the Inquisitorial palace. There ride the chiefs of the Inquisition, in whose ranks are some of the noblest of the land. Then comes the Dominican friars, a dense mass of black-robed men. Above them waves the great standard of the Inquisition. After the banner walk the penitent lesser offenders first, then greater with their heads thrust through a coarse yellow sack bearing a red St. Andrews' cross. This is the San Benito, and once to wear it is degradation without remedy. On every face is the pallor of long imprisonment, and the marks of anguish of body and mind. Then come the condemned. Each wears a San Benito, painted over with flames and devils; also a conical cap figured with devils and flames. The noble, the valiant, the beautiful, the devout have come alike to this. In solemn silence the procession moves on. Porters follow bearing boxes in which are the mortal remains of those who have died, and been afterwards proved to have been heretics. Before the execution a sermon was preached. We imagine the preacher did not take as his text, "Love your enemies;" it would not have been convenient. By a diabolical dissimulation, the closing words of the sentence of the victims were: "We hereby leave you to the secular court, affectionately praying the same to preserve thy life and limb unhurt."

"The condemned were then dragged to a platform of masonry, sixty feet square and seven feet high. There are the stakes and fagots. If now the prisoners will confess the Catholic faith, they will be strangled before burning; if not, they will be burned alive. We are told that the most accepted the relief, and com-

paratively few were burned alive; yet some triumphed over all. The fires were kept up through the night, and by morning only an even surface of blackened ashes appealed to Heaven. So ended the *auto da fé*."

The author adds: "Intellectually and morally the Inquisition stopped Spain in the Middle Ages. The march of modern thought went on, and left Spain as she stands to-day, a helplessly medieval power, amid the advance of modern civilization. The great experiment of compulsion in religion had been tried on the grandest scale and tried in vain. The world has swept by the Inquisition, and left it a wreck on the receding shore. Spain has never recovered from the far-reaching and wasting effects of the system fastened upon her by her own monarchs, in the early days so full of glory and unfulfilled promise."

* * *

THE INDEPENDENT IN RELIGION.

IN our July issue we referred to the wideness of the spirit of union, and asked what its proper relation should be, for instance, to the Jew. We find in the New York "Journal" the report of a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman in the Temple Emmanuel, New York. We insert it, not as fully agreeing with it, but that we may give our readers the views of thoughtful men of all creeds:

"The independent in politics is undoubtedly a product of American institutions. Men whose ancestors have had the courage to resent the tyranny of England and adopt the Declaration of Independence cannot long submit to any tyranny, be it even by those very institutions for which they have battled. The political party with its great power and privileges is American in conception and execution. The party lash is un-American, and a remnant of mediaeval government. No true son of Columbia will ever submit to it.

"The precursor of this independent spirit in politics, however, was the independent spirit manifested in religion. It took mankind many ages to accept this spirit. We have at last reached it by many stages of evolution. Religion has been defined as fear of an unknown power whose wrath it was sought to avert by various sacrifices. We have had the worship of sticks and stones, of idols representing supposed images of gods. Finally, from polytheism the world has evolved monotheism. Many still believe in a religion of fear, of superstition, of blind faith. These and similar ideas of religion have always seemed incomplete, certainly unsatisfactory, to the independents. Such ideas have given rise to mythology and an empty ceremonialism. What was lacking in all those forms of religion was intellectuality. There was enough of faith and sentiment, of ceremonies and creeds, but not enough scope for reason; in fact, to reason meant to doubt, and to doubt meant to be sacrilegious.

"The independent seeks to satisfy the demands of the intellect as well as of the heart. He wants a religion of love that harmonizes with reason. We can easily compromise with our conscience in serving an earthly master, but nothing can compensate us for those prickings of the conscience when we, in an involuntary manner, serve or worship our God. To no authority, ecclesiastical or otherwise; to no traditions, however hoary with age; to no fixed doctrine or iron-clad creed, to no synod can the independent man surrender his love and his reason.

"This very independence, making religion conform with the demands of love and reason, augurs well for the future development of true religion. In nature we find freedom of development from lower to higher forms. Nothing can stop it. Species may be slightly changed by circumstances and obstacles, but the progress is never destroyed, even if temporarily checked. If the small shoot, coming through the soil, meets a rock, it passes around and over it, enveloping and burying the obstruction. Evolution is only another name for independence, freedom in nature. This same principle is manifested in the activity and thought of man.

"In science what do we do when we learn by the light of new discoveries and experiments that some theory was wrong? We correct it. We have better microscopes and telescopes to-day, and we are constantly correcting tables of figures and classifications and conclusions. In medicine, in surgery, we seize with enthusiasm any improvement; the same is the case in biology and astronomy. And what shall we do in religion? Shall we care more for the mistakes of our fathers than for the truths of our own day? Let the fanatics answer in the affirmative. The independent will do as his common sense and his conscience dictate.

"We have been told that religion must be ironclad, must rest on supernatural authority, on unquestioning faith, if it is to last. Why? Is religion so weak that it cannot stand the light of investigation? If the work is of God, it ought to last forever.

"They told us frequently that government can only rest on monarchy, that the people must be governed, and cannot govern themselves. We have, however, tried the experiment of self-government on a very large scale in America, and we are quite satisfied with the result.

"I rather believe that supernatural authority and blind faith would have proved to be the death blow of religion. I do not see how there can be any other authority for man than his own reason. To submit to that against which one's own reason rebels is to submit to tyranny, not to authority. I can have faith in nothing but true love and logical reasoning. I can have faith in God, or nature, in so far as that word represents the highest love and the highest mind. I can have no faith in a God, for instance, of superstition, or in a God who is said to have commanded death and carnage among men. And even when the Bible says that God commanded the slaughter of innocent women and children, I do not believe it. I believe that men wrote those words to justify their own acts of cruelty and barbarity. The only extenuation for them is that they believed that God had commanded the slaughter. In some sense a man's conception of God is very little higher than his own nature.

"Wie das Volk, so sein Gott

"Darnum wird Gott so oft zu spott,"

Goethe.

"The independent, intellectual man of culture and refinement believes in a God of love and reason.

"If religion is based on supernatural authority, on superstition, fear, miracles, blind faith, tradition or the decisions of fanatical synods, it must be weak and finally perish. If it is based on love and reason, and obeys the developments of these faculties, it is in harmony with nature's laws of freedom and progress.

Whatever is free is progressive and will last forever. So the independent who builds his religious structure on that foundation erects an indestructible fortress of the mind and heart.

"Independence, however, with its conscientiousness and intellectual progress, claiming highest rights, involves also highest duties and responsibilities. It is much more difficult to be truly independent than to follow faith and ordinary standards of authority. It means critical study and investigation in order to formulate judgment.

"The independent must be free from bigotry and fanaticism, and exhibit a spirit of tolerance even to those who are themselves most intolerant. He must widen the scope of religion and carry it beyond the church door, into the home, society and the world at large, where it shall manifest itself in all that appertains to the welfare of man. Religion to the independent becomes a matter of culture and refinement, and reaches its highest development in the highest education and philanthropy.

"To be independent in religion does not mean to withdraw from all religious bodies and to stand aloof from them, but rather to affiliate with those whose teachings and practices correspond mostly to one's own, and there to assert individuality and progressive tendency.

"To carry the subject up to the present time, I am constrained by the logic of the situation to refer especially to two men, though there are a host of them—to Dr. Briggs and Dr. Lyman Abbott, who in conservative churches have stood firmly for an independent reading and interpretation of the Bible. If that Book cannot stand the search of criticism, then it ought to fall. But the fault is not with the Book, but with the men who read it. Its worst enemies are those who seek to label it "Do not touch," "Do not handle." They claim for it that which it does not contain, cannot represent—literal inerrancy. The Bible represents divine truth, clothed in the thought and language of man, and that, too, of man of a bygone age. To claim literal inerrancy for certain figures of speech is to put the Bible on a wrong basis, to read falsehood into it, and make of it a 'straw man' which it is very easy for an Ingersoll to knock down.

"In this Bible controversy Jews take a sympathetic interest in Dr. Abbott's views, for Jews have ever been independent in religion and permitted much latitude in the interpretation of the Scriptures."

* * *

ANGELINA GRIMKE.

ONE wonders how monstrous systems of iniquity hold on their way, supported by the daily practice of ordinarily good people. Especially has one often felt this with reference to the evil of slavery, which, while it awakened the most vigorous opposition of many noble souls, was yet maintained by the great masses of the South. It is very pleasing, therefore, to light upon the story of one who almost alone, and in the very thickest of the wrong, protested bravely against it. We have such a story in the life of Angelina Grimke.

She was born in Charleston, S. C., in the hotbed of slavery, and belonged to a family of the highest social rank. Yet, as a child, her soul revolted from the cruelties of the system, and she would steal out in the dark

to minister to those who had been cruelly beaten. She was of a very religious disposition, and this only intensified her hostility to the wretched institution. When we think of her, we cannot but wonder at the clergymen and bishops who sustained, by all their influence, the curse of slavery. This child condemns them all. A strong moral sense is worth more than all ordinations or impositions of hands. God, by a little child, throws contempt on the pretensions of the proud.

When she was sixteen years old, a present of a slave was made to her. She absolutely refused it. "I cannot have a slave. The girl belongs to herself, not to me." It roused all her indignation that she was not allowed to teach the slaves to read. This child condemned venerable men who could pass from the reception of the sacrament to enunciate such a dreadful law as that. Not being prevented from giving religious instruction to the slaves (why did not some wise Solomon prohibit that?) she gathered a company of slaves and read the Scripture and prayed with them every day. Her sister had made her home in Philadelphia, and through her she heard of the people called Quakers, and of their firm opposition to slavery. This attracted her to them, and she read all their books that she could lay her hands upon. She heard of the imprisonment of Garrison in Baltimore, and she determined to forsake her home and friends and take her place among the hated abolitionists. When she was twenty-five years old, in 1830, she came to the North, and shortly afterwards wrote her "Appeal to Christian Women of the South." It produced an immense excitement. In Charleston it was burnt in the public square. Some of the finest literature has been advertised that way—as Luther's Theses, for instance. Such flames are enlightening.

She had some thought of visiting her Southern friends, but the authorities of Charleston warned them that it would not be safe for her to appear. The Anti-slavery Society invited her to hold meetings in private parlors, and speak for abolition. Her sister joined her, and they began work in New York, in 1836. They declined all compensation for their labors. No parlor could contain the crowds who wished to hear her speak. Churches soon were filled. At first they spoke only to women; for that good old-fashioned piece of superstition that the brightest woman was not fit to speak to men, while the stupidest man had free course in speech to women, was in full career. But nature was too strong for prejudice. The men knew a good thing, and they would listen to Miss Grimke. In Boston the old Boston theatre was crowded night after night to its utmost capacity to hear her word. When God gives a magnificent gift, He means it to be used. Miss Grimke used hers, and the men bowed before the power of her word. Her gift was one of the first things to move the mighty piston of the engine called the Progress of Woman, which has done such a vast work in these late days. All honor to her for that! Will we ever find out what the nineteenth century has done for man and woman both?

Miss Grimke was invited to address the Massachusetts Legislature in their hall, and her speech was listened to with most respectful attention. It is recorded that in all this publicity she lost nothing of her sweet womanliness. Of course not. Why should she? Does it unsex a woman to plead for the suffering and

oppressed? If it did, there would be few women worthy of the name left on earth. The grandest woman is made by doing the grandest work, just as a man is. Silly, helpless, brainless women, that can only giggle and flirt, are made by not doing it.

In 1838 Miss Grimke was married to Theodore D. Weld, and shortly after was so severely injured as to be incapacitated from further labors; but her record remains, a sad evidence of the shame of the apologists for slavery, and an inspiration to all who follow, to act well their part in the great crises that must still arise.

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THE WICKED CAPTAIN.

WE have taken this down from the lips of an old minister: He had come to a new parish. One of the first things he was told was the general bad character and bold resistance to religion of an old Captain who lived in the place. But this particular minister was of the mind of the venerable English clergyman, Dr. Marsh, who used to say that he was ready to preach to a congregation of infidels and profane people, and that if they would only listen to him he would expect to see them converted from their evil ways. So one day, as he was sailing out on the bay, the Captain was pointed out to him fishing from his anchored boat. He asked to be anchored as near to him as might be, and they fell into conversation. The Captain, after his manner, made fierce attacks upon all religion; the minister made reply, and on leaving said that he would be glad to continue the talk at the Captain's home. He was told to come, and replied that if he came he would expect to pray in the house as he did when he went through his parish. The Captain answered that no minister should ever pray in his house. The minister called after a while. He had learned that the Captain had lost a wife and two children, who were very dear to him. He had a pleasant call, and when he suggested prayer, to his surprise the Captain made no objection. He prayed that his friend might be made pure and good, and fitted to meet those whom he loved so much in a better world. When he finished, the Captain was in tears. They talked further, and he who had been so hard and rebellious acknowledged that he had not known a quiet night's rest for many years. It was some time before the full and beautiful light filled his heart, but at last it came. Then he stood up in the face of a big congregation, and said: "You know me—that I have been an infidel and a blasphemer, and a bitter opponent of the religion of Jesus. I stand here now to ask your pardon and God's. I am resolved, by the help of God, to live a Christian life so long as God spares me in this world." The effect upon his old neighbors may well be imagined.

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WHAT DISTINGUISHES CHRISTIANITY FROM OTHER RELIGIONS?

A WRITER in "The Contemporary Review" (April) stands with those who believe that Christianity is pre-eminent not only in degree but in kind over all other religious systems, and he gives cogent reasons for the faith that is in him. This writer, John Robson, admits that "the mists that used to hang over the religions of the world have lifted; we have seen that they are not only barren wastes and pestilent swamps, but that

in them there are airy uplands and lofty mountains, which rise well toward heaven." He has but little to say in way of derogation of other religions, and he notes at the outset that Christ had practically nothing to say against the gods the Gentiles believed in or the form of worship paid them. His one short saying, in the Sermon on the Mount, in condemnation of the Gentiles, "for after all these things do the Gentiles seek," referred to their aim in life rather than their worship. "No religious teacher has said less against other religions than Christ." And His first *rencontre* with a Gentile showed Him that there was more hope of implanting the true religious ideal among Pagans than among Jews. The Roman centurion, the Canaanitish woman, and the Greeks in Jerusalem brought to Him a revelation of what He might accomplish but for the earthly bonds that prevented His extending His work beyond the Jews. But His death snapped those bonds, and in His words after the resurrection the disciples found their first authority for carrying Christianity throughout the world.

It is not in this new note of universality, however, that we find the distinguishing feature of Christianity; nor in its wonderful power of expansion; nor even in its definite connection with Christ. This last, though formally distinguishing Christianity, simply throws us back on the still unanswered question, What distinguishes Christ from other religious teachers? The answer is found by the writer in two sayings of Christ after the resurrection. The first is found in Matt. xxviii. 19 ("baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost") and the second in Luke xxiv. 47 ("that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name among all the nations"). These sayings "lead us into the centre of all religion, and reveal to us those truths which Christianity alone proclaims, and apart from which other truths must fail of their religions end."

The first of these sayings teaches not only the Fatherhood of God, but also the Brotherhood of God and the Companionhood of God. In some ancient faiths we do indeed find traces of the conception of God's Fatherhood. The oldest name given to God in the Latin and the Sanscrit meant Heaven-Father. But the traces of such faith were few and the faith unstable, sinking, as in Greece and Rome, to a degraded polytheism, or, as in India, to an inane pantheism. In the Christian religion alone has the conception been stable and vital, and this because it is indissolubly linked with faith in the Brotherhood of God. Says Mr. Robson:

The doctrine of the Trinity, when looked at by itself, seems a piece of profitless metaphysics. When looked at in its relation to humanity, it becomes a truth of the deepest practical significance. When we hear of an eternal divine Son, we listen to it as an abstract truth which concerns us not at all. When we think of Him as an eternal divine Brother, the heart springs to it as the response to a craving which it profoundly feels. The conception of God as a Father alone leaves a blank in the soul. There are some things for which a child, or even a man, would rather go to his brother than to his father. There may be, for instance, the consciousness of disobedience, of having lost, or deserved to lose, his father's favor. Then the help and mediation of a true brother is prized and looked to. And this is supremely the case in relation to the Heavenly Father. It avails nothing to say that that only shows the blindness and ignorance of men—that God is love, waiting to welcome back the prodigal. Men are blind and ignorant. Everywhere they have felt the need of mediation with God. No one can have mingled much with idolaters without having noticed this. Behind all the idols which they worship they have the conception of a supreme God,

and the idols are so many means of approaching Him. Their idea is very much that of a ruler who can be approached only by paying court to the officials about him. Even Mohammedanism, which is supposed to be the religion which teaches the most direct access to God, is in some countries overrun with saint-worship; and the same may be said of Christianity when it has lost sight of the divine Fatherhood. True Christianity recognizes this need in man, but teaches that it is responded to in God Himself; that the divine Son is for us the divine Brother, who supplies all those needs that men have sought in vain to supply for themselves.

As this divine Brotherhood distinguishes Christ Himself from all other religious teachers, so the Companionhood of God in the Holy Spirit distinguishes the power of Christianity from that of all other religions. To quote Mr. Robson again:

The Companionhood of God is the best word I can get to describe the relation of God to man described by the Holy Spirit. "A Paraclete (helper or comforter) who shall abide with you forever," is the description which our Lord gives of the office and work of the Holy Spirit. There is in this something more than Fatherhood, for a father might be far off and inaccessible to us, though he loved us; something more than Brotherhood, for a brother, too, might be out of our reach, though he was working for us. It brings these two relationships into actual touch with us. Without it God would still be an incomplete God—one who must still be a stranger to us; with it He is brought near, and can be conceived of as nearer than the nearest earthly friend.

Though none of the world-religions have this conception of God as a Companion, though it forms one of the most marked differences between them and Christianity, yet they have sought, after their own way, to meet man's craving for such a God. Men have always desired intercourse with a supernatural power; not merely power to pray to God with the assurance that He hears, but communication from Him regarding His will and purposes. . . . This craving Christianity meets by teaching that the Holy spirit is given to guide individuals and to guide the church.

As to the second of Christ's sayings referred to, whose keywords are repentance and remission of sins, this constitutes a message as distinctive of Christianity as the God whom it reveals. "Christianity teaches that to those who repent sins are forgiven; other religions teach that they must be atoned for by the sinner himself, by sufferings or penances, by sacrifices or offerings to the gods." Mr. Robson elaborates this thought further:

Some systems, such as Buddhism and Hinduism, put the atonement entirely beyond the option of the sinner, and teach that the fruit of every deed that man now does must be reaped in some future birth. But the popular instinct has overridden this philosophy, and has had recourse to all the elaborate ceremonial of the cults of these faiths to obviate the necessity of some at least of these penal births. The general teaching of heathen religions is that the wrath of the gods is to be averted by offerings in their temples, by pilgrimages to their shrines, by the performance of rites and other such things, which leave the worshiper doubtful whether he has done enough and whether all may not be an utter failure. Even Mohammedanism, which has borrowed so much from Christianity, is at variance with it on this point. It calls God the Merciful, but opens heaven only to those who perform the five ordinances. The Brahmo-Somaj, which claims to have assimilated Christianity, is on this point antagonistic to it, and at one with Hinduism; maintaining "that every sinner must sooner or later suffer the consequences of his own sins either in this world or the next."

In opposition to this Christianity teaches the remission of sins, that to God belongs the same prerogative of forgiveness which man is conscious that he himself possesses—"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Man's spiritual instinct has led him at times to appeal to this divine prerogative. In some of the old Acadian and Aryan hymns we meet with confessions of sins and supplications for mercy, which show that human needs are the same in all ages and in all races, and that in them all is to be found a sense of the source whence alone the response must come. But nowhere do we find a sense of the response having been given; rather is there the need expressed of securing the remission of sins by sacrifices and ceremonies. It is when we come to the sacred writings of the Hebrews that we find the consciousness both of the need and of the response.—*The Literary Digest*.

RELIGION AND SOLDIERS.

REV. C. L. CARHART.

THE appeal of the religious needs of our soldiers in camp, and their remarkable responsiveness to efforts in their behalf, find new emphasis and meaning in the thought of the natural kinship and interdependence of patriotism and religion, to which history bears witness. On this subject a pamphlet entitled "The Military Results of Religious Decadence" has attracted much attention, of late, in military and religious circles in France. The author, Col. P. Moziman, a member of the general staff of the French army, adduces many facts in proof of his assertion that the courage and endurance of armies have been proportionate to the religious education which their soldiers have received. He cites the example of the Israelites, the Greeks and Romans, the Russians and the Prussians, and reminds us that in England a prayer-book is a part of the equipment furnished the soldier or the marine. The old von Moltke laughed at the simplicity of those who, forgetting the influence of religion, attributed to the German schoolmaster the victory of Sadowa; and Waldersee, his pupil, looking forward to the outcome of a conflict of the Vosges, based his hopes on the fact that religion was losing ground in France. Col. Moziman concludes with the wish that the religious spirit might be developed from infancy in the future soldiers of the republic.

The Abbé Philippot, commenting on the pamphlet in the "Chretien Français," adds: "We do not believe that the State can be forever satisfied with its religious indifferentism. The State in France is afraid of religion because it confounds it with the demoralizing domination of the clergy. The day when clericalism shall be definitely crushed in France, the day when the religion of conscience shall be the religion of the French, the State will say to the educators of youth: 'There are three things that you must never separate in your lessons—patriotism, morality, religion.'"

It is not the recklessness of the Cavalier, but the steadfast resolution of the Puritan with a Bible in his knapsack, that will best serve the nation in peace or in war.

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BIBLES FOR THE SOLDIERS.

To the Editor—Dear Sir:

Many of your readers will be interested in this extract of a letter from Tampa, Fla., just received in reference to an important work among the soldiers:

I wish you would understand that it is probable that more good is being done in the distribution of the Testaments than by any other single operation. The men are, for the most part, eager for them, and only a few, a very few, will not take them. The first shipment of 5,000 to hand and almost gone. We sent 2,000 down to the transports, and the men scrambled to get them. Had we shipping facilities we could have used twice as many. I feel that if they carry a Testament they will read it, and God will use His Word. Many of the dear fellows are rough, ready and kind. On one occasion we had held a service and were ready to give out Testaments. The preacher who went with us had an armful, and the men were about to crush him when one called out: "Look out, boys! Don't knock the parson down." We have evidence of the Lord's using the work on every hand. An officer has just said: "You men are doing a great deal of good, and the kind you are doing will count for more with these men than preaching would."

In order that the American Bible Society may be

able to respond to the many unexpected demands upon it for Testaments for the army and navy, churches and individuals are urgently invited to send contributions to William Foulke, Treasurer, Bible House, New York, N. Y.

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THE ENTHUSIASM OF LITERARY MEN FOR JESUS CHRIST.

BY REV. DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

TO-DAY men distinguished in the realm of literature seem to feel an enthusiasm for the character and teachings of Jesus Christ that is in striking contrast to the lesser enthusiasm they seem to have for any and all other subjects and persons. The most striking fact in the new memories of Alfred Lord Tennyson, by his son, is the fact that Jesus Christ stood at the very centre of the poet laureate's life, and colored all his thinking in the realm of art, beauty and imagination. The most popular novel of the winter, from the view point of sales, has been "The Christian," and Hall Caine has announced that he intends to make the "Life of Jesus Christ" the great book of his career. It is a custom with one of our magazines to give the reports from the book-stores of our great cities as to the books having the highest sales. It is a noteworthy fact that the three books that have led all others have all dealt with great Christian facts and principles that are related to the supernatural and the life and character and teachings of Jesus Christ. Beholding this fascinating figure, this divine Christ, artists have taxed their genius to portray His beauty; sculptors have toiled to set forth His strength; artists have labored to rear cathedrals worthy of His presence; poets and musicians have toiled tirelessly upon Te deums sweet enough for His work.

This Divine One, who stands upon the threshold of history and looks down the long aisle of time, has riveted the gaze of enemies as well as friends, and His beauty has transformed worldlings into enthusiasts of righteousness, and we venture nothing in making the prophecy that the great novels and poems of the future are to deal with the supernatural principles and ideals of Jesus Christ in their relations to our laws and industries, to our social and civic institutions.

One of the interesting facts in the literary world of to-day is the increasing emphasis given to social problems. In former generations, literary men consecrated their genius to the study of abstract principles and cold philosophy. To-day these authors are relegated to the top shelf of the library and to the garret of the home. Just in proportion as an author gives himself to the discussion of the woes and wrongs of the people and the diffusion of sympathy and self-sacrifice, and the principles for which Christ stood, does the poem or novel or essay have wide circulation. In times past, Fielding would allow no hero in his book who was less than a prince or a squire. The toiler and the common people were carefully expunged from the pages of the author. But to-day Besant's most popular plea is the building of a people's chapel in Whitechapel Road; Hall Caine pleads for a social settlement work among the poor. And the books and the essays that sell most widely are those applied to the Sermon on the Mount and the problems in the factory and on the market.

When a friend urged Wordsworth to resign his art, the poet answered: "Nature hath made vows for me." If great nature placed Wordsworth under vows of affection and fealty, those who have hearing may hear civilization whispering: "Christ hath made vows for all new manners, laws, customs, institutions." For Christ's sake all wrongs must be righted, all humanity must be redressed, all injustice must be corrected, all art must become high, all music become sweet; the press must reform and strengthen its columns, the library must ennoble its shelves, the eloquence must double its persuasive powers, the schools must increase their culture. Each home must be full of happiness, each individual must follow that divine figure, who leads the hosts of civilization up the hill of time. In Christ's Name and Cross, Christendom conquers and civilization triumphs.—*The Interior*.

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VANITY FAIR.

LONGMAN'S Magazine has a very clever letter of Thackeray's, written to the Duke of Devonshire, who had asked for further information concerning the characters in "Vanity Fair":

My Lord Duke: Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, whom I saw last week, and whom I informed of your Grace's desire to have her portrait, was good enough to permit me to copy a little drawing made of her "in happier days," she said with a sigh, by Smee, the Royal Academician.

Mrs. Crawley now lives in a small but very pretty little house in Belgravia, and is conspicuous for her numerous charities, which always get into the newspapers, and her unaffected piety. Many of the most exalted and spotless of her own sex visit her, and are of opinion that she is a *most injured woman*. There is no *sort of truth* in the stories regarding Mrs. Crawley and the late Lord Steyne. The licentious character of that nobleman alone gave rise to reports from which, alas! the most spotless life and reputation cannot always defend themselves. The present Sir Rawdon Crawley who succeeded his late uncle, Sir Pitt, 1832—(Sir Pitt died on the passing of the Reform bill)—does not see his mother, and his undutifulness is a cause of the deepest grief to that admirable lady. "If it were not for *higher things*," she says, "how could she have borne up against the world's calumny, a wicked husband's cruelty and falseness, and the thanklessness (sharper than a serpent's tooth) of an adored child?" But she has been preserved, mercifully preserved, to bear all these griefs, and awaits her reward *elsewhere*. The italics are Mrs. Crawley's own.

She took the style and title of Lady Crawley for some time after Sir Pitt's death, in 1832; but it turned out that Colonel Crawley, Governor of Coventry Island, had died of fever three months before his brother, whereupon Mrs. Rawdon was obliged to lay down the title which she had prematurely assumed.

The late Joseph Sedley, Esq., of the Bengal Civil Service, left her two lakhs of rupees, on the interest of which the widow lives in the practices of piety and benevolence before mentioned. She has lost what little good looks she once possessed, and wears false hair and teeth (the latter give her rather a ghastly look when she smiles), and—for a pious woman—is the best crinolined lady in Knightsbridge district.

Colonel and Mrs. W. Dobbin live in Hampshire, near Sir R. Crawley; Lady Jane was godmother to their little girl, and the ladies are exceedingly attached to each other. The Colonel's "History of the Punjaub" is looked for with much anxiety in some circles.

Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel G. Sedley-Osborne (he wishes, he says, to be distinguished from some other branches of the Osborne family, and is descended by the mother's side from Sir Charles Sedley) is, I need not say, well; for I saw him in a most richly embroidered cambric pink shirt, with diamond studs, bowing to your Grace at the last party at Devonshire House. He is in Parliament; but the property left him by his grandfather has, I hear, been a good deal overrated.

He was very sweet upon Miss Crawley, Sir Pitt's daughter, who married her cousin, the present baronet, and a good deal cut up when he was refused. He is not, however, a man to be permanently cast down by sentimental disappointments. His chief cause of annoyance at the present moment is that he is growing bald; but his whiskers are still without a gray hair, and the finest in London.

I think these are the latest particulars relating to a number of persons about whom your Grace was good enough to express some interest. I am very glad to be enabled to give this information, and am

Your Grace's very much obliged servant,

W. M. THACKERAY.

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THE DEAD-LINE IN THE MINISTRY.

FREDERICK PERRY POWERS, in the "Church Economist," writes of this subject:

"The church is the most conservative of all organizations, and this has its effect upon the ministers. Few men grow intellectually after fifty—perhaps few after forty; and the inherent conservatism of religion, and the vigilance of the heresy-hunters, tend to make ministers even less likely than laymen to grow mentally after middle age. In every walk of life there are the men of greater ability and the men of less ability; the former are rarely disengaged; the latter are frequently disengaged, and the older they get the more difficult they find it to get new engagements. The churches ought not to be blamed if they are not eager to get these men, who were not very useful when they were young, and who have lost something of energy and pliability as they have grown older. Church officers and congregations are sometimes blamed because they object to a minister of undoubted piety on the ground that he resembles a bad chimney—he won't draw. But what is the use of a minister if people will not go to hear him? The church officers make no profit out of a prosperous church. No one gets any dividends out of large pew-rents. When the trustees and the session are anxious to get a man who will "draw," they are actuated by no sordid or worldly considerations; when they refuse a man because he will not "draw," they are guilty of no harshness. Piety not combined with the ability to speak well belongs in the pews rather than in the pulpit."

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He who will not answer to the rudder must answer to the rocks.

CERVERA'S FLEET.

N. S. P.

SEE! they come, as sure as fate,
Out of Santiago's gate;
Spaced along in grim array,
Dashing blue waves into spray;—
Glaring at the ready foe
Fleeing, battling as they go.
Hissing shot and bursting shell
Fall on them like bolts of hell,
Hot with memories of the "Maine."
Vengeance cometh, haughty Spain!
One by one their desperate reach
Fails along the Cuban beach.
Now their wrecks in grim array,
Charred and shattered, strew the bay.
Liberty, thy beacon light
Over Cuba waxes bright;
Dark oppression fades away,
Daybreak broadens into day.

Huntington, L. I.

* * *

BARNEY BUNTLINE.

ONE night came on a hurricane;
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
And said to Billy Bowling:
"A strong sou'wester's blowing, Bill:
O! can't you hear it roar, now?
God help 'em—how I pity
All unhappy folks ashore now!

"Foolhardy chaps as lives in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And how they're quaking in their beds
For fear the roof should fall in!
Poor creatures, how they envy us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm
To be upon the ocean!

"Then as to them kept out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night are walking home,
To cheer their babes and spouses,
While you and I are on the deck,
All comfortably lying,
My eyes! what tiles and chimney pots
About their heads are flying!

"And often have I seen and heard
How men are killed and undone
By overturns in carriages.
And thieves and fires in London;
We've heard what risks all landsmen run
From noblemen to tailors;
So, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors."

* * *

For Governor of New York: Theodore Roosevelt.—
(CHURCH UNION.)

BROTHERHOOD CONFERENCE.

THE notice of the annual meeting of the Brotherhood of the Kingdom has been forwarded to us. This Conference is to be held at Marlborough on the Hudson from August 1-5. The programme as presented is an unusually interesting one.

The public sessions in the forenoon and afternoon will be devoted to the reading of papers and discussions thereon. There will be a series of papers on Liberty in its various aspects: 1, "Political Liberty," by Mr. Mornay Williams, of New York; 2, "Industrial Liberty," by the Hon. Hugh H. Lusk, of New Zealand; 3, "Social Liberty," by the Rev. S. B. Meeser, of Worcester, Mass. Also a series of four papers will be given on Social Leaders: 1, "Lamennais," by the Rev. Leighton Williams, of New York; 2, "Tolstoi," by the Hon. E. H. Crosby, of New York; 3, "Mazzini," by Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, of Chicago; 4, "Wycliffe," by the Rev. J. M. Whiton, Ph.D., of New York. A third series of papers on Biblical topics, as follows: 1, "The New Testament's Line of Approach to Social Ethics," by Prof. W. N. Clarke, D.D., of Hamilton, N. Y.; 2, "The New Testament Virtue of Prudence: What is it?" by the Rev. H. H. Peabody, D.D., of Rome, N. Y.; 4, "The Social Ideas of Paul," by Prof. W. Rauschenbusch, of Rochester, N. Y.; 5, "The Prophetic Office of the Pulpit," by Rev. S. Z. Batten, of Morristown, N. J.

Besides these three series of papers, special papers are expected to be given during the Conference, as follows: 1, "The Prophets of Israel as Social Leaders," by Prof. Nathaniel Schmidt, of Cornell University; 2, "The Rural Population and the Social Movement," by the Rev. C. C. Pierce, of Chelsea, Mass.; 3, "Trade Unions in New York," by Mr. John N. Bogert, of New York; 4, "Social Work of the Christian Church," by the Rev. E. B. Sanford, D.D., of New York; 5, "Review of Industrial Democracy by Sidney and Beatrice Webb," by the Rev. F. J. C. Moran, B.D., of New York; and 6, "The Basilica and the Ecclesia," by the Rev. George D. Boardman, D.D., of Philadelphia.

Any desiring to be present at the meetings of this Conference can find out concerning accommodations by correspondence with Rev. C. L. Carhart, of Marlborough, N. Y.

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HOW UNION SEMINARY CAN PLACE ITS GRADUATES.

As the first word in this discussion, we believe, as a matter of fact, that Union does place most of its graduates, the report to the contrary being exaggerated. But the fact remains that a widespread prejudice exists against this seminary in many churches that naturally would absorb its graduates; and, to judge from recent events, this prejudice is more likely to increase than to be diminished in the near future.

In this emergency a suggestion in the line of practical helpfulness may not be taken amiss. The suggestion is a very simple one, but we believe it would solve the problem. It is this: Make it as hard to graduate from Union Seminary as from West Point.

The scandal of the Protestant ministry to-day is the inglorious ease with which its sacred responsibilities can be assumed. To be sure the world has pretty much outgrown the old disgrace of "livings" tossed to

lazy curates by local political magnates. But we tempt negative and feeble youth into the pulpit by vistas of ease, while the other professions compel candidates for a diploma to "quit themselves like men." We rejoice to know and to acknowledge that Union and other strong seminaries are tightening the string in this matter. But the time is ripe for a radical reform.

We need now more than ever before a ministry that represents the strength and zeal of the best American youth. The path to the pulpit should be made so arduous that only those of a heroic quality of nature can reach the goal. Put difficulties in the way. Let Union charge a stiff tuition-fee and room rental. Let the student meet all the ordinary expenses of the young man who is mastering a profession. Let the examinations be mercilessly exacting. Let physical weakness be treated with severity, not with sympathetic coddling. Let the curriculum be formidable in length and in difficulty. Let test after test be applied to prove the zeal and fixedness of the student's purpose.

The graduates of such a course need not fear boycotting or any other obstacle, but will have before them the pick of American pulpits and take an unchallenged leadership in the religious energies of the age. Let the diploma be a prize and a pledge of proved fitness and power, and it will be the anxious and competing committeemen, and not the graduating class, who will "walk the floor."—*Church Economist*.

* * *

THE ORIGIN OF MORMONISM.

MRS. DR. HORACE EATON.

A RIDE of less than three hours on the New York Central, due east, will bring you to the town of Palmyra, in the vicinity of which the system of Mormonism was initiated. In this town it has been my privilege to reside for the last thirty-two years. Western New York has strong soil, and rank weeds are incidental to strong soil. We must own the deceivers. "They went out from us, but they were not of us." The deceived were elsewhere.

As far as Mormonism was connected with its reputed founder, Joseph, always called "Joe Smith," it had its origin in the brain and heart of an ignorant, deceitful mother. Joe Smith's mother moved in the lowest walks of life; but she had a kind of mental power, which her son shared. With them both, the imagination was the commanding faculty. It was "vain" but vivid. To it was subsidized reason, conscience, truth. Both mother and son were noted for a habit of extravagant assertion. They would look a listener full in the eye, and, without confusion or blanching, would fluently improvise startling statements and exciting stories, the warp and woof of which were like sheer falsehood. Was an inconsistency alluded to, nothing daunted, a subterfuge was always at hand. As one old man, who knew them well, said to me: "You couldn't face them down. They'd lie and stick to it." Many of the noblest specimens of humanity have arisen from a condition of honest poverty; but few of these from one of dishonest poverty. Agur apprehended the danger when he said, "lest I be poor and steal." Mrs. Smith used to go to the houses of the village, and do family washings. But if the articles were left to dry

upon the lines and not secured by their owners before midnight, the washer was often the winner; and in these nocturnal depredations she was assisted by her boys, who favored in like manner poultry-yards and grain-bins. Her son Joe never worked save at chopping-bees and raisings, and then whiskey was the impetus and the reward. The mother of the high-priest of Mormonism was superstitious to the last degree. The very air she breathed was inhabited by "familiar spirits that peeped and wizards that muttered." She turned many a penny by tracing in the lines of the open palm the fortunes of the inquirer. All ominous signs were heeded. No work was commenced on Friday. The moon over the left shoulder portended calamity; the breaking of a mirror, death. Even in the old Green Mountain State, before the family immigrated to the Genesee country, the then West, Mrs. Smith's mind was made up that one of her sons should be a prophet. The weak father agreed with her that Joseph was the "genus" of their nine children. So it was established that Joseph should be the prophet. To such an extent did the mother impress this idea upon the boy, that all the instincts of childhood were restrained. He rarely smiled or laughed. "His looks and thoughts were always downward bent." He never indulged in demonstrations of fun, since they would not be in keeping with the profound dignity of his allotted vocation. His mother inspired and aided him in every scheme of duplicity and cunning. All acquainted with the facts agree in saying that the evil spirit of Mormonism dwelt first in Joe Smith's mother.

Bad books had much to do with the origin of Mormonism. Joe Smith could read. He could not write. His two standard volumes were "The Life of Stephen Burroughs," the clerical scoundrel, and the autobiography of Capt. Kidd, the pirate. This latter work was eagerly and often perused. There was a fascination to him in the charmed lines:

"My name was Robert Kidd,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
And most wickedly I did,
And God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed, as I sailed."

At the early age of fifteen, while watching his father digging a well, Joe espied a stone of curious shape. It must have borne resemblance to the stone foot of Budah, which Mrs. House tells us of at Bankok, Siam. This was smaller, like a child's foot. At any rate, it has left footprints on the sands of time. "This little stone was the acorn of the Mormon oak." This was the famous Palmyra "seer" or "peek stone," with which Joseph Smith did most certainly divine. Being before instructed of his mother, he immediately set up a claim to miraculous power. In a kneeling posture, with a bandage on his eyes, so luminous was the sight without it, with the stone in a large white stovepipe hat, and this hat in front of his face, he saw things unutterably wonderful. He could reveal, full too well, the place where stolen property or wandering flocks could be found. Caskets of gold stored away by the Spaniards, or by his hero, the redoubtable Captain Kidd, coffers of gems, oriental treasures, the "wealth of Ormus and of Ind," gleamed beneath the ground in adjacent fields and woodlands. Digging became the order of the night, and sleep that of the day. Father and brothers, decayed neighbors, all who could be

hired with cider or strong drink, were organized into a digging phalanx. They sallied forth in the darkness. Solemn ceremonies prefaced the work. Not a sod was disturbed by the spades till Joe's mystic wand, the witch-hazel, guided by the sacred stone, pointed out the golden somewhere. Entire silence was one condition of success. When hours had passed, and the answering thud on the priceless chest was about to strike the ear, some one in a rapture of expectancy always broke the spell by speaking; the riches were spirited away to another quarter, and the digging must be resumed another night. Thus matters went on for some seven or eight years. Little or no attention was paid to the performances of Smith near his home. Lovers of the marvelous from other towns now and then came in to see and hear some new thing. People from greater distances visited the several excavations and wondered. Newspapers heralded and ridiculed. But so far it amounted to nothing, unless it created a certain atmosphere heavy with myth and mystery, favorable to future developments.

The perseverance of Joe Smith was equal to his audacity. Both were boundless. But he alone could never have wrought out the institution of Mormonism. Here we have "black spirits, red spirits and gray." Early in the summer of 1827, a "mysterious stranger" seeks admittance to Joe Smith's cabin. The conferences of the two are most private. This person, whose coming immediately preceded a new departure in the faith, was Sidney Rigdon, a backsliding clergyman, at this time a Campbellite preacher in Mentor, Ohio. Now we have "a literary genius behind the screen." Rigdon was versatile in his gifts, had a taste for theological and scientific discussion, was shrewd, wily, deep and withal utterly unprincipled. Soon after his appearance on the stage, Mormonism begins to assume "a local habitation and a name." Now the angel talks more definitely to Smith, tells him all his sins are pardoned, that none of the sects are accepted of God as His church, but that he shall establish one the Almighty will own; that the North American Indians are a remnant of the Israelites; that hidden beneath the ground are their inspired writings; that these are to be entrusted to him, and to him only, as none other can see them and live. In the stillness of night Smith seeks alone his hilltop of Curmorah, an eminence four miles south of Palmyra, eight north of Canandaigua. He averred that he obtained from that place a series of golden plates, on which were written, in hieroglyphics, the records so important to the new dispensation. Accompanying the plates is a pair of huge spectacles, the Urim and Thummim, by the aid of which the tablets are to become available. He soon finds it convenient to visit relatives in Pennsylvania, in which state Rigdon was then sojourning. After a while he returns with an accurate translation. He appeals to the cupidity of a rich farmer, a semi-monomaniac, and prevails upon him to mortgage his estate to pay for the printing. I have a copy taken off in sheets from the first edition, kindly loaned me by Major John Gilbert, of Palmyra, the venerable printer, who finished the work in 1830.

But who wrote the book? Surely not Smith or Rigdon. We will go back to the time when Joe Smith lay in his cradle in Sharon, Vt. In 1809, a Congregational minister, Rev. Solomon Spaulding, a graduate of Dartmouth College, left his native state in Vermont,

sojourned awhile in ours, and then sought the more genial climate of Conneaut, Ashtabula County, Ohio. He was obliged, by the state of his health, to abandon preaching. The cast of his mind was peculiar. He often diverted himself by writing romances on different subjects. The mounds of that section of Ohio then attracted much attention. Mr Spaulding was intensely interested in their study, and even opened up one near his own dwelling. He adopted the theory that these mounds were evidences of the existence of an extinct race, higher in the scale than the American aborigines. He wrote a story in Biblical phraseology, delineating in a fanciful manner the wanderings, wars, exploits and fate of this primeval people. He afterward removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. Some said to him, as John Bunyan's friends to the dreamer, "Print it." He left it with a publisher in Pittsburgh by the name of Patterson. For some reason it never went to press. After three years it was returned to the author, who died in 1816. Without doubt, Mr. Spaulding's romance, entitled "The Manuscript Found," is the Golden Bible, or Book of Mormon.

But how came Rigdon or Smith, or both, in the possession of Mr. Spaulding's book? Here we have not absolute certainty. There were two or three ways in which the men and the book could have been brought together. This is common to each—by theft.

Smith was at one time servant or teamster in the family of William H. Sabine, Esq., the brother of Mrs. Spaulding, and could easily have had access to this manuscript in an unlocked trunk in the garret of Mr. Sabine's house. It is generally believed, however, that Rigdon, while a journeyman printer in the office of Patterson, copied Mr. Spaulding's story; that by some means he heard of Smith, knew his man even at a distance, and was sure Smith's idiosyncrasies would just file in with his own purpose of carrying out a foul and lucrative imposture. There was a ubiquitous tin peddler in those days by the name of Parley P. Pratt. He knew everybody in Western New York and Northern Ohio. He was a member of Rev. Sidney Rigdon's church in Mentor, Ohio. Perhaps Pratt was the carrier-culture who told Rigdon of the money-digger, Smith.

The mildest criticism that can be passed upon Mr. Spaulding's fancy sketch is, that the interest is not well sustained, and that it indicates the languor and hectic of the physical decline of its author. But it is hardly fair to speak of the intellectual merits of a book which was, without question, grossly altered by Rigdon and Smith to adapt it to the code of the Latter-day Saints. When new commands were given by the angel, whether to institute the order of the priesthood of Melchizedek, or to engraft on the system permission for the polygamous or the spiritual marriage, Rigdon's pen was ever ready to issue the encyclical, simulating Mr. Spaulding's Hebraic idioms.

Mormonism fairly started, Smith prophesied, Rigdon and Platt preached, Cowdery baptized, Harris paid. But no prophet is accepted in his own country. Converts came in tardily. The angel said, "Move forward to Kirtland, Ohio." This was near Rigdon's old parish. From this place they were soon expelled by the righteous indignation of an outraged people.

Those who originated Mormonism now stand before the tribunal of that Being who has threatened to "si-

lence lying lips." In 1844, Joe Smith, when but thirty-six years old, was assassinated in Nauvoo, Ill. Parley P. Pratt died in the same manner in Arkansas in 1856 or 1857. After Smith's decease, Rigdon naturally aspired to the dictatorship. But he was defeated by Brigham Young, was expelled from the church, and given over by Brigham to the buffetings of Satan. Rigdon has since died, as far as we know, without penitence or confession.

Palmyra, N. Y.

* * *

SHOULD THEOLOGICAL PROFESSORS BE ALLOWED TO THINK?

BY REV. E. E. AYERS.

A Paper Read Before the Ministers of Baltimore Conference.

It is the prerogative of the churches to say what their religious teachers may do. Nevertheless, a private student of history and human nature and current events may stand off at a safe distance and take observations, and describe the situation as he sees it. And this is all that I propose to do; for the situation is interesting, as so many diverse opinions are urged, and with so great solicitude, or, perhaps, it may be better to allow my friends to speak for themselves.

First, I would introduce to you my modern High-Church friend, that he may give you his point of view. "Should theological professors be allowed to think?" "No," he replies; "for thinking is dangerous to religion. John Henry Newman was a thinker, and he came near to being lost. Finally, his eyes were opened to the great fact that 'Liberalism in theology is the worst enemy the church has to encounter.' The object of the great nineteenth century High-Church movement was, as Newman confessed in his 'Apologia,' 'to hurl back the aggressive forces of the human intellect.' He was enabled to see that 'the Bible itself is an unsafe book, unless interpreted by the fathers.' Professor A. V. G. Allen declares that the 'ecclesiastical reaction which was led by Newman has been felt throughout all Christendom,' and that 'the same desire to hurl back the aggressive forces of the human intellect is manifested in the church of Rome, the Lutheran church, the Reformed churches, and in all the great religious denominations in England and America. Tractarianism, Romanticism, Ritualism, Millenarianism, and all the theologies of fear and despair have arisen to oppose liberal thinking.'

"Or, to quote again from Newman: 'Religion is associated with the authoritative, and not with the ratiocinative faculty. The intellect, as governed by the law of probability, is naturally critical of authority, and must be beaten down and forced under, that it may be filled with religious contents.'

"Now, if thinking is fraught with danger to religion, we must remember that our theological schools are religious institutions, and that it is their office to promote the general religious welfare of the world. They must, therefore, magnify the advantages of consecrated ignorance; for not many wise, not many noble, are called. They must plant themselves firmly against scientific, philosophic, literary and aesthetic conceptions of life. They must multiply our intellectual limitations; for most men are naturally too broad to be deeply spiritual. Narrow is the way to life. The religion of our Lord is a revelation to babes. It must always

be foolishness to the wise and prudent. The best religious teacher is the one who has most of the child-like spirit of innocence and unpreparedness. What the student of theology needs is just the religious point of view.

"Professor Fisher, in his 'History of the Christian Church,' sounds the warning note for us, when he says the Baptist denomination 'grew rapidly after the Revolution. They did not require learning in their preachers. Each church selected and installed its pastor. As to their ministers, their lack of education commended them to the favor of those nearer their own level. The spiritual power of these unlettered teachers sometimes occasioned a feeling akin to that of those who heard the first preachers of the Gospel, and with surprise perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men. In 1765 Brown University was established, and since that time numerous other institutions of learning have been founded under the auspices of the Baptist denomination. Some fear has been felt lest, with a demand for higher education as a preparation for the ministry, the homely vigor and fervor which characterized Baptist preachers of the old time should diminish, and the number of successful ministers become too small. Such was the feeling of one of the ablest teachers of the denomination—Francis Wayland, who was president of Brown University from 1827 to 1855.'

"Dr. Wayland's fear was well-founded. Some of our professors are thinking too much, with the result that some of the students are speedily unfitting themselves for the higher Christian service."

So much for the High-Church view. Thinking is dangerous. We must "hurl back the aggressive forces of the human intellect."

Here is Friend No. 2, whose opinions are surely worthy of respect, for he always takes a purely business view of everything. Let him help us to answer this question from the commercial point of view. "Friend, should a theological professor be allowed to think?" "No; for he is an employee of the denomination—its mouthpiece and its servant. His time and his service belong to us. His business is to teach the traditions of the denomination. It is none of his business whether the traditions are true or false. His relation to the denomination is a purely business relation. He has no right to accept the position, if he is not willing to do the precise work which that position calls for. The theological seminary is not a school for the investigation of truth. The universities are established for that work. A theological school is simply an ecclesiastical agency. A professor in such a school is really a denominational agent. He is expected to pledge himself to support the party platform as long as he remains in the seminary. To claim the privilege of thinking for himself, after having signed such a document, after having registered such a vow, would be dishonorable and unworthy of a Christian business man. His pledge is a binding contract. A Baptist theological seminary must dispense Baptist views. It is the business of the professor to deliver the ready-made opinions of the denomination to the young men, who are in turn to proclaim these opinions from their pulpits. If in some unguarded moment a professor should be so unfortunate as to think, and if his thinking should put him out of sympathy with any of the traditions of the denomination, he should immediately

acknowledge his unfitness for the distinctly partisan work which he has undertaken, and resign his position at once. There are other institutions in which such a man may find his suitable environment. Recently, a distinguished Presbyterian historian declined the chair of Church History in a Presbyterian seminary, because he was unwilling to sign the agreement pledging himself to teach history according to Presbyterian standards. He was clear-sighted enough to see that he could not honorably hold a position which would bind him to the traditions of the church, inasmuch as he had determined to study history for himself. A theological professor has no right to teach history as it is; he is employed and pledged to teach history as the denomination thinks it should be. A man who can not do credit to his own denomination in such a position is wholly unfit for the place. In a word, he has no right to think, because he is not employed for that purpose. The churches will do the thinking. The seminary professor must voice the denomination, or surrender his place to some one who will. There are plenty of men who can and will do just that thing."

Friend No. 3 is the denominational apologist. He is an accomplished ecclesiastical advocate, devoted to the legalistic fathers of the Western church. His model is Tertullian, of whom it is said: "The more the authority of his church insulted the pride of reason, the more he loved it." The institution is everything to the polemical saint; truth is of comparatively minor importance. Question our skillful debater: "Should a theological professor be allowed to think?" "Yes; of course he ought to think. But he should distinctly understand that he is not at liberty to publish his discoveries, unless he can use them to our advantage. No good lawyer will betray his client by making damaging admissions. He should use his thinking for polemical ends. His duty is to strengthen the denomination which he represents, and to demolish the denominations which teach error. He must be a shrewd dialectician. He is no better than the Apostle Paul. He must know how to make the worst reason appear the better. And his task as a teacher is to make dialecticians of his disciples. More than ever we need scholarly, plausible, prudent, polished, accomplished diplomats. History is not a pageant; it is a philosophy. Facts are the mere doors of history. We need historians who know how to manage inconvenient facts; how to 'tone down the contradictions to the dull level of ineptitudes'; who know how to heighten the salient denominational facts; how to make them as beautiful as a romance, going on their sublime way rejoicing like strong men to run a race, boasting all the time that they can give the other men five yards in fifty and win easily. Give us professors who can safely steer our doubting young preachers through what Matthew Arnold calls 'that vast Mississippi of falsehood—history.' Give us a man who is capable of adopting Tertullian's motto, '*Certum est quia impossibile est.*'"

I have one other friend, who is not very popular. I shall call him my sentimental friend. Poor fellow! He is always under a cloud of suspicion, because of his rather unsound views. He has as much respect for the Greek fathers as my polemical friend has for the Latin theologians. The Greek fathers devoted themselves rather to discovery of Christian principles than to the defense of institutional Christianity. They were

philosophers, not attorneys. Their besetting sin was independent thinking. My friend is sentimental enough to admire Clement, who found in Greek philosophy a preparation for Christ, and Origen, who insisted that as a Christian teacher he could forbid no subject, "keeping no truth hidden or inaccessible, that he might the better lead through heathen to Christian philosophy." My sentimental friend annoys the legalistic brethren by reminding them that the Greek fathers are older than the Latin fathers; by reminding them that Martin Luther was a most radical Higher Critic, casting out the Book of James as an epistle of straw on his own independent judgment; by repeating the declaration of Zwingli, "that the word of God was spoken not only in the Bible, but always and everywhere, wherever there is any knowledge that is good and true"—citing Plato and Seneca; and by quoting from a host of the foremost men of God of all the ages to prove his sentimental view—viz., that a man may dare to think bravely for himself, and express himself unreservedly, and yet be a useful man and a saint. You are, therefore, prepared for his reply. "Should a theological professor be allowed to think?"

"Yes—it is his duty to think; and just as much his duty to tell the world plainly what he thinks. He should be perfectly willing to take his disciples into his confidence; to say 'I don't know,' when he doesn't; to say, 'I suspect my denomination is wrong,' when it is wrong; to say, 'I have changed my opinions in some matters as I have grown older.' Do you know why theological seminaries are regarded with contempt by so many thoughtful persons? Are they not stultified by traditionalism?" (Sentimental men always get excited when the word traditionalism comes into the conversation; but let us hear his indictment, even if we must smile at his enthusiasm.)

"Theology is supposed to be a science," he continues. "Is it not the fashion of the hour to respect any and every science? Does not the cultivated man of the world reverence biology, bacteriology, psychology, chemistry, and all the rest—save theology alone? Why does he draw the line there? Is it not because of a certain unique feature of theology? One element enters into theological study and teaching which is never allowed to enter into the consideration of any other science. That element is traditionalism. Let the same method prevail in any other science, and it will bring down the same contempt from cultivated men of the world. Does the professor of physiology boast that he teaches the good old physiology, which never knew anything of the circulation of the blood? Does the professor of geography continue to represent the world as flat, because that was the grand old way of representing it? Does the professor of chemistry decline to enter the laboratory to make experiments of his own in order that he may keep himself 'sound in the faith?' In every other science the man who dares to investigate, who offers to do original thinking, is honored and rewarded. The religious teacher who seeks ecclesiastical honors must have no mind of his own. Above all things, he must be 'sound, if he would save the world, the flesh and the devil.'

"Think of it! What is traditionalism? Is it not what Christ condemned—the teaching as doctrines the commandments of men? Traditionalism is the mother of skepticism. It made Voltaire, and Gibbon, and Hume, and the most celebrated unbelievers of

modern times. Pretending to defend the faith, it destroys it. Thousands of men, who believe in God and worship the Christ as the adorable Son of God, are counted as skeptics because they do not believe the traditions. Thousands more mistake the traditions for Christianity itself, and count themselves as skeptics. Skepticism is like the measles—very dangerous if driven in, comparatively harmless if encouraged to come out. However, this is the mildest count in the indictment. Sham is infinitely worse than skepticism. Traditionalism is the parent of hypocrisy. It has been well said that 'the church which serves notice upon her teachers in pulpit or theological school that, if one wishes to get along comfortably in the denomination, he must make believe, must conform, must repeat the creed which he does not really endorse, must accept the traditions, whether he thinks them of value or not, is robbing her ministry of its power.' An honest thinker, untrammelled by traditionalism, could at least do something to convince the world that theology is as brave and as secure as any other science. In every other profession, a scholar is a free man.

"Traditionalism is worse in theology than in any other science—more distinctly out of place. The theological school should be the broadest school in the world; it should be a place of light and sweetness and freedom. Traditionalism would make it a dark, damp, and gloomy cell—a suitable place for monks, but a dismal abode for a nineteenth-century man.

"Traditionalism forbids the thorough investigation of any subject, since it determines beforehand what a man may find. Thus it guarantees superficiality. It fosters sectarianism; it represses spiritual life; it forbids any one to understand the Bible, or Christ, or history, or the church any better than the elders understood them.

"Traditionalism is intolerant, pretentious, conceited, pugnacious. It crucified Christ, persecuted the Waldenses, burnt Huss, fought Luther, martyred the Huguenots, stifled the voice of the English Reformation, exiled the Puritans, banished Roger Williams, drove Jonathan Edwards from his parish, vilified and slandered Charles G. Finney, Albert Barnes, Horace Bushnell, and Phillips Brooks. It has been a greater enemy to the church of God than skepticism and infidelity combined."

Thus extravagantly do my friends talk. Perhaps they are all right in a measure; perhaps wrong. They are very much in earnest, any way—especially that excessively conscientious brother who nearly lost his temper formulating his indictment against traditionalism. He ought to be reminded that the traditions are of really great value, and worthy of great respect. We can never afford to break with the past. The law of continuity is present everywhere. Whether the traditions should be accepted as authoritative or not, depends altogether upon one's point of view.—*The Religious Review of Reviews*.

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The sepulchre of Christ is not in Palestine. He rose from that burial-place more than eighteen hundred years ago. He is crucified wherever His brothers are slain without a cause; He lies buried wherever man, made in his Maker's image, lies entombed in ignorance, lest he should learn the right which the divine Master gave him.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

GUESSES AT THE RIDDLE OF EXISTENCE. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York.

Dr. Smith believes in God, believes in immortality, believes in moral sanctions, reward and punishment for the deeds of the body. Perhaps that is something to be thankful for, in a time of general criticism. But we must not be too thankful for a little. Dr. Smith rejects the old theory of verbal inspiration; in that we agree with him. He holds that the men who are bringing light on the Old Testament are benefactors of the race, and again we are at one. But he puts Christianity in almost the same category as Jonah's whale and Joshua's sun standing still, and here we diverge. We hold, with Matthew Arnold, that Christianity is the best venture ever made for the world's light and salvation, that and a great deal more. To make guesses at the riddle of existence and leave out Christ is to us preposterous. He who does it falls into the helpless, hopeless swirl of mere uncertainty, in which Dr. Smith seems to us to lie. We frankly say that the one who has no more light to give on man and his hope and end, has little reason for writing a book on the subject.

We conceive that the title of the book indicates its weakness. Existence to a Christian man is not a riddle, and he does not give guesses at it. He knows whom he has believed and is persuaded He is able to keep that which he has committed to Him. This is the best and the surest of all his knowledge; if he does not know this, he does not know anything, or care much whether he knows anything or not. The light that flows to him from Jesus Christ is worth all other light a thousand fold.

Dr. Smith has much to say of the darkness of the old dispensation, and much that he says very truly; but we should far rather have the faith of the twenty-third, the forty-sixth and the ninety-first Psalms, than all the faith Dr. Smith offers us in this book. The faith of those Psalms a man can rest his whole soul on, millions have with exceeding peace. We do not think Dr. Smith rests his soul with very much satisfaction on any faith that this book contains.

One paragraph illustrates the great weakness of Dr. Smith's book:

"Mr. Balfour recognizes mysticism as an undying element of human thought. That it is not yet dead is evident. Minds not a few have taken refuge in various forms of it. But undying it surely is not. The mystic, however exalted, merely imposes on himself. He creates by a subtle sophistication of his own mind the cloudy object of his faith and worship. He has himself written the Book of Mormon, and hidden it where he finds it. In that direction there can be no hope of laying the foundation of a new theological belief."

Of this paragraph we say, that it runs counter to all our deepest convictions. Another word of Mr. Balfour expresses our most profound faith; that the final argument for religion is the cry of the soul for God, and the answer of God to the soul. The old Psalmist's cry is ours, "Be not silent unto me, lest if thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit." And when down in the pit, we make very poor guesses at the riddle of existence; it is all riddle there. And

the way to arise out of the pit into the sublime light, is for God not to be silent unto us. When He speaks, we live. To compare the mystic's love of God to the Book of Mormon, is a confounding of things that passes all comprehension. We should recommend a little wise mysticism to Dr. Smith before he makes his next guess. It is said that Schopenhauer looked upon a picture of Rance the Trappist in an ecstasy, and turned away saying, "Perhaps he was right." We believe that he was.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BIBLE. By Walter F. Adeney. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

Professor Adeney has a very happy faculty of putting what many think the abstruse matters of biblical criticism in very simple shape. In this work the story of the making of the Bible is told in so far as modern study and ancient has thrown light upon that story. The best authenticated results of recent discovery and criticism are freely used. The matter is put in the simplest shape, being intended for the use of Sunday-school teachers and young Bible students. It is, however, the fruit of the most careful scholarship, and is trustworthy in its presentation of the modern positions, and in its presentations of the grounds upon which those positions are taken. Such work as this is valuable in popularizing the results of scholarship, and very valuable in that it manifests how the results of such scholarly work add interest and light to the Bible teaching, and are not destructive in their tendency. We commend this book to those who want a popular and accurate account of modern Bible study and its results.

SERMONS TO YOUNG MEN. By Henry Van Dyke, D.D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is a new and enlarged edition of the volume, by Dr. Van Dyke, entitled "Straight Sermons." To those in that volume a new sermon on "Christ Fundamental" has been added. The style of these sermons is of the simplest and clearest. They deal with subjects of the most practical nature. It is not doctrinal definitions and discussions, but the elementary needs of the spiritual life which here find treatment. One of the very best of these sermons, on "The Horizon," suggestively considers how much more valuable such religious treatment as this here contained, which deals with the clear necessities of Godly living, is than all that more or less uncertain speculation which tries to follow the teachings of the spirit out beyond the horizon of our knowledge into the very uncertain world of metaphysical speculations. These sermons have already been widely read, and they are of such a nature that they will receive, as they deserve, a still wider reading.

JAVAN BEN SEIR. By Walter Kennedy. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Among the many historical novels which have found circulation in these later days, it is a little singular that few, if any, derive their plot from Old Testament story. This is the more surprising, perhaps, as those times were so full of stirring incident as to furnish much good groundwork for the modern story.

Mr. Kennedy, however, has discovered that there is field here for the work of his pen, and as the result of his discovery has produced a most readable book.

The time chosen is the stormy one in the history of Israel and Judah which followed the death of Solomon. We are given glimpses of the Kings Rehoboam and Jereboam, of the cities of Jericho, Jerusalem and Shechem, and of the customs peculiar to that day. With great effect the author weaves into his story the account of the flight to the City of Refuge of Javan Ben Seir, soldier of the King, to escape the death-dealing hand of the brother of a man whom he was accused of slaying.

There is a fitting climax to the story when Javan, after adventures numerous and difficulties almost insurmountable, reaches the City of Refuge, is acquitted of the charge made against him, and then, returning to his boyhood's home, is received by a fair Israelitish maiden, in the light of whose presence trials are forgotten, and in whose company he thereafter bivouacs.

THE CHRISTIAN PASTOR AND WORKING CHURCH. By Washington Gladden, D.D., LL.D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is one of the series called "The International Theological Library." The first sentence of the preface of the general series is "Theology has made great and rapid advances in recent years." We may consider these words to be the key-note of the series. The authors of the books are men who believe in the growth of religious revelation. The books themselves are brightened by this hopeful conception.

The "Christian Pastor" is characterized by the good sense and sound judgment that we look for in Dr. Gladden. In his view the church has a very wide mission. He does not fully agree with Dean Freemantle in his contention that it is well to use the word *church* for all the helpful work of the time. He would rather confine the term to its usual application, as the institution for public worship and instruction; using the word of the Master himself, "The Kingdom," for the whole agency of benevolence and salvation, including the home, the state and politics, art, literature, music, and all good things that lift up man.

From his position as a minister of the Congregational church, Dr. Gladden may be expected to make little of sacerdotalism; but we think he loses nothing by this, laying the stress, as he does, upon the character of the minister rather than some tactical performance upon him. The author is able to quote Bishop Bedell, who, while accepting the Episcopal theory of the ministry, yet declares, in his book ("The Pastor," pp. 24, 25): "Practically nothing remains to be a source of clerical influence in this age, except individual clerical character. Nor need we desire any other influence." We believe this fully, but hardly see how it falls in with the Episcopal theory of the ministry.

Dr. Gladden treats, in a very helpful way, of all varieties of church work,—the Pulpit, the Sunday-school, the Prayer-meeting, the Social work, Missions, Revivals,—and has a good word to speak for that most vigorous line of service, the Institutional Church. What is practically useful and uplifting to men, all that he earnestly favors; and, as we read it all, we feel what a wonderfully enlarged thing the church of the present day is. And to it we may apply the word of the Scrip-

ture about the Apostles' work, "And beholding the man which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." However much any man may wish to speak against the Church of God, let the church do its Master's work, and it silences every detractor. Light is its own argument, by simply shining.

NORTHWARD OVER THE GREAT ICE. By Robert E. Peary. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

The land of the great ice and the long dark is being finely exhibited in our days. Lieut. Peary's narrative is as interesting as any of them all. He has the gift of the story-teller, in which some travelers have been very deficient. It by no means follows that the man who has seen the most can tell the best story. Lieut. Peary's book has a good tone, bright, cheery and brave. He looks easily upon the pleasant things, and can get on well with the other sort.

His book is gotten up very beautifully, on fine paper and with profuse illustrations. He has made large use of the camera; the clear reproduction of the scenes easily doubles their interest. Especial attention is given to the ethnology of the far-away, dwarfed specimens of humanity. In this department the camera has been well employed. Lieut. Peary likes the Eskimo, and is always ready to speak a good word for him when he is unadulterated by the vices of civilization.

We think that Lieut. Peary has given us one of the most attractive of the books of Arctic exploration.

PRINCETON OLD AND NEW. By James W. Alexander. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Enter into conversation with the alumnus of any of our colleges on the question of his alma mater, and, be he in counting-house, office or library, it is safe to say that all else is forgotten for the nonce, and college days form the theme of conversation for the ensuing hour.

By no means the least loyal and enthusiastic of such alumni are those who have spent their four college years at the town which is

"In the inland, far from the ancient sea,
About the middle of the State of New Jersey."

It is perfectly proper that a Princeton man should think Old Nassau the greatest college in the land, and it is on this basis that Mr. Alexander pictures the Princeton of yesterday and to-day. The book is written in a racy and entertaining way, without any attempt at literary form or sequence. By the loyal Princetonian it will be given a cordial welcome. Whether it is a book of peculiar interest to those who have not had an actual and visible acquaintance with Princeton, is a question whose solution is not necessary to the success of the book.

PASTIME STORIES. By Thomas Nelson Page. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Many of these stories are old friends from the magazines, and we are glad to greet them in their new dress. None of them are, however, the equals of "Marse Chan" or "Meb Lady"; some of them are distinctly inferior, and hardly worthy of a place in a book which bears the author's name.

THE STORY OF AN UNTOLD LOVE. By Paul Leicester Ford. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

There is enough untold love in the world to make the title of this book attractive, and one who goes beyond the title will not stop until the last chapter is finished.

An attempt to give, in a review, the story of a love untold were at once a blunder of the reviewer and a disappointment to the reader, who would naturally prefer to hear the story in the author's own words, particularly if the words are so cleverly contrived as are those of this book. We understand that Mr. Ford has steadily refused to furnish his signature to autograph hunters. If the brilliancy of his writing is in any degree attributable to the time which is saved to him by this refusal, the collector of autographs should be willing to sacrifice *his* interests in this regard to those of the reading public.

The story is certainly far above that of the average novel of to-day, and we vouchsafe for it a cordial greeting on the part of the hosts of people who are in search of a really bright novel.

JOHN WESLEY AS A SOCIAL REFORMER. By D. D. Thompson. Published by Eaton & Mains, New York.

A man far ahead of his times—this was John Wesley. We are amazed in reading this little account of one phase of his work, to see the stand which he took upon almost every great social question. In the time when noble, godly men like George Whitefield were writing, "As for the lawfulness of keeping slaves I have no doubt; it is plain that the Gibeonites were doomed to perpetual slavery, and though liberty is a sweet thing to those that are born free, yet to those who never knew the sweets of it, slavery, perhaps, may not be so irksome"—when words like these were on the lips of the best Christians, this man John Wesley was saying, "Oh God of love, arise and help those (the slaves) who have no helper, whose blood is spilled on the ground like water. Are not these also the work of thine hands? Stir them to cry to Thee in the land of their captivity; and make even those who lead them captive to pity them. O burst thou all their chains, and make them free." He was writing in strong words to Wilberforce: "Go on in the name of God, until even American slavery, the vilest that ever saw the sun, shall vanish away."

Even so, when hardly a whisper of the great temperance movement was heard in Europe or in this land from other lips, this man John Wesley was crying, "Those who sell such drinks are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; they drive them to hell like sheep; and what is their gain? Is it not the blood of men?" Why, we are a hundred years further along in the midst of some American temperance crusade. Nor in these alone is this the truth. In work for workers, in righting of the abuses of miners, and laborers, his voice was always to be heard. This book collects together the most striking sayings from these lips, and the most striking efforts of this life in social matters. It is a side of this noble man's labor, inspiring to consider, and especially interesting in these days of rapid social progress.

THE PSALMS AND LAMENTATIONS. By Richard G. Moulton. Published by The Macmillan Co., New York. 2 vols.

In this volume of the Modern Reader's Bible, Professor Moulton finds a noteworthy field for his distinctive method of textual structure. In no place does the literary form of the rendering of the Scripture have such vital connection with the sense to be conveyed as in the Psalms. By this careful study of form Professor Moulton has really added much to our conception of the truth, which the word would convey. In other ways, too, this work adds meaning to the Psalms. Suggestive titles hinting at the essential thought of each Psalm, and no less suggestive hints throughout the text as to the person who is supposed to be speaking, or spoken to, help to make clear the meanings in some places, and add great force to the meaning in others. From the nature of the portion of Scripture which is treated as well as by the careful work done in the treatment, these volumes will be among the most valuable of those which make up this series.

THE PREPARATION FOR CHRISTIANITY IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By R. M. Wenley, Sc.D. Published by Fleming H. Revell & Co.

This little book is not one that would be chosen for Summer reading. The subject is one not interesting to the careless reader; and the manner of treatment in the present instance would be regarded dry, by all except clear, systematic thinkers. But for all that the writer has done the religious world a service in bringing into a consecutive order the various means by which the world was made ready for the advent of our Lord. He rightly demonstrates that history is not a chance series of disconnected events, but that there is in it to be described the development of a providential plan. Each event stands in its place, in intimate relation with what goes before, and what comes after.

With this idea clearly in mind the writer turns to the study of Greek philosophy and culture, and to the Roman empire to note in them that which made ready for the incoming Christ. This study is carefully made. The book is written in a thoroughly devout spirit. It will be of real value to one in quest of light or information on the subject of which it treats. The publishing work is well done. It is in convenient, portable shape, and a good index makes an excellent finish to the book.

THE GREAT POLAR CURRENT. By Henry Mellen Prentiss. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

Essays and letters on Arctic and Antarctic exploration make up this book. The author has not been himself an explorer, but out of an intense interest in the subject has gone, perhaps, more widely into the investigation of what has been written and done than the one whose time has been given to the practical efforts of exploration. It is evident that Mr. Prentiss held, long before Nansen's journey, exactly the same theory as to Arctic currents as that which led Nansen to make his endeavor. Indeed, the value of careful theories drawn from wide reading and examination of a subject is signally manifested in this book by the closeness with which the writer, who had never been

to the polar regions, often described what later proved to be the conditions there, and suggested methods of progress which have since proved effective. Those interested in Arctic exploration will find many suggestive hints here, both of the value of what has been done and as to methods which must in future be followed.

SUGGESTIVE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE GOSPEL OF MATTHEW. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet. Published by E. R. Herrick & Co., New York.

A most excellent help for Sunday-school teachers and preachers as well. It is full of selections from the best authors, well chosen, and really illustrating the theme. Many books of Scriptural illustration are the veriest trash, but this needs no word of ours to commend it. Any one taking it up in the most casual way would be struck with the quality of the work bestowed upon its production.

PAUL AND HIS FRIENDS. By Louis Albert Banks.
THE CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN. By Louis Albert Banks.
Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

These are sermons and addresses. They are always bright and fully illustrated. The teaching is admirable, manly and sensible. We cannot wonder that they attracted large audiences, and we are sure the audiences were much the better for them.

* * *

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

THE "Chautauquan" for July contained a careful study of the life and influence of William E. Gladstone by President Little, of Northwestern University.

"President McKinley on Horseback" appears on the cover page of the July "Ladies' Home Journal," and with him the new official flag of the President.

McClure's for July has a vivid account of the first fight on Cuban soil by a participant in it.

The "Religious Review of Reviews" for July opens with a sermon by Dean Paget on the startling subject of "The Virtue of War."

The Philippine Islands in relation to Missions are discussed in the July issue of the "Missionary Review of the World."

In the July "Atlantic" the Rt. Hon. James Bryce enters a strong plea for friendship with America from the British standpoint.

Anthony Hope's novel, "Rupert of Hentzau," is concluded in the July issue of McClure's magazine.

Frank Leslie's "Popular Monthly" for July has a study of the population of the city of Manila, which is of timely interest to American readers.

Scribner's announce the publication of Richard Harding Davis's new story, "The King's Jackal." The scene is laid at Tangiers.

A translation of the article on "Spain and the United States" in "The Revue des Deux Mondes" appears in a June issue of "The Living Age."

The "Arena" for July has a strong article by Count Tolstoi on "The Superstition of Science."

The oldest weekly paper in America, "The Saturday Evening Post" of Philadelphia, began its 171st year with the Fourth of July number. That number is necessarily of more than ordinary interest.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON & Co., NEW YORK.

Compiled and Edited by Frank Vincent, M.A. Natural History. 60 cts.
F. S. Mathews. Familiar Life in Field and Forest. \$1.75.
F. W. Parker. Uncle Robert's Geography. Part II. On the Farm.

DODD, MEAD & Co., NEW YORK.

Harry E. Richards. The Mystery of Life. \$1.25.
Rev. Peter Taylor Forsyth, D.D. The Holy Father and the Living Christ. 50 cts.
Boyd Carpenter, Bishop of Ripon. Forty Days of the Risen Life. 50 cts.
John Watson, D.D., and Others. The Clerical Life. A Series of Letters to Ministers. \$1.25.
Edited by James MacArthur. The Bookman Literary Year Book, 1898. \$1.25.
Paul L. Dunbar. Folks from Dixie. \$1.25.
John Watson (Ian Maclaren). Companions of the Sorrowful Way. 75 cts.

EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK.

D. D. Thompson. John Wesley as a Social Reformer. 60 cts.

FUNK & WAGNALLS Co., NEW YORK.

Louis Albert Banks, D.D. The Christian Gentleman. 70 cts.
Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Paul and His Friends. \$1.50.
James C. Fernald. The Spaniard in History. 75 cts.

FORDS, HOWARD & HULBERT, NEW YORK.

Jeanne G. Pennington. Don't Worry Nuggets. 50 cts.

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Ruth McEnery Stuart. Moriah's Mourning and Other Half-hour Sketches.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., BOSTON.

Abraham Cahan. The Imported Bridegroom and Other Stories. \$1.
Francis Greenwood Peabody. Founders' Day at Hampton. 50 cts.
Kate Douglas Wiggin. Penelope's Progress.
Paul Leicester Ford. The Story of an Untold Love.

E. R. HERRICK & Co., NEW YORK.

Alfred Lord Tennyson. Crossing the Bar. 25 cts.
The Earnest Communicant. 35 cts.

LYMAN H. JOHNSON, TOLEDO, O.

Lyman H. Johnson. Christ's Law of Unity.

M. W. KNAFF, CINCINNATI, O.

Joseph S. Dempster. From Romanism to Pentecost.
E. H. Dashiell. The Spirit of Jesus.

LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.

Henry Wood. Victor Serenus. \$1.50.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., BOSTON.

Henry Sienkiewicz. With Fire and Sword. \$1.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK.

The Modern Reader's Bible: St. Luke and St. Paul. 50 cts.

NATIONAL BAPTIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

A. McGary. Ha'll's Campbellite Catechism. 15 cts.

FLEMING H. REVELL Co., NEW YORK.

R. M. Wenley. The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World. 75 cts.
Christ and the Church. Essays concerning the Church and the Unification of Christendom. \$1.50.
Rev. J. H. Macgregor. Praying in the Holy Ghost. 50 cts.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.

Henry Van Dyke, D.D. Sermons to Young Men. \$1.25.
William Newton Clarke, D.D. An Outline of Christian Theology. \$2.50.
Washington Gladden, D.D., LL.D. The Christian Pastor and the Working Church. \$2.50.
James W. Alexander, M.A. Princeton Old and New. \$1.
Richard Harding Davis. The King's Jackal. \$1.25.
Thomas Nelson Page. Pastime Stories. \$1.25.

FREDERICK A. STOKES Co., NEW YORK.

Walter Kennedy. Javan Ben Seir. 75 cts.
Henry Mellen Prentiss. The Great Polar Current. \$1.
Robert E. Peary. Northward Over the Great Ice. 2 Vols. \$6.50.

SILVER CROSS.

Mary Lome Dickinson. Home from the War. 30 cts.

THOMAS WHITTAKER, NEW YORK

Walter F. Meade, M.A. The Construction of the Bible. 50 cts.
Rev. William Frederic Faber. Henry VIII, and the Reformation in Relation to the Church of England. 15 cts.
W. Pakenham Walsh, D.D. Heroes of the Mission Field and Modern Heroes of the Mission Field. 2 Vols. \$1 each.

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Miscellaneous.

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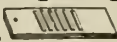
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Miscellaneous.

OPPORTUNITY.

MASTER of human destinies am I!
Fame, love, and fortune on my
footsteps wait.

Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate

Deserts and seas remote, and passing by

Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late

I knock unbidden once at every gate!

If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate.

And they who follow me reach every state

Mortals desire, and conquer every foe;

But those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury,

and woe,

Seek me in vain and uselessly implore:

I answer not, and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls, in *New York Truth*.

* * *

It is related that a facetious gentleman, who had suffered, thinks the modern recipe for a party is something as follows: "Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can get, put them into a room with a small fire, and stew them well; have ready a piano, a handful of prints and drawings, and throw them in from time to time; as the mixture thickens, sweeten with politeness, and season with wit, if you have any; if not, flattery will do as well, and is very cheap; when all have stewed for an hour, add ices, jellies, cakes and lemonades."

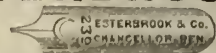
"What is the price of Dobbins' Electric Soap?"

"Five cents a bar full size, just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for 33 years."

"Why, that's the price of common brown soap. Send me a box. I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

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UNIFYING LITERATURE.

THE following works were written by the Secretary of the World's Brotherhood of Christian Unity, Theodore F. Seward, to illustrate and emphasize the law of the Divine Immanence, and the unifying influences which grow out of this fundamental law:

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE. Divine Providence in the Light of Modern Science. The Law of Development applied to Christian thinking and Christian living. 12mo, library edition, \$1.00; paper edition, 50 cents.

"This book is going to aid many souls and prove extremely helpful. I shall read it over a second time."—PROF. JOHN FISKE.

HEAVEN EVERY DAY; or, Common Sense Christianity. 16mo, cloth, price 50 cents.

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Miscellaneous.

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At a recent dinner in Boston, a former citizen of Springfield, Ill., told the following Lincoln story: "The fire hose company of Springfield was very proud of its well-equipped fire apparatus, and, desiring to procure some extra supplies, subscription papers were sent around. The small boys, myself among the number, were given a share in the work. I went up to some dusty rooms over a grocery, and entered the law office of Lincoln. He asked me numberless questions, and I had to tell him all I knew of this fire brigade and its members. Then he said: 'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go home to supper,—Mrs. Lincoln is generally good-natured after supper,—and then I'll tell her I've been thinking of giving \$50 to the brigade, and she'll say: 'Abe, will you never have any sense? Twenty dollars is quite enough.' So to-morrow, my boy, you come around and get your \$20."

* * *

THE Holyoke Transcript tells us an instance which lets us into the secret of some of the causes of hard times: "On a recent cold morning, the very smallest size of a boy went into a market and asked for five cents' worth of salt pork. It was portioned out, and then the child showed two cents more, and said it was for a soup-bone. The bone was produced, and as the marketman handed it to the child, who was barefooted, though snow and ice were on the ground, he observed that he held in one hand a large pail, and inquired what he was intending to get in it. 'Beer,' said the small boy. To fill that pail with beer would cost fifteen cents, which was more than double the sum appropriated for the family's food for the day. This happens daily, and, of course, the father doesn't work; and, of course, the saloon-keeper is flush, while the poor wife and children have hard times."

* * *

"SOME men," said Uncle Eben, "will hab a heap ter say 'bout bein' 'sturbed by a baby. But dey's puff-fickly silent when it's a Welsh rabbit dat keeps 'em awake."

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Dr. Moxom's suggestion of a possible "movement" proved to be prophetic. (His letter was written in August, 1897.) A plan of forming "Don't Worry Circles" in the family in society and in churches was started in New York City last November, and is now spreading to all parts of the country. The later editions of the book now give some account of this movement and the method of forming Circles, etc.

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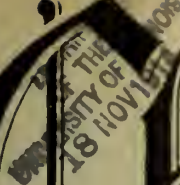
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God's Full Payment. A FEW months ago America, with her unknown strength, found a poor traveler by the wayside, wounded and bleeding. She poured in the oil and wine and took care of him. It brought expense and confusion and blood-shedding and death. It meant War, and there were enough left who knew the terror of that word. But it was the call of duty and America answered.

Every step of the way has been a triumph. One most surprising victory has led to another; Santiago has followed Manila, Sampson has finished what Dewey began. Our men have been heroes; our ships have been invincible; our fire has been irresistible; the slaughter of the enemy has been great; our loss has

been, on one occasion, nothing; on another, one. It is a miracle!

Two magnificent results have followed. The Europe of absolutism has threatened and been frightened; lifts its hands in wonder, and tells its howling myrmidons to keep still. Even the German Emperor, who did so much to kill the Armenians, keeps a still tongue in his head; and he had better. We just hug ourselves to see the quiet of the tyrants who looked calmly on at the massacre of the Armenians. We are tickled beyond all measure that they have not tried their dreadful game on us. Let their majesty perish in its insignificant selfishness!

And there is another result equally fine—the drawing together of England and America. We credited England, all that was worth anything in England, with the intense passion of a restrained indignation as the Sultan wrought his dreadful work; and we were not surprised that she sprang to her feet to hail with ringing cheers the deliverers of Cuba. The enthusiasm of humanity has closely united us; and this we feel to be worth all the cost of the war. Henceforth the Anglo-American world knows its strength, and the tyrants may tremble. England and America united mean an improved world—mean light and liberty, and education and religion; mean world-deliverance. Let us wreath the noble flags together, and wave them in the van of all the world's progress!

We stooped, unknown and disregarded, to help a sufferer. We stand to-day, by that simple act, the meaning of which we could not fully conceive, as one of the great world-powers, associated with another in a union which can find nothing in the earth to equal it; a union which is the terror of tyrants and the hope of all the oppressed.

* * *

End of the War. So the war of a hundred days is at an end! It is marvelous. We doubt whether the world has ever seen anything like it. The progress of events in this present war seems to us to be wholly providential. We do not wonder that to our forces have been granted victories. We expected that. It was inevitable. We were in the condition to win victories. We had an antagonist over whose weakness and unfitness it was easy to win victories. But victories such as these have been seldom seen before. They are like those recorded in the Hebrew

Scriptures, where the Prophets saw the direct power and working of an interposing God. A great fleet and many forts destroyed without the loss of a single life; another great fleet destroyed, and only one life lost in the fearful conflict! Bad marksmanship there may have been; drunk, even, the enemy's sailors and gunners may have been: but is it all chance when, amid a rain of even undirected shells, such slight damage is done? These things are most marvelous!

And although the land struggles have necessarily been more bloody for our troops, yet even there the escapes from disaster have been most marvelous. We have seen it stated by military critics that to carry the trenches at Santiago which the American troops captured, should have cost five thousand men. Against equal numbers and far superior weapons our soldiers have fought, and have been victorious. The cost at first seemed large; but as we stop to think of it, as the reports come in of those who have been found who were thought lost, or cured who were thought killed, it seems that not two hundred out of nearly twenty thousand in the field have lost their lives, when the conditions were such that thousands might have been sacrificed!

We must confess that we are greatly impressed by these things. To us they convey other meaning than American pluck, and skill, and practice. These have been wonderful and praiseworthy, but something else besides these has been working here. It is to us, as other remarkable places in history have seemed to be, a sign of the outstretched Hand and the upholding Arm. We have no idea that, in a bad or foolish cause, such results could have been manifested. We agree heartily with Captain Philip, of the Texas, in humbly acknowledging here the power of God. We believe in that Power. We think that our eyes have seen its working. He hath wrought wonderful things by His holy arm, and by His right hand hath He given us the victory.

* * *

The Kiss GEORGE MACDONALD, in his book of God. "Robert Falconer," gives the word of a poor Scotch student, as he looked on a good woman who had been very kind to him, "How I wish I could believe that God loves me as much as that women does!" If this only were not so hard for us! Our practical faith runs so far behind our theoretical as to this. We say God loves us with an infinite love, and talk and act as if He hardly loves us at all. We want to make God's love real, and then to fill our hearts with it. "There is no love like the love of Jesus," says the hymn. But who of us believes it? What young man believes that God loves him as he loves his betrothed? It would be a greatly happier and better world if he did believe it.

There was one who came nearer to this full sense of love than the rest of us; it was Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen. He wrote to a friend: "It is said in Deuteronomy that Moses died by the word of the Lord. The Hebrew word means also mouth, and hence kiss; so the Jewish tradition is that Moses died by the kiss of God. This is something more than knowing that God is love. Receive this letter lovingly as from a friend who loves you—a friend who would pray and hope before long to die by the kiss of God."

* * *

Labor-Day. WE think it a right impulse which has prompted the widespread celebration of Labor-day. Among all the many suggestions for new holidays in memory of this person or that deed, we find ourselves especially satisfied with this one.

We are in accord with it for the same reason that we delight in the celebration of Washington's birthday or Lincoln-day. These were great men. Their names, beyond those of all other single men, have lent honor to the nation. It honors the nation, then, to remember them. But we believe that the great mass of laborers of the country have given it far more honor than even these single men, great though they were. Indeed, the laborers have been the distinctive honor of America. Here first have they taken their high place in human estimation, and here most strikingly have they shown themselves worthy of a high place and honorable mention. We think that the country honors itself in honoring those who, beyond all Presidents and all soldiers, have given to it great wealth, and place, and honor.

Again, we find ourselves in accord with it for the same reason that we feel in accord with the Fourth of July and Decoration-day. These are precious for their heroic memories. They commemorate the brave men and brave deeds of the nation. We believe that more heroism has gone into the constant labor of the people than into all its wars put together. The heroism of the charge took but an hour, while the heroism of labor is life-long, age-long; it has been a heroism of patience and endurance—a heroism of persistency and daring accomplishment; it has been the heroism of minds that planned, of hearts that endured, and of hands that wrought. We think that there are heroic memories around Labor-day.

Still again we find ourselves in accord with it for something of the same reason that we rejoice in Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and Easter days. We cannot but think it is hallowed—that sacred memories gather about this day. The saintship of work has been as lofty and as holy a factor in the nation's history as the saintship of prayer or of sacrifice. Indeed, the saintship of work has been a continual prayer and sacrifice. There are sacred memories of divine power and manifestation in the toilings of a people. Memories of

Christ gather about the work which has supported Christian homes and built up Christian churches, and sent His Gospel to distant nations, as surely as they do about the times memorial of His birth, or of His resurrection. We should not object to calling this Saint Labor's day.

Because of the honorable memories, the heroic memories, the holy memories which cluster about it, we rejoice to set apart and to commemorate a Labor-day.

* * *

Jericho. "AND Joshua adjured them at that time, saying, Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city of Jericho: he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." And in 1 Kings, xvi. 34, we read: "In his days did Hiel the Bethelite build Jericho: he laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his first-born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son Segub, according to the word of the Lord which He spake by Joshua the son of Nun."

Very long ago this happened: the meaning of it may be somewhat obscure. But there is a grand truth involved. It is one of the things that work themselves out in our lives. God speaks His word; we laugh and go on our way, and God's word comes true in every particular.

God warns us against pride and luxury and the Dives' life. We may spend not a cent less on pride and luxury. We may not teach our children to work, whose fathers and mothers worked so hard; they grow up a race of soft hands and softer heads. As the old saying has it, there are but three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves. It is gone as quickly as it came, and has left a bad odor behind it.

God warns us against cruelty and the hard heart. Spain sends out a monster called Weyler, and with no sense of what he is doing he corrals men, women and children in pens of starvation, and turns a fertile garden into a wilderness of death. Then comes Manila, and after the manner of manila, hangs Spain up high as Haman for a world's scorn; then comes Santiago, and the nations see the cruel race fleeing like sheep before the avenger.

God warns us against strong drink in the most emphatic way, both by precept and example. We laugh at drunkards; we play with strong drink at weddings and festal occasions. The price of our mirth is heavy; we lay our sons in drunkards' graves.

Are you building a Jericho?

* * *

John Caird. In the death of John Caird, Scotland loses one of the foremost of her religious leaders in this century. Principal Caird has probably done more than any one man to give to the relig-

ious feelings of the Presbyterian churches in Scotland that distinctively liberal and progressive cast which has put the Scottish church so far ahead of many of its children in other lands. His university teaching was based upon the distinct feeling that Christianity was a rational faith. He believed that it was the expression of the natural religious instinct of man. As surely as art, music, or science were necessary results of human growth and progress, so surely were religion, and the Christian religion, a most necessary and natural result of the religious strivings and progress of men. He sent his pupils forth prepared to meet the questions of the day, not by opposing them and denouncing them, but by studying them, discovering the heart of truth in them, and reconciling them with the great heart of truth which Christian thought had for men. To Scotland, and to all thoughtful Christians, his death will be a real and great loss.

* * *

Values. A SAILOR in 1847 bought a lot in the new city of San Francisco for an ounce of gold, or sixteen dollars. He put the deed in the hands of a friend. In 1880 this lot was in the centre of the city, and the Nevada Bank gave the sailor's heirs two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for it. This makes men's mouths water. They would like much to buy for sixteen dollars and sell for two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

In the last issue of THE CHURCH UNION we gave the dying words of John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, that he had lost everything—memory, understanding, utterance, but his charity held out and rather grew than failed. Here is a mathematical puzzle for the bright ones: Which made the fortune, the sailor or the dying saint? The plot of ground would certainly stay behind in this world; but the charity, solid, would pass over to the other side. Eliot has found it a permanent investment.

* * *

In the Abyss. WHILE we confess its infirmities, this is a good time in which we live; a good time physically, morally, religiously. There is a wonderful combination of dare and dash with caution in our modern religion. Our fathers were slower than we, but they did not hesitate to tackle problems which we more modestly leave alone; worse, they imposed their high conclusions, as matters of necessary faith, upon others; still worse, they persecuted the others if they would not accept them. Nothing was too high for their rash endeavor; the Trinity was a favorite field for the display of their powers—or, was it their weakness? Election was another, eternal punishment was another. The tougher the subject the more they liked it, and the more confident they grew.

But they received in their own souls their penalty. Religion was meant to be the most radiant and joyful of all things—the transcendent gift from God to man; the unfailing fountain of undying hope. Instead it became to them an insoluble problem, a fear and a depression, sometimes an insanity. It was the penalty of their rashness and audacity. They digged and delved into depths far beyond their powers, till they plunged therein. God and the angels must have smiled at the foolish endeavor and the absurd consequence, while still the voice from heaven cried the one word man needed to hear—GOD IS LOVE.

We have escaped the abyss by hearing that Word of life. We cannot write as long a confession, but what we do believe fills our hearts with joy. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," is worth more than all of Bellarmine and Turretin to us. Herein we are happier than our fathers; and better, too, for the inward spasm of their own creed probably made them persecute those who would not receive it. Very uncomfortable, they saw no reason why others should be at ease. We, happy and blest, hand our full cup to our neighbor.

* * *

Ritualism in England. ENGLAND is in a state of serious religious agitation. It is evident to all that a time of troubled waters is before the Established Church of England. The situation is brought about by certain extreme practices of High-Church rectors and vicars in the English church. These have gone on, from one change of ritual and ceremony to another, until the ordinary Episcopal service of the prayer-book has been amended out of existence. A great multitude of services in veneration of saints or virgin, in celebration of feasts or fasts, or in elaboration of sacraments, have been inaugurated in many parishes for which there is no justification in the prayer-book, or in the practice of the church. Almost all of these are simply translations of service from the Roman Catholic ritual into English churches. Matters have gone on in this way until suddenly, seemingly unexpectedly, there has been a serious revolt.

One of these unauthorized services was being held in a church in London, when it was roughly interrupted by a layman, who vigorously and audibly expostulated against it. The service was thus stopped. The layman was arrested, but he has been discharged by the courts. This sudden and individual action precipitated the whole discussion. Bishops, clergy, laity, and even members of Parliament have been drawn into the argument. In Parliament the matter was brought up in connection with a bill to reform the present manner of bestowing benefices. This bill was to accomplish a needed and helpful reform; but advantage

of it was taken by those who oppose the Roman practices to declare that other things than sales of advowsons and future presentations needed to be reformed in the Anglican church.

What the result will be, it is impossible to foresee. Undoubtedly the High-Church party is strongly in favor of a development of the church services in ritualistic directions. Undoubtedly, also, to many of the laity such practices seem rather childish. Bishop Huntington, of the American Episcopacy, expresses certainly the feeling of many Episcopalians in his recent deliverance, when he said:

For a ritual of imitators, fancy performers, decorators, posture-masters and factionists of alien terms and phrases, full of parade and contumacy, it is hard, it must be hard, to feel anything but a pitying disrespect. Considering the sanctities they trifle with, I for one shall not wonder if they are ridiculed. An effort here or there to exalt the adoption of any of the various points of a richer eucharistic worship into a cult by itself is, of course, as unscientific as it is unscriptural, unapostolical and uncatholic.

The matter would be comparatively simple if the conditions were those which pertain in American churches, but it is a very difficult one in a church conducted as the establishment in England is. If congregations were given their own choice, we cannot see why they should not be allowed to have their special, even peculiar services, if they desired them. We should feel certain, under such circumstances, that the inherent childishness and triviality of these practices would be much more effective in bringing about their final failure than any amount of external suppression. In the Church of England, however, the congregations are not given the choice; they do not have any say in the matter. They are in danger of having some rector, with whose setting over them they have had nothing to do, and of whom they can in no way get rid, turn their services into new and distasteful methods. Their only defence is in the conformity which both ecclesiastical and civil law demands of English clergymen to the prayer-book. It was to prevent ministers of a state-supported church from thus infringing on the rights of congregations that the ordinances of the prayer-book were laid so strenuously on all of them. The congregations then are within their right, and not unduly bigoted in attempting to enforce the legal requirements of the State church upon its ministers.

It is more than possible that the result of these troubles may be either a secession to Rome, such as characterized the Newman movement, or even a division of the extremists from the English church into a body by themselves. Either one of these results would be deplorable, it seems to us—especially when we consider the catholic inclusiveness which would characterize any Church and a state church most of all. It would be avoidable if the people in the church could be given

choice in selecting their own ministers, instead of being forced to receive those whom others set over them. It is possible that some such change as this might be the one good result from the present practices, and the agitation caused by them.

* * *

The Eternal Goodness. WE must cling to it as to our very life. Though we should let all else go, this must ever come closer and closer. It must be our first wakeful thought by day and the pillow on which we rest at night. Without it, we are the chaff of the threshing-floor; with it, we are strong as the foundations of the everlasting hills. We must grow old with it. It must grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. We must teach it to our children, if we teach them nothing else. They are rich with this alone; poor as poverty with all else and without this.

It must be the basis of all our thinking. Theology is fool's talk without it. The absence of this has made great systems abominable; has made them, instead of ministering to man's needs, tyrannize over him with remorseless cruelty; has made children shudder at the words of kindly parents, and consigned to mad-houses some of the finest, sweetest of the race. Let us not think at all, if we cannot think in the dear love of God. Thinking, which without this would be a terror and a nightmare, becomes a rapture of delight. It was this that the angels meant when they sang over Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth, peace."

It must be the foundation of all our living. We will do nothing worthily or well, try as we please, till we have learned this. The great deeds of history have all flowed from this. By this Moses taught, and Joshua fought, and David sang, and Isaiah spoke his burning words. Paul threw a belt of saving light round all the Roman world, Peter chose the strange Crucifixion, John poured forth his old-man's love to the awestruck congregation, Savonarola died for the Florence he loved, Luther faced a hostile world with brave heart, and Livingstone died to heal the open sore of the world in Africa. If anything is to be done by anybody to-day for the greater glory of God, it must be done by the power of the Eternal Goodness.

There is nothing which any adversary of our souls, human or demoniac, will seek to wrest from us so much as this. The very heat of the battle is here. If he can rob us of this, he is sure of the rest. But, blessed be God, he cannot rob us of this; it is our birthright, our heritage, the life of our lives. Are you a happy man? It is this alone that has made you such. Are you miserable? It is back of this alone that is the cause; and there is enough and to spare—oh, a boundless world of the eternal goodness! Take all you wish, and leave an undiminished abundance to all the rest.

A Good Experiment. A NEW and pleasant step in Christian fellowship was taken recently by a London church. The Lyndhurst Road church is one of the largest and wealthiest in the London district. It represents the culture, wealth and intellectual stamina of Christianity. It is that kind of church against which the reproach of pride and exclusiveness is easily made. Under the pastorate of Dr. Horton it has taken a leading place among the Congregational churches of England.

Recently this church decided to take a step which would emphasize its brotherhood with other churches, and perhaps give its advantages a chance to minister to other churches. Acting as a church, it invited a number of the pastors of country churches in England—about thirty altogether—to visit the church and to be its guests for a few days. This was not a religious conference, or an ecclesiastical gathering; it was simply a case of social hospitality, such as any friendly host might extend to an equally friendly guest. Of course advantage was taken of the gathering by the church, and equally so by the ministers gathered together, to have some mutual spiritual meetings. That was a necessary and helpful part of the hospitality, but it was meeting of friend with friend, and not the hasty gathering of a company of strangers for ecclesiastical purposes. The guests of the church were shown the sights of the city, and given a taste of the social privileges of the homes of the church, as any other visitors would have been.

The results of the experiment were most pleasant and helpful. Everybody enjoyed it. The church proclaimed in the plainest way that its people believed in their brotherhood with the humblest of those who were faithfully working in their fellowship. The ministers were encouraged by the manifest good-will and sympathy of a great and strong organization. We commend this example to American city churches. We believe that it would have a considerable influence in overcoming, on the one hand, the supercilious spirit with which at times city people, and even city churches, are wont to look on the country, and, on the other, the dislike which country people, and even country churches, are in danger of having for their brethren of the city. There is a measure of good in both directions from such experiments.

* * *

Light. WE are continually impressed with the necessity of revising our first impressions. Compare, for instance, the quiet of the sunrise with the shock of the earthquake. How feeble the first appears, how strong the second! But when we pause to consider, we see how vastly greater is the influence of that coming light than all the startling results of the earth-

quake. A region may be shaken by the one; a world lives by the other—plant, animal, man. It would baffle us completely to follow the benevolent course of the light—so subtle, so vital, so far-reaching. It is immense energy, wielded by the gentlest hand. It appears as the most complete and beautiful emblem of the power of the truth—so peaceful, so quiet, so strong. And, as the light conquers all opposers, so will the truth surely win in the end.

There is another lesson bound up with the light. We have read that travelers in Scandinavia suffer greatly from the constant light. They have the sense of their eyes being always open, and this becomes intolerable. They bandage their eyes, but still they suffer. Scripture says: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." There may be as much benevolence in God's concealments as in His revelations. We want to know all the truth at once; we want our eyes to be open all the time. God knows best what is good for eyes. The Saviour says, "I have many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." This may be of His very best goodness. Perhaps the world is receiving God's high truth as fast as is wise, while we have been complaining at the slow coming of the dawn. We can imagine that lurid hell-fires may have been just suited to coarse, undeveloped natures, even as coarse food seems to be. It is delightful that God's truth is strong and beautiful as the light, and also that God will temper His dazzling light to our weak vision.

* * *

Defenders of the Faith. THE Pope once gave the title, "Defender of the Faith," to a king of England; and of all the kings of England who should the Pope, by virtue of his infallibility, we suppose, pick out for this title? Henry the Eighth! He was vigorous in recalling this honor a few years afterward, when Henry began to suppress the religious establishments of England; but it was too late. Parliament confirmed Henry in his exalted title, and defenders of the faith the rulers of England have been, we believe, since then. It is a good commentary on human judgment as to the kind of defense which the Christian faith needs at the hands of men. Pope Leo X. well represented the ordinary ignorance and foolishness of human decision.

Who are the true defenders of the faith? Are they not the hundreds and thousands of faithful ones who serve God, and do His commandments? These cause the church to be honored. These cause the name of Christianity still to be mighty among men. These move the world continually by their conscience and their consecration. Then some pope or some other dignitary steps in, and picks out a rich or highly placed villain, and calls him "Defender of the Faith"; or else

"Most Christian," as they did the adulterous kings of France; or else "Most Catholic," as they did the cruel Inquisition-moving kings of Spain. Charles Kingsley says: "It is the rule of all bigots that the right cause is always a lost cause, and requires—God's weapons of love, truth, reason being well known to be too weak—to be defended, if it is to be saved, with the devil's weapons of bad logic, spite and calumny." We suppose that it is upon such principle as this which Mr. Kingsley stated, that the leading devil's servants of the world have commonly come to some such title from church dignitaries as these noble titles on ignoble lives which we have stated.

Nor, indeed, is this evil wholly passed and gone. We are tempted to it in our own generation, and among Protestant churches. We call the pillars of the church those who head its subscription-lists, and sell the best seats to them. It is very hard not to put these first, as defenders of the faith, when denominationalism puts such strains of financial burden on the multiplied churches. We have seen great denominations—yes, more than one of them—lauding to the skies, in this country, as deliverers and defenders, men who, in their own cities, have been proclaimed the leaders of those who are responsible for political corruption, or representatives of the most unjust and oppressive business methods. These things are discouraging. But all the time in the ages long passed away and in the present day, there have been the real defenders of the faith; there have been the true-hearted and faithful ones. There have been multitudes of the poor in spirit and the pure in heart; multitudes of those who hungered and thirsted after righteousness. Through these the faith has lived. These were the followers of the apostles who, like their leaders, had Judas walking among them, honored as one of them. Bless God for the true, and trust Him in spite of the false, defenders of the faith!

* * *

Living. THERE is a vast amount of being that is not living. Of a dead body it can be said that it is, but not that it lives. Of a dull, dead mind it can be said that it is, but not that it lives; for it knows nothing of the thrilling joy of intellectual activity and life. Of a dead soul, debased, crushed, befouled, there may be predicated still existence when no amount of exaggeration could pretend that that soul knew what the vigor, the joy of spiritual life could be. Very much of our theology exists between covers of text-books, or perhaps in the corners of our minds, which does not live at all; it never enters into the earnest, practical considerations of our spiritual or worldly activities. Alas! some very good theology is thus often laid by, existent, but inactive. Sometimes our trust in God, our knowledge of truth or righteousness, is thus dulled. Fortunately, the great mass of bad theology, degrading per-

ceptions, and ignorant speculations about the Father in heaven is apt to drift off into harmless quiet, whence anything like an argument will draw it out, but where it is normally left without much influence on the real religion and practical energy of one's being.

Yes, living and being are very different things. The important matter for every life is to faithfully discern what are the living things, the living thoughts, the living feelings, the living impulses. Let us discern which are worthy to be exalted into this glory of active life! Let us cherish these!

* * *

Worth. WHEN we are careless, we identify worth with money. We ask, "How much is a man worth?" and we mean "how much money does he have?" When we stop to think we see clearly that we must go farther back than that. To identify worth with money is like identifying beauty with an artist's palette of colors; we must know whether the artist has skill to use his materials before we know that in his hands they are really beautiful. So the worth of a man can be known only as we understand the way in which he uses his materials of wealth or of skill, or of knowledge, or of any possession. A man who has abundance of money, and uses it simply and wholly for horses, to train them, race them, care for them—he is worth really horses to the world; that much surely, and no more than that much. The man who uses money for yachts and sailing—perhaps he adds by experiment something to the wisdom with which men construct the lines and the braces of vessels; he is worth to the world what sailing-vessels are worth to the world; that much and no more. The man who spends his wealth in drinking liqueurs is, in worth, a minus quantity; since, to the world at large, drinking liqueurs is destructive instead of constructive of values.

All this which is true of money possession is true of every other possession or acquirement. As Marcus Aurelius said, "Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he busies himself." He who works in iron or wood is worth what these are worth to his fellow-men; and he who works in immortal souls is worth, to God and to his fellow-men, something of what immortal souls are worth on earth and in heaven.

* * *

IN BRIEF.

Tyranny has its limits; it can only go so far. A Londoner writes, in 1558: "There were seven men burned in Smithfield the 28th day of July—a fearful and cruel proclamation being made that under pain of death, no man should neither approach nigh unto them, touch them, neither speak to them nor comfort them. Yet they were so comfortably taken by the hand and so goodly comforted, notwithstanding that fearful procla-

mation, and the present threatenings of the sheriffs and sergeants, that the adversaries themselves were astonished."

* * *

The great Swiss theologian Vinet differed radically from the equally great German theologian De Wette upon questions as to the duration of punishment in the future life. Professor Vinet, in converse with a friend, was asked whether he did not consider De Wette's position heretical and destructive of the Christian faith. He replied: "I think Professor De Wette wrong and he thinks me wrong; we cannot tell which of us may be the mistaken one, and it is not a subject which need in any way separate true Christians." We wish all learned and unlearned Christians had this spirit! It would hasten the day of church union.

* * *

One of the pleasing things of the war has been the religious feeling that has been found to be so general. It was a fine episode when Captain Philip gathered his men after the battle and asked them all to take off their hats and spend a moment in silent thanks to God. Captain Evans has an unfortunate reputation for profanity, but when a contrast was made between himself and Captain Philip, he wrote to the newspaper making the comparison, closing his letter with the word that during the afternoon of the battle, every drop of his blood was tingling with praise to God for the victory. Well done, Captain! keep in that frame of mind.

* * *

A minister startled his congregation by telling them that he dreamed that he was in hell, and that the dream seemed as vivid as any waking experience. They were eager to hear, and he told them that it was just self, everywhere self, on the walls, the floor, the ceiling, everywhere nothing but self. Ah! he was at the genuine place; no wonder it was vivid.

* * *

The great poet Pope was a hunchback, and also somewhat querulous of temper. It is recorded of him that once in a circle of friends he was discussing whether a certain passage of an author should have an interrogation-point or an exclamation-point. A young man present gave his opinion. Pope turned upon him, and cried: "What do you know about it? Do you know what an interrogation-point is?" The young man replied, "Oh, yes; it is a little crooked thing that asks questions."

* * *

The following text is exactly as it appeared in one of our exchanges, a regular and welcome visitor to the office; but upon this point we are still seeking for light before we can fully express agreement: "It will cost us a struggle, it will be joy our of duty for a atiodnfur suiti mlitdag i zfil cost us patience and expenditure."

* * *

The fuss and feathers of old-fashioned royalty are being passed over to the circuses.

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SAMUEL T. CARTER, Editor.

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THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE. WHAT IT OUGHT TO BE.

BY REV. BENJAMIN FAY MILLS.

THE subject will be divided into three parts: first, the basis of fellowship of the coming church; second, its organization; and, third, its activity.

What ought the basis of fellowship in the modern church to be? We know something of what the former tests have been. I shall not invite you to consider the Mohammedan religion, nor the religion of Buddha, nor any of the other great ethnic religions. It is enough, by way of illustration, to call to your minds the tests of fellowship that we know in the religions most largely represented among us. For example, we have represented in this country a national or racial religion—that of the Hebrews. The test is to be a Jew, either by birth or by adoption. We have had what might be called ecclesiastical tests, based on the idea that a true church has been established by God, and the form of it handed down to men, to be observed once for all. By way of illustration, I might refer to the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal Churches, so largely represented among us. And then we have had doctrinal tests, such as are found in the Presbyterian and Methodist and Orthodox Congregational churches, and others. Still beyond these we have had what might be called peculiar or especial tests. For example, the Baptists have a test of fellowship regarding the form of baptism; the United Presbyterians have a test regarding the singing of the Psalms; the Universalists, while they may not have such a standard of fellowship, were founded to impress the doctrine that the Orthodox conceptions of hell were not accurate; the Spiritualists have for their especial test theories concerning the return of disembodied spirits to earth. And so we might prolong the list. There are churches which have been founded upon these distinctions, and which have gradually grown and enlarged their standards; and I do

not speak of any of these with the slightest invidiousness, but merely by way of illustration.

Then we have some churches that are founded upon what might be called a spiritual test. The Unitarian denomination has grown to that basis. Originally the Unitarian denomination was founded, as you know, upon divergencies of opinion, largely upon the nature of Jesus. But the Unitarians have outlived this, and have been the first great sect of which I know in America to establish a purely spiritual test of fellowship. And although I do not entirely agree with the formula, yet as I have said publicly in other places in the past months, I do agree most heartily with the general spirit of it. Their conference has adopted unanimously a statement that Unitarianism stands for "The religion of Jesus, as summed up in love to God and love to man," and that on this basis all societies and individuals are heartily invited to co-operate. This might mean that a man could be a Presbyterian and be a Unitarian at the same time; a man to-day may believe in one God or twenty, and be a Unitarian; a man to-day may believe in the existence of an old-fashioned hell and be a Unitarian. In other words, the test is not doctrinal, but spiritual; and to that extent it is a marvelous step in the right direction.

Beyond the Unitarians there are some independent churches which are founded on a broader basis still; and beyond those there are others which have an ethical basis of fellowship, like our Societies of Ethical Culture.

Now I believe that the coming church will have no ecclesiastical or doctrinal test. I do not think we need to refer to anything in the past as a test of our religious fellowship. I believe, as one of my correspondents wrote to me the past week, "All the truth that was ever in the world is here now;" and there is more to follow. I do not think that a man's former affiliations or training ought to count anything. We must recognize the fact that Jews and Gentiles, bond and free, agnostics, spiritualists, materialists, all are one, not in some theory or in some form, but on account of the essential unity of the whole human race.

The church ought to be a hospital as well as an ark and an army. I might qualify this so far as to say that a man in the church must have something of holy purpose; otherwise, he would not come in. But the whole theory of religion that commends itself to-day to a sane, thinking man, who is freed from superstitions of the past, is that there is some good in every man, and that we are brothers, not by virtue of our opinions or our attainments, but by the very fact that we are brothers; just as truly as some of us are brothers according to the flesh. One of the great literary men of thirty years ago wrote what he called his "creed." I give a verse or two:

"As other men have creeds, so have I mine:
I keep the holy faith in God and man
And in the angels ministrant between.
I hold to one true church of all true souls,
Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,
But only the anointing of God's grace.
I hate all kings and castes and rank of birth,
For all the sons of men are sons of God,
Nor limps a beggar but is holy born;
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown.
That makes him less or more than just a man."

The religious fellowship of the race is not founded upon men's superficial relationships; it is founded upon

the fact that we are a religious race. "The race is incurably religious," said Sabbatier. We are religious, not because we are this or that or something else, but because we are the human race. One of our great poets says that men have not grown out of religion, but that religions have grown out of us and may grow out of us still. We need to see that religious fellowship must be as broad as humanity, including all who may thus choose to signify their confidence in human brotherhood, and in the good origin, progress, and destiny of the human race. You know how Whittier sings:

"There are steeple houses on every hand,
And pulpits that bless or ban,
And the Lord will not grudge the single church
That is set apart for man."

So much for the basis of fellowship. Now our second thought is concerning the form of organization. I can tell you exactly what I think it ought to be. I think it ought to vary with every community and with every set of circumstances, and with every year or every month, if anything better be brought to the attention of those that compose it. I believe that the administration ought to be democratic. The best word that we know for the foundation of religion to-day is Democracy. The worth of every man, the worth of all men, all men more important than any man,—that is the very foundation of the idea of religion to-day. We ought to be trained in the initiative and referendum in the way we carry on our churches. We ought to learn the lessons that are to be studied in the real democracy that is even now being born on this earth. We ought to have the best kind of organization; we ought to transact our business so as to be a model for the business world; for what the business world needs to-day is spiritual inspiration. Instead of a minister being a "sky-pilot," or "talking through his hat," he ought to be a man who should understand the principles of the world's work better than any other individual in it—a man who can see to the heart of the problems that confront men. And the modern church, as I have intimated, ought to be a model in its transaction of business for all associations of men. I need not say that it ought to pay its debts in an honorable fashion. It should hire the right kind of labor—well-paid labor. It should take the initiative in suggesting and practically carrying out a system of co-operation, rather than the strenuous rivalry and warfare that we see prevailing in the business world about us. And I think that it should grow and grow and grow, not holding to the idea that some divine form of government was handed down from heaven once for all, but knowing that we are not perfect, yet that we are better than the fathers used to be, and that we are going on and on forever.

Now, in the third place, concerning the mission of the church. And here our subject divides itself in twain—first, the message, and second, the activity of the church. Before I get through, you may decide that I am an old fogey, because I am going to say with tremendous emphasis that I believe that a living church has a message to men. I heard a young man say the other day that he did not believe in preaching; he thought the day of preaching was done. I said, "What would you have the modern church do?" He said the people could come together and study literature. I should like to have the modern church study

literature, I should like to have the people study economics, and sociology, and philosophy—anything that is worth studying. I should like to have them help one another in any way they can. But I believe that the modern church has a mighty message unto men. And what is the message? Faith,—that this is a good race, in a good world, in a good universe. Hope,—that we are going on to be better;—not better in essence, but that we are going on in development of our spiritual resources bearing fruit in practical improvement, and still on beyond that. Love,—the key to all problems of philosophy, and science, and theology, and practice.

Now I do believe that, more than anything else to-day, the world needs to hear this message. The disappointed world, the discouraged world, the pessimistic world, the struggling, striving, fighting world, needs this great religious message,—that the human race is made for faith, to believe all things; for hope, to hope all things; and for love, to bear all things and to endure all things. I may indeed magnify my office, but I still believe that it is by the foolishness of preaching that it pleases God to save those that believe.

But I think there is something still more important than to ring out this great message of faith and hope and love; and that is to apply it to all the affairs of men. It is this, and nothing less than this, that is the mission, and should form the activity, of the church. "Do I believe in a church going into politics?" Do I believe in a man going outside of his own house? Do I believe in people living in the world at all? What is the church here for, except to go into politics? I do not mean necessarily that it should decide whether this man who is after the spoils, or that man who is after the spoils, should have the spoils; but I mean that it is the business of the church, first of all, to apply to politics (which simply means the way that men live together in the largest association) the principles of faith and hope and love. In other words, the activity of the church should be as broad as the world, and its relation to politics ought to be immediate and effective.

Do not think I am arguing for a union of the church and state. I believe the church is one thing and the state another, and that they are meant to be so. There was a time in the world's evolution when the Church and the state were one, when the church and the school were one, when the church and the hospital were one, when the church directed all religion and all education and all eleemosynary institutions. How the world has grown, when the church has taught the state, or the state has learned to do its work for itself! It is infinitely better to have the state build a school than to have a church build it. It is vastly better to have a state build a hospital, and care for the poor, than to have a church do it. It is part of the work of the church to teach the state to do these things; but part of its work is done when the state assumes these duties. But it is the business of the church to have a general concern still for humanity, and to make the age too holy to tolerate any form of wrong. She ought to breathe purity into politics; she ought to suggest and personally compel the enactment of just laws, and contribute a holy courage for their enforcement. She should be concerned about the physical welfare of cities and citizens, for better pavements, cheaper heat and light, and cheaper and better transportation.

I believe it is the business of the church to inspire

the electors of America to-day, so that the reign of love may be more speedily manifested upon this earth. That is what I mean by the church going into politics. It is the business of the church to deal, at first-hand, not at second-hand, with the questions of industry and commerce. Do I mean by that that the church ought to set up a factory and a store? No indeed, but hopefully, patiently, wisely, and helpfully, to discover the application of faith and hope and love to economic association, in order that we may know the laws of the world's work and save the world.

Now here are the two laws that the church is to insist on in our consideration of all economic questions. First, progress: the world has been going on till the present time, and it must go on now; no present order is divine beyond the immediate moment when it exists. Second, love,—progress and love: this order is better than the past order, but not so good as the order that is to be; the order that is has grown out of the larger and larger application of the great principle of life, which is love, and the order which is to be is to develop along the same line. It is the business of the church to know how far the world has come in its journey, where it is now, where it ought to go, and what is the next step to be taken. It is the business of the church to sound out continually this great truth, that every great economic question is an ethical question; that every question concerning the manufacture and distribution of the material things of this earth is a question rooted in righteousness. Regarding the single tax, socialism and all the rest, there is just one question for the church to ask;—not, "Will they work?", but "Are they right, are they just, are they loving?" And if they are, the church ought to say, "There is nothing expedient except justice, and there is nothing that will work except righteousness and the application of the law of love."

I have suggested at another time what I thought the church ought to have to do with education—not to build denominational schools or colleges, but to give inspiration in the search for truth. We are guilty of an anachronism when we call ourselves civilized, while our public schools are in such a condition that the private school can exist anywhere in America. We should so thoroughly believe in man, in all men, that we should not run our public school system as if it were a sort of charity institution for people who could not pay for anything else. We should believe in the people, the whole people, and nothing but the people, to such an extent that no one could afford to go into competition with the state when it undertakes the development of the young, and their training to manhood and womanhood.

The church might do much in inspiring with heavenly thoughts our domestic relationships and our social intercourse—being a real minister, especially to the unfortunate, and learning how to help men without hurting them.

And for the individual, what is the great thing the church can do for the individual to-day? It ought to give him a new motive for righteousness. The old motives have gone. What we call the great outbreak of crime at this time is caused by the fact that the old individualistic motives that used to lead men to be moral and pure have gone, and the new motive has not yet come with power to take its place. It is the business of the church to emphasize the social motive for

individual righteousness, and give to men such a moral impetus as never sprang from the old idea of trying to save their own souls, and go to heaven when they died. It should lead them to be pure for the world's sake to be holy for the world's sake; to bear away the world's sins, coming not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give the life as a ransom for many.

The world will see a marvelous change when the church confesses that she has a mission not only to the individual, but in behalf of the individual. Regarding, for instance, the great principles of health, where are we going to discover a cure-all for the world's disease? Some of it in our laboratories, possibly. I believe in laboratories, but I believe in something more. Do you have an idea that the human race is meant to be sick? We are sick because we are incomplete, because we have not learned to control the things that are beneath us. We have banished a great deal of discomfort; we have conquered certain forms of disease; and now we are ready for such spiritual inspiration as may bring real physical health to the human race. I beg you not to sneer at people, even though they may seem to you to be filled with superstition, who believe that there is a spiritual remedy for the physical ills of man. There is such a remedy. How can a Christian minister denounce from his pulpit the people who believe that there is a spiritual remedy for physical ailments, when he believes the stories of the healing wrought by Jesus of Nazareth?

I believe it should be the part of religion not only to discover the secret of health, but also to discover the secret of material prosperity, and to banish poverty from the world. You remember how James Russell Lowell brings his terrible indictment against the church, in that famous little poem called "A Parable," which suggested to Mr. Stead the title of his book, "If Christ Came to Chicago":

"Said Christ our Lord, 'I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in Me.'
He passed not through the gate of birth,
But made Himself known to the children of earth.

"With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Wherever the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with kingly fare.

"But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head,
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

"O Lord and Master! not ours the guilt:
We build but as our fathers built:
Behold, thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land!"

"Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

"These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment-hem
For fear of defilement, 'Lo, here, said He,
The images ye have made of Me!'"

I do not think the church is responsible for the existence of the poverty that has been in the past; I do

believe that the church is responsible for the abolition of poverty as it exists to-day. I was reading a life of Jesus the other day, and I saw the statement that Dives, a rich man, went to hell because he was rich and for no other cause. I thought that was important if true,—not that it concerned me, but it did concern some of my friends. So I took the Bible and read the passage carefully. I found it did not say that Dives was a mean or cruel or dishonest or licentious man; nothing but that he was rich and died, and went to a place of torment. But as I looked a little closer, I found that in the same parable we are told that over on the other side of the gulf was Abraham, and he was a rich man too. I studied some time to find out how one rich man could go to heaven and another to hell, and I will tell you why I think it was. It was because Dives, being rich, reveled in his careless luxury, while, comparatively unheeded, a beggar, covered with sores, lay at his palace-gate. It is time for the church to wake up. The church has but a mere semblance of life and religion, if it is not giving itself to the abolition of poverty. Poverty would be abolished if the people who call themselves religious would give as much attention to the abolition of it as some of them do to the increase of it.

I believe the church ought to be a leader in everything. I can see reasons why she has lagged behind in the social procession. It has been because she had a theoretical basis instead of a practical basis. If there is to be any credal test, let it be this: "We believe in progress. We believe in this world, and in making it what a world ought to be." I find I have been misunderstood when I have said that I did not think we ought to have a religion founded on what existed in the unseen world. Some thought I was not interested in the unseen world. I am interested in it. I do not know personally whether the spirits of the departed can minister to you and me; I hope they can. But I would not make it a test of fellowship, and I would have it understood that belief about that has nothing to do with religion. If this whole atmosphere were filled with spirits that we could see floating about us, it would not make us any more religious. According to the idea some people have of religion, a man that can walk on a tight rope ought to be a great religious teacher. What do I care whether a religious teacher can walk on the water or rise from the dead? That does not make a religious teacher; it has not anything to do with religion. Religion concerns the inspiration and purpose and action of a man's heart and life. When a great London preacher was rebuked for not preaching the Gospel, because he had been speaking of the physical needs of the people in his own district, he said in reply that he did not see any disembodied spirits in that ward, or he would have done all he could to save them. He did see great numbers of people that were not disembodied, and he saw their needs, and he believed it was a religious duty to minister to them. Our great prophet Emerson says that a world in the hand is worth two in the bush; that we ought to concern ourselves with the real people who are around us, rather than with saints and angels and ghosts of whom we know little.

There comes to me the remembrance of an incident which I have read, where Napoleon was leading his troops over the Alps. They became discouraged and many were falling by the way; and, thinking music

would inspire them as they marched, he gave the command that the bands should play continually. The sweet tones brought new courage to the tired soldiers, and they sprang to their places and marched on united in the ranks. But after a time they grew weary and began to lag again, and then the great commander sent word to the band, "Play the home-songs of France." The simple melodies, which had meant so much to them in the past, as they sat at the doors of their cottages with wives and children around them, fell upon their ears, and brought the thought that without courage they might never see home again, and so they marched on with renewed vigor. But after a time fatigue overcame them again. And then the great commander himself, riding along the line, called to every band in trumpet tones, "Play the charge!" And as the stirring notes, that never fell unheeded on the ears of the soldiers of that great commander, came to the wearied troops, they sprang forward as though they saw the enemy—on, on, until they arrived at their desired destination.

I believe in the music that has charmed the religious susceptibilities of men in the past. I believe in the songs of peace. I believe in the sweet words that speak of forgiveness and of the grace of God. I like the ringing, exultant strains of the home-songs, that speak, even through superstition, great words of comfort and hope to the discouraged heart. But it is time for the genuine messenger of God to put the trumpet to his lips and cry, "Play the charge!" And as, in the critical hour of this country's history, the call came from our great President, and struck fire into so many hearts and sent out the heroes who saved the Union, singing as they marched:

"We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more!"

so I believe that the response will come from loyal hearts, considered religious or irreligious, ready to "charge" for the loving conquest of a world.

I can see already the beginning of the church that is to come—a simple church, a human church, a pure church, a loving church. Her foundations will be the revelation of God in men and in man, without creeds or set forms or priests or presbyteries or authoritative councils of any sort. She will be a church full of sympathy and humility, with clear vision and high impulses and unmeasured spiritual power, at once the representative and the inspirer of the human race. She will know neither male nor female, high nor low, rich nor poor, good nor bad, but love shall be all and in all. She will believe all things, and hope all things, and endure all things, and bear all things, and shall conquer all things. And as the clarion-call rings forth, I see a willing response. I see the aged Simeons come, whose hearts have grown weary with the long years of barren ecclesiasticism and dogmatism, and I hear them say, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant enter upon a new life of peace, for our eyes do see thy salvation." I see men and women of practical wisdom and power come, aroused with the energy of youth, for the spiritual development of the world. I see the young men come, I see the young women come, with strength and beauty and high ideas and the faith that moves mountains, joining in this great crusade. I see the kings of the earth bring their glory into it—not the despotic kings of political history, for they are all

vanished or fast vanishing from the earth, but the kings of art and poetry and music, of industry and commerce and invention, of organization and honest, loving statecraft. I see the wicked made holy; I see the perplexed enlightened; I see the poor enriched; I see justice enthroned at last.

Is it a dream? Is it a vision of the night? Then let the day dawn now, when your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, when your young men shall see visions and your old men shall dream dreams; and the great and notable day of God shall come, and we shall hear a voice saying: "Behold, I make all things new!" And there shall be "A new earth," which, according to God's promise, we are expecting, "wherein dwelleth righteousness."

Boston, Mass.

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THE FREE WILL OF MAN.

REV. G. A. KRATZER.

THERE are in the world to-day many believers in the absolute power and the absolute benevolence of God. There would be many more such believers, who would gladly believe, but they are prevented because they hold to the absolute freedom of human will. They observe the wickedness and perversity of many men, and find themselves unable to avoid concluding that some of these individuals will have the power and the purpose to perpetuate evil in themselves and through themselves forever, thus thwarting the will of God and defying His power. At the same time, these people will admit that God in creating man gave him such a will as he has, and that God foreknew what the results would be. They doubt God's power to save a specially wayward sinner, but assert His power and His purpose to punish any soul as long as that soul sins. From this it follows that God in creating such a race of beings, foreknowing that some of them would bring upon themselves endless misery, could not have been perfectly benevolent. If He were perfectly benevolent He would have made the race different, or would not have made it at all.

It is admitted by the writer that if we assume the absolute freedom of man to start with, endless sin and endless misery are logical deductions—at least such a result is logically possible, and indeed not improbable, from all that we can observe of the behavior of many individuals. But the trouble is with the fundamental assumption.

Man's own consciousness tells him that he possesses some measure of free-will. In the face of this the doctrine of fatalism cannot stand; and, because of this, philosophers have gone to the opposite extreme of assigning to man absolute independence of the will of Deity. But this is not logically necessary, and does not harmonize with the analogies or the observed facts of life. The truth is probably between the extremes, as very often happens.

The doctrine of the immanent God, newly emphasized and explicated in these closing years of the century, is helping thoughtful men to dispel this dark illusion of the philosophical and theological world in a manner which I will endeavor to explain.

I believe the truth about this matter of human will to be as follows: That God intends free-will to be the

ultimate possession of every soul, which after long periods of discipline has finally "grown into the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." In other words, I believe that God has ordained it, that the will of each individual shall be subject to evolution and growth like all other things in the universe. But to say that God bestows absolute free-will, in the common acceptation of the term, upon every child born into the world at the very commencement of its career, seems to be a mockery of God's wisdom, not to say of His benevolence. It would be as reasonable and as sensible to trust a child with absolute free-will as to trust it with a lighted candle in a powder magazine. It would destroy itself in one way about as soon and as surely as in the other, and from the same cause—ignorance of the consequences of its acts.

What seems to me to be the truth upon the subject can be well illustrated by a common occurrence. A father sits in a room with his little boy, who is just beginning to learn to walk. The child rises from his creeping posture and begins to take tottering steps. The father watches, pleased to see the effort, and does not interrupt, unless he sees the boy running into serious danger—going too near the stove, for instance. In such an emergency he calls the child back. Again, when the father thinks the boy is in danger of becoming overtired, he takes him up in his arms, or puts him in the cradle. Now you will note that the child does his own walking, chooses his own path, so long as the father sees that this freedom will not result in permanent harm. If the father is wise, he will not object to a certain degree of weariness, nor to the lesson in carefulness from a few tumbles on the floor. These things will be for the child's discipline and ultimate good, though they bring temporary pain. If the boy is headstrong and will not heed the father's warning voice about going too near the stove, the father may even permit him to get burned a few times to teach him to have faith in his father's wisdom and the lesson of obedience. But no true father would knowingly permit the child to work permanent harm to himself by giving him perfect freedom while learning to walk. No; the parent waits a few months and watches and restrains the boy while he is perfecting himself in the art of locomotion, giving him more and more liberty as to duration and direction of the exercise, until at last, being convinced that the boy knows how to make a good use of his freedom to walk, the father allows him to use that freedom in future without restraint.

So with regard to the free-will of man. By his material environment, by his bodily limitations, and by the immanent power of the Divine Spirit working within the soul for its restraint and guidance, unrecognized perhaps, but operating none the less surely,—by all these agencies God restrains the free activity of man within the narrowest limits and allows this activity to expand into ever-widening circles during this and succeeding stages of existence, in proportion as each soul proves itself capable of wielding this power for its own ultimate welfare.

But how does the Divine Spirit work within the soul for its restraint and guidance? To answer will require a simple psychological analysis. As is generally known, the faculties of the soul are divided into three great groups—intellect (reason), sensibility (the feelings), and will (the power of choice). Philosophers are apt to speak and treat of each of these, especially the

will, as though they were personalities or had separate existences. This is an error. There is no will apart from a conscious being choosing, and in fact the will never takes the initiative in any mental or physical action. The will is called into activity only after it has been influenced by the sensibility, either directly or indirectly through the intellect. The person who chooses in accordance with his feelings, without stopping to think, we call emotional, impulsive, or sanguine in temperament. The person who does not allow his feelings to influence him until after he has used his reason as to the probable outcome of the activity, and so has made deliberate choice among different possible lines of action; who has, in other words, sifted his sensibility through his intellect,—such a person we call of an intellectual, calculating temperament. So it is seen that there are two powers in the soul, one of which prompts the will to action, and either of which may determine its choice.

Now in the average individual there is a fairly equable balance between these three classes of faculties. Unhappy is he in whom the feelings have preponderant control, unless indeed by self-discipline or other means the grade of his sensibility has been elevated very much above that which belongs to the "natural man." With many persons the reason is at most times in the ascendancy, and guides the choices of the will. But the facts of our own experience show to us that, no matter how intellectual the temperament, if the motives in the sensibility (the feelings of the moment) are strong enough, the person will yield to them whether the reason approves or not. However, attention must be called to the fact that, strictly speaking, it is never the reason against the feelings, but the reason among the feelings—an examination and selection by the reason of the motives which ought to prevail on each particular occasion. These few statements will make clear to the reader some familiar workings of the mind. We are now prepared to understand without difficulty just how God can and does interfere in human activity, and how we can get help from Him. Suppose a man is ignorant, and unconscious of his ignorance—narrow-minded to the extent of bigotry. God may see fit to take the initiative and enlighten the intellect of that man as He did that of St. Paul on the journey to Damascus. Again, He gives to all of us little flashes of intellectual inspiration,—sometimes by night and sometimes by day,—new methods of conducting business, new light as to our duty as citizens or as to our political belief, new conceptions of truth in moral and religious realms; the distinguishing characteristic of all of which inspirations is that they come suddenly, and we cannot trace them back to any logical processes of our own minds. Or we may be conscious of ignorance in a given case and desire instruction from God. This is the prayer for intellectual enlightenment. It may never pass the lips in words, but it is a feeling in the heart. Such a prayer we may be sure God always grants, unless He sees that it is best for His child to work out the problem for himself.

Again, suppose a man is on the point of yielding to some strong motive, which yielding means disaster to his soul. The immanent God may take the initiative and subdue that motive, or arouse a higher motive into yet stronger activity, so that the will must perforce obey the stronger. Or, at some time when we are engaged in a struggle between the intellect and the

sensibility, we may be conscious that the feeling will prove too strong for us in the end, unless we can get aid in the combat. Then we lift our thoughts to God in prayer for help, and very often the tempting motive disappears, or more often there is aroused in the heart the love of God and of His righteousness, strong and deep, transcending for the time all other motives, blotting out all sinful desires and appetites as the noonday sun blots out the stars of heaven.

So we see that either of His own motion, or by our desire, God can and does act upon both the intellect and the sensibility, and in this manner the operations of the will may be surely determined and controlled by Him; for, let it be remembered, that the will never acts until after the sensibility has prompted it, and usually not until the intellect has also shown the alternatives of choice.

But now the shade of a theologian appears, and says: "If God can control human action so absolutely as you set forth, why does He permit men to go astray so sadly?" The old problem of evil. I have not space to discuss it. I will simply remark that God sees that it is for our ultimate good that we should "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling." Yet in some measure "it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of His good pleasure."

From our finite standpoint, it is true, the mistakes and sins of men often seem destructive; but from our limited experience with only a moment out of the eternity of a soul's life, we are not fitted to judge of how much or how severe discipline, or what kind of discipline the soul needs or is able to bear.

How, then, does man ascend in the scale of his development? Not by his own activity alone with his destiny entirely in his own hands, nor yet by a course predetermined in all its details by his Maker, without true activity on his own part. But man develops his personality as the child learns to walk—partly by his own efforts, but at the first guided and upheld in large measure by his father's sustaining hand. Afterwards, when he has gained sufficient strength and experience, he is allowed to walk freely.

Middleport, N. Y.

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THE MANY-SIDEDNESS OF THE WORK OF THE FEDERATION OF CHURCHES.

REV. WALTER LAIDLAW, Ph.D.

THERE are at least as many gateways into a treatment of the New York Federation as into the New Jerusalem—on the north three gates, on the south three, on the east and west the same number.

The subject might be approached, for instance, from the side of civic pride and possibility, which one might call the north side, because it fronts toward Albany, and is connected with such federation of the city's forces for good as will counteract any injurious State legislation.

There are three gates on this side of the subject: the gate of comparison with other American cities of New York's ratio of churches to population and communicants to population; the gate of comparison of New York's Christian co-operation with that of other cities

of Christendom; and the central gate of counteraction to Albany.

A federation of churches is necessary in the enlarged New York, in order to study, in its ecclesiastical *ensemble*, the second city of the world, and to see that it is not second to any city of America in the material machineries of Christianity's extension. America should not compare its proportion of churches to population with that of any European country; for homogeneity or heterogeneity of population, the presence or absence of connection between Church and State, and other considerations introduce into statistical comparisons of church machinery in America and elsewhere such variants as render a parallel between London and New York, for instance, as misleading as enlightening. But it is certainly not beyond the demands of a just civic pride to insist that enlarged New York require, throughout its entire area, as adequate a plant for the propagation of religious ideals as has Philadelphia, or Chicago, or Boston. In 1890, however, the combined church edifices of the boroughs of Brooklyn and Manhattan numbered only 917, or one for every 2,531 persons of their combined population; whereas Chicago had, in the same year, a church edifice for each 2,199 of population, and Philadelphia one for each 1,579. There are said to be three and a half millions of people in Greater New York. In the Charity Organization Society Directory of 1898, 1,270 church organizations are listed. Granted that each of these has its own edifice,—and we know that quantities of them have not,—New York is not as well churchied in proportion to population as it was in 1890; and must now be very far behind Chicago in its proportion of churches, and leagues behind Philadelphia. Many find, in the variety of our nationalities and the dearthness of real estate, an excuse for New York's inferior ratio of church edifices; but that is not the whole explanation, for we have not put the church edifices where real estate is lowest and where the people are thickest. The root of the trouble is in the entire absence of Christian agencies in large areas of our city; and not till these deserted areas are occupied can New York, as a whole, have such an ecclesiastical plant as to content a proper Christian civic pride.

That is one gateway into the subject, for it leads to a federation of churches as the solution of the problem of the unoccupied areas in New York. Denominational church extension has not filled these gaps. Denominational church extension, starting out from the Jerusalem of denominational purpose, has always been pressed with eagerness to reach the Jericho of material success, and has passed by the areas of need on the other side. These deserted regions of the city—such as, on the west side, north of Forty-second street, west of Tenth avenue, and on the east side, near One Hundredth street—are not placer-mining claims, and church-extension work on purely denominational lines has, perhaps, been justified in seeking for strikes. But, given a federation of churches in New York to study these deserted neighborhoods, inductively finding out the agencies best adapted to enter them, its inductions elevated to the rank of recommendations by a pan-denominational church-extension committee, and where is the denomination that would be disloyal enough to its own prestige and to civic *esprit* to decline its discovered missionary duties?

The second gateway to the subject—a comparison

of New York's Christian co-operation with that of other cities of Christendom—leads me to say that, for the present at least, no American city is superior to New York in this respect; though Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Chicago have all instituted federation movements of varying nature, and the instinct of federation is so strong in all large American cities that New York must not only preserve but develop her present interest in the subject to keep pace with other cities of the country. When one turns to England, it must be confessed that time has enabled the Council of the Evangelical Free Churches to work out to the full some details not yet in hand in America. It is also true, however, that co-operation in America is entirely without any *arrière pensée* of political purpose, as it has in Great Britain; and the fact that all Protestant bodies in New York are heartily entering into federation permits one to hope that the second city in the world in population will be made the first city in the world in the efficiency of Christian co-operation.

I have just said the federation has no *arrière pensée* of political purpose; and this is true. Nevertheless, the central gateway on the north side of the subject might show how a federation of churches in New York would minimize political dangers, within the city and without it. Granted such an organization of the agencies for good in this city as to reach every home in every area; granted that the city's sub-communities come to be aware of the permanent co-operative union of local agencies for good—would not the appeal of these agencies in such emergencies as the first election in New York be more willingly heard and more fully heeded? Is it not folly to expect the sides and the congested regions of the city to respond to eleventh-hour ethical appeals, delivered by the Christian people of the city, when in the intervals between elections the churches of the city have had no thought of saving it as a whole? It needs a federation of churches in the city to bring to the conscience of the churches the problem of saving the city as a whole; and if the federated churches seek to save the city in its entirety, it will be safe from Albany. Geese-gabbling outside the walls of an ancient city awakened the citizens—as I remember, to save it. If we can be saved from ourselves in this city, we shall be safe from all enemies outside it. Eternal vigilance was said by a pagan to be the price of liberty; but liberty is a precious property, which cannot be purchased so dirt-cheap. Eternal self-devotion is her greater price. If New York is to be saved, her whole territory must be covered with the schools of celestial citizenship, and Christian citizenship must be included in the curriculum of the church. Voters will not follow the voice of strangers that come among them to preach ethics on election eve. The Citizens' Union has been made permanent to draw together into one body citizens of high conviction; a Christian union, a Federation of Churches, is equally needed to generate citizens of high conviction, and to bring these citizens into the majority. A vote for the Master will always be a vote against a selfish machine. Better to assure the constant equitable distribution of ethical instruction throughout the body of voters than to depend upon the saving effect of October agitation. Ethical instruction must be given in the years intervening between elections, and not in the months of the campaign.

The southern side of the subject is the harbor side—

the side of the immigration problem in New York and in America; and here there are three gates: the gateway of Protestant importation, the gateway of Romanist importation, and the gateway of the new type.

America has imported all the types of Protestantism known in Europe. There these various denominations had a social, and probably a supernatural, sanction for their origin; here it is questionable whether many of them have supernatural or social warrant for their continuance as Protestant cleavages. However that may be, co-operation is the first step toward union; and in a city like New York, containing so many foreigners in their first generation, no one is warranted in saying that some of these denominations should not continue for a generation more. It is only the statistical study which federated churches can carry on which will reveal whether some of these denominations should at once die unto themselves to live unto a larger service of Christ.

Nearby this gateway is that of Romanist importation; and again the churches of the city need to be federated to discover whether the various nations which are coming to us are preserving Catholicism or degenerating into agnosticism. Already the Federation of Churches has statistical warrant for saying that the Latin peoples in New York are not retaining their Catholicism to the same extent as the Celts; and this should be a warrant and a message to the federated churches of the city to conserve, by some special Christian enterprises, the Christian faith which is evidently seeking a change of form.

The gateway of the new type calls to mind the oft-mooted question of the danger or advantage to America of its foreign population. It is frequently given forth that America's danger lies in her hospitality to strangers to her institutions; as if the heart of America welcoming foreigners may not be thereby showing its love to Christ, and her very safety of place at His right hand lie in the service she is rendering Him in them. If any demagogue, however, wishes to ingratiate himself with a blue-blood American audience, he has only to call up the image of Castle Garden, and endeavor, with rhetoric, to push its enterprising immigrants back whence they came. So far as the statistical study of the Federation of Churches has gone, it warrants at least a strong suspicion that the danger to our American institutions does not lie in the foreigners themselves, but in the new type which our criticism of foreigners is creating. The children of these immigrants have heard their parents epitheted as "foreigners and a dangerous class." Their parents have not been taken to the heart of America, and the consequence is that the children and grandchildren of immigrants are not found—American-born as they are—utilizing citizen-creating agencies, such as school and church, as they should. In other words, the danger to our American institutions is conceived by the writer to lie, not in the foreign element, but in the offspring of the foreign element in their early generations. It needs a federation of churches in New York to discover the *locale* of the foreign nationalities, and to institute hospitalities to them, so that the youth of these foreigners may be surrounded with all the kindness which surrounded the early days of the most favored among their parents.

The eastern and western sides of the problem of Church Federation are self-devotion and the Kingdom.

The self-devotion side is the side of origin; the Kingdom side is the side of outlook.

On the self-devotion side there is the gateway of the second commandment, which is beginning to be recognized as a commandment addressed to churches and denominations and nations, as well as to individuals. There is also the gateway of the Cross, which recalls that at least some church-extension committees are beginning to realize that the planting of a church in a neighborhood likely to save it financially may cause it to lose its entire spiritual purpose, and that, on the other hand, a church located with an equal money expenditure, to lose its outer prosperity in service, is very likely not to save its spiritual existence, but to secure its outer prosperity. Again, on the self-devotion side of the subject, there is the gate of Laodicea, which recalls the fact that, just as several pastors in this city are perplexed because they have not any men of means in their congregations, there are other pastors who are perplexed because they have too many of them. Some churches which have not riches and goods lack a great deal of material equipment; but the question which is confronting the angels of many a wealthy church on this island is, "How can a sense of poverty and neediness be created in my wealthy church, so that the material resources which are in the hands of my people can be devoted to moral purposes to a maximum extent?"

The Kingdom side of the subject—the western side, the side of the future, that from which there will be travel toward federation when northern and southern gates are closed—has three gates: the gate of sociology, the gate of the Prayer for Unity, and the gate of the Great Commission.

Sociology, as a science, has not yet reached its finalities of statement; but whether one holds to biologic or dynamic sociology, or whether he discovers the synthesizing social force in the consciousness of kind, he can gain confidence in the field for federated-church work from sociological study.

Sociological study, like Christianity itself, is not content without taking the race into its grasp. To it, as to Christianity, the golden age lies in the future. To produce that golden age,—according to its teaching,—the united efforts of all the allies of evolutionary progress are necessary; and society will stride toward its coronation when every agency of uplift recognizes the good and claims the cheer of every other. Sociology has done Christianity a good service in recalling to it that the whole world is to be the subject of redemption.

The prayer in the upper room at Jerusalem for the co-operant unity of His disciples is our Lord's Prayer. That which we call the Lord's Prayer is really the Disciples' Prayer, and is a prayer for spiritual brotherhood under a divine Fatherhood. The Prayer for Unity, of which the formation of denominations has seemed to be the denial rather than the fulfillment, can, if it is heeded by the denominations, not only now induce the world to believe that God hath sent Him who is the animating life of all denominations, but that in Him has been the genesis of the creation of all of these organizations for the evolutionary discovery of truth. "There are many roads to the top of a mountain, but at the top the same moon is seen," says a Japanese proverb; and denominations will be regarded, when from the mountain-top of vision the same Lord is seen, as but gradients Godward. Whether the existing de-

nominations in the world will ever again be amalgamated into one, is a question upon which Christian minds will differ. The writer does not expect to see—and he does not expect that the twentieth century will witness—the organic unity of Christendom; but he believes that it will witness the reduction, effected through co-operative process, of the number of denominations, and the cordial conviction, in the minds of all that remain, that all are yet necessary. There may be one working church in the world early in the twentieth century, but whether there will be but one worshipping church is an entirely different question.

With the Great Commission our Lord sent forth His disciples to travel wide and track deep the surface of the globe. They were to go to all nations, and every nation was to be taught to observe whatsoever He had commanded. The Parable of the Mustard-seed, with its extensive growth, was to be fulfilled no more than the Parable of the Leaven, with its permeative and elevating life; and to every creature, as well as to every nation, the Gospel was to be proclaimed.

A Federation of Churches in New York City is necessary, if the Gospel is to be preached to every creature in New York, and if the things which Jesus commanded are to be observed in New York's life. Denominationalism which is competitive can never carry the Christ to every home of the city; and denominationalism which is competitive will have in view, not the whole problem which Jesus commanded, but the denominational chart. If there are social elements in Christianity which have yet not been discovered or applied, the interest to discover them and the power to apply them will come only through such a federation of churches as will impel them to seek out social unities taught by Christ as, in hymnology, spiritual unities have already been collocated and expressed, and as, in foreign missionary enterprises, especially in the co-operative programme for the Philippines and Cuba, the generic, Christian whole, rather than the denominational segment of missionary obligation, is embodied. In home mission-fields, as well as in foreign mission-fields, federated church-work is necessary, not only to avoid overlapping when seeking the maximum mustard-seed growth, but to avoid the overlooking of things Jesus commanded for the leavening of national life, things which denominational enterprise has not had a call to consider, and would not have the power to inject into the nation's life-blood.

New York City.

* * *

SABBATH-DAY HOUSES.

NEW houses sometimes reveal old customs. In digging the cellar for a new house in one of the hill villages of New England, there were found, just beneath the surface, a few regularly placed stones, seeming to indicate that some kind of a structure had been given foundation there before. Curiosity led to a searching of the past and a recollection of old-time ways, of which the only signs now, like what is moral of those who used those ways, are beneath the ground. This house was only a few rods from a church which had stood, where it now stands, for well on to a couple of centuries. It is the religious patriarch of the region. People used to come to church to it in poke-bonnets and on pillions, just as they come to it now in French bonnets and on

dog-carts. Services were held in the morning at eleven; the people stayed around the church for dinner, and services were held again at two in the afternoon. This was all very comfortable in summer, when the grass made a delightful dinner-table, and the trees all the roof anybody needed; but in January it was a different matter. Then it required both faith and works to face two services in a never-heated church, with a wait of an hour or more between them, in the same cheerless atmosphere, or else on the wind-swept porch. There was no house nearer than a mile, and all that hot bricks and warming-stones could do, to hands or feet, was but a reminder of how cold the rest of the body was. The solution of this uncomfortable situation was what the diggers had come across in making the nineteenth-century habitation. The farmers had clubbed together, and each group of them would build, at some spot as near as possible to the church, a building of which the chief part was a large open fireplace, the secondary feature a small shed over its mouth. They called them "Sabbath-day houses." There, between services, the circle of friends would gather, the bricks for reheating would be brought, the lunch-baskets would be opened; in fact a warm and comfortable, instead of a chilly hour, would be spent. There would be, perhaps, a half a dozen of these sheds around a country church. We can't suppose that they added much to the beauty of the church environments; but they must have increased, decidedly, in comfort a winter Sunday of church-going.

* * *

THE NIGHT WATCHERS.

SAMUEL T. CARTER, JR.

Hail! gentle watchers of the night,
Whose touch is health, whose voice is song,
Whose tear-dimmed eyes lose not the sight,
Of throbbing brow, where pain is strong,
All hail, ye watchers of the night!

Rest to you, watchers of the night,
Braver than warriors dressed in steel,
Whose voices low, whose fingers light,
Are ministers to save and heal,—
God rest you, watchers of the night!

Peace to you, watchers of the night!
Bringers of peace to tired men,
Fighting their weary maddening fight
With lessening strength and growing pain,—
God give you peace, who watch at night!

Joy to you, watchers of the night!
Your weary watching soon shall cease;
Sickness and pain shall take their flight
As God's voice breathes the word of peace:
"Well done, brave watchers of the night!"

* * *

"The picture which Koppenfells draws of the female gorilla and her young ensconced in a nest upon the fork of a tree, while the father gorilla sat all night at the foot with his back against the trunk to protect them from the leopards, is a fair object-lesson in the protective stage of the evolution of the family."—Drummond.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, SOUTH.

WE commented last month on the very unfortunate transaction of the Methodist Book Concern, South. It is pleasing to know that the Bishops of the church have given a manly utterance in regard to the matter, which in its result should free the church from reproach. We give the declaration of the Bishops:

"We have had submitted to us the foregoing paper of the Book Committee, which we believe to be a correct and explicit statement of the facts involved, and as the Committee appears to have no legal authority to take the action proposed below, we, as Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, make the following statement: While reaffirming the justness of our claim, payment of which has been sought for twenty-five years, we insist that the church cannot afford to accept it as a gratuity or on conditions that reflect upon its honor. Inasmuch, therefore, as some Senators have affirmed on the floor of the Senate that they were induced to support the claim by misleading statements on the part of the representatives of the church—statements, however, which did not affect the merits of our claim—we hereby give this assurance: that if the Senate, by affirmative action, declares that the passage of the bill was due to such misleading statements, we will take the proper steps to have the entire amount returned to the Government."

* * *

THE CANTEEN.

THERE is a military order which allows the sale of intoxicating drink to the soldiers in the canteen of the regiment. It is reported that, on one day after payday, the sales of the Fourth Illinois canteen amounted to \$460, although it was closed half the day. As a consequence there was a big fight at Jacksonville, in which a policeman was badly beaten.

A petition is being circulated praying the President, who, it appears, has the power, to close the canteens. The value of such a petition is more in its character than its length, and this one has received excellent signatures. We append the petition. It will commend itself to our readers, and we trust that all will bear a part in giving it currency and success:

To His Excellency, William McKinley, President:

We, as citizens of the United States, sharing with you the pride we justly have in the glorious achievements of our army and navy, respectfully petition that, as our Commander-in-Chief, you immediately consider the grave danger which threatens our soldiers by reason of alcoholic beverages which are now being sold at the Post Exchange under General Orders No. 46, dated Headquarters of the Army, Washington, July 25, 1895. And, in order that all ground of temptation or danger to the brave sons of the nation may be removed, we also respectfully petition that you, as their Commander-in-Chief, revoke that part of General Order No. 46 above referred to, and command that hereafter no beverages containing alcohol, or other dangerous substance, shall be sold or dispensed to any soldier or sailor while he is in the service of the United States and on duty.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE historian makes this record of one of the most pathetic events of history: "Elizabeth had no mind to die. She had enjoyed life as the men of her day had enjoyed it, and now that they were gone she clung to it with a fierce tenacity. She hunted, she danced, she jested with her young favorites; she coquetted and scolded and frolicked at sixty-seven as she had done at thirty. 'The queen,' wrote a courtier a few months before her death, 'was never so gallant these many years, nor so set upon jollity.' She persisted, in spite of opposition, in her gorgeous progresses from country-house to country-house. She clung to business as of old, and rated in her usual fashion 'one who minded not to giving up some matter of account.' But death crept on. Her face became haggard, and her frame shrank almost to a skeleton. At last her taste for finery disappeared, and she refused to change her dresses for a week together. A strange melancholy settled down upon her. 'She held in her hand,' says one who saw her in her last days, 'a golden cup, which she often put to her lips.' She lost her memory; the violence of her temper became intolerable; her very courage seemed to forsake her. She called for a sword to lie constantly beside her, and thrust it from time to time through the arras, as if she heard murderers moving there. Food and rest became alike distasteful. She sat day and night propped up with pillows on a stool, her finger on her lip, her eyes fixed on the floor, without a word. If she once broke the silence it was with a flash of the old queenliness. When Robert Cecil declared that she 'must' go to bed, the word roused her like a trumpet. 'Must!' she exclaimed; 'is *must* a word to be addressed to princes? Little man, little man! Thy father, if he had been alive, durst not have used that word.' Then, as her anger spent itself, she sank into her old dejection. 'Thou art so presumptuous because thou knowest that I shall die.' She rallied when the ministers named Lord Beauchamp as a possible successor. 'I will have no rogue's son in my seat,' she cried hoarsely. But she gave no sign, save a motion of the head, at the mention of the King of Scots. Early the next morning the life of Elizabeth, a life so great, so strange and lonely in its greatness, ebbed quietly away."

* * *

A NAMELESS GRIEF.

ALONZO LEORA RICE.

How brief the stay, as beautiful as fleeting—

The time that baby came with us to dwell!

Just long enough to give a happy greeting,

Just long enough to bid us all farewell.

Death travels down the thickly-settled highway.

At shining marks they say he loves to aim;

How did he find, far down our lonely byway,

Our little girl who died without a name.

We do not know the language that was spoken

To which she listened when she fell asleep;

And so beside a column that was broken,

We laid her to her slumber, calm and deep.

We traced upon the stone, with loving fingers,

These simple words, affection's tears to claim:

"In dreams, beyond all earthly sorrow, lingers

Our little girl who died without a name."

Ray's Crossing, Indiana.

THE WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

IN "The Outlook" Mr. Kennan gives a most pitiful description of the sufferings of our wounded soldiers at Santiago. Much of this suffering might have been escaped if there had been proper preparation for the care of the wounded. The surgeons and nurses did all that they could do, and far more than they should have been compelled to do. But they were too few, and the supplies for this department were miserably insufficient. It is another teaching of the great lesson that an impressive obligation rests upon us all to do faithfully what is given to us to be done. The preparations of our navy appear to have been very complete, and the result was all that could be desired. One is moved to some indignation by the lack of system and supply that caused such terrible suffering among the bravest men in the world, in the army at Santiago. Mr. Kennan writes as follows:

"The scenes of Saturday were like those of the previous day, but with added details of misery and horror. Many of the wounded, brought in from the extreme right flank of the army at Caney, had had nothing to eat or drink in more than twenty-four hours, and were in a state of extreme exhaustion. Some, who had been shot through the mouth or neck, were unable to swallow, and we had to push a rubber tube down through the bloody froth that filled their throats and pour water into their stomachs through that; some lay on the ground with swollen bellies, suffering acutely from stricture of the urinary passage and distention of the bladder caused by a gunshot wound; some were paralyzed from the neck down or the waist down as a result of injury to the spine; some were delirious from thirst, fever and exposure to the sun; and some were in a state of unconsciousness, coma or collapse, and made no reply or sign of life when I offered them water or bread. They were all placed on the ground in a long, closely packed row as they came in; a few pieces of shelter tenting were stretched over them to protect them a little from the sun, and there they lay for two, three and sometimes four hours before the surgeons could even examine their injuries. A more splendid exhibition of patient, uncomplaining fortitude and heroic self-control than that presented by these wounded men the world has never seen. Many of them as appeared from their chalky faces, gasping breath and bloody vomiting, were in the last extremity of mortal agony; but I didn't hear a groan, a murmur, or a complaint once an hour. Occasionally a trooper under the knife of the surgeon would swear, or a beardless Cuban boy would shriek and cry, "O my mother, my mother!" as the surgeons reduced a compound fracture of the femur and put his leg in splints; but from the long row of wounded on the ground there came no sound or sign of weakness. They were suffering—some of them were dying—but they were strong. Many a man whose mouth was so dry and parched with thirst that he could hardly articulate would insist on my giving water first, not to him, when it was his turn, but to some comrade who was more badly hurt or had suffered longer. Intense pain and the fear of impending death are supposed to bring out the selfish, animal characteristics of man; but they don't do it in the higher type of man. Not a single American soldier, in all my experience in this hospital, has ever asked to be examined or treated out of his regular turn

on account of the severity, painful nature or critical state of his wound. On the contrary, they have repeatedly given way to one another, saying: "Take this one first—he's shot through the body. I've only got a smashed foot, and I can wait." Even the courtesies of life were not forgotten or neglected in this valley of the shadow of death. If a man could speak at all, he always said, "Thank you," or "I thank you very much," when I gave him hard bread or water. One beardless youth, who had been shot through the throat, and who told me in a husky whisper that he had had no water in thirty-six hours, tried to take a swallow when I lifted his head. He strangled, coughed up a little bloody froth, and then whispered, "It's no use; I can't. Never mind!" Our Dr. Egan afterward gave him water through a stomach-tube. If there has been any weakness or selfishness, or behavior not up to the highest level of heroic manhood among the wounded American soldiers in this hospital during these three terrible days, I have failed to see it. As one of the army surgeons said to me, with the tears very near his eyes: "When I look at those fellows and see what they stand, I am proud of being an American, and I glory in the stock. The world has nothing finer!"

* * *

HENRY GEORGE.

"We are only common people,
And he was a man like us.
But he loved his fellows before himself;
And he died for me and you,
To redeem the world anew
From cruelty and greed—
For love, the only creed,
For honor, the only law.

"There once was a man of the people,
A man like you and me,
Who worked for His daily bread,
And He loved His fellows before Himself.
But He died at the hands of the throng
To redeem the world from wrong,
And we call Him the Son of God,
Because of the love He had.

"And there was a man of the people,
Who sat in the people's chair,
And bade the slaves go free;
For he loved his fellows before himself.
They took his life; but his word
They could not take. It was heard
Over the beautiful earth,
A thunder and whisper of love.

"And there is no other way,
Since man of woman was born,
Than the way of the rebels and saints,
With loving and labor vast,
To redeem the world at last
From cruelty and greed;
For love is the only creed,
And honor the only law."

—From "By the Aurelian Wall," by Bliss Carman.

THE REACTION AGAINST CALVINISM.

SERMON BY REV. CHARLES GORE, D.D.,
CANON OF WESTMINSTER.

It is commonplace to say that we in our generation are living under a reaction from Calvinism, and from the mediæval and Calvinistic teaching about hell; and a reaction, however well justified, brings with it elements of danger. It is seldom moderate. I would, then, first of all, try to enumerate, with as much exactness as is possible for me, the legitimate elements in this reaction from Calvinism; and I venture to think that we shall find them to be five. First of all, it was an element in the common Calvinistic teaching that a great proportion of mankind had been by Almighty God created with the deliberate knowledge and intention that they would be eternally lost and disowned. It seems to us indeed strange—almost inexplicable—that even under the influence of a name as great as Augustine such a belief could have obtained through the middle ages, and have been reinforced by the master mind of John Calvin. We cannot find that anything, on whatsoever authority it comes, is a revelation from a moral God which tramples upon the elementary instincts of justice and mercy. The second element in this reaction against Calvinism is against the idea, for so many centuries current, that we have reason to believe that it was the great majority of mankind who were destined to be lost everlastingly, and only a minority who were to attain the blessedness. This again contradicts all that seems probable in regard to the divine love, under any circumstances; and once more it is, in the face of the Old and New Testaments, highly gratuitous. It is a monstrous perversion of the whole meaning of the doctrine of election. No doubt God's elect are always the few among the many. But what is election? It is that God endows certain persons with special gifts; men may be elect to wealth, elect to eloquence, elect to this or that gift; or they may be elect, like the Jewish and the Catholic churches, to the highest privilege of the knowledge of God and of the spiritual life.

The third element in our reaction from Calvinism: We have repudiated all that seemed to ascribe to God an absence of what we might call equitable consideration. The reaction is legitimate from everything that ascribes to God such utter deficiency in all the qualities that make up fatherliness. All men, we are answered, are in God's sight equal. He cares for one as for another. This is an unmistakable element of the disclosure of God in Jesus Christ. Brethren, true it is that vast multitudes of mankind are not in this world among the elect; but God has an infinite realm of opportunity beyond the limits of this world. What do we know of the opportunities which lie in the instant of death? I put among the legitimate elements of reaction from mediævalism and Calvinism what, as I may say, we call its omniscience. They knew too much about secret matters where very little had been told. They holdly filled up the outline of knowledge in all its details, so that they laid themselves open to the question whether they had been there and seen it all. We have come to realize how little we know—that we see through a glass darkly; we know in part. Amid these elements of reaction against mediæval doctrines and against Calvinism, I put this point: that there was one element which they ignored and left out of sight, and

that is the idea which appears in the New Testament, and, in a measure, in the Old Testament—but more markedly the New Testament and the teachings of St. Paul—the idea that somehow, at the end of all things, this heart and intelligence of ours is to receive the satisfaction which does indeed seem to belong to its essential nature; the satisfaction of finding that all things have tended to a great unity, in which the mind of man can repose in perfection of ecstasy, and in which God Himself can find a full and plenteous satisfaction.

These are, I venture to think, analyzed with as great exactness as lies within my power, the five legitimate elements of reaction from the mediæval and Calvinistic doctrines about hell and judgment. But are we justified in going on to that somewhat easy-going universalism which certainly prevails through a great area of modern religious thought; that somewhat easy-going universalism which takes upon it to assure all human beings that it must come right with them at the last, somehow? I venture to think that we are very far indeed from having anything like that warranty. Brethren, the Bible—the New Testament—is a very stern book. The teaching of our Lord, which is the discloser to us of the divine compassion, is a very stern teaching; but on no point does it lay a stress more tremendous than on this ultimate reality of human responsibility—this dependence of a man's eternal welfare upon his present uses of opportunities.

My song shall be, then, of mercy and judgment. In an age when science is continually assuring us of the reality of law, it is indeed gratuitous for Christians, in view of the facts of their moral nature, to venture to play fast and loose with the very idea of the law. It is not an orthodox Christian theologian, but it is that great moral teacher among the Unitarians, Dr. Martineau, who has said in regard to this doctrine of heaven and hell, that it is by superficial men and in shallow ages cast aside and disregarded, while it is looked at full face by the deep men—by the Platos, by the Dantes, by the Miltons: aye, proclaimed by the Son of Man, Jesus Christ our Lord. Look superficially at human nature, and you seem to see infinite variation between man and man; evil in the best and good in the worst. It is easy, looking at the surface, to suppose all men are morally good and evil, and are all coming to one place and to one end. But every deep moralist knows that this is false. Every deep moralist knows what our Lord tells us, that we are better or worse than we seem—that that profound distinction between good and evil is a reality.—*Public Opinion.*

* * *

BEAST, BIRD, AND FISH.

ONE of the most wonderful things is the marvels that we are used to; quite as wonderful as the unaccustomed miracles. Take as an instance the lower orders of creation. What more familiar than they, but what more marvelous? We have lighted upon words of that strong yet strangely weak mind, Cardinal Newman, which tell the story in the best way:

"Can anything be more marvelous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of beings about us whom we do see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and

moon? It is, indeed, a very overpowering thought when we get to fix our minds on it, that we periodically use—I may say hold intercourse with—creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. We have more real knowledge about the angels than about the brutes; they have, apparently, passions, habits, and a certain accountableness; but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life; we inflict very great sufferings on a portion of them, and they, in turn, every now and then, retaliate upon us, as if by a wonderful law. . . . Cast your thoughts abroad on the whole number of them, large and small, in vast forests, or in the water, or in the air, and then say whether the presence of such countless multitudes, so various in their natures, so strange and wild in their shapes, living on the earth without ascertainable object, is not as mysterious as anything Scripture says about the angels."

* * *

JOHN COLET.

SOME of the world's greatest benefactors are very little known to us, who have been so largely indebted to them. One of these is John Colet, the Greek scholar of Oxford, four hundred years ago. He flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the new learning was doing its great work in England. One cannot but wonder how noble a power such a man would wield to-day in the discussions of the time. He would be an invaluable assistant in the work of driving out ignorance and arrogant scholasticism.

The historian says of him: "The knowledge of Greek seems to have had almost exclusively one end for him, and this was a religious end. Greek was the key by which he could unlock the Gospels and the New Testament, and in these he thought that he could find a new religious standing-ground. It was this resolve of Colet to throw aside the traditional dogmas of the day, and to discover a rational and practical religion in the Gospels themselves, which gave its peculiar stamp to the theology of the Renaissance. His faith stood simply on a vivid realization of the person of Christ. In the prominence which such a view gave to the moral life, in his free criticism of the early Scriptures, in his tendency to simple forms of doctrine and confessions of faith, Colet struck the keynote of a mode of religious thought as strongly in contrast with that of the later Reformation as with that of Catholicism itself. The allegorical and mystical theology, on which the middle ages had spent their intellectual vigor to such little purpose, fell before his rejection of all but the historical and grammatical sense of the Biblical text. In his lectures on the Romans, we find hardly a single quotation from the Fathers or the scholastic teachers. The great fabric of belief built up by the mediæval doctors seemed to him simply 'the corruptions of the schoolmen.' In the life and sayings of its Founder, he saw a simple and rational Christianity, whose fittest expression was the Apostles' Creed. About the rest he said, with characteristic impatience: 'Let divines dispute as they will.' Of his attitude toward the coarser aspects of the cur-

rent religion, his behavior at a later time before the famous shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury gives us a rough indication. As the blaze of its jewels, its costly sculptures, its elaborate metal-work, burst on Colet's view, he suggested with bitter irony that a saint so lavish to the poor in his lifetime would certainly prefer that they should possess the wealth heaped around him since his death. With petulant disgust he rejected the rags of the martyr which were offered for his adoration, and the shoe which was offered for his kiss. The earnestness, the religious zeal, and the very impatience and want of sympathy of the man, burst out in the lectures on St. Paul's Epistles which he delivered at Oxford in 1496. Even to the most critical of his hearers he seemed like one inspired, raised in voice, his whole countenance and mien, out of himself."

* * *

BETTER THAN ALLIANCE.

THE New York "Tribune" has an editorial on this theme so good that we insert it for the benefit of our readers:

"Kinship has its value. The boy set upon by a gang of street loafers knows where he stands a little better if his stout brother is on the sidewalk. Gladstone made a great deal of history, and he made some when he deliberately chose 'kin beyond sea' as a title. Mr. Chamberlain has caught a glimpse of the future more than once, and other men in Great Britain are not now hesitating to put his thought into their words. The latest talk is of 'a strong alliance,' and the bright newspaper criticism of it suggests that an alliance would be weaker than some definite unity of purpose.

"Both are good, but both are short of the mark. Great Britain and the United States are one—not will be, for there is no contingency about it—one in character and in general purpose regarding the world's business, not because of any alliance, past, present or to come, but because two men of the same heritage are apt to look at the world's problems in the same way. It was eighteenth century to say 'blood is thicker than water.' The twentieth century says, 'one in purpose and character are allies.' Nobody cares for papers filed in the State departments. Neither does anybody care for the casual vagaries of those Americans who hate England or the Englishmen who contemptuously regard America. These two nations cannot separate, if they would, and they are sure not to try.

"Alliance is a fetter. Many things in British foreign politics this country has not admired. As many in American politics, no doubt, have met British disapproval. But it is a great help to each nation that the moral approval of the other is desired. Something indefinitely stronger than alliance comes when two great nations think the same thing right and worth fighting for. When Great Britain was hampered by the so-called Powers in Græco-Turkish affairs, one strong word would have shown a purpose which America shared. When Great Britain has seemed entangled in Asiatic trickery, a straight and manly resistance to all restrictions of civilization and commerce would have been felt by millions in this country. When the United States strikes against Spanish tyranny in Cuba, the British heart answers. The two nations, for some

things, are not two. It is altogether better that they seem to be one only where they are one.

"That is not an alliance, a pitiful thing of shreds and patches, worthy of the nations which have no honorable object to fight for. If ever America and Britain stand against the world, it will be for a cause which the English-speaking conscience on both sides of the water holds good. That cause may arise to-morrow, or after thirty years; but the two nations, with all their power and all their wealth, will be found behind it instantly, without a word said. Britain knows and America knows that all the nations together never can disturb an alliance which is a natural unity of conviction and of character. Also, all the world knows that a thing held unjust by British and American opinion will not easily prevail. The two nations are both ready to have convictions and to act upon them in any case of need. Fifty thousand alliances and protocols would not mean as much for the future."

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THE FIRST SHOT EVER FIRED BY THE LIFE-SAVING CORPS.

A twenty-four-pound round shot, with a short chain attached, now lying on the table of General Superintendent Kimball of the Life-saving Service, calls up a noted occurrence long since forgotten, except by a few old people, which was in its time a celebrated case. The ball is no less than the first shot ever fired in the United States for the purpose of saving life, and after performing its most noble service it lay for over twenty years in the bottom of the sea. On December 26, 1849, the British ship "Ayrshire" sailed from Newry, Ireland, bound for New York, with 202 persons on board, mostly immigrants seeking homes and fortunes in the States. In those days transatlantic steamers were not numerous, the first regular line, the Cunard, having been established only nine years before, and thousands of immigrants were transported in the famous sailing-packets of the time. Six weeks later the "Ayrshire" was off the port of destination in the midst of a north-east tempest, which rolled and pitched her about with great fury.

About midnight of January 12, 1850, she struck bottom with terrific force, heeled over toward the beach and the sea began to sweep over her sides in great volumes that drenched and terrified all on board. Many of the passengers were women and children, who were either crowded into one of the small deckhouses or lashed to the bulwarks and rigging to prevent their being swept overboard. The night was dark and bitter cold, and for two hours despair reigned on board, for there was little hope that the ship would hold together until morning and no hope of escape should she go to pieces before that time.

However, about two hours after she struck the half-frantic company beheld a flash of light in-shore; then detected a sound as of a muffled cannon, and a minute later heard a heavy iron ball crash on board. That was the ball referred to. Attached to it was a life-line, that was to be the means of rescuing all save one of the entire number on the "Ayrshire." A larger line was soon drawn to the ship by the sailors, and then came the life-car, then a new and untried device. It was a small

iron boat covered over so that it was nearly alike on both sides, and having in the top an opening through which persons to the number of six or seven could crawl and then shut themselves up, when they would be hauled to shore. To some of the more timid the remedy seemed almost as bad as the disease; but all finally concluded that in the little ark was to be found their only safety, and eventually all but one were taken to land without the smallest mishap. The person lost was a Mr. Bell, of New York, whose sister and her three daughters had been placed in the car and were about to be sent ashore when he insisted upon accompanying them. As there was no room for him inside the car, he foolishly undertook to cling to the outside of it, and, as a matter of course, was washed off and drowned.

Soon after the storm was over the hulk of the wreck began to settle down in the sand, and was finally wholly covered up. There it lay for twenty-three years, when a heavy gale set up a strong current along shore that dug away the sand, and once more exposed the skeleton of the old wreck to view. A party of wreckers was soon on board, and in searching the cabin came across the old mortar ball.

There was no doubt of its identity, and it was returned to the companionship of the little mortar which sent it whizzing seaward on its errand of humanity more than twenty years before. Since the recovery of the ball, it and the mortar have been on exhibition at all the great interstate and international expositions. At present they are awaiting transportation to the exposition at Omaha.

When the "Ayrshire" was wrecked the Life-saving Service of the United States, now so important, was little more than a name, and many a ship's company was thereafter lost on the black and ugly coasts of Long Island and New Jersey.

It is known that during the twenty years from 1850 to 1870 as many lives were lost by shipwreck on the two coasts named as were lost under the present life-saving system in the next twenty years on all the ocean and lake coasts of the entire country.

The old life-car has been superseded by a lighter though larger one, and for ordinary rescues a device known as the breeches-buoy was adopted. By this agency two persons may be taken ashore at the same time, and when the number on board is small, as is usually the case, it is the much handier and preferable appliance.

A modern line-firing gun, too, has taken the place of the old mortar. This gun is the invention of Captain B. A. Lyle, of the United States Army, a zealous member of the Life-saving Board on devices for rescuing the shipwrecked. To its design and perfection he devoted himself as to a labor of love, with the result that to-day the Life-saving Service of the United States has the most far-reaching gun and the best equipments pertinent to it of any other similar establishment in the world—the gun, the powder, shot and line being manufactured expressly for it.

The old round shot and mortar had their day, and are entitled to the respectful attention and gratitude of many a rescued castaway; but the Lyle gun, with its extended range and unfailing reliability, is as much ahead of the old-time appliance as the modern cannon is in advance of the ancient carronade.—*Washington Star*.

LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOR.

MARY E. CARDWILL.

PROGRESS in ethical and spiritual lines, as in those purely physical or material, is a development. This seems to be God's invariable rule, or law of growth. Moreover, in such development, where the processes are manifest to the thoughtful and observant mind, lies the beauty of the theory of evolution.

In crude beginnings, in the flourishing immaturity of the, often flaunting, transition period, we usually fail to see the harmony of the growing stages, and we mourn because the ripeness of the perfect fruitage has not appeared. We forget that there must be first the blade, then the ear, and then only the full corn in the ear.

Christianity, whether represented in the individual or in the Christian religion itself, has thus advanced, step by step, from the beginning of its existence onward.

Christ's disciples made more rapid strides, apparently, after they had been deprived of the presence and direct guidance of their Master. This was partly, perhaps, because they felt a stronger obligation than resting upon them to carry forward the Master's work. While He lived they naturally let Him think for them; it was enough for them to do His expressed will and pleasure. Their relation to Him could scarcely have been other than that of children dependent upon a loving parent, in whom they have implicit trust, yet who leads them unconsciously along the paths of self-unfolding. The disciples were new-born into the new Kingdom of Christ. He fed them upon milk, the nourishment of babes, until they were ready for the stronger meat, demanded by personal responsibility in their acts, when they were separated from Him and compelled, in a measure, to stand alone.

There is something peculiarly beautiful in this personal relationship between Christ and His disciples—a relationship symbolical of all Christian life. Christ was the ideal Christian, and should be the Christian's ideal.

Our ideals are those things we most desire, and for which we most earnestly strive. We may not hope for their attainment, but none the less we eagerly press towards the mark; and while life lasts we continue the struggle, unless we are overtaken by discouragement or overcome by faint-heartedness.

It is not uncommon for Christian people to deny, either by word or deed, that Christ stands for their ideal, their great example. Probably they are usually unconscious of this denial, and would resent the accusation. But what can it be called except denial when one says, in word or in effect, "Christ never expected such a thing of us (something He did Himself), for He knew it would be impossible to our human imperfection."

Of a truth, we cannot do certain things while we are babes; it is when we become strong men, self-reliant Christians cheerfully accepting the responsibility of the Christian's life, that we deliberately start on the road towards Christian perfection.

In the later, troubled days of Christ's life, when He most needed friends, Peter denied Him, and it was not until after his Lord's death that he became a bold and true follower, ready to endure all things for Jesus's sake. It seems doubtful whether any of the disciples would have been equal to martyrdom, either in their

lives or their deaths, had Christ continued in the body.

However that may be, He knew what they needed for their own best development. And we may feel that it was the Christian child-training, the influence of His teachings, and the life, of which they were actual participants and eye-witnesses, that laid the foundation of their Christian character, and made possible the great work in them which followed.

I dwell upon this relationship of Christ to His disciples while He remained with them in person, because the lesson to be learned from it does not seem to be generally grasped. Moreover, much of His teaching at that time is not yet universally and fully comprehended.

Advanced Christians to-day study the Gospel for the sake of Christ's deeds and consequent example, as a necessary complement to His wonderful words; and they not infrequently interpret the latter by the light of the Epistles, the stronger meat prepared for us through the intervention of Christ's disciples, immediate followers and mouthpieces.

That Christianity has not yet, in any general sense, reached the fruiting-time, is proved by the slowness with which the church, meaning God's people, has accepted and obeyed the supreme command, "Follow Me." It comprehends the complete law of Christian conduct. For, not even the sayings of Jesus in regard to daily life and action are as forcible as His example; nor are they more absolutely to be obeyed. A perceptible appreciation of this fact, practically demonstrated, may perhaps be regarded as the surest sign of a speedily approaching millennium.

Christ, it may be repeated, fed His disciples upon the milk of the Word, expecting of them, as He expects of Christians to-day, that they would learn later the higher things of Christianity. Nothing He then taught has led to more serious and widespread controversy than His words in respect to love, especially love to one's neighbor. At one time when the Pharisees were gathered together, where He was,—“One of them, which was a lawyer, asked him a question, tempting him, and saying:

‘Master, which is the greatest commandment in the law?’

“Jesus said unto him, ‘Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.

‘This is the first and great commandment.

‘And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

‘On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.’”

How better could He have silenced these questioning, critical non-believers in the new Dispensation, wedded as they thought themselves to law?

The old Jewish law demanded of the Jews the utmost reverence, unqualified reverence, for Jehovah. It demanded of them also, for it was God's perfect law, the utmost justice towards their fellow-men, especially those whom they called their brethren—their fellow-Jews. Loving one's neighbor as one's self meant simple justice, nothing more—a recognition of the equal right of one man with another in all the good pertaining to their mutual relationship and interdependence.

Upon this justice, the religion of the one God and Lord, the God of Israel, was founded. It is the relig-

ion of perfect morality, and embodies the moral law which distinguishes the worship of the true God, and, wherever practiced or believed in, it is to that extent, whether so interpreted or not, obedience to the Creator through obedience to the dictates of man's inward guide, the conscience.

Appreciation of the meaning of justice represents a quality fundamental in the Christian; it is impossible to go beyond it until it is reached. This the divine Master knew, and throughout His life He may be said to have impressed the importance of it upon His companions. But while His teachings went farther, His disciples did not follow them continually and purposefully while He was with them.

In one passage of Scripture, they are represented as striving for ascendancy:

"They disputed among themselves which should be greatest," and the Master declared to their wondering ears that the least should be greatest.

It was not only the law which He fulfilled, but in every act He went still farther, demonstrating the higher law that says, "Love thy neighbor better than thyself." "In honor preferring one another," in all things willing to make one's self a sacrifice, if thereby the good of another may be secured.

Loving one's neighbor as one's self, as a law of justice, makes an almost universal appeal; that is, every one who walks uprightly according to the light which is in him feels the force of yielding to others that which he demands for himself. This may seem a somewhat sweeping assertion in the face of the widely held belief in, and support of, the divine right of kings—the right of the superior classes to rule, the right to hold slaves, and, in Pagan nations, the right of might. To-day, even in Christian lands, strife for material possessions and ascendancy, has become so strong that men seem honestly to hold the belief that they have a right to all they can get. To all appearances selfishness sits on the throne of the world to-day. This may not be a novel situation; but it is deplorable, because the number of professing Christians is greater than ever before. However, the fact will appear less discouraging when it is understood that evil must become most plainly apparent before we can hope for a change. Selfishness has always ruled the world, but until modern times the ruler invariably wore a mask of righteousness. In the glorious enlightenment of to-day, men cannot blind themselves to what is plainly the controlling motive of a worldly spirit by which evil has become prevalent, even where righteousness should be expected.

The fact that selfishness rules the world, not excepting the Christian world as generally denominated, accounts for the unwillingness of Christians in general to recognize any higher ideal than that referred to by Christ, the ideal of the Pharisee, the law of justice.

If we could reach that ideal, say many good people, we should do well. Christ never asked impossibilities of us, and it is not possible to love one's neighbor better than one's self.

Yet, in spite of this assertion, many of these people show daily, usually by unheralded deeds, that they do love their neighbors better than themselves. Every sacrifice for another is a proof of this greater love, though that love may be more or less spasmodic, and due to the pressure of circumstances rather than a constant emotion springing from principle.

The growth of Christianity has been somewhat

peculiar. Christ influenced a little band of disciples who did not fairly grasp His lessons, nor the influence of His life, until He was taken from them. His death opened their eyes to higher truths and to higher ideals. Then, for the first time, they understood in all of its high and broad meaning His command, "Follow Me." Then, for the first time, they strove consciously to follow in His footsteps, though they knew they would be led in paths of contumely, suffering, self-sacrifice and martyrdom. They counted nothing too small or too great that took them over ground He had trodden; and in no direction was this feeling more manifest than in the love for mankind which alone made possible what they thenceforth willingly, eagerly and patiently endured for others. They then began to be instruments for the salvation of the world, to be compassed only by this greater love—the love that not only in one instance, but in all, must be ready to lay down life, if need be, for man as an individual or for mankind as a whole.

The lives of those early disciples shed the pure light of heavenly love upon all who, through their influence, took up the Cross. History confirms our long-cherished belief that these latter patterned their lives by the example as well as the words of the Master, and that their walk was worthy of their calling. It is difficult not to believe that there were saints—perfect people—in those days. At any rate, acts of selfishness are not recorded against these followers of Jesus in the beginning of the Christian era. No doubt many fell short of their ideal in their daily lives, yet the ideal remained steadfast before their eyes, as is evidenced by the general desire and endeavor for its attainment.

When through growth in numbers, and the consequent strength of the Christians as a class, the Christian religion became a national religion, the leaven of righteousness was introduced into the great world; yet many for policy's sake accepted doctrines which did not touch their hearts. Then selfishness began to mar the ideal, and love no longer ruled the nominal church, not even the lesser love involved in the law of justice. Christian doctrine, as blindly expounded, grew to be of more importance than Christian living. Those who had named the name of Christ forgot their great example in their zeal for the power and outward prosperity of the church. Moral corruption and degeneracy were inevitable. To bring about a better condition of things churchmen said, "Let us reform our theology, for as a man thinketh so is he," and with good intent and some good result Christian workers turned their attention largely to matters of creed and doctrine, and again, inevitably, sectaries arose. Too much tithing of the mint, anise and cummin seems from that time onward to have been men's strange way of attempting reform in the Christian religion.

All this strife for belief, the intellectual part of Christianity, has naturally and unconsciously, by the emphasis given it, led away from the one cardinal point, "Follow Me."

In thus clinging to the letter of dogma as the vital element of Christianity, churches and individuals have made church union difficult of attainment. And through lack of Christian unity, true ideas of Christian living have grown confused and, even to the sincere seeker after righteousness, difficult clearly to perceive.

What other solution of the more or less disorganized state of Christianity can be offered?

Let us simply follow Christ; in that we cannot go

wrong. For what does that mean except a constant effort for the good of others—a going about doing good at any personal sacrifice?

"Love seeketh not its own." To love one's neighbor as one's self implies a remembrance of one's own and a measuring of service by what one has a right to look for in return.

"In honor preferring one another," is yielding to another what might perhaps, in simple justice, be claimed for one's self. If such love seems a grievous burden, the old Adam is at work, pressing upon the Christian an unwillingness to bear the yoke of Christ—to suffer and endure all things, if necessary, for love's sake.

The day of physical martyrdom for religion, so repugnant to the refinement of modern times, no longer exists among nations in any degree Christianized. To-day men suffer for righteousness' sake through the disapprobation of those whose good opinion they value and esteem, because they differ from them in the interpretation of God's commands in regard to daily life and conduct. Perhaps rather, because they subordinate belief to effort for Christian living.

The reward of happiness, however, the deep inward content that armed the early Christians to meet with patience the cruelties of their enemies and to give up their lives with joy, stands waiting the modern Christian who models his life in the same lines, after the same divine pattern; who strives, as they did, to obey the Master's last and greatest command, "Follow Me."

Moreover, the one staff required in this following is provided in the little word "love"—a word most enticing, for which we have the clearest interpretation:

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

"My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth" (1 John iii. 16-18).

"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

"Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another" (1 John iv. 10, 11).

The love of God for man reached its climax in Christ's death.

"Greater love hath no man than this, than that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Christ counted all men His friends. His possible friends; friends if they so chose. His death was a human act for humanity. It was made divine only through His divinity.

As a spiritual influence from a human standpoint, the Crucifixion became a part of Christ's example to mankind. And a willingness to show that love for others which will make it possible to die for their sakes, if need be, is incumbent on a perfect Christian character or life, an essential element of the Christian ideal. How much more incumbent is the apparently easier part comprised in the daily living for others' happiness, for others' welfare!

New Albany, Ind.

* * *

George Eliot quotes from an Oriental poet the saying that the twilight is God's call to all the little stars, who answer: "Here am I."

JOHN COLBY; or, DANIEL WEBSTER'S UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

ONE pleasant morning in the fall of 1851, Daniel Webster said to a friend: "I am going to visit John Colby, and I want you to go with me."

He wished to see Mr. Colby because, many years before, when a boy he had known him as one of the wickedest and most worldly of men. Not vicious, as the world judges, but profane, reckless, shrewd and grasping.

"I have been told," continued Mr. Webster, "that recently he has been converted,—has met with that mysterious change of heart,—or, in other words, has become a consistent, prayerful Christian.

"This has given me a very strong desire to have a personal interview with him, and to hear with my own ears his account of this change. For, humanly speaking, I should have said that his was about as hopeless a case for conversion as I could well conceive. He won't know me, and I shall know him; and I don't intend to make myself known at first."

Mr. Webster had not seen him for forty-five years, and had to inquire the way to his house as he neared the place. The door stood open, as they approached, so that the inmates could be seen.

An old man, with white hair, was sitting by a little table, whereon lay a large Bible, in which he had been reading.

He took off his spectacles and laid them upon the page of the book, and looked up at us as we approached, Mr. Webster in front. He was a man over six feet in height, and he retained in a wonderful degree his erect and manly form, although he was eighty-five. His frame was that of a once powerful man. As I looked in at the door, I thought I never saw a more striking figure. He straightened himself up, but said nothing until just as we appeared at the door, when he greeted us with—

"Walk in, gentlemen."

He then spoke to his grandchild to give us some chairs. The meeting was a little awkward, and he looked very sharply at us, as much as to say: "You are here, but for what I don't know; make known your business." Mr. Webster's first salutation was:

"This is Mr. Colby. Mr. John Colby, is it not?"

"That is my name, sir," was the reply.

"I suppose you don't know me," said Mr. Webster.

"No, sir, I don't know you; and I should like to know how you know me."

"I have seen you before, Mr. Colby."

"Seen me before!" said he; "pray, when and where?"

"Have you no recollection of me?" asked Mr. Webster.

"No, sir, not the slightest;" and he looked by Mr. Webster toward me, as if trying to remember if he had seen me. Mr. Webster remarked:

"I think you never saw this gentleman before, but you have seen me."

Colby put the question again—when and where?

"You married my eldest sister," replied Mr. Webster, calling her by name.

"I married your eldest sister!" exclaimed Colby. "Who are you?"

"I am 'little Dan,'" was the reply.

It certainly would be impossible to describe the ex-

pression of wonder, astonishment and half incredulity that came over Colby's face.

"You Daniel Webster!" said he; and he started to rise from his chair. As he did so, he stammered out some words of surprise. "Is it possible that this is the little black lad that used to ride the horse to water? Well, I cannot realize it!"

Mr. Webster approached him. They embraced each other, and both wept.

"Is it possible," said Mr. Colby, when the embarrassment of the first shock of recognition was past, "that you have come up here to see me? Is this Daniel? Why, why," he said, "I cannot believe my senses! Now, sit down; I am glad—oh, I am so glad to see you, Daniel! I never expected to see you again. I don't know what to say. I am so glad," he went on, "that my life has been spared that I might see you. Why, Daniel, I read about you and hear about you in all ways; sometimes some members of the family come and tell us about you; and the newspapers tell us a great deal about you, too. Your name seems to be constantly in the newspapers. They say that you are a great man, that you are a famous man; and you can't tell how delighted I am when I hear such things. But, Daniel, the time is short,—you won't stay here long,—I want to ask you one important question. You may be a great man; are you a *good* man? Are you a Christian man? Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ? That is the only question that is worth asking or answering. Are you a Christian? You know, Daniel, what I have been; I have been one of the wickedest of men. Your poor sister, who is now in heaven, knows that. But the Spirit of Christ and the Almighty God has come down, and I am here now, a monument to His grace. O Daniel! I would not give what is contained within the covers of this book for all the honors that have been conferred upon men from the creation of the world until now. But what good would it do? It is all nothing, and less than nothing, if you are not a Christian—if you are not repentant. If you do not love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, all your worldly honors will sink to utter nothingness. Are you a Christian? Do you love Christ? You have not answered me."

All this was said in the most earnest and even vehement manner.

"John Colby," replied Mr. Webster, "you have asked me a very important question, and one which should not be answered lightly. I intend to give you an answer, and one that is truthful, or I won't give any. I hope that I am a Christian. I profess to be a Christian. But, while I say that, I wish to add—I say it with shame and confusion of face—that I am not such a Christian as I wish I were. I have lived in the world, surrounded by its honor and its temptations; and I am afraid, John Colby, that I am not so good a Christian as I ought to be. I am afraid I have not your faith and your hopes; but still, I hope and trust that I am a Christian, and that the same grace which has converted you and made you an heir of salvation will do the same for me. I trust it; and I also trust, John Colby—and it won't be long before our summons will come,—that we shall meet in a better world, and meet those who have gone before us, whom we knew, and who trusted in that same divine, free grace. It won't be long. You cannot tell, John Colby, how much delight it gave me to hear of your conversion.

The hearing of that is what led me here to-day. I came here to see with my own eyes and hear with my own ears the story from a man that I know and remember well.

"O Daniel!" exclaimed John Colby, "you don't remember how wicked I was; how ungrateful I was; I never thought of God; I never cared for God; I was worse than the heathen. Living in a Christian land, with the light shining all around me, and blessings of Sabbath teachings every where about me, I was worse than a heathen until I was arrested by the grace of Christ and made to see my sinfulness, and to hear the voice of my Saviour. Now I am only waiting to go home to Him, and to meet your sainted sister, my poor wife. And I wish, Daniel, that you might be a prayerful Christian, and I trust you are. Daniel," he added, with deep earnestness of voice, "will you pray with me?"

He knelt down, and Mr. Webster offered a most touching and eloquent prayer. As soon as he had pronounced the "Amen," Mr. Colby followed in a most pathetic, stirring appeal to God. He prayed for the family, for me, and for everybody. Then we rose; and he seemed to feel a serene happiness in having thus joined his spirit with that of Mr. Webster in prayer.

"Now," said he, "what can we give you? I don't think we have anything that we can give you."

"Yes, you have," replied Mr. Webster; "you have something that is just what we want to eat."

"What is that?" asked Colby.

"It is some bread and milk," said Mr. Webster. "I want a bowl of bread and milk for myself and friend."

Very soon the table was set, and a white cloth spread over it, some nice bread was set upon it, and some milk brought, and we sat down to the table and ate. Mr. Webster exclaimed afterward:

"Didn't it taste good! Didn't it taste like old times!"

The brothers-in-law took an affectionate leave of each other, and we left.

"I should like," said Mr. Webster when we got into the wagon, "to know what the enemies of religion would say to John Colby's conversion. There was a man, as unlikely, humanly speaking, to become a Christian as any man I ever saw. He was reckless, heedless, impious; never attended church, never experienced the good influence of associating with religious people. And here he has been living on in that reckless way, until he has got to be an old man—until a period of life when you naturally would not expect his habits to change; and yet he has been brought into a condition in which we have seen him to-day—a penitent, trusting, humble believer. Whatever people may say, nothing can convince me that anything short of the grace of Almighty God could make such a change as I have witnessed in John Colby."—*Sailors' Magazine*.

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ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

THE sentiment of loyalty to a leader is one of the finest of our qualities. To this sentiment it is delightful to find something really to be admired in our leaders. It is thrown back upon itself when it finds its confidence abused. There are few stories of history as pathetic as the devotion of the poor Highlanders to

Prince Charlie. It is pitiful to think how unworthy of such devotion were the Stuart race.

When the loyalty of the army and the country to Washington meets the magnificent character of Washington, it is simply delightful, and one of the great glories of history.

These thoughts have been suggested to us by our seeing the old sentiment of enthusiasm awaking again, as ever, for the heroes of the present war. It is with great pleasure, therefore that we have lighted upon this record of our Admiral Sampson, who has been placed in such high positions both in the "Maine" commission and at Santiago. An old officer, who has been a shipmate of the Admiral, tells this story of him:

"I have never doubted Sampson's courage since the first cruise I made with him. We were wardroom officers together. The first night aboard ship, when the hour arrived for 'piping down' and turning in, there were several officers sitting around the wardroom table, indulging in some innocent merriment. I was taught to say my prayers before going to bed at night, but I confess I lacked the courage to kneel down in the presence of my shipmates and pray. It was warm weather, and our stateroom doors opened into the wardroom. Then it was that Sampson displayed the moral courage that forever afterward impressed me. He is a God-fearing man, and he always says his prayers before turning in. When he was ready to turn in he knelt down by his berth and prayed. A stillness came over the wardroom immediately, and I concluded that if Sampson had the courage to say his prayers in the presence of his shipmates I could do likewise; so I have never hesitated since to pray before turning in. Only those who have sailed the sea in a warship can appreciate how much moral courage is required to kneel down in the presence of a lot of roistering shipmates and ask God's blessing. Sampson never makes his religious devotions offensive to his shipmates, but he reserves the right to be master of his own conscience, and he is master of the situation at Santiago to-day"—*Men*.

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THE CREED OF THE GOSSIPS.

WE do not find ourselves in agreement with the interpretation of the creeds of Christianity as given by the Boston "Investigator," but we really think that there is discerning wisdom manifested in its edition of "The Creed of the Gossips," as follows:

"We believe in learning everything bad about men and women that we can learn.

"We believe in repeating every story about men and women that we hear, without caring whether it be true or false.

"We believe in adding to what is told to us, to make the story more entertaining.

"We believe in denying that we ever said a word about a person's character when we are charged with so doing.

"We believe in making up stories about people when we cannot hear anything bad about them.

"We believe in slandering everybody we do not like.

"We believe in gossiping, in talking about our neighbors, and in filling the world with misery and trouble."

THE WORLDLY SCHEME.

ITS characteristic distinction is its unvitality, and this distinction becomes more evident at every stage of its progress, in some new surrender of life and the greater predominance of system. Patriarchal simplicity is given up, and more complex civilization takes its place, in which, while men are brought nearer together, they are farther removed from nature. In the development of industry and commerce the city becomes dominant, draining into itself not only the products of the country, but its very life, modifying all industry to suit its artificial wants, substituting unnatural amusements for simple pleasures, developing an artificial system of life in art, education and society. . . .

We have glorified the understanding, placing it not only above the physical, but above the spiritual. With every new discovery of nature's laws, and every new practical application of them, we have surrendered something of life, in response to the demands of a relentless system. The new industrial era, with its extreme division of labor, has made the work of a man's hands, which was formerly in some sense vital, wholly mechanical. Corporate organization, while it has almost neutralized individual competition, has given a power to wealth which no government not absolutely despotic would venture to exercise; and in large combinations, these organizations have placed the people at the mercy of an oligarchy. And such is the vice of the system, in its ruinous waste, that such combinations, however despotic, are regarded as a relief. In such a system, the factory, with its unnatural confinement, is a necessity; and so severe has become the industrial competition that in some countries the workman's one day of rest has been invaded. Is it wonderful that despotic combination should seem a blessing in comparison with the waste and intolerable exactions of competition? The majority of civilized mankind are bound hand and foot to this mechanical monster, their energies being wholly exhausted in gaining a physical substance. And a science which has helped modern society to the elaboration of this system has done its utmost to abolish "superstition," to destroy the "illusion" of immortality, to substitute an almighty power for a loving Father, and to give us an ethical Christ. It has secularized our schools and made of them mental factories, the strain of whose mechanism is as severe as that of industry, and whose scope is ever more and more limited to material aims. It has devitalized art, and made even the leisure of the rich a wilderness of corroding cares and lifeless pleasures—and there are no Barbarians to conquer us. . . .

But, as in every movement hitherto by which man has proposed to himself a more advanced stage in his regulation of nature and society, God has invisibly decreed His own purpose in the place of man's proposition, so doubtless He patiently awaits this final transition: this last refinement of civilization; this consummation of human mechanism, for the most glorious manifestation of His following love: so that in the end it shall be, not the human but the divine wisdom, that is justified.—"God in His World."

* * *

Leaving politics to politicians is as fatal to the country as leaving the defence of its territory to mercenaries.—Chamberlain.

AMONG THE BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF ISRAEL. By Carl Heinrich Cornill, S. T. D. Published by The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Professor Cornill is thoroughly equipped for making popular and interesting the results of recent study in Israel's history. This book admirably accomplishes such a purpose. It is concise, it is very interesting, and it is up to date. What critical study has done for the Old Testament history, and what archaeological investigation has done to illumine the history of Israel's neighbors are brought together here in a brief but comprehensive display of the story of the beginnings, the development, and the downfall of Israel.

Dr. Cornill's work is moderately conservative and yet moderately radical. He goes so far with those who uphold the historicity of the early Pentateuchal account as to agree in the historical character of Abraham and his early migration from the Chaldean country; while he agrees in so far with the more radical critics as to see in the accounts of many of Abraham's relatives and descendants, not individuals, but personalized nations and races. In a very bright and interesting manner Dr. Cornill unravels the story of the early migration of Semitic tribes from the legends with religious morals, which the early teachers and poets of Israel wove out of the tale of those migrations. To us this first portion of the work is especially well done and peculiarly instructive.

In the later history of Israel there is entirely new light given upon such familiar characters as Saul, and David, and Solomon. It will surprise many readers to find Ahab brought before them as a specially wise and patriotic ruler, and the place of the ten tribes in Israel's history set as high if not higher than the place of the smaller and usually more highly honored Jewish kingdom. Coming to the story of Northern Israel from a dispassionate standpoint, rather than from the standpoint of the Judean historian which is given in our book of Kings, we can appreciate how it is that Professor Cornill finds more of character and of good in the Northern Kingdom than we have usually understood.

The comparatively full account of the Maccabean period and of the troubled times which led up to the final destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans, is valuable to ordinary readers of the Bible, who are too often ignorant of that period of two centuries which intervened between the Old and New Testament days, and which was full of the most bitter struggles, the most glorious triumphs, and the most grievous disappointments for the Jewish people.

Undoubtedly very many of the conclusions of this narrative will be widely disputed, but its interest will be as widely appreciated. Its value as a simple and concise history of Bible times and people cannot be doubted, even by those who are not ready to assent to all its conclusions.

YESTERDAYS IN THE PHILIPPINES. By Joseph Earle Stevens. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Every scrap of information about our expected new possessions is most eagerly welcomed, and this book, which gives us the personal experience of a business

man who lived in the Philippines for two years, is very timely. He tells with keenness and vivacity his varied experiences, and has the happy faculty of giving just the information we want. He gives a vivid picture of the easy-going tropical life, with its excursions, feasts, typhoons and earthquakes. He feels that the United States would find only trouble and vexation from the annexation of the islands, many of which are filled with savages, who have never even heard of Spain. Only a few miles from Manila are dwarfs who wear knee-bracelets of horse-hair, and go without clothes. The book is well illustrated from photographs made by Mr. Stevens.

HOME READING BOOKS. Published by Appleton & Co., New York.

We are in receipt of three volumes of this excellent series for school and home reading—the story of “Rob Roy,” “News from the Birds,” and “Harold's Rambles.” They are most attractive, and present interesting facts in a way calculated to instruct and entertain. The lengthy descriptions and disquisitions are omitted from “Rob Roy,” but the interest in the story is preserved, and a taste for good literature developed. We heartily commend these “Home Reading Books.”

* * *

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

Dodd, Mead & Company announce the publication of a new version of the Book of Leviticus, by Canon Driver of Oxford, England.

The “Living Age” of July 30th contains the lecture delivered at the University of Cambridge by Henry Irving, on “The Theatre in its Relation to the State.”

The “Atlantic” announces that it will shortly publish an article on “The Vivisection of China,” from the French point of view. The article will be by Elisee Reclus.

George F. Baker, M.D., LL.D., tells, in the “Chautauquan” for August, the wonderful workings of liquefied air.

The details of a new discovery of ancient records in Egypt appears in one of the July issues of the “Sunday-school Times.”

A thrilling narrative of the way the Spanish fleet was conquered at Santiago, under the title “The Chase of Cervera,” appears in August “Scribner's.” The account is written by John R. Spears, an Annapolis man.

A careful criticism of the report on the Raines Law, issued by Henry H. Lyman, Excise Commissioner for the State of New York, appears in a recent issue of “The Voice.”

The “Book Buyer” for August has an interesting account of Izaak Walton's “The Complete Angler.”

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Miscellaneous.

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Stuck some islands in our cap;
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* * *

MR. GEORGE T. ANGELL, President of the American Humane Society, has the courage of his convictions. The other day he wrote: "We see by the newspapers that certain very rich men have been forming a syndicate to rob the farmers by putting down the price of beef and rob the consumers by putting the price up. We do not care what churches they attend or what colleges they endow, they are no better than highway robbers, and if we had the power every one of them should be sentenced to hard labor ten years in State Prison for the first offence, and to State Prison for life for the second." Mr Angell has a sense of justice that even the splendor of riches cannot blind.

* * *

THE religion of contemplation is aristocratic. It finds only a few choice spirits equal to its rapturous adventures; it hides its visions from the common eye. The religion of grateful obedience is as free as air, is wholly democratic, and craves communication. Starting not from man's capacity, but from God's goodness, it has a place and a hope for every man.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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A PROFESSOR at one of the universities is the subject of a queer anecdote. Last winter he was married, and went to house-keeping out of town. This spring he thought he would add a few hens to his stock; he already had a dog. He set a couple of hens, and in good time had two large broods of chickens. He was very proud of them, but in a week or so the fowls began to die. The professor called in a neighbor to look at the chickens and offer advice. They were certainly a dilapidated lot of chickens that the neighbor viewed. They were thin and apparently without ambition.

"What do you feed them?" asked the neighbor after a brief survey.

"Feed them?" responded the professor, as though he didn't hear right, "Why, I don't feed them anything. I thought the old hens had enough milk for them."—*Christian at Work.*

* * *

AN interesting anecdote of Nellie Grant is contributed by Mrs. Minnie E. Leo to "What to Eat." When a schoolgirl she visited London, and was asked to luncheon by Victoria. After the meal was over and Nellie had gone, the Marchioness of Ely, the Queen's secretary, who was of the party, expressed her great surprise at the perfect self-possession and freedom from embarrassment of the young American. "Yes," said the Queen, smiling; "indeed it was I who was embarrassed."

* * *

A WAR correspondent at the battle of Atbara in the Soudan overheard a sentimental Seaforth Highlander say to a comrade, the night before the battle: "Ah, Tam, how many thousand there are at home across the sea thinking o' us the night!"

"Right, Sandy," replied his chum, "and how many millions there are that don't care a rap! Go to sleep, you fool!"

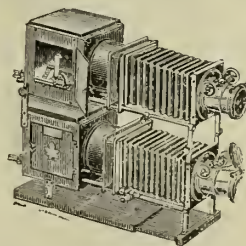
And silence fell again upon that corner of the square

Miscellaneous.

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Dr. Moxom's suggestion of a possible "movement" proved to be prophetic. (His letter was written in August, 1897.) A plan of forming "Don't Worry Circles" in the family, in society and in churches was started in New York City last November, and is now spreading to all parts of the country. The later editions of the book now give some account of this movement and the method of forming Circles, etc.

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prehend that for which also¹ I am apprehended of Christ Jē'sus.
13 Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended: but *this* one thing *I do*, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth

1 Zec. 3, 2.
Act. 0. 3, 6.
2 1 Co. 9. 24.
Le 12. 1.
3 Ga. 5. 10.

6 Be careful¹⁰ for nothing every thing by prayer and tion, with thanksgiving, let quests be made known unto 7 And the peace¹⁰ of God passeth all understanding, st

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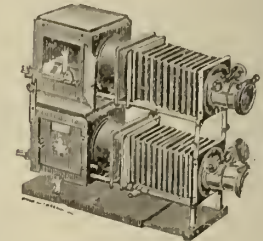
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VOL. XXV. NO. 10.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1898.

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The Czar's Letter. Two events of great interest have occurred in Europe: the death of Bismarck and the letter on disarmament from the Czar. The two are associated, for Bismarck was as responsible for the dreadful armed hosts of Europe as any one man. To have the two come so nearly together, we accept as a harbinger of better days for Europe. We confess to the very slightest regard for either the character or the work of Bismarck. His religion is spoken of, but it is the very sort of religion that we do not want. It appeared to go along with all manner of ungodliness, remorseless lying, cruelty and utter selfishness. As we hold that the very central idea of religion is simple goodness,

that the truly good man is the only religious one, we care to see little of Bismarck's religion in the world. One of his latest interviewers, an American and an admirer, tells us that Bismarck said: "If I had, in the entire course of my life, inflicted upon Germany half the ignominy and weakness which Mr. Gladstone managed to inflict on England, I would not have the courage to look my countrymen in the face." We consider this one of the highest compliments ever paid Mr. Gladstone. Yes, he was different from Bismarck. The Chancellor added this equally profound remark: "The English were only a truly great nation while drinking was fashionable among them." He has carried such talk somewhere else, and for this we are grateful.

It is difficult to say how grateful we are for the other incident—the letter of the Czar. It is the unexpected that happens. Something of this sort appeared inevitable, if all Europe had not lost its reason; but, of all persons in the world, to have it come from the Czar! We seem to be in a dream. From the very head-centre of militarism comes the loud, stern warning. Are we to believe that this young ruler has been able to face all the influences of his education, all the opposition of his counselors, all the passion of his ally, France, all the massed and solid regiments of military Europe, and speak out this word which sounds like the very trumpet of truth to rouse the nations? If we can believe this, then a remarkable man has appeared in a most conspicuous position; and this is one of God's greatest gifts to the world.

For ages untold, militarism has been the scourge of the world. We cannot wonder at this; for fighting is a part of animalism, and man has the animal traits in their fullness. But here was the anachronism; that man has been rising out of the beast into the spirit in so many ways, yet the armies of Europe continue to grow year by year. As always, the burden rested with most crushing weight on the poor people, while the army provided places and salaries for the sons of the nobles. Any relief seemed impossible. The only hope was from the very intense misery of the situation. Its wretchedness made it impossible to be borne. There have been dreadful mutterings and sure expectation of revolution. Italy made a despairing effort within the year. Ill-contrived, badly executed, it was doomed to speedy defeat. But more were sure to follow. It was only a question of time. The ominous stillness

filled the air, like that which is felt before the hurricane. The despots held their breath. Every outbreak was thought to be the beginning of the end. Turkey, Greece, Armenia, Cuba, anything might be the shout that would start the avalanche down the mountain.

While all things were in this state of expectancy, the most surprising voice falls upon the listening world—the voice of the young Czar himself, counseling disarmament. If a voice had spoken from Heaven, it could hardly have been more surprising. The motives, the secret spring, the result, we may not know; but this one astounding fact we do know, and we augur all good from the fact that the utterance has been made. It will help all future endeavors. The epaulets cannot turn it off with a laugh. It is not Tolstoi, it is Nicholas. It is not an anarchist with a torch; it is the Czar of all the Russias.

It is an amazing encouragement to good endeavor. Man cries, "You can do nothing;" and the next moment it is done. So it was with slavery; so it will be with every wicked thing. Each one will die proclaiming itself invincible. But it will die.

The London "Times," in its comment upon the letter, says: "The note breathes a spirit of generous, almost quixotic, humanity." That is what the world wants; that is what we must have; that is Christianity.

* * *

Theodore Roosevelt. A YEAR ago, if any one had said that Mr. Platt would accept the candidacy of Col. Roosevelt for the Governorship, he would have been laughed out of countenance. But this appears to be the situation in New York to-day. Of course no one credits Mr. Platt with patriotism or any other high motive in his action. His career has been too well known for any general acceptance of such belief. Col. Roosevelt's candidacy is Mr. Platt's only hope of carrying the State. This fact is what makes the encouragement of the situation. A clear course of honesty and fearless faithfulness at last is the only foundation for a career in politics. Governor Black's course teaches the same thing in the opposite way. He wrought his bad deeds for future position, and now is dropped like a squeezed lemon. As we said a year ago, his future is gone. Corrupt politics have made a quick end of it. It is a very homely proverb, but maintains its validity—"Honesty is the best policy." There is one thing always waiting corrupt politicians—a political grave.

* * *

St. Sophia's. ONE of the greatest churches which a Christian people has ever builded was erected to celebrate the triumph of a mistake. For a generation bitter controversy had reigned in the Eastern Empire between the Arians and the Orthodox party. The hottest coal in the fires of strife glowed at

its centre in the city of Byzantium, now Constantinople. The fight clustered most strenuously around one Old Testament verse—the 22d verse of the 8th chapter of Proverbs. The Arians and the Orthodox alike agreed and were both mistaken, that the Wisdom referred to in that chapter was to be identified with the Messiah, or the Logos of John, Jesus Christ. The Arians, however, translated that text, "The Lord created me in the beginning of His way," while the Orthodox party translated it, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way." Upon their translation the Arians based their doctrine of Christ's creation by the Father, while on their translation the Orthodox based their doctrine of Christ's eternal existence with the Father. Finally, in the days of Constantine, the orthodox party triumphed, and the exegesis of the text was authoritatively pronounced by the Emperor to be, "The Lord possessed me." In honor of the event, and of this triumph of a false translation, the Emperor builded the great church of Santa Sophia, or Holy Wisdom, which is now the great Mohammedan mosque of the same name.

The incident is instructive. We wonder how many of all our sects will in the end appear, like the great Byzantine church to have been founded on false exegesis. All our emphasis on ways of government; all our emphasis upon abstruse speculations and difficult doctrines; all our emphasis on forms of service,—we wonder how much of the denominational life which is founded on such things will in the end have to be relegated to the place of a faulty exegesis or a mistaken notion.

Is not the contention of THE CHURCH UNION a wise one, under the circumstances? It seems to us that history rises up to pronounce it wiser to build on no other foundation except the simplest, clearest things of Christianity, which are in Jesus Christ. Here there can be no mistake. Here we are in no danger of erecting a magnificent monument, which God may indeed overrule to do great good, but which will always be identified in the minds of men with a petty, and perhaps a somewhat ridiculous, misconception or mistake. Let us not build on our theologies; let us build on Christ. Let us not build on our controversies, but rather upon those things wherein we are most largely agreed, and upon which we do not fight. Otherwise, some of us will in the end be very certain to have builded upon a mistake.

* * *

Fellowship. WE urged, some time ago, that a very desirable work is the reconciling of the workers and the thinkers—Mr. Moody and the Professors. There is another piece of work in the same line, very much to be desired. It is the reconciliation of the Evangelicals with the Liberals. They are the complements of each other. We all need one an-

other, but these need each other very badly. The weakness of the Liberal is the strength of the Evangelical; the weakness of the Evangelical is the strength of the Liberal; their combination will be excellent. They will preserve the emphasis that the Evangelical puts on his faith and the emphasis that the Liberal puts on his deeds. The Apostle James tells us that these go well together, and very lamely apart. Every candid Evangelical will acknowledge that some of the fairest names of America are those of Liberals. To erase these would be to wipe out very much that is best from our American life and history. The name of Channing alone would give lustre to any association. Bunsen well calls him a great Prophet of these latter days. It is unquestionable that very much of our best thinking has been derived from Liberal sources. It has quietly modified and leavened all modern thought. It has not been a noisy propaganda, but it has been a very effective one.

We are confident that the Liberals will most freely acknowledge the virtue, the zeal, the vigorous service of the Evangelicals. They are known and read of all men. They have appeared in every kind of work on every continent. They have helped, with ponderous stroke, education, temperance, missions, civilization and religion.

A great advance movement will follow the combination of these two powers. They never ought to have been sundered; they have been too long sundered; they should be sundered no longer. It was an age of sharp theological controversy that divided them; our era of comprehension should bind them in happy fellowship.

After all, the bond of our union lies back of our common thought about the matter. It is not that we think alike, for we do not. It is not that we feel alike, for we do not. It is not that we talk the same language for we do not. But it is that we are alike. We are of the same nature—this is our union. Back of our opinions, our habits, our religion, our nationality, is the great fact that we are men, children of the one Father, God. And in our thought of Union we must run back as far as this. The common sentiments which belong to our nature of reverence, of conscience of duty, of God are an unbreakable bond of our humanity; but back even of these is our humanity itself. And when we think of this, union of Evangelical and Liberal seems easy indeed. We have never taken reckoning of these powerful forces; we have never appreciated the union of the race. The divisive forces have been strong, the uniting feeble. But the converse of this will soon be true, and the day of fellowship is hastening on. Few movements are so dear to the good God as this one toward human fellowship. Few movements will feel more of the breathing of His Spirit, the power of His helping hand.

Antipathy. If an ordinary Christian were to meet a Jew, a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, he would be conscious to himself of a subtle, unbidden repulsion. He would feel that he was called upon to put on somewhat of antagonism. This is a result of wrong training and bad prejudice, and is greatly to be regretted.

There are certain parts of genuine Christianity which we have much neglected, as we have magnified some very small matters. We are taught by our religion that God hath made of one blood all the nations; but, practically, we are very slow to believe it. There is a very fine utterance of Scripture, which has never had its right consideration: "In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him." Then there are many accepted of God who are by no means accepted of us; they will probably pull through, notwithstanding. It is our ignorance, our prejudice, our uncharity, that is the trouble. God has no ignorance, prejudice or uncharity. There are outside saints, like Job, as well as inside saints, like Abraham all known to God.

There is a very beautiful incident in the life of our Lord. One day there came to Jesus certain Jewish elders, telling Him of a centurion's servant who was sick. They urged the Saviour to go and heal him. The centurion was an outsider. They would gladly have said that he was a proselyte or a good Jew; but they could not. All that they could say was that he loved their nation and had built them a synagogue. Of this centurion our Lord said: "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." It is interesting to us to think that when narrow Christians are discussing the possibility of the salvation of Plato or Socrates, the Lord may be saying, "Oh! if you only had their faith!"

There are few things about us worse than our self-conceit. When we are most self-congratulatory, we are most ridiculous. He is our friend who will prick the wind-bladder of our vanity. Then we will be in a good way to judge our brother, or to cast the mote out of his eye, this considerable beam being removed.

The antipathy to which we refer found a manifestation in the hostility to the Congress of Religions in Chicago, one of the most beautiful events of modern times; considerably more important than our steam engines and telephones. It was the Spirit of Christ awakening in Christendom. It was entirely too good to command universal acceptance. The outbreak of self-righteous wrath against it was one of the saddest or most amusing things of the times, according to the way in which you look upon it. The "unco guid," to a man, opposed it. The formalists and the dogmatists were outraged. The high ecclesiastics, with very rare exceptions, gave it the coldest shoulder producible at short notice. The meek in heart and the poor in spirit and the lovers of God of the highest and best type in all lands hailed it

as a precursor of the beautiful dawn. God had given them deliverance from the great antipathy.

Surely to pulverize this antipathy our dear Lord spoke that wonderful word of the Good Samaritan—the traveler, the priest, the levite and the outsider of Samaria. How could He do it? To smite with such a crushing blow the proprieties, the sacerdotalisms, the uncharity, the pomposity, the narrowness, the high-churchism of all the ages, how could he do it? Yet how can we thank Him that he did do it! Confessedly Lord as He is of all Christians, the proper, the sacerdotal, the uncharitable, the pompous the narrow, the high-church, what can they now do or say? The ground is swept completely from beneath their feet. They say Lord, Lord! and then read the parable of the Good Samaritan. What a fix they are in! If there is anything intensely hateful to the good Lord Jesus, it is this human antipathy. It killed Him, and as He lives to-day, it dies.

* * *

Sectarianism in Canada. THE old, sad, miserable story of sectarianism, and its waste of men and money, comes to us from Canada. It is strange, after all the denunciations of Dr. Ecob's article about the multiplication of churches in small places; after all the denials that his statements were justified; after all the scoldings which were given him for thus misrepresenting the state of the case,—it is strange, we say, to see the facts of which he spoke rising up to rebuke his critics from all over our own land, and from other Christian lands. This is a case in point. The "Presbyterian Review," published in Toronto, Canada, says that on a brief visit to a small town of about one thousand inhabitants—

Our attention was called to the fact that there were five Protestant churches in the place, not counting a little gathering of Plymouth Brethren. There were five pastors serving these churches and the stations lying in the immediate neighborhood, all of them worthy men and no doubt doing good work. All, we believe, were evangelical. But with one exception the congregations were all small and with little prospect of increase. One or at most two ministers could easily have cared for the spiritual needs of the whole community, and one could not help feeling that the remaining three were to all intents and purposes throwing away their time and strength in a place that did not need them.

And we really wonder how many of these churches were asking and getting home-mission money. Is it unreasonable to think that probably three of the five of them were among such claimants on church charity? If, however, only one of them were so doing, even then it would be true that mission money was being used to do what was distinctly injurious to Christian work rather than helpful to it. Such money was an agent in wasting ministerial lives, in creating bitter differences and rivalries among churches, and in fostering a begging spirit among a country's independent citizens.

We do not think denunciations of such sectarian

extravagances can be too severe. The more severe the denunciation is the better, until the abuse is ended. The fact of such a condition is a great evil, and the fruits of it a greater evil. Let those who are interested in Church Union, and those who are opposed to riotous sectarianism,—let them speak out, and let them continue speaking, until they are heard, and until they are heeded!

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The Case of Dr. Beet.

A CURIOUS action has been taken by the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in England. A Professor at the Richmond College—Dr. Beet—has published a book on "The Last Things." He has advocated the theory of conditional immortality as the best hypothesis to explain the rewards and punishments of the future state. In this he has followed the distinguished work of Mr. Edward White, which has been long before the English public. The conference did not endeavor to deprive Dr. Beet of his professorship, but instructed him that he was not to teach his theory in the seminary, and he was to refuse to issue any other edition of his book after the present one is exhausted. Dr. Beet has assented to this action. To us this action seems self-stultifying and cowardly on the part of the Professor, and unworthy of the dignity of the council. The theory will not be proved false by refusing to discuss it; and its hurtful influence, if it has such an influence, will not be lessened by trying to shut the mouth of those who teach it, while it is well known that they do not repudiate it. We have no sympathy with any action which tries to keep from the people of a church the innermost thoughts and feelings of the leaders of that church. In open, honest presentation of opinion, and in the freest discussion, is the only defense of truth, or destruction of falsehood. The theory which Dr. Beet has propounded, and which the Wesleyan conference has thus silenced, is more or less widely held among thoughtful leaders of religious life in this country; and many who hold it have proved themselves most efficient Christian workers. We hope that American churches will not follow this bad example in dealing with it.

* * *

Comity. A PROMINENT Presbyterian minister, Dr.

R. F. Coyle, of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, Cal., has declared that interdenominational comity, as now practised by the Presbyterians and Congregationalists, is a humbug. This charge is all the more serious, as Dr. Coyle is a member of the committee on comity which has been in existence for several years in California. Dr. Coyle evidently believes that the Congregationalists have used the comity scheme to get certain advantages at the

expense of the Presbyterians. This, if true, would be a serious charge: its effect would be most detrimental to comity, and to the measure of Church Union which comity brings about.

We must confess, however, that the incidents which Dr. Coyle quotes in justification of his charge are wholly insufficient to convince us of its righteousness. He cites only three instances; two of these prove to be absolutely unfounded, and the third is only partly true, if there is any measure of truth in it. The first two charges are that certain seceders from Presbyterian churches have been received by the Congregationalists. In one case they have never been so received; in the other they have only been so received with the full consent and approval of the church from which they went out. These facts have been clearly brought out by the "Congregationalist," in a careful and sane examination of the state of the case. In the third case, where Dr. Coyle contends, in reference to his own church, that certain have left its membership to join a Congregational church, we think that the fact that this church is two miles from his own, and that those who left his church seemed to have lived near the other, is a sufficient explanation.

Dr. Coyle's charges are most unfortunate—especially unfortunate if they have no more justification than he has so far given. We are glad that they have been so thoroughly investigated. It is very difficult for two denominations to work together without friction. That they should have done so for several years in California is a vast gain. It were a pity to hamper such efficient co-operation, except for the weightiest reasons. We hope, therefore, that the situation in this great Western State may not be changed or injured, unless something far more injurious or discreditable than anything yet brought forward is revealed. The direct gain from co-operation is so great in multiplied places that one incident or two of friction should not destroy that gain. And he who denounces the incidents of loss or unfairness should be very sure of his facts.

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Non-resident Landlords. ONE of the greatest evils which can come to a nation is to have its land owned by people who do not live upon it. This has been the cause of a vast deal of the trouble in Ireland. It is a large element in the misery which is turning the fair regions of Sicily and Italy into almost savage conditions. When a man's interest is not in a country over which he has control, but only in what he can get out of it, the road to ruin lies broadly open before that country. It is to ward off such danger that so many of our American states have passed and are passing laws of exterritoriality.

But the trouble of such a system goes over out of

the spheres of real estate into those of intellectual and spiritual ideas. The notions of a man or of a church, to be valuable and fruitful, must be lived in by those who own them. The great trouble with much of our present creedal systems is that they are owned and professed, but never lived in. The ideas which the church formally professes to teach are far away from the ideas upon which its pulpits and its people dwell. That is a ruinous method of procedure. All the evils of exterritorial possession flow out of it. The people of a church are left in uncertainty as to where they stand. Is it worth while cultivating the fields of work in a church when one does not know whether such energy will be fruitful in spreading ideas with which he fully concurs, or in spreading ideas which are wholly foreign to his beliefs and feelings? Churches must come down to their real homes, and declare by their creeds that they live in those things in which actually they are living. So far from churches holding fast to ancient creeds and forms, we think it greatly wise, if they be alive, for them to continually change these so as to make them fit each changing progress of man's knowledge of the truth. Do not let us live in a church which has practically taken up the great truth of an evolutionary process, and profess still that our church believes in instantaneous creation. Do not let us live in a church where all thinkers are assured that there are mistakes and errors in the Bible, even though they be only, as Dr. Hodge said, "specks in the marble," and yet profess that we believe in an infallible Bible. That is bad for us, and bad for the true influence of the Bible.

Dr. Ball, the great Irish astronomer, was once asked why Irish noblemen never lived on their estates, and he said that it was because they were not noblemen. If Christian people do not continually revise their confession, so as to say clearly that they believe what they do believe, we fear that it is because, in just that measure, they are not Christians.

* * *

Selfishness. A FAMOUS old New England divine used to say that there is only one sin—that is, selfishness; and only one lasting sorrow—the misery which selfishness brings; and only one heaven, and that is Love. Perhaps, as a theologian, he was a heretic; we think that his contemporaries said that he was; but, after all, he was surely dwelling, with exaggerated emphasis, upon an important aspect of the truth. For well we all know that, though "sin has many tools," selfishness is the whetstone that puts an edge on every one of them, and that though righteousness is beautiful as with many colors, still love is the pure white upon which they all are builded, and into which they all will blend at last, as the colors of the dawn do in the brightness of the day.

Refraction. It is a well-known fact that we do not look in a straight line from one medium into another. There is always a bend in the line of vision when we look from the air into water, or oil, or any other transparent body. The man who expects to pick up a stone at the bottom of a pool by reaching straight for it finds himself immediately in contact with this fact of a bended course of vision. The bend of this line of vision we call refraction; and because this bend differs for different objects, we call the angle which is made between the line in the air and the line in the other medium the index of refraction. When we know just what that angle is, then we know just what direction any object really is from us when we look at it in glass, or oil, or water.

We are convinced that the like of this lesson must be learned by humanity in dealing with spiritual problems. There is a sharp line between the earthly and the heavenly. Straight as we may seem to argue, or to reason from one to the other, from time to eternity, or from this world to the future, it behooves us to be humble, and to remember that in crossing that line there is likely to be a certain real twisting of our thought, which is not evident to us, but which must carefully be regarded if we would reach assured conclusions. If only we had been positively told what was the index of thought-refraction as it turns from earthly reasons to spiritual conclusions, then we might become dogmatic and self-sufficient in our theological knowledge. But, as long as that remains unknown, we may wisely be modestly distrustful of dogmatic reasoning.

Now this does not mean that there is no vision which can pass by flight of thought from earthly ways to heavenly; this does not mean that we are agnostic in our thought of spiritual problems. We believe that men do see from out this lower way up into the higher, even as we know men see down into the water. But we believe, too, that as yet it is a necessarily broken line of vision which passes from one sphere to another, as Tennyson said that in all we are but "broken lights of God." We see something as we do in a glass darkly and often crookedly, but very really. Let us be sure, then, that we really see; but equally sure that we do not see perfectly accurately everything as yet, and so dwell in mutual forbearance and tolerance together. The time will be when we go out of the earthly into the heavenly; then we see face to face.

* * *

Eating. THERE is no question that the stomach is the centre of the physical man. There is a famous riddle which runs: A knight from the Holy-land did fare, and had a colic when and where? The answer to both when and where is the same, and it is: In the middle of the (k)night. That agrees with all experience. There is many a religious person who has

met a mince-pie, and in the course of an hour has had hidings of the Father's countenance, has had doubts as to his election, and fears that he has committed the sin against the Holy Ghost. We like to give high-sounding names; it is the sin against his digestive organs. If you wish to keep a boarding-house, and neither to fear God nor to regard man, but to make money, you might well feast your boarders on fried oysters and plum pudding. They would go from table rubbing their hands, and saying what good board they had, and in a week they would not want to eat much. There is a good deal of the millennium that must come in on the digestive side. If that is wrong, it is hard for anything to be right. Daniel and his friends were right in refusing the king's rich meats and wines and at the end of the days they were found in better case than all the rest. "God gave them knowledge and skill in all learning and wisdom." Victuals are vital. If for the world's sad need any wisdom is to come out of your mouth, guard what goes into it.

* * *

Woman. OUR thoughts have been startled by a toast which we saw recently proposed at a great banquet. The toast went, "The Ladies, God bless them!—formerly our superiors, now our equals." We wonder whether there is any danger, in all this finer, better way of untrammelled liberty which the modern age gives to woman, of her losing ground in those things wherein she had become greatly man's superior. If the new woman should happen to mean a coarser woman, or a louder woman, or a rougher woman, it would require a vast deal of gain in other lines for the loss to be restored. Indeed, it never could be restored.

We do believe in the spirit of the age which is taking girls out of leading-strings; we believe in the rights of woman to exactly as much self-control and self-guidance as is wise or good for man. We have not the slightest fear of the doing man's work, or the playing man's games, unsexing a woman. Indeed, we think that the average girl is better able to take care of herself, and keep herself straight, than the average boy. But, above all things, we desire that in those special and gentler gifts in which woman has been supreme, she shall still continue strong, and that she may be instrumental in fashioning a new man in such directions. By taking up so many of the labors and the pleasures in which men have, until now, almost exclusively engaged, woman does not give up her mission any more than she robs man of his mission. She simply brings the powers in which she has had finer development into touch with those powers in which men have had stronger growth. This should be good for both. Its whole purpose and blessing would be defeated if it were necessary to let go of womanly traits to do these things. Fortunately, it is not necessary. As womanly

women ride the bicycle as ever rode in chaises; as womanly women handle the doctor's scalpel as ever nursed a baby. That is what must continue to be. Let woman enter the new fields, but let her not leave the old virtues and powers behind her.

* * *

IN BRIEF.

AN interesting exhibition of American journalism was to be seen in a New York daily, in connection with the great English victory in the Soudan. This paper had a large profile map made of the ground over which the battle was fought. Evidently it counted on the fact that Gordon's death at Khartoum was to be avenged, and so calculated that it must give Khartoum a prominent place in the picture. At the same time it was puzzled by the fact that the reports of the battle called the place captured Omdurman. The artist, however, lived up to the facts by picturing Omdurman as a small village on one side of the river and Khartoum as a much larger city opposite to it. The streets of Khartoum, its luxuriant vegetation, and its rather impressive Oriental houses were all vividly portrayed. Evidently the slight historical fact that after the death of Gordon, and the capture of Khartoum by the Mahdi, that place had been completely destroyed—actually razed from the face of the earth—by the Mahdi's troops, had slipped out of the history of the man who drew the picture.

* * *

The ancient way used to be to fortify all around a great city with high stone walls; but now this is never done. The vantage-points are much more heavily fortified, and the rest of the line hardly touched. This is found much more effective. Might not theology learn to turn from the ancient practice of defending everything which religion has ever claimed, and take up the new and more true and scientific method of strongly holding and defending those truths which hold the key to the situation, knowing it a matter of indifference whether the enemy forces himself into the intermediate places or not. As long as the critical points be maintained, it is simple destruction for one entering the abandoned situations to attempt to hold them, or to capture the city through them.

* * *

Mr. Kennan, in his account of the Red Cross work, tells that as they distributed food to the suffering on the captured Spanish ships, his attention was attracted to a ragged sailor who was saying something very earnestly in Spanish, and pointing to the sky. "I asked Mr. Cobb what he was saying, and he replied, that if they were prisoners up in heaven they could not be better treated than they have been by us." This is a fine way to make war. He also says that as they were passing among the ships, "a poor Key West fisherman pulled over to us in his skiff and gave us two large, lobster-like cray-fish." Mr. Cobb offered him some tobacco, but he refused it, saying, "I didn't bring the fish to beg tobacco or for money, but just because I wanted to help a little. I hoped to get more, but these were all I could catch." This wanting to bear a share is the mark of the children of the Kingdom, whatever their

ecclesiastical connection may be, and it is found everywhere, even in the most unexpected places. It is one of the joys of the times that one can say this without dread of being haled for heresy.

* * *

We should never despair. One of the most hopeful fields of missions has been Japan. Yet over the vast grave of the Japanese martyrs were written these words: "So long as the sun shall warm the earth let no Christians be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God of all, if He violate this command shall pay the forfeit with His life."

* * *

General Shafter, in a letter recently published, says: "I have always been strongly opposed to the canteen system or the sale of intoxicating drinks of any kind on military reservations, and have opposed it until absolutely overruled and required to establish a canteen at my post. I regard it demoralizing to the men, besides impairing seriously their efficiency. I have absolutely prohibited the sale of liquor or the opening of saloons in the city of Santiago, and have refused permission for cargoes of beer to come from the States here."

* * *

There Spain lies at the further extremity of the Continent, a huge and torpid mass, the only representative now remaining of the feelings and the knowledge of the Middle Ages. And what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost. She is proud of everything of which she ought to be ashamed. She is proud of the antiquity of her opinions; proud of the strength of her faith, proud of her immeasurable and childish credulity, proud of her unwillingness to amend either her creed or her customs, proud of her hatred of heretics, and proud of the undying vigilance with which she has baffled their efforts to obtain a full and legal establishment on her soil.—Henry T. Buckle.

When one comes to us with some thundering theological proposition which we must believe or be lost, we can say to him, "I started on this thing with baptism; that means that I should be pure and good, and I will keep right along in this line."

* * *

General Armstrong, of Hampton, wrote: "I never gave up anything, or sacrificed anything in my life. What is commonly called sacrifice is the best possible use of one's self and one's resources." He agreed with THE CHURCH UNION idea as to creed: "The shorter the better. Simply to Thy cross I cling, is enough for me."

* * *

I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading.—Macaulay. Of all things which men do or make here below by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call books.—Carlyle.

* * *

The subject of future punishment is an immense one. The only thing that is worse than being too positive about it, is the taking the man by the throat who differs from you and putting him out of the church. You are sure to have both present and future punishment then.

The Church Union.

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A WRONG EMPHASIS.

H. C. HAYDN, D.D.

It is, at once, the weakness and the reproach of the church that, in the realm that lies closest to her life, she imposes limitations upon her scholars which, if allowed, exclude the possibility of progress. She does, in the field of theology, what would not be allowed in any other domain of science.

We put into their hand a symbol, and say: "Investigate as much as you will; but this Ptolemaic system, received from our fathers, must not be disturbed." The Bible is the world's Book, and we ought to want the theology of the world's Book, the truth about the Bible and its contents, and if such a thing were possible, absolutely colorless of sectarian bias. The spirit-taught man and the inspired Book ought to be trusted to find each other in the freedom of the spirit, who is our guide into all truth. This liberty we are, alas! slow to grant.

If we ever arrive at God's point of view as regards nature, revealed truth, the philosophy of history, it will be because, at any cost, men set themselves at this high task, not as Presbyterians or Methodists, but as men who love God, and, hungering for the truth, search for it as those who have the promise of Divine guidance. If we are more concerned about preserving our distinctive, historic creeds than about getting at the truth, we invite scholars to sacrifice their honesty at the sectarian shrine; or, being true to themselves and the truth as they see it, to be so at the cost of ostracism from the altar-fires of their fathers. This is surely a wrong emphasis.

The more so that our debt to scholarship is great. Our claim for Christ and Holy Scripture is immense and exclusive. Such a claim invites attack and the most searching scrutiny. The story of the fire through which this claim has been put need not now be rehearsed; but it is in order to ask, where the church would have been but for her scholars equal to the task of meeting the giants of infidelity and the foes of super-

naturalism? Once this task was entered upon, it was inevitable that some of the old traditions were found to be groundless; some of the old defenses useless; some interpretations indefensible. And, if some, why not more? What is the exact truth as to text, authorship, the transmission and authentication of these many books, from many hands, through a thousand to fifteen hundred years?

Is it not a good thing, since this ground must be traversed any way,—the genius of modern thought for going to the roots of things necessitates it,—is it not a good thing to have, within the church, men who love Christ, Church and Bible, as well as any of us, competent to traverse this whole field, or at least begin the life-long study? And then, with equal thoroughness ask, in the new light, what does the Bible teach of God and Man?

Our confessions are subordinate, we say—we dare not say else—to the Word of God. This involves the possibility of revision following upon criticism, research, and free discussion, the right of which is a part of our Protestant inheritance; and transitions from the old to the new, again and again, are inevitable, until no longer we see as in a mirror darkly, but know as we are known. Devout scholarship must be trusted to pioneer the way, not held in suspicion.

Such transitions are critical and difficult for the rank and file of the church to make. In the first place, they have been accustomed to regard the formulas of their faith as axiomatic, and so identified them with the Word of God, that to touch them critically is like laying profane hands upon the Ark of God itself. Again, the pulpit has encouraged this attitude towards dogma, sometimes by indorsing it, oftener by lack of candor and wise preparation of the people, failing to make them expectant that, in future as in the past, the new wine will require new bottles; that new truth will be breaking out of God's Word, and new ways of expression bring the old nearer to the heart of to-day.

The end in view is the triumph of the truth through universal acceptance. There is often a vast deal of prejudice to be overcome, and a great deal of patient consideration to be shown, before it is seen how the old fulfills itself in the new, and gains in the transition. This tuition the devout scholar is best qualified to give. And where the gain is not positive and sure, and scholarship is not agreed, it is obvious that the gain for truth lies with them who are willing to wait. Dr. Schlichter, for example, of Cambridge affirms that "most of the theories advanced" relative to certain Old Testament problems of the later centuries of the old era "are mountains suspended on a hair, and are in no way better than those they are meant to replace." In such case the new wine is not ready for bottling. The work of the scholars is not yet finished.

A more serious matter confronts us in the fact that vital truth is often differently apprehended and expressed by men who, in the experience of their hearts and the fruits of their faith in character, are confessedly one. The unity that is dependent upon seeing and expressing alike the intellectual convictions of men has a hard road to travel. The intellectual test permits the crucifixion of men who are, at once, declared to be devout scholars and beautiful saints. It is enough to call to mind a score or so of English-speaking men, on both sides the sea, whose orthodoxy has been sus-

pected to make it evident that the emphasis has been grievously misplaced. For loyalty to Christ, for marvelous insight into the truth, for courage and fidelity to ideal standards of excellence, and consummate and enduring influence upon mankind, Horace Bushnell, Frederick W. Robertson, McLeod Campbell and Henry Drummond were conspicuous. They walked with God. The encomium pronounced upon the latter by men so unlike as Dr. John Watson and Mr. Moody compels us to regard him as one of the most lovable of disciples and most perfect of men, as well as of marvelous influence over young and old—whose crown is that of such as turn many to righteousness. On the intellectual side, all these saints, of profound and intense spirituality of life, were regarded as heretical by men who emphasize confessions as final statements of doctrinal belief. Of one close at home, whom the Presbyterian church banned as heretical, it is said with truth, "he is a man of devout and deeply religious spirit. His personal consecration to Christ held him strong and true on all the doctrines which cluster immediately around the Person of our Lord, . . . and the fact of inspiration he assumed as if a doubt of it never entered his mind!" The fact of inspiration he never questioned, and yet upon his views of the inspiration of Holy Scripture he was judged wanting. If to be orthodox we must square our theories of inspiration and atonement, while taking the facts to live by and die by, heretics will never cease. Such a galaxy of men should be more than tolerated; they should be accorded generous welcome within any Christian fold. To pillory such men is to impose a test unscriptural; for "every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God."

It is a significant fact that the Higher Critics of England and America, in spite of, or as a result of, their investigations, find the Bible no less an inspired Book—not less full of God, nor less authoritative over the conscience, than their brethren who decry their work. And it is at least possible that the rest of us, if we took the same pains to get at their standpoint that we do to suppress them, might also come out into a large place, with a greater wonder in our hearts at God's footsteps in History, and a greater delight in the Book we cherish as the veritable "Word of God"—a phrase which Dr. Robertson Smith himself declined to swap off for the equivocal, "contains the Word of God."

As matter of fact, the beautiful jars of tradition, in which the whole truth was supposed to be sealed up, are some of them cracked, some of them shattered; but all the truth there is or was in them has taken, or is in the way to take, to itself a new enshrinement in ampler, and for us, more trustworthy terms.

Sabbatier, the French theologian, has set forth this vitality of Christian dogmas to the enlightenment and comfort of our fearful souls—a fear born of love, and therefore sacred.

This process is not one of decay; it is not the work of the iconoclast; it is the incident of growth—of progress. Even so venerable a symbol as the Westminster Confession, which I hope it is possible to duly honor and yet stop short of idolatry, may well be regarded, not as God's voice, but man's interpretation of that voice, and long ago expressed. It surely is not irreverent to suggest that a new and more adequate expression of the Eternal truths of Scripture may be

made in the evolution of thought. Indeed, more than half the Presbyterian church systematically set about improving it, and will probably do so again. And why not? No one will, I am sure, venture to say how many have privately improved it, to their own satisfaction. The Calvinism of Geneva is not the Calvinism of today. Indeed, Dr. Patton is reported as saying that the Calvinism of our Confession is "generic, not specific, and it points to a greater Presbyterianism," whatever that may mean. Ours has, perhaps, come to be the Calvino-Arminian Calvinism of the New Jerusalem, in which God is not less Sovereign, while man, as a being of free-will, is more scripturally regarded—a sweeter, stronger, more preachable thing, come at since John Calvin and James Arminius have been seeing eye to eye, in a less controversial place than this—at any rate, a place where the immortals dogmatize in clearer vision, controvert without losing their temper.

Should the question be raised, What then becomes of our Presbyterianism? As a polity it is not affected, as I am aware. As a system of doctrine it will be modified; it is practically so already. This only is to be insisted upon: We must follow where the latest and best exegesis of the Scripture leads, or cease to boast of our loyalty to that word, and affirm that the symbol handed down from our fathers is supreme above the Word and the ever-enlarging experience of the church, the pillar and ground of the truth. And also do this other dreadful thing: put subscription to creed above the saintliness of character which is never taken on in any school but that of Christ, and the reverence for truth which is begotten of Him who is the Truth, embraced with order and defended with zeal. This is never learned of Paul, who put the graces of character above all other gifts—for these a transient glory, for them eternal persistence as greatest of all and dearest to God. And the reason? Because in them—the graces of character—thought and love have found each other in a wedlock never to be broken.

How much grander and more Christian it would be, if, instead of crowding our saintly, honest and reverent scholars out, they were met in their own field by other scholars, honest and saintly, who go, at least, part of the way with them, but not all, and together, reverently searching, having mutually helped each other into the light, tell the rest of us that we too may walk in it. The church is in no danger of settling down on the dictum of any man, or any one school of men, dogmatize and asseverate as they may. To the consensus of scholarship she must submit herself. For this, in some things, we wait.

This surely will go on, whatever we do. It ought reverently to go on. Then let us give comprehension and elasticity enough to our ecclesiasticism to allow our devout scholars to abide within the fold, not under the ban of distrust and with the stamp of odium upon their brows, but with confidence in the truth, and charity for those whom we believe Christ accepts, even though, to us, they seem, in their search for truth, to be putting themselves and us to needless trouble. Let Erasmus say to the twentieth what he said to the sixteenth century: "By identifying the new learning with heresy you make orthodoxy synonymous with ignorance."

Cleveland, O.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE PAST.

BY A CONGREGATIONAL MINISTER.

THE Christianity of the past has had much to do with heaven, but little to do with earth. It has had much to do with the individual, but little to do with society. It has taught men to save their own souls for some future heaven, but has said little about the obligation of bringing the Kingdom of Christ to pass here and now. It is strange, but true, that one great branch of the Christian church has dealt almost entirely with a future world of which it knows nothing, and has neglected the ethical and social development of its people. In Mrs. Ward's latest novel, "Helbeck of Banmsdale," Helbeck sums up the great verities of the Roman Catholic Church in four striking words: "Death, Judgment—Heaven, Hell." The Protestantism of the past has dwelt largely on these same words. If the Roman Catholic Church in Spain had spent its time in educating its people and developing deep, rich moral fibre and character instead of being so zealous in getting its converts into heaven, Spain would not now be the mockery and derision of the world. We have lately been reading some sermons preached some forty years ago. There is in them much urgent exhortation to salvation; but it is always the salvation of one's own soul, and salvation always has reference to another world. The religion of the past has said, Keep free from certain sins and believe certain truths, and join certain organizations, that you may find admittance into heaven, and escape the wrath that awaits unbelievers. The sermons of the past abounded in graphic, rhetorical descriptions of heaven,—largely drawn from Milton; but there was little said about the heaven that is to be here,—the Holy City of this world. A great part of the Christian Church has not yet turned from the old ideas. Make what excuse they may, this was the whole trouble with the council lately called in Cambridge to ordain Mr. Long. Mr. Long knew nothing about the purposes of God in the next world, and said so. He knew only that God was the Father there, as here, and must treat his children as would a father. Religion was to him the life of God in the soul of man. But to a majority of the council religion had most to do with the world to come, and salvation was not present character, but entrance into heaven. And certain members of this council dared presume to set themselves up as authorities over a world of which they know little more than nothing—except that God is there.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE FUTURE.

The Christianity of the future is to be the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, as interpreted through Jesus. God is to be no longer thought of as a King enthroned in some distant heaven, but as a spirit immanent in the heart of man, and possessing fatherly attributes. The true Christian will not be the man who believes certain doctrines or who belongs to some organization, that his future may be secure; but he will be the man who, on the one hand, lives his life in the consciousness that he is a child of God, opens his heart to the incoming of the divine spirit, draws his conceptions of righteousness and duty from God, and who, on the other hand, lives as a brother among his fellow-men, recognizes his obligations to the humanity

of which he is a part, and lives in helpful, sympathetic relations with all mankind. The two great words of the future will be character and service. But character which has its root in God, and which is fed from high and heavenly sources is salvation. Yet no man will think of being saved alone. He will sanctify himself for the sake of his fellow-men. Character will find its highest meaning and expression in service. The Christianity of the future will not be "morality touched with emotion," but it will be the life of God in the soul of man finding expression in love and service. The field of its activity will not be in the future, but in the present joyous suffering humanity. Theology will have little to say about heaven, but a great deal to say about the present relations of God to man. It will not be so certain of the purposes of God in a place and time we have not seen, but it will speak in no uncertain tone of reproducing His life and character. The preachers of the future will spend little time debating about the person of Christ, but they will insist that His spirit pervade all the relations of men, and that His Kingdom of righteousness and peace be brought to pass; and not in individuals only, but in the church, in society, in business, in civic life and among the nations. The curse of denominationalism will pass then, for sects are really the outgrowth of a Christianity which deals with the future. Denominations are private roads to heaven, and every church thinks it has the only road; but when the religion of Jesus comes, Christianity is to be a life, not a shibboleth; a loving trust in God, not a church or creed or formula; a glad consecration, in the spirit of Jesus, to one's home and the world, not a service rendered for reward. All that the Christianity of the future will say about the life to come is that God is the same there as here, and that a man is a man there as here, but it will insist very strongly that its ministers and disciples have the life of God in their hearts, and that they be possessed with a holy enthusiasm to make that life real to their fellow-men, even as did Jesus.

* * *

GLADSTONE AND THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

THEODORE F. SEWARD.

WHEN the Fisk Jubilee Singers went on their second concert tour, and (during the years 1875-7) sang out of the pockets of the English people the great fund which transformed their school into a university, I accompanied them as musical director of the troupe. The romance of that experience was widely known at the time, but it is little more than a vague rumor to the present generation. Yet it was a historic fruit of the Emancipation Proclamation, which could not be forgotten. The fact that a company of negroes, some of them born in slavery and reared within the sound of the driver's lash, were singing the pathetic songs which were wrung from the hearts of their people during the weary years of their oppression, as a means of educating and elevating their race, appealed strongly to the British imagination and British sympathy.

The concerts were phenomenally successful. We visited nearly every city and town in England, Scotland, Wales, and the Protestant portion of Ireland—

wherever there was a hall of sufficient size to insure an addition to the fund. That the hall would be crowded was always a foregone conclusion. Sometimes, when there was not a suitable hall, the concert would be given in a church (Non-conformist, of course), or in the market or "corn-exchange," which would be cleared out and seated for the occasion.

The audiences were drawn almost wholly from the religious classes. This fact led to a curious experience in the management of the entertainments. It seems that among the Non-conformists of Great Britain the feeling with regard to attending concerts is, or was at that time, the same as it was a generation ago among religious people in America with reference to going to the theatre or opera. A mixed programme of secular and sacred music,—as, for instance, "My love is like a red, red rose," followed by Handel's "He was despised," or Mendelssohn's "O rest in the Lord,"—was regarded as sacrilegious, and not to be tolerated by earnest Christian people. If our entertainments had been announced (or, as the Scotchmen say, "intimated") as concerts, they would have failed. Therefore the title, "Services of Song," was adopted; and under this guise the multitudes were captured. There was nothing wrong or "tricky" in this concession to public opinion, as the slave songs are deeply religious in their spirit, and it only required a little care in making sure that the other parts of the programme did not conflict with the religious element of the songs.

Another fact concerning the British audiences should be alluded to. They were invariably drawn from the Liberal party. The Conservatives let us severely alone. This would probably have been the case at any time; but it was strongly emphasized by the Bulgarian excitement, which was just then at fever heat. The Conservatives apparently associated in their minds, in some mysterious way, the history of American slavery with the uprising of the Bulgarian peasants. I will mention an illustration of the intensity of feeling on the subject. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts sent a cheque for three hundred pounds as a donation to the University. But after the Singers gave a concert in Glasgow in aid of the Bulgarian fund, she wrote a letter requesting that the money be returned. However, a call by one of the singers, with suitable representations and explanations, led to a withdrawal of her request.

The distinction between Liberals and Conservatives was most strongly marked in our social experiences. Invitations to dine were so frequent that scarcely a tithe of them could be accepted. Five concerts a week, with traveling between, is exhausting work for the singers, and no strength could be wasted in "dining out," unless for some very special reason. Of the invitations accepted, a few names will show how exclusively the Liberal element was represented.

Lord Shaftesbury, the Duke of Argyle, Rev. Newman Hall, Miss Mulock (Craik), Mrs. Charles (author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family"), Lord Kintore of Scotland, and above and beyond all others, the great statesman whose loss is now mourned by the whole civilized world.

Our visit at Hawarden Castle afforded a somewhat unique opportunity or occasion for revealing the broad sympathy and rare tact of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and is therefore worthy of a detailed description.

Our party (there were eleven singers in the troupe) arrived at the Chester railway station about the middle of the afternoon. Carriages sent from the Castle were waiting for us at the station, and when, after a charming drive between English hedges and through the richly wooded park, we arrived at the Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were standing on the steps ready to receive us. Their greeting was so cordial, so simple, unaffected and natural, that a feeling of embarrassment was impossible. How they could so completely banish from our minds all consciousness of the intellectual and social difference between their estate and ours, it is not easy to understand. Certainly it is not possible to describe or analyze it, except to say that it was a consummate fruit of the highest breeding. Their culture, so far from raising a barrier between us, was used as a medium for closer fellowship; and this is surely the essence of Christian courtesy—*noblesse oblige*.

The entire afternoon and evening were devoted to our entertainment and pleasure, with the exception of a brief interval when our host excused himself to write an important paper for presentation in Parliament the following day. The best hour was the one spent in Mr. Gladstone's library, where he showed us innumerable relics and souvenirs of interesting occasions, presentations from cities, corporations, etc. By no means of least interest was the table on which were lying a number of axes of different shapes and sizes which he used in his favorite recreation of felling trees. His special preference among them was an American axe. The handle had been split at the end, and was bound around for some distance from the head with a strong cord. He said there was a give in the handle resulting from the split, which gave a slight relief to the hand as the blow was struck.

After the indoor treasures had been examined, Mr. Gladstone took us about the park and especially to see the picturesque ruin of a castle of the time of Edward the First, which adorns one part of his wide domain. To have an ivy-mantled ruin on one's private grounds seemed a rare privilege to us Americans, who had just been "twitted" by Mr. Ruskin for our poverty in not even having any public castles on our commonplace continent. Mr. Gladstone assured us that America has given the world ideas and principles which are worth far more than all the ruined castles of Europe. The time is too remote for a full report of his remarks on this and other topics. But in all his association with us, he manifested a spirit of genial comradeship which kept us entirely at our ease. I think that none of us felt any more lack of freedom than if we had been visiting an American home, and were being entertained by the grandfather of the household.

As the afternoon waned we returned to the drawing-room, and in due time were called to the evening meal. This proved not to be the traditional tea-and-thin-bread-and-butter of an English home in the late afternoon or early evening. It was rather the later meal transferred to this hour for our benefit as guests, who could not stay to the usual ten-o'clock supper. And in the conduct of the meal, a fact is to be mentioned which may fairly be regarded as of historic meaning and interest. We were led to the table by our host and hostess, and so seated as to leave alternate vacant chairs, as if for other expected guests. The servants were dismissed from the room, and Mr. and Mrs. Glad-

stone themselves waited on us. After all were well supplied, and we had fairly begun our repast, then the other members of the family and a few guests came in, and they and Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone took the unoccupied seats, being thus distributed among our party. The servants were then recalled, and served the company in ordinary form.

The motive beneath this act of very special courtesy can, I think, be easily discerned. England was responsible for introducing slavery into the American colonies. Here was a company of the children of bondage, who were engaged in a laudable effort to remove its degrading effects, and to elevate their own race. "Let the occasion be used to express in as marked a degree as possible our sympathy with their efforts, and our desire to aid them in their good work." Somewhat along this line of reasoning it may be supposed, did the noble-souled Premier and his wife decide to bestow such unusual honor.

The remainder of the evening was occupied in a social way. The only other incident worth recording was the singing of "John Brown's Body" by the troupe. They had sung a number of slave melodies—of which the English people could never have enough—and Mr. Gladstone asked for the John Brown Song:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

His appearance during the singing was a *tableau-vivant* that one who witnessed it could never forget. He stood near the piano in an attitude of absorbed attention. As the *verve* and fire of the singers increased with the rising sentiment of the words culminating in the line, "His soul is marching on," Mr. Gladstone's imperial form seemed to rise in sympathy; his chest dilated and his dark eyes flashed fire. His spirit was evidently stirred to the depths. He was himself a fine singer, and we urged him to sing a song for us, but he could not be induced to yield to our persuasions, apparently feeling that after that song anything else would be an anti-climax.

At ten o'clock the carriages were called, our genial host and hostess placed us in them, closed the doors with a final benediction, and we drove back to the Chester station, each with a Gladstone autograph in his album and with a single thought in every mind: "Of all the privileges we have enjoyed on this small planet, one that will ever remain among our choicest memories is the visit to Hawarden Castle."

* * *

A MOHAMMEDAN PHILOSOPHER.

THE name of Al-Ghazzali, or Algazel, has been lifted out of the obscurity that has covered it for preceding centuries. Whewell and Lewes, in the later editions of their respective works, have found a place for him, and Ueberweg concedes him a recognized position in the history of philosophy. The translation of "The Alchemy of Happiness," one of his treatises, by an American scholar, Henry A. Homès, Librarian of the State Library at Albany, enables us to test the claims of this Arabian philosopher, who may also be called a theosophist, to the rank to which in his own day, and at length after the lapse of ages once again, he has been elevated.

Al-Ghazzali was a native of Khorasan, born about

A.D. 1056. Educated as a Mohammedan, his mind was early a prey to doubt, and for a time he was an absolute skeptic. His learning and genius, however, recommended him to the sovereign, who bestowed upon him a professorship in the College of Bagdad. Harassed by doubts, he resigned his position and went as a pilgrim to Mecca and Jerusalem. He returned to his native Khorasan, to devote himself to monastic study and devotion, and write out the results of his careful meditation.

The temper of his mind was not unlike that of Pascal. He saps the foundations of philosophy, that he may find a larger place for faith. He studies man in his feebleness and strength, in his degradation and his nobleness, bringing out the contrast between the creature of clay and the child of God, in sentences and paragraphs that repeatedly remind us of "Pascal's Thoughts." Again, we are struck by the parallel between the Mohammedan philosopher Al-Ghazzali, and the French philosopher Des Cartes. The latter flung aside all his previous opinions and beliefs, that starting from the simple argument "I think, therefore I am," he might construct on a solid base a system of demonstrated truth. The Mohammedan seems to have passed through a similar experience; and in the work now translated, we see the conclusions at which he arrived—conclusions the more important to us from the fact stated by Mr. Homes in his introduction, that his translation has been made from the Turkish edition of 1845, and that it thus indicates not only the opinions of a philosopher of eight hundred years ago, but the views which are regarded or tolerated as orthodox at the present day.

These views are certainly remarkable, considering the source from which they come. We are scarcely surprised at the estimate of their author, given by the veteran German Professor Tholuck, whose evangelical sympathies no one will call in question. "Ghazzali," he says, "was truly—if any man ever deserved the name—a divine, and he may justly be placed on a level with Origen, so remarkable was he for learning and ingenuity, and gifted with such a rare faculty for the skillful and worthy exposition of doctrine. All that is good, noble, and sublime, which his great soul had compassed, he bestowed upon Mohammedanism; and he adorned the doctrines of the Koran with so much piety and learning, that in the form given them by him they seem in my opinion worthy the assent of Christians."

"The form given them by him," Tholuck well might say, for under his handling the grosser doctrines of the Koran disappear, and the moral elements that underlie them, or are interwoven with them, are brought into the foreground. His rationalism acts as a solvent to disintegrate whatever is obnoxious to his moral sensibility and his spiritual aspirations, and yet his aim is constructive rather than destructive. He presents such phases of the moral system and the government of God as frequently remind us of Butler's "Analogy."

In his "Alchemy of Happiness" he addresses himself to the "seeker after the divine mysteries," reminding him, in the spirit of the old Greek proverb, that he should first seek to know his own soul. This knowledge is "to know what you are, how you are created, whence you are, what you are here for, whither you are going, in what your happiness consists, and what you

must do to secure it." This will open the way to the knowledge of God, which should be pursued by the spirit as the huntsman pursues his prey. There is, indeed, "no more precious jewel" than this.

Yet the soul is a substance of which it is difficult, if not impossible, to apprehend the essence. They who say it is matter are in error, for matter is divisible, and spirit is not. Its origin is from God, and to Him it returns. The body is simply its vehicle, while the corporeal organs are its subjects. It rules the senses, directing the eye when to see, the ear when to hear. Indeed, we are reminded of Plato's "Republic," and his famous analogy between the soul and the State, as we read Al-Ghazzali's description of "the kingdom of the heart," of which "desire is the standard-bearer," reason the vizier, and anger, quick to rebel, the superintendent. We see the elements of revolt in human depravity, and the necessity that "the heart like a sovereign enthrone itself in its capital the body, stand at the door of service, and direct its prayers to the gate of Eternal truth, seeking for the beauty of the divinity."

To serve God and grow in the knowledge of Him, is the end for which man was created. But to this knowledge the soul is indisposed. Assuming its perfection in a preëxistent state, from which it has fallen, Al-Ghazzali speaks of it as forgetting "the assembly with which it had been familiar, and imagining that this miserable place was its mansion of rest," and thus choosing it as its home. But the knowledge of God calls for spiritual self-denial and effort. Holiness can be reached only by "the paths of difficulty." Yet the forces and methods of divine Providence are typified in the soul's control over the body. Legions of angels, in all the spheres of creation, are agents of the Divine will. Still man cannot comprehend states of being which transcend his own nature. None but the great God Himself can comprehend God. We cannot attain to know Him by the senses alone. Yet to know and love Him, is essential to happiness.

The illustration of the blindness of science, resting in second causes, is strikingly illustrated. An ant sees a pen making marks on the paper. Overjoyed in its discovery, it traces the effect to the pen, and cries out "Eureka!" Another ant, assuming more wisdom, calls out, "You are mistaken. It is the hand and not the pen that writes." But neither the first nor the last, who may be compared to the astrologer, penetrates to the secret of the will, or traces all back to the power of God.

But Divine Providence is universal. God sends misfortune and affliction as "the bridle of His love," to draw His saints to paradise. But many willfully, some blindly, mistake here. Our apprehensions of God at best are imperfect and inadequate. Our condition is like that of one that has always lived in a dark cave. Another would describe the sun to him. But he has only a glowworm by which to illustrate light. Such an illustration can give but the poorest and meanest conceptions of the full light of day. Al-Ghazzali notes *seriatim* several classes of men who fail to arrive at the knowledge of God—some through pride, some through lusts, some through their ignorance that "the soul is treacherous, deceptive, perfidious, malicious, false." But the knowledge of the world should remind them of their danger and their duty. The body should be "kept under." "As a camel is to a pilgrim, so the

body is like an animal upon which the heart rides." "If he should be busy with his camel day and night, and should expend all his capital in feeding it, he would not reach his destination, would lose all, and in view of the injury he had sustained, would be the victim of unceasing regrets, and ruin would ensue." The delusive nature of the world is illustrated by several striking illustrations. It is a shadow never fixed; a running stream always advancing; an enchanter, who wins your affection to plot against you. It has its several stages from the cradle to the grave. "Each month represents a league; each hour a mile, each breath a step."

But the present world introduces us to the future. "As Islamism consists essentially in believing and confessing the Lord God and the future world, it becomes our duty to acquire a knowledge of the future world, as far as the thing is possible." The objector against a resurrection is rebuked for creating difficulties where there are none. There is no limit to the power of God. "It would have been nothing to Him to have created without matter, in a moment, a thousand worlds like this which we inhabit." Moreover, "the intelligent and learned know that the body is not annihilated at death, but that the materials of which it is composed are separated, and that it is this separation which they call death." Of spirits there are two classes, the blessed and the cursed. Spiritual torment may begin here, but it is perfected only when the soul, separated from the body, and also separated from God, is left to itself. Here on earth, the body is a shield from it. "The world is the prison of the believer, and the Paradise of the infidel." Pain has its home in the spirit, and every wicked man bears away hence within himself the essence of his torment. "The spiritual hell" has three kinds of fire: the fire of separation from the lusts of the world; the fire of shame, ignominy, and reproach; the fire of exclusion from the beauty of the one Lord. Each of these is illustrated by appropriate analyses, in the style of Oriental parable.

The practical bearing of the truths set forth is seen in this conclusion: "Every man ought to take as the subject of his thoughts, the things which concern the future state—the pains of its torments, the joys of its felicity, the delight and ecstasy of the vision of the beauty of the Lord, and finally, the fact that these states are eternal. Now is it not strange folly and sottishness, to be proud of the transitory pleasures of the world in a life which lasts but for one or two days, and to turn our backs upon future eternal joys? If you are wise, you will acknowledge the faults and errors of your soul, and with an understanding of the purpose for which it was created, you will meditate upon your soul, and upon the Almighty power and greatness of God, as far as the human mind can comprehend them. . . . Regard this world as the place to sow seed for eternity."

Such is an imperfect outline of what may well have contributed to render the author's name venerable. There are few traces of Mohammedanism in it. The Philosopher looks through nature and Providence to discern the real features of the moral world, the condition and prospects of man, and the hopes which he may dare to cherish, and his conclusion is in striking harmony with the closing lesson of Ecclesiastes, and enforces like it the obligations of natural religion.—*The Evangelist.*

WAR, LIBERTY, PEACE.

N. S. PRIME.

Grim-visaged war discharged
The nation's will,
And Freedom's bounds enlarged
Stand firmer still.

What freemen's valor won
Give not again,
To wear the galling yoke
Of cruel Spain.

Peace smiles with Liberty.
They, hand in hand,
Shall, on the land and sea,
Together stand.

Hasten, thou Prince of peace,
The happy day
When shock of war shall cease
Beneath Thy sway!

Huntington, L. I.

* * *

THE ATONEMENT.

THE secret of growth is the impartation of life; and this is what the Bible means by what we call vicarious sacrifice. I must either run the hazard of startling the faith and shocking the sensibilities of some, or else the hazard of speaking vaguely, indefinitely, unclearly and uncandidly, which no teacher ever has a right deliberately to do. I was educated to believe in what is known as the governmental theory of the Atonement. I was brought up to believe that God had pronounced certain judgments against sinful humanity; that a penalty was due for our misdeeds; that Jesus Christ came to the earth and suffered the penalty, in order that God might take the penalty off from us and let us go. I not only was brought up to believe it, but I did believe it in the early years of my ministry. I believe it no longer. It is not in consonance with the teaching either of Scripture or of life. In life punishment is not taken from the guilty and put upon the innocent. The father does not put the penalty upon the mother in order that he may forgive the boy. The Governor does not put the penalty upon some innocent person in order that he may sign a pardon for the guilty person. There is nothing akin to this conception of penalty and pardon in life. Nor is it to be found in the teaching of Scripture. Scripture doctrine need not always be stated in Scripture words; but a doctrine which, for its statement, must use words not to be found in the Scripture may safely be looked upon with suspicion. We are asked to affirm a doctrine of expiation. The word "expiation" does not occur in the New Testament. We are asked to affirm our belief in vicarious suffering. The word "vicarious" does not appear in the New Testament. We are asked to affirm that Christ was a substitute for man. The words "substitute" and "substitution" do not appear in the New Testament. We are asked to affirm our belief in Atonement. The word "atonement" does not appear in the New Testament. It is to be found in only one place in the Old Version, and in the New Version it has been rendered, as it

should be, "reconciliation," as it is throughout the New Testament, where the same Greek word occurs. There is no authority in Scripture for the doctrine that God puts the penalty due to a guilty person upon an innocent one. We are saved by the blood of Christ, because we are saved by the life of Christ poured into our life; saved by the sacrifice of Christ, because there is no way in which, from the lowest to the highest, including God Himself, one can minister to the life of another in the moral and spiritual realm without suffering.

It is not the removal of the penalty; it is the removal of sin which humanity needs—the animalism taken out, a new and higher nature made master and conqueror. It is life, not ease; righteousness, not pearly gates and golden streets. If we be men and women, we do not so much care to be in heaven as to have heaven in us.

Life comes only as some one is willing to give his life, and life can be given to the sinful only through pain and suffering. The Cross of Christ is like a window through which the soul looking sees the eternal facts; the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, God bearing the sins and sufferings of His children through all ages until he shall bear them away, pouring out His life-blood through all the ages, until, pouring into these our poisoned veins, he shall have cleansed them of their impurity, filled them with a new life-current, and made us worthy to be called children of God. As I have passed from that earlier, and, as it seems to me, cruder and more artificial conception, to this later, and, as it seems to me, profounder conception, the Cross of Christ has come to mean not less but more; and as I stand before it and look up into the eyes of Him who hangs upon it, I see in Him not merely one who has borne scourging for my sake, but one who interprets the consummate fact of human life—suffering for others, in which I now see a prophecy of the awful yet splendid divine fact of God's infinite suffering love. For in that Cross the Crucified discloses the eternal love of the Father, and shows Him the Life-giver to us, his children, through the giving of his own life for us and our salvation.—Lyman Abbott, in "Theology of an Evolutionist."

* * *

NEGRO SUPERSTITIONS.

THE Southern negro has a sign and meaning for everything. You can scarcely move without running counter to some superstition. Take up ashes after dark, you bring death into the house; sweep dirt out of a door after nightfall, you sweep out the wealth of the family with it; pour milk on the ground, the cows will go dry. If after starting away from your house you have occasion to return, sit down, if only for a moment, before starting off again; otherwise your errand will be fruitless. The cry of a screech-owl bodes death, as does also the note of the whippoorwill; (if heard near a dwelling-house in the woods it is innocuous.) Kill a lizzard, its mate will come to count your teeth and you will surely die. The howl of a dog foretells the death of one of the family, as does also the crowing of a hen. (The disaster may, however, be averted in the latter case if the hen is instantly slaughtered—a clear case of the survival of the custom of the

sacrifice of a cock to the devil by way of propitiation.) If the eyes of a corpse refuse to shut, they are watching for some member of the family who will soon follow. When a grave is dug, the spades, etc., used in the work must be left out over night, or they will be needed soon for a similar service; and no fear need be entertained of their being stolen, since the thief would bring the doom on his own head. To bring a hoe into a dwelling-house is "mighty bad luck," as any old maumer will tell you; and a bird flying into the window or door is an unfailing messenger of woe. If your hand itches, rub it upon wood and put it in your pocket; it will bring you money or a gift. Should your eyelid quiver, you will weep ere long. If a snake cross your path, beware of harm from your enemies, which may be prevented if you pursue and kill the snake. The small knuckle-bone of a ham carried in the pocket is a charm against the evil-eye in general and rheumatism in particular. If the birds use your hair in nest-building, you will have headache which will last until the young birds are fledged and the nest abandoned. It is a common thing when a party of pickaninnies are playing together to see one of them give another a light cut across the back with a switch, and exclaim triumphantly, "Dar, now, you gwine git a whuppin' 'fore night," while the recipient of the blow will beg as earnestly that the "cross" may be taken off by a second stroke from the same hand in the same spot as though he already felt the lash. To lock the hands over the head is to pile up trouble. To throw salt on the fire provokes a quarrel with your nearest and dearest. (In turning back in a path your superstitious negro makes a cross, thus, X, with his foot, and spits on it; otherwise, he believes, misfortune will surely overtake him the next time he passes that way.) Rocking an empty cradle brings misfortune to the baby, and if a teething child is allowed to look at itself in the glass it will cut teeth hard. To step over an infant as it lies on the floor will render it puny and delicate, and if beaten with a broom it will be good for nothing all its life. He who kills a cat may bid good-bye to good fortune henceforth; and the unlucky breaker of a looking-glass has to expect seven years' troubles. The negro believes abjectly in the moon, and conducts all the affairs of his life with regard to her phases. If he should kill his pig on the wane of the moon, the meat would shrink to nothing in the pot; and it is not an uncommon thing for a colored cook to explain an astonishing shrinkage in a joint with, "Dat meat mus' 'a' been killed on de decrease ob de moon."—Sara M. Handy, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

* * *

A GEOGRAPHICAL RHYME.

The brewers should to Malta go, the Boobies all to Scilly;
The Quakers to the Friendly Isles, the Purriers to Chili;
The little crying, caroling babes, that break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to Babylon, to Lapland or to Brest.
To Spithead cooks go or to Greece, and while the miser waits,
His passage to the Guinea Coast, Spendthrifts are in the Straits.

Spinsters should to the Needles go, Wine-bibbers to Burgundy,
Gourmands to lunch at Sandwich Isles, Wags to the Bay of Fundy.
Bachelors to the United States, Maids to the Isle of Man,
Let gardeners go to Botany Bay, and Shoeblacks to Japan.
Thus emigrate and misplaced men would then no longer vex us,
And all who are not provided for had better go to Texas.

* * *

PUBLIC SCHOOL IDYL.

WE confess to a great deal of sympathy with the subjoined sigh and moan as to undue pressure in our schools, which we quote from "Puck." We feel that it demands immediate consideration. Continually are the children sacrificed to the system. How absolutely absurd is it to crowd a child's mind with such facts as that knives are made in Sheffield and watches at Waltham! Much of grammar is torment to pupils, and of mathematics something worse. The bent of the child will come to be more considered. Education often is a Procrustean bed, and the child must be made to fit it. Suppose we were to make it fit the child. Some of us older ones notice that far more is required for admission to college than was asked from ourselves, and we think enough was asked from us. The human mind is not helped by learning a thousand things instead of five hundred. A vigorous mind is what education should seek, and nothing is more deadly to it than undue pressure. These things are said, and by the best of men; but it appears to produce no effect on our educational chiefs, who go calmly on, piling up the tasks. We could wish for them enough of the resulting nervous prostration to stop them in their wild work, if no milder regimen will do it.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry—
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in—
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in—
What are children made for?
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinicology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics—
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rub it in, club it in,
All there is of learning;
Punch it in, crunch it in,
Quench their childish yearning
For the field and grassy nook,
Meadow green and rippling brook;
Drive such wicked thoughts afar

Teach the children that they are
But machines to cram it in,
Bang it in, slam it in—
That their heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in,
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep.
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow, will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, chubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in, and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.

* * *

THE GREAT STAMPEDE.

ONE of the most desperate stampedes of cattle ever witnessed by a Texas cowboy, says the Rev. J. B. Cranfill, of Waco, occurred in 1876, on the prairie in the centre of which now stands the town of McGregor. Fifteen thousand cattle and twenty-five cowboys participated in the exciting event. Mr. Cranfill was not a participant, but he tells the story as he got it from an eye-witness. Late in the afternoon of July fourth there had been a lively thunderstorm that made the cattle nervous. At 10 o'clock at night, however, they seemed to be sleeping profoundly. The narrative proceeds as follows:

"The stars were all shining, and there was no cause at all for the arousing of the herd. They appeared to get up all at once, with a single purpose, and the roar that was heard seemed to come from a single throat. The Wilson brothers and the cowboys, who were sleeping in their camp, rushed to their ponies, which were grazing with their saddles and bridles on, and as fast as the bits could be replaced in their mouths they mounted and galloped to the flanks of the now disappearing herd, headed in the direction of the Brazos River.

"The usual course on such occasions is to get in front of the herd—a risky piece of work—and start it to running in a circle. This attempt was made in this case. Some cattle can outrun others, and in this case there was a bunch of about fifty fully twenty yards in advance, and toward the leading group the two rescuers rode. Of the leading group also some were faster than others, and this group ran in a diamond shape, with two immense steers leading all. When Mr. Wilson and his companion reached the two leading steers they began shooting their revolvers close to them, and in that way the bunch was made to oblique and as the leading bunch of cattle obliqued the main stampede obliqued, and the first step in 'milling' had been taken. By this time the cattle were getting tired. Nearly five miles had been covered, and the breath of the leaders was coming short and painfully; but they were rushing on, because the front cattle at this time knew, as a matter of fact, that their only safety was in keeping up the run. Those behind were coming, and they were in the majority, and the leaders were compelled to run. There was danger for the forward members of the stampede.

"In the invoiced articles contained in the regulation 'outfit' there is always some kind of stimulants, and but for the stimulants contained in Mr. Wilson's 'outfit' it is possible that the stampede would have been halted without disaster. He had a Mexican along, one of the best cowboys in the Southwest. This Mexican and his horse always reminded those who saw him ride of the fabled Centaur. He rode far forward and bent over, so that he and his horse appeared to be one animal. No horse, however rugged, 'wild and woolly,' had ever been able to unseat him. The Aztec had been to the little brandy runlet too often, and had filled and emptied his tin cup with surreptitious intoxicants, so that his usual excellent judgment went awry. When he succeeded in getting mounted, after having fumbled with his bridle a good deal, he was far in the rear, and the stampede had gone past him, so that when he overtook the rear end he passed to the front on the other side and rode on the wrong flank. When he reached the head of the herd he was just in time to defeat the manœuvre then under execution of bending the moving mass from a straight line to a semicircle. Revolver in hand, disregarding the other men, he began shooting in the faces of the wild steers, and the effect of this was to straighten the run and bring the advance straight toward a precipice. This precipice was a wash in the prairie, forming a deep ravine fully thirty yards wide, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell of this contretemps, the head of the column was pouring over a horrible cascade of beef, plunging madly to destruction, while fleeing from an imaginary danger.

"When Mr. Wilson and his lieutenants saw that it was impossible to save their cattle, they saved themselves by dexterously turning at right angles at full speed and riding out of the way. They next returned to the flank, and held a council of war. A few seconds decided them, and all hands began firing into the herd; the object now being to build a breastwork of carcasses and save the rear end from destruction that had overtaken the front. The gully was nearly full of cattle by this time. They were snorting and bellowing, crashing and tearing, and still heaping up, and when the firing began the wounded ones tumbled over on the others, and in a short time the gully like a sunken road at Waterloo, was bridged by carcasses. The herd surged up in billows like an ocean, and bent now because it could not do otherwise. The semicircle was formed, and Wilson and his men crossed the gully below and rode around the opposite side and recrossed, and in a short time they had the cattle halted, forming an incomplete letter O, and there they stood, blowing, bellowing, shivering. All hands remained on watch all night, and in the morning, when a count was made, it was ascertained that 2,700 head were missing. There were afterward 2,700 pairs of horns taken from that gully. It was called Stampede Gully for many years afterward, and perhaps will always with some people be remembered by that name." Whisky did it! —*The Waco Independent.*

* * *

AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

MR. KENNAN writes to "The Outlook" two incidents of the fall of Santiago:

"Upon learning at Siboney that the city had surren-

dered, Miss Barton ordered the 'State of Texas' to proceed to the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and we reached there to-day soon after noon. As soon as possible she sent a note to Admiral Sampson on board the 'New York,' saying that, as the inhabitants of the city were reported to be in a starving condition, she hoped that food would be allowed to go in with the forces. The Admiral promptly replied: 'The food shall enter in advance of the forces; you may go in this afternoon.' Almost any other naval commander, after destroying a hostile fleet and reducing all the batteries that defended a hostile city, would have wished to crown his victory and enjoy his triumph by entering the harbor in advance of all other vessels and on one of his own ships of war; but Admiral Sampson, with the modesty and generosity characteristic of a great and noble nature, waived his right to be the first to enter the city, and sent in the 'State of Texas' flying the flag of the Red Cross and carrying food and relief for the wounded, the starving, and the dying.

"As we entered the upper bay and caught sight of the city, some of our Red Cross nurses who were standing with Miss Barton in a little group at the bow of the steamer felt impelled to give expression to their feelings in some way, and, acting upon a sudden impulse and without premeditation, they began to sing in unison 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow!' Never before, probably, had the doxology been heard on the waters of Santiago Harbor, and it must have been more welcome music to the crowds assembling on shore than the thunder of Admiral Sampson's cannon and the jarring rattle of machine-guns from the advance line of our army. The doxology was followed by 'My Country, 'tis of Thee,' in which the whole ship's company joined with a thrill of patriotic pride; and to this music the 'State of Texas' glided swiftly up the harbor to her anchorage."

* * *

MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECY.

THIS quaint doggerel has had a wonderful currency. We reprint it as a famous curiosity:

"Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
Around the world thoughts shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.
Water shall yet more wonders do—
Now strange, yet shall be true.
The world upside down shall be,
And gold be found at root of tree.
Through hills men shall ride,
And no horse or ass shall be at his side.
Under the water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Iron in the water shall float,
As easy as a wooden boat.
Gold shall be found, and found
In a land that's not now known.
Fire and water shall wonders do
England at last shall admit a Jew.
The world to an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

THE PASTORAL LETTER OF 1894-96 AND BROAD CHURCHMANSHIP.

BY A CLERGYMAN OF THE PROTESTANT
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

"THAT the bold, unshackled and impartial search for Truth is among the noblest and most holy employments of mankind, is a belief which has inspired every true prophet, sage and philosopher of the past. And no one of these has ever been disobedient to the heavenly vision, but has straightway and openly declared to the world whatever he believed to be true, regardless of favor or disfavor, and whether men would hear or whether they would forbear.

'Ottaya from his earliest youth,
Was consecrated to the Truth;
And if the Universe must die,
Unless Ottaya told a lie,
He would defy the Fates last crash
And let all sink in one pale ash,
Or ever from his lips or tongue
One word of falsehood should be wrung.' (*Persian*.)

"A biographer of John Sterling, who for some years was a clergyman of the Church of England, writes of him as follows: 'His growing spirit found itself cramped by walls built for men of other centuries and other stature; till, at length, his secret tortures compelled him to openly renounce the Traditional Beliefs with all their worldly advantages, saying simply to his pleading friends: 'No, I cannot lie for God.' Similarly have I felt and increasingly resolved ever since the Pastoral Letter of 1894 remanded the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church to mediaeval interpretations of Fourth Century Theology. * * * Identified from the first with what was known as the Phillips Brooks School of Theology and of Ecclesiasticism, I sincerely believed that this Mother Church of Protestantism among all English-speaking people would increasingly protest against the corruptions of New Testament Christianity and gradually so extend its reasonable and liberal interpretations as to become a common ground for the substantial union of the Protestant sects, including conservative Unitarians and all others who devoutly acknowledge Jesus as the Christ. During these fifteen years as Rector of Episcopal Churches I have remained a life member of the American Unitarian Association, retaining cordial friendships with nearly all of my former parishioners and occasionally interchanging ministerial services with the Unitarian clergymen of my neighborhood. But my hopes for the enlargement of the interpretations and fellowship of the Protestant Episcopal Church have not been realized. On the contrary, since the decease of our great Broad Church leader, Phillips Brooks, there has been an unmistakable and persistent retrogression. * * * Its most marked indication was the Pastoral Letter of 1894. On the issue of this letter I repeatedly protested to the church of which I was Rector, and finally published my protest upon an opening page of a newly issued volume.

"The author of that scholarly and most valuable volume called *Protestantism* [E. P. Usher, A.M., LL.B.] himself a layman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but speaking of the orthodox clergy in general, says (page 386): 'Many of the clergy know the truth, but do not dare to state it. To secure a place in the Church to-day (which has come to be a large

salaried corporation) demands, in most cases, cautious concealment of certain opinions; and to retain a place demands discreet silence. 'This is an open fact and a burning shame.'

"Greatly needed in the Church to-day is what Mrs. Browning calls 'the conscience of the intellect'—that strict veracity that will not permit even silence, much less a gesture or a word, to belie the mind's honest convictions in religious statements or theological creeds. What Channing said of Lyman Beecher is widely true of preachers as well as laymen who have anchored themselves to the 'orthodoxies' of the Church; 'his heart is right and his life blameless, but his intellect is totally depraved.'

"Truth is not that which suits my tastes, or accords with my creed, or has longest and most widely been believed: these are no tests at all. Truth is whatever sound reason and solid facts will justify. All things else are phantoms or mistakes, however much they may please me, or justify my creed, or secure the support of overwhelming majorities. The Church must adapt itself to Truth, not Truth to the Church. Is it true? This is the one supreme question. And 'whatever is true is best for the world to know.'

"From the fourth century downward, in the language of Mosheim, 'the monstrous and calamitous error that it is an act of virtue to deceive and lie when, by that means, the interests of the Church may be promoted, has held possession of the Ecclesiastical world.' Most of the Fathers of the Church boldly taught, as a distinct proposition, what is widely tolerated, if not openly affirmed, in all the traditional churches known as orthodox to this day that pious frauds are justifiable and even laudable whenever they are designed to sustain or advance the 'true faith, which except a man believe he cannot be saved.' The times of this ignorance God winked at. But the higher moral sense of this age is beginning to realize how detestable are 'all liars' and how degrading to 'pure and undefiled' religion, as to all things else high and honorable, are frauds of any sort.

"The love of Truth constrains me to die rather than speak a word which I do not believe," exclaimed Mahomet Effendi as he refused, at the stake, to repeat the orthodox formula which would have secured his pardon and saved his life. An apology for mental reservation in accepting the orthodox creeds, Euripides, of Ancient Greece, ventured to insert in one of his dramas; but the theatre rang with indignation that duplicity in so sacred a matter as religion should find any excuse. Unless, by their superior reverence for veracity and detestation of duplicity, Pagans are to put Christians to shame, our churches should ring with indignation to-day that layman or priest, of any station or sect, should 'lie to God' as well as to man by accepting or repeating any creed with mental reservation.

"In teachings and professions of religion, of all things, it is now high time for every honest man boldly to exclaim, as well as inwardly to feel, with the ancient hero of classic fame:

'Who dares think one thing and another tell,
My soul detests him as the gates of hell!'

"That dualism known as Esotericism and Exotericism or as private conviction and public confession (by which is meant that there are in the Church two spheres of thought, the sphere of Reason and the

sphere of Faith, and these spheres so entirely distinct that one may secretly disbelieve a creed, doctrine or statement which he publicly professes) is as old as priest-craft, as wide-spread as superstition and as persistent as are charlatanry, deception and lies.

"Personal inquiry and reflection resulting in candid and deep conviction is each man's only road to Truth. Whoever follows this road will more and more demand unrestrained liberty to proclaim, as well as to hold, whatever views of Truth his mind apprehends and his heart feels. He will prefer, like Thoreau, to live in a hut and 'raise beans for a living' (after the example of all the prophets, sages and saints) rather than sacrifice the joy and nobility of being an honest man.

"The newly comprehended doctrine of the 'Immanence of God' as revealed in the 'Evolution of Man' (through ever higher and higher re-incarnations of the human spirit) explains 'the Christ' as well as 'the Buddha' and all other lofty incarnations of Deity. Now, therefore, after sixteen centuries may end (if priest-craft and bigotry will permit) all controversy as to the Trinity and kindred doctrines. At length Unitarians and Trinitarians may, if they will, find a common ground of faith and fellowship. The courage of our convictions on the Trinitarian side and increased reverence for historic terms and usages on the Unitarian side are the chief uniting agencies now needed.

'Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world
Push off, and sitting well in order smite,
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles.'

* * *

THE CZAR'S LETTER.

"THE maintenance of general peace and the possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves in existing conditions to the whole world as an ideal toward which the endeavors of all governments should be directed. The humanitarian and magnanimous ideas of his Majesty the Emperor, my august master, have been won over to this view in the conviction that this lofty aim is in conformity with the most essential interests and legitimate views of all the Powers, and the Imperial Government thinks the present moment would be very favorable to seeking the means.

"International discussion is the most effectual means of insuring all people's benefit—a real, durable peace, above all, putting an end to the progressive development of the present armaments.

"In the course of the last twenty years the longing for general appeasement has grown especially pronounced in the consciences of civilized nations, and the preservation of peace has been put forward as an object of international policy. It is in its name that great States have concluded between themselves powerful alliances.

"It is the better to guarantee peace that they have developed in proportions hitherto unprecedented their military forces, and still continue to increase them, without shrinking from any sacrifice.

"Nevertheless, all these efforts have not yet been

able to bring about the beneficent result desired—pacification.

"The financial charges following the upward march strike at the very root of public prosperity. The intellectual and physical strength of the nation's labor and capital are mostly diverted from their natural application, and are unproductively consumed. Hundreds of millions are devoted to acquiring terrible engines of destruction, which, though to-day regarded as the last word of science, are destined to-morrow to lose all their value in consequence of some fresh discovery in the same field. National culture, economic progress and the production of wealth are either paralyzed or checked in development. Moreover, in proportion as the armaments of each Power increase, they less and less fulfill the object the governments have set before themselves.

"The economic crisis, due in a great part to the system of armaments à l'outrance, and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden, which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing.

"It appears evident that if this state of things were to be prolonged it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm it is desired to avert, and the horrors whereof make every thinking being shudder in advance.

"To put an end to these incessant armaments and to seek the means of warding off the calamities which are threatening the whole world—such is the supreme duty to-day imposed upon all States.

"Filled with this idea, his Majesty has been pleased to command me to propose to all the governments whose representatives are accredited to the Imperial Court the assembling of a conference which shall occupy itself with this grave problem.

"This conference will be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the century which is about to open. It would converge into one powerful focus the efforts of all States sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord; and it would, at the same time, cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right, whereon rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples."

The London "Times" says editorially: "The note breathes a spirit of generous, perhaps, indeed, almost quixotic, humanity—a spirit familiar in the effusions of visionaries, but too seldom found in the utterances of great sovereigns and responsible statesmen. Never, perhaps, in modern history have aspirations which good men in all ages have regarded as at once ideal and unattainable found so responsive an echo in the counsels of one of the greatest and most powerful of the world's rulers. In principle, the proposals of the Czar, put forth on a solemn occasion with every mark of disinterested sincerity, will command the sympathy and respect of all men of good-will.

"It looks at present as though all the great Powers might be willing to enter the conference, while the United States might be expected to lend a favorable ear to proposals tending in any degree to lessen the weight of the imperial responsibility she is about to undertake. Her industrial polity is closely akin to our own, and her abiding interest in the maintenance of peace is hardly less vital."

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN AMERICA.

THE "Living Age" translates for us the words of an Italian, G. M. Fiamingo, on this theme:

"In America you will find the pauper class thrust back into special quarters, and these the poorest, the most remote parts of a city. But if you make your way to Five Points or the neighboring streets, a curious fact immediately strikes you. There, in those lurid and miserable dwellings, are masses of filthy flesh in human shape—Poles, Italians, Jews, Spaniards, Germans, even; but never a sign of the individual of whom you were in search—the pauper American. America has no professional proletariat—that scourge of Europe. It has no professional beggars, and its paupers are aliens. The fact is that the American, whatever his social status—railway king or simple tramp—is always by nature a 'hard-worker,' and in America he who is willing to work hard need never want. Into Five Points at New York, and into the poor quarters of the other American cities, have been thrust the superfluous—those who have not shown sufficient power of resistance under the tremendous strain of competition and endless toil. It is rare that European fibre shows itself equal to so dizzying a whirl of the social wheel. . . .

"The artisan in America feels himself to be in reality the social and political equal of any railway king, and he has his share in the great economic comfort which the prodigious improvements of the last fifty years have assured to the great republic. Emil Levasseur, in his recent and weighty book on the American artisan, brings out one fact with the greatest clearness—it is the workman who has gained most by the introduction of machinery. In no other country will you find so many artisans inventing or perfecting machinery as in America. The artisan feels himself closely linked with the rest of the citizens in that great work of economic production and of progress which is rounding out American society with a rapidity absolutely new in the history of civilization. Antiquity solved the social problem by slavery; religion, by the promise of a future life; but America promises to the truly intelligent, skillful and daring artisan fortune and wealth on American soil. Many a president of an American railway began life as a machinist. Edison started out as a newsboy. America found, then, her answer to the social problem in those principles which in Europe were formulated by the Revolution of 1789, whose decay the Old World long since proclaimed and whose decease Coppée and Huysman have not yet ceased lamenting."

* * *

THE SAFETY OF RAILWAY TRAVEL.

LAST year on American railways one passenger was killed in accidents out of every 2,827,474 passengers carried. That is to say, that you can take a train 2,827,474 times before, on the law of averages, your turn comes to be killed. You will have to travel 72,093,963 miles on the cars before that turn comes, and 4,541,945 miles before you are injured. If you travel 20 miles every day for 300 days in the year, you can keep on at it for 758 years before your turn comes to be hurt. If there had been railways when our Saviour was born, and you had begun to travel on the first day of the year A. D. 1, and had traveled 100 miles in every day of every month of every year since then, you would still

have (in this year 1898) nearly three million miles yet to travel before your turn came to be killed.

* * *

EDWARD AND THE MEN OF CALAIS.

THE old chronicler, Jehan le Bel, gives a graphic account of this famous incident of English history. Calais, after long siege, was compelled to surrender to Edward the Third. He granted amnesty on condition that six of the chief men of the town should be surrendered to him. On them, he said, he would do his will.

"At the sound of the town-bell, the folk of Calais gathered around the bearer of tidings, desiring to hear the good news; for they were all mad with hunger. When the knight told them his news, then began they to weep and cry so loudly that it was a great pity. Then stood up the wealthiest burgess of the town, Master Eustache de St. Pierre by name, and spake thus before them all: 'My masters, great grief and mishap it were for all, to leave such a people as this to die by famine or otherwise. And great charity and grace would he win from our Lord who could defend them from dying. For me, I have great hope in the Lord, that if I can save this people by my death, I shall have pardon for my faults; wherefore will I be the first of the six, and of my own will put myself bare-foot in my shirt and with a halter round my neck in the mercy of King Edward.' The list of devoted men was soon made up, and the victims were led before the king. All the host assembled together; there was great press, and many bade hang them openly, and many wept for pity. The noble king came with his train of counts and barons to the place, and the queen followed him, though great with child, to see what there would be. The six citizens knelt down at once before the king, and Master Eustache spake thus: 'Gentle king, here we be—six who have been of the old bourgeoisie of Calais and great merchants; we bring you the keys of the town and castle of Calais, and render them to you at your pleasure. We set ourselves in such wise, as you see purely at your will, to save the remnant of the people that have suffered much pain. So may you have pity and mercy on us for your high nobleness sake.' *Certes*, there was then in that place neither lord or knight that wept not for pity, nor who could speak for pity; but the king had his heart so hardened by wrath that for a long while he could not reply; then he commanded to cut off their heads. All the knights and lords prayed him with tears, as much as they could, to have pity on them, but he would not hear. Then spoke the gentle knight, Master Walter de Maunay, and said: 'Ha, gentle Sir! Bridle your wrath; you have the renown and good fame of all gentleness; do not a thing whereby men can speak any villainy of you. If you have no pity, all men will say that you have a heart full of all cruelty to put these good citizens to death, that of their own will are come to render themselves to you to save the remnant of the people.' At this point the king changed countenance with wrath, and said: 'Hold your peace, Master Walter! It shall be none otherwise. Call the headsman. They of Calais have made so many of my men die that they must die themselves.' Then did the noble queen of England a deed of noble lowliness, seeing she was great with child, and wept so tenderly for pity that she could no longer stand upright; there-

fore she cast herself on her knees before her lord the king, and spake on this wise: 'Ah, gentle Sire! From the day that I passed over sea in great peril, as you know, I have asked for nothing; now pray I and beseech you with folded hands, for the love of our lady's Son to have mercy upon them.' The gentle king waited awhile before speaking, and looked at the queen as she knelt before him bitterly weeping. Then began his heart to soften a little, and he said: 'Lady, I would rather you had been elsewhere; you pray so tenderly that I dare not refuse you; and though I do it against my will, nevertheless take them; I give them to you.' Then took he the six citizens by the halters and delivered them to the queen, and released from death all those of Calais for the love of her; and the good lady bade them clothe the six burgesses and make them good cheer."

* * *

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

BETTER have a tender conscience
for the record of your house,
And your share in the work that they
have done,
Though your private conscience aches for
your personal mistakes,
And you don't amount to very much alone,

Than to be yourself as spotless as a baby
one year old,
Your domestic habits wholly free from blame,
While the company you stand with
is a thing to curse the land with,
And your public life's an undiluted
shame.

For the things men do together are what
saves the world to-day;
By our common public work
we stand or fall,
And your share of the sin of the
office you are in
Is the thing that's going to damn
you, after all.

Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

* * *

MISS CLISTY.

"What friendly people you have in your village!" I said to my friend, the third day of my sojourn in the pleasant Long Island town where she lived. "Everybody seems bent on doing everybody else a kindness. What is the secret of it?"

"It's Miss Clisty, I suspect," she answered.

"And who's Miss Clisty?" I inquired.

"She's our invalid," was the smiling reply. "She's our peacemaker, a kind of sister, mother and good friend to everybody. Come, and we'll carry her some of the bread I made this forenoon."

I went with my friend and saw Miss Clisty. Since she was nineteen years old she had not walked a step; not even had she been able to sit in a chair. Propped up on pillows, she had spent all that time mostly in one room.

Her father died, after a lingering illness, in which Clisty had taken the entire care of him. The strain was too much, and since that time she had been afflicted

with a peculiar and distressing malady which rendered the erect position painful and dangerous.

She lived with her married sister, but the whole village seemed to have her in charge.

Several housewives planned in the canning season to put up a few extra jars of fruit for Miss Clisty. One always baked two pies each week for her, another carried her cake; and my friend had not failed with her contribution, given twice a week, for fifteen years. Some half-dozen gentlemen kept her supplied with fruit, coal and wood; the children, too, did their part with flowers and little kind attentions. Indeed, everybody seemed to have a share in contributing to the welfare of this invalid.

Miss Clisty was a bond of generosity and sympathy among the village people. Their hearts and homes seemed to expand towards each other and to strangers because of their kindness to her.

She was so gentle, so cheery, so sympathetic, that it made one better to see her. She was, indeed, their peacemaker. Did two neighbors have a disagreement,—this gentle, sincere, loving woman was sure to find means to set matters right.

She was never idle. She read a great deal, and was well-informed on all current topics of the day. Lying there on her pillows her busy hands had earned many dollars, covering silk buttons, crocheting baby's socks and similar work.

"Don't you feel Miss Clisty a burden on you?" I asked my friend, one day.

"Miss Clisty a burden!" she exclaimed, warmly. "I don't believe anybody in the village ever feels that way. Why, we couldn't get along without her, she helps us in so many ways. I wish every village had some person in it whose influence would be like that of Miss Clisty."—*Exchange*.

* * *

FRENCH PRIESTS ON ROME.

THE "Chrétien Français" for August records some significant retreats from the French priesthood. One is that of Père Joanny Patel, late Professor at the Juniorat des Oblats de Notre-Dame-des Lumières. In his letter of demission to his Superior, M. Patel gives this striking testimony on the Roman "vocation," and the methods adopted to fill the ranks and form the minds of the clergy:

"You decorate (says he) with the name of a 'vocation' the unreflecting act of a child. Poorly armed as he is against the attraction of the unknown, he is pushed by his parents, proud to see him aspire to what seem superhuman grandeurs, and drawn onward by the members of a religious society anxious to secure recruits for its *personnel* and for the carrying on of its operations. The subsequent laborious years devoted to study in no way prepare the young man for a free choice, deprived as he is even of the simple lessons of life one might learn by a holiday. It is only after the priestly ordination, at the moment of giving himself to the ministry—the one dream of his enthusiasm—that he feels the real weight of his fetters. When the moment of action has arrived, he feels himself annihilated by vows against nature which, proposed and accepted at eighteen and twenty, have opened to despot guests the sanctuary of his soul. . . . The unjustifiable vow of celibacy, demanded of the heart as a sacrifice agreeable to the God of life, tends to a servile depend-

ence, if not to hypocrisy. The vow of obedience delivers up the will, the most inviolable of our possessions, to men who desire to impose themselves on it as gods. A rule, in a word, entering unworthily into the details of every instant, breaks the springs of intelligence and destroys all personal initiative. Instead of arriving at the liberty of the children of God, the man, deprived of his personality, becomes a mere instrument, and remains for life a child under tutelage."

Another priest, M. Perrin, ex-Vicaire de Bourg-de-Péage (Drôme), who has also just left the hierarchy, thus expresses himself in the letter of demission to his bishop:

"For a long time I have ceased to accept the Catholic faith. I am absolutely convinced that the greater part of the dogmas taught by the Church are purely human inventions, superstitions engendered by the ignorance of past ages; consequently beliefs unworthy of human reason, of an enlightened and unprejudiced mind. I believed in them when I entered the priesthood. But is there anything surprising in having such a belief when one emerges from the seminary? Does not the Church take care to prevent its young Levites from reading books in which the Roman doctrines are discussed? Does she not equally prevent them from mixing in the society of those who think differently from herself? Accordingly, the intelligence of the aspirant to the priesthood, hampered in this fashion in its movements, choked, as it were, in a hothouse, and that precisely at the time when it has the greatest need of the immense horizons of thought and of science, rusts and suffers petrification under the sinister influence of the Church's intolerance."

M. Perrin, who thus expresses himself, was for ten years Vicaire of Bourg-de-Péage, where he was greatly beloved. It was on his promotion to be curé of La Roche-St.-Secret that he felt it necessary to unbosom his conscience and take the decisive step. His first doubts began with the Romish dogma of hell. From that they passed to indulgences, purgatory, miraculous waters, etc. What happily has escaped in the storm is his simple faith in Jesus Christ.

But the most striking of all these priestly testimonies is that of M. R. Lecomte, formerly Catholic missionary in Africa and the East. The story of his life, as given at length in the "Chrétien Français," written with immense vivacity, and revealing in its every line the stamp of sincerity, reads like a romance.

The account of his early years is the old story of the Roman capture of an infant, and the dehumanizing training for the priesthood. After giving the details of this period he thus summarizes it:

"An orphan, at eight years, I was placed in a school of the Frères, where I had not even a holiday. At twelve I was put to live with a priest who did not permit me to go ever beyond the bounds of the presbytery. At thirteen I was shut up in a small seminary till I was twenty. At twenty-one I was afresh interned in the Grand Seminary, wearing the soutane. Always prison! Oh! Christ, where are the commandments by which Thou hast prescribed to man to treat infancy and youth in this fashion?"

The effect of the system he thus powerfully describes:

"Kept under the yoke during the whole of infancy and youth; crushed under the heel of an absolute au-

thority; ignorant of all that passes in the world outside; enchained by a mass of superstitions and absurd fetishes, one becomes insensibly the man of a caste, whose soul is perfectly prepared to receive the sacerdotal imprint. Look at them! They are all branded, all marked with the indelible sign, all sealed with the seal of slavery!

"The education thus carried on is neither more nor less than a kind of draft on organized infancy in the interests and for the necessities of a cause, a system, a caste, a hierarchy; and what a hierarchy! . . . that of a foreign monarchy, of a State within a State, one which ought to be resolutely combated and abolished by every Government solicitous of individual and social liberty, and desiring the true interests of the country and of the national honour."

His conversion to Protestantism is a story full of interest. Its beginning is distinctly piquant. On being ordained he was sent, with other missionary priests, to Africa. He voyaged there on an English ship, the sailors in which, he says, "were brave, honest fellows, eager to render any service and to make our time pass as pleasantly as possible. They had some fun, however, among themselves at our costume and our interminable prayers." On reaching their destination at Duke Town on the Niger one of the first things they encountered was a Protestant missionary settlement. It seemed a perfect paradise of order, beauty and happiness. The English missionaries begged them to come in. They were about to avail themselves of the invitation when their Superior snuffed heresy. "There actually—horror of horrors!—were the missionaries' wives on view in the veranda!" They beat a hasty retreat, but on the way an object attracted M. Lecomte's attention. It was the tomb of a missionary's wife, who had died at the age of twenty-five, and which bore the inscription from the Vulgate: "Beati Mortui qui in Domino moriuntur." This was his first enlightenment. He was astounded to find that Protestants used the sacred books! Still more to realize that these heretics could calmly claim for themselves the blessedness of those who died in the Lord! The incident set in motion a train of ideas disturbing to his Catholicism, and which never afterwards left him. Later, on a visit to the East, in dealings with Protestants he was puzzled at their strict conscientiousness. Ultimately he began to read the Bible for himself, to discover, to his astonishment, that it was not, as he had been taught, the Protestants, but the Catholics who had systematically falsified it. He realized finally that Romanism was against the Bible, history and common-sense. "It is impossible in effect," says he, "to remain Catholic if one reads the Bible." He read and prayed, conversing meantime with earnest Protestants, until he found his way back to the simple faith of the New Testament, in which he is now rejoicing. It is the present intention of M. Lecomte to go back to Africa as an evangelical missionary.

One could hardly wish for testimonies more opportune than those we have quoted for the present crisis of religion in England. The yoke which Romanists in the Anglican Church and out of it are seeking to impose on our countrymen is here described by those who have borne it, and who know, as none else can, its power to crush both the individual and the nation.

The Christian World.

THE NESTING OF WILD PIGEONS.

DR. GIDEON LINCECUM IN "EXCHANGE"

CORRESPONDENTS frequently ask us where pigeons winter in the greatest numbers, and where they are to be found most abundant in Spring, Summer and Fall. This is exactly what we ourselves would like to ascertain.

Well, even the pigeons themselves could not exactly tell you now where they will spend the next Winter. That will depend entirely—as all wild pigeons will tell you, on having the question put to them—upon circumstances which have not transpired. Their principal food consists of the acorns of various oaks, the nuts of all the *Fagus* family, cane-seeds and the nut-like seeds of various other trees and vines.

During October and the first days of November, small flocks of pigeons are seen swiftly passing in various directions. These are prospecting flocks, which visit every portion of the continent south of the frozen region, and return and report. Then, and not until then, do they know in what portion of the temperate zone they will take up Winter quarters. The greatest quantity, and the widest district of their natural food reported, decides the matter.

A section of country four or five hundred miles in diameter is selected, and about the centre of it, the sleeping-ground is located. For this they prefer an elevated country with large timber. Here they all come to sleep every night; and it is curious to see how they can pile up on the branches of a thick tree top, until it breaks down, or becomes a solid mass of birds. These pigeon-roosts, as they are called, on an average will occupy a district ten to twelve miles in diameter. I visited one in the night time that was in full blast. I traversed the dangerous place the greater part of the night, avoiding the vicinity of the large loaded trees; for the snapping and crashing of the branches soon taught me the necessity of carefulness. The breaking limbs of the trees, the screeching and croaking voices, and the storm of wings that was momentarily occurring over an area of forty or fifty square miles, kept up a continuous uproar that was wonderful to contemplate. The ground lay strewn with dead and crippled pigeons; hogs, foxes, racoons, and opossums, all became so fat they could barely get out of the way. Many people visited the roost who, after a wanton destruction of thousands, would take home bags full of them.

The birds continued to occupy that roost every night for about six weeks, or until their peculiar food of that section had been consumed. (It is my opinion that the entire hosts of that species of the genus *Columba*, roosted there.) And when there were no more acorns within reach, they departed to some other region where they could find something to eat. They were all gone in a single day.

I enjoyed the opportunity in the month of April, 1832, of making observations on the manners and customs of the wild pigeons, through the entire period of nest-making, sitting, hatching, and feeding, until they abandoned and left their young ones screaming for food. It occurred on a heavy timbered section of the Tombecbee bottom, fifteen miles in length and one and a half to two miles wide, latitude 33 deg. 16 min. north. The timber was very tall, consisting of oak,

hickory, beech, sweet gum, and cypress—the undergrowth, cane, vines, and bushes. Here the “putchee nashoba,” lost dove, as the Choctaws call the wild pigeon, nested.

I made excursions of six or seven miles through the bottom—twice during the time they were constructing their nests (they were so much engaged, they paid but little attention to me), and three other excursions after they had laid their eggs.

They made their nests of small dry twigs, bits of sticks, dry leaves, and all kinds of trash found on the ground, and by the time they had completed their work, the entire bottom looked black and clear of litter as if it had been swept with a broom.

On the large horizontal prongs of the big trees were long rows of nests, closely jammed side by side, and in all the forks, on projecting knots and many more unlikely places, nests were found. Many on the saplings were frequently found so low that sitting on horseback one could peep into them; and finding but one egg in each, we surmised that they were not done laying. We therefore examined all we could reach in passing through seven or eight miles of the bottom. 'Twas all the same, one egg only. Every nest was occupied, and the occupant, from her reluctance to leave it, seemed to be setting. However, we still clung to the idea that they would lay another egg. Three days after we went again, but there were no more eggs; one a piece was all that was deposited at that nesting-place.

It is a subject worthy of notice that no nest was found on any tree that stood on ground higher than the level of the bottom; not even on those trees whose branches interlocked with the limbs of the low land timber, but having their roots on higher ground at the foot of the upland slope.

We usually arrived at the nesting-ground about eight o'clock A.M., when the whole region would be as silent as death. The setting pigeons all on their nests, but not a sound was uttered anywhere; no other bird would deign to enter the filthy district; but half an hour later, when the faithful cocks had returned, bringing breakfast for their patient mates, the roar of the rushing clouds dashing and whirling into the thick timber, with the cooing and screaming of the thankful hens, that accompanied the deafening storm of wings, was beyond the power of this pencil to portray.

Fortunately for the spectator, this stunning uproar was of short duration. Vast sections of the birds would seem to depart as if by signal, and the sudden simultaneous stroke of their million wings would produce heavy atmospheric concussions.

At first, while the food is near, the cocks make four trips a day, but by the time the young ones come, food has become so distant that two trips a day is as much as they can make; and now both males and females go out in search of food to supply the daily increasing demands, and leaving the young ones alone, their incessant cries and clamor for food are truly annoying.

A few days later, and they made one trip per day, going out at early morn and returning at night. At this stage of their nesting-period, being at Columbus, Miss., fifty miles south of their nursery, and observing about sundown many flocks of pigeons passing over, returning towards their nest, I got an old shot-gun, and popped one of them down, when, greatly to my

surprise, I found his crop full of live oak acorns. The live oaks nearest to that point in that direction are in Florida, five hundred miles distant, and more westerly, along the Gulf coast toward Mobile. I returned home the next day, and seeing no pigeons all day, began to conjecture that now they could fly, they had removed their young ones to where more convenient supplies could be obtained. When I arrived at home all were saying, “The pigeons are gone.” They had all disappeared in a single day.

I concluded that I would go out early the next morning and try to find some signs left that I could read, and ascertain if I could, the cause of their departure. When I came within a mile of the place next morning, the very singular, frying, hissing and confused sound that saluted my ears was utterly inexplicable. The nearer I came to it the less I could conceive what produced it, and the louder it became, until it increased to a perfectly indescribable clamor. All the frog ponds in the world in full chorus could not compare with it. But entering the old nursery the cause of the great clamor was discovered. Standing erect in every nest were the deserted young pigeons, screaming and yelling at the top of their voices for something to eat. My near approach did not seem to alarm them. Their cries and lamentation distressed me so that I had to leave.

I could not get rid of the impression the scene had made on me, and during the night I conceived a plan and prepared a large basket to take the young birds home in, besides some peas and cold bread with which to allure and catch enough to fill my basket. I intended to take them home and treat them so kindly that they would stay with me, and I would have a flock of wild pigeons of my own. When I came near with my basket I could hear no noise of any kind, and on entering the old nesting-place I found every nest had been evacuated; not a bird of any description was to be seen or heard anywhere. There were no indications left whereby I could venture a conjecture of what had become of them. Opposite this place, in the Chickasaw Nation, and southwest in the Choctaw country, lay vast prairie plains, which at that time of the year (the first of May) were literally covered with strawberries that were just beginning to ripen. Two days after the young birds had abandoned their nests, I heard they were on the prairies, and were eating all the strawberries, and that the Indian boys were killing them with sticks and packing home as many as they could carry, every day. They say “You eat up our strawberries, we will eat you, Mr. Pigeon.” They remained scattered over the extended prairie, sleeping two or three in a bunch on the ground until the strawberry season was over.

In riding over the prairie with my hunting-lamp on my head, during this period, they were so often fluttering up from beneath my horse's feet that they defeated all attempts to get a venison on the prairie.

They fattened upon the strawberries, and were very nice for the table. There seemed to be such countless numbers of them spread over thousands of square miles of the country, that I thought it might be that the old birds had got with them again, and towards the close of the strawberry season, when they were all fat, I went over the river into the prairie and shot a dozen brace of them. They were all squabs, and the Indians who were camped around on the borders of the timbered land, and were living on the pigeons and berries,

told me that they were all "putchusee," young ones. On being asked what had become of the old ones, they replied, the old ones had picked up and fed to their hungry young all the acorns and bechnuts in the world; had starved themselves until they could hardly fly; the cries of the young were as loud as ever; that there was nothing more in reach to give them, and they had departed.

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BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

THE deep interest that is felt, and the progress that has been made in Biblical Criticism is indicated by the following editorial from the New York "Tribune:"

"The appearance of Professor Haupt's new translation of the Bible is a striking testimony to the fact that multitudes of plain people to-day are becoming more or less familiar with the questions underlying modern Biblical criticism. For generations English-speaking Christians accepted the authorized version, which properly speaking, was never authorized except by usage—as the complete and sufficient statement of Divine Revelation. Indeed, it is not too much to say that average Christians came to look on it as the original record of God's message to man, and the verbal inspiration of this 17th-century translation from the ancient manuscripts of the Biblical books was practically assumed by both preachers and people. This disposition to accept the King James translation as the final authority was vastly strengthened by the unsurpassable beauty, rhythm and majesty of its English. As a classic of the language it stamped itself ineffaceably on the consciousness of the race, and men of leadership in every walk of life found in it the noblest and most convincing appeals to the heart and the intellect of the people. Under such circumstances it is not strange that the authorized version of the Bible became the final authority in religion without any reference to the fact whether it truly reflected the meaning of the original.

"But a different state of affairs exists to-day. The work during the last fifty years of Biblical scholars, critics and investigators has become known outside of the small circle of original investigators. At first the churches violently opposed what has come to be known as the higher criticism of the Bible—a somewhat unfortunate and misleading phrase. When in the 18th century Astruc, the French physician, published his celebrated book, a copy of which is in the library of the Union Seminary of this city, declaring that the Pentateuch was compiled from various documents, his theory was promptly denounced as untrue and his character was assailed. Nevertheless, the documentary theory of the Pentateuch and of other books of the Old Testament has held its own, until now it is believed and taught by some of the most eminent Christian scholars and commentators in this country and Europe. What, however, is more important, this and many other conclusions of Biblical criticism gained from a study of the old manuscripts and from the recent discoveries of archæology have become popularized. They are referred to with more or less approval in religious and secular journals, in magazines and even in the pulpit. Nor are they wholly unknown in Bible classes and Sunday-schools. The result of all this is that, while the authorized version of the Bible still holds its place in the popular affections, the belief has become general that in some

respects it does not perfectly give the meaning of the original. More is known to-day about the original manuscripts of the Bible and their relative value than was known to the King James translators, and many of those who most prize the Bible as the Word of God have felt that a new translation of the book by competent Christian scholars would be helpful to them, even if it did not displace the authorized version.

"It was in recognition of this feeling that the Revised Version of 1882 was made. That version, however, was not so much an independent translation as a revision of the authorized version, and, besides, as Professor John De Witt, one of the American committee of translators, shows in 'The Independent,' some of the valuable conclusions of the American committee were not incorporated in that version. It was finally agreed that these American preferences should be withheld from publication for fourteen years, or until July 10, 1899, when, Professor De Witt says, they will be published as the American Revised Bible. The appearance of this translation will undoubtedly be an important event in the religious world. Practically it will be the authorized version modernized and corrected where corrections seem desirable. Professor Haupt's Polychrome Bible, of which three numbers have appeared, is different in that it is an independent translation, without special reference to the authorized version, and made from a Hebrew and Greek text, which the editor and translators believe to be far more accurate than the text from which the authorized version was made."

* * *

THE ETERNAL UNITY.

REV. ALLAN CONANT FERRIN.

PERHAPS the most startling claim of modern philosophical thought is that the world of matter and the world of spirit are one—that there is an Eternal Unity. It is a mistake to ignore the claim, notwithstanding its revolutionizing effect on religious thought. It is better to give it a hearing, and test it in the light of Biblical teaching.

In his first letter to the Corinthians Paul uses these words: "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." Under the influence of the conclusions of modern philosophy, one cannot but feel at once that the passage has been interpreted too narrowly. There is a truth here larger than we have been wont to find. Is it not the truth of the Eternal Unity?

The words are but an epitome of the first chapters of Genesis, and with the insertion of another chapter—Christ—making a chain of four links instead of three. There is also this difference: the Apostle Paul leaves off where the writer of Genesis begins. The latter works from the Creator down to creation; he starts at the apex of the pyramid. Paul works from creation up to the Creator; he starts at the base of the pyramid. From Spirit to matter is the order of the one. From matter to Spirit is the order of the other. And yet the two have given expression to the same comprehensive truth, each from his own standpoint. The author of Genesis is narrating the order of the world's creation, and his purpose is to inculcate knowledge. The great Apostle to the Gentiles is pleading for the value of the human soul, and his purpose is to incite to the building of Christian character, for it is Paul's conviction—a conviction that had been burned into his consciousness by a revelation of truth vouchsafed to few men—that

the human soul finds its completeness only in a Christ-like life. His plea for the value of the human soul he rests on the most fundamental ground conceivable, the essential unity of man with his Creator and all creation. Man is a part of the Eternal Unity—a stone in the pyramid whose base is the universe of matter and its apex, God.

We may find individualism taught elsewhere in Paul's utterances, but not here, and one's inherent sense of proportion recognizes at once that the truth here is the larger and deeper truth. The human soul finds its true value not in its independent existence, but as a part of the Eternal Unity. "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

If objection be made that Paul here is writing to Christians only, and that therefore the truth he expresses is narrower than as we have interpreted it—that only Christians are a part of the Eternal Unity—the answer is that if this be true, then in the light of Genesis and of the human consciousness and reason, Paul gave utterance to a larger truth than he wot. That he may have addressed his words to the few does not exclude their application to the many—at least potentially. The unity is a unity of the Creator and all creation, as it lies in the mind of God—an all-inclusive unity.

If a man chooses to put himself out of harmony with the Divine thought and purpose, if he refuse to recognize his place in the Eternal Unity, and to order his life accordingly, this changes in no respect the comprehensiveness of the truth; it only makes it effective as a basis of appeal to all men to live in harmony with God's purpose. And this is the way Paul uses it, as the supreme motive to a Christian life.

Taken alone these words of Paul may be interpreted as a statement of the elements of a pantheistic philosophy; but in the light of their use as a motive any pernicious effects, such as we are accustomed to ascribe to this view of life, are counteracted.

There is no denial of individual responsibility involved here, nor any lightening of the obligation of personal duty. On the contrary, the words are used as the supreme motive to a deeper sense of responsibility and a better performance of duty.

It is Paul's appeal for a larger, richer life on the ground of the greater value of the human soul as a part of the Eternal Unity, with the inferential motive of the Divine love which has thus so exalted and dignified human nature. And here Paul's thought runs very close to modern philosophy, whose "most radical and far-reaching disclosure is that of the unity of law and life and truth;" that there is not a dualism in the universe—two verities, one of the Divine mind, and one of the human; two moralities, one of heaven and the other of earth,—but that "all law is one, all life is one, all truth is one; that there is no sacred and secular, no divine and human, but all things are sacred, and all life is divine." In God "we live and move and have our being."

In this whole chapter the course of Paul's thought is from the particular to the general, from the trivial to the all-important, from the superficial to the fundamental. Repeatedly is the transition made, and always with the clear intent of showing the folly of the conduct and attitude of his readers in the light of the eternal verities. What do their jealousies and strife and their adherence to this or that leader amount to in view of the great truth that they are all fellow-workers with

God! Let every man take heed upon what foundation he builds his life, for there is but one,—Christ Jesus,—and if any man think to build of gold or silver, or costly stones, wood, hay or stubble, let him not forget that he is a temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in him. If one set himself up among them as a man of wisdom, they are to remember that the wisdom of man is foolishness in the eyes of God.

There is no reason for glorying in any man. It is not only wrong but foolish to spend their time and energy in such trivial, fruitless things. God has made them far greater things. They are His fellow-workers, His husbandry, His building—a part of His eternal purpose. "For," he says, "All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." They are a part of the Eternal Unity, and should rise in their conduct to the dignity of their exalted position; they should fling aside all petty aims and ambitions, and seek to conform their lives to the thought and purpose of God in so exalting them. Thus only can they attain that fullness and richness of life which was evidently the Apostle's desire for them. This was Paul's message to the Corinthian Christians. It is a universal truth. No man can find the completeness of his life except he keep it in harmony with the Divine thought and purpose, except there lie in his consciousness the recognition of that for which he was made, and that Eternal Unity of which he is a part. Not that he must lose himself in the great Whole,—surrender his personality and individuality,—but that their true expression and largest development are possible only under the impulse and inspiration of such a consciousness. And never did the futility of seeking otherwise the fullness of life find so clear an analogy in the thought and pursuits of the world as it does to-day.

This is an age of large conceptions of truth and life, of a deepening consciousness of the power of organic union, and the effectiveness of the combination of forces and the possibilities of a unified life. There is all about us, in every phase of the world's life, an irresistible movement toward centralization. The large centres of population are growing larger, the syndicate and trust are rapidly absorbing their petty rivals, our colleges are ambitious to become universities, and church unity is being more and more recognized as an economical as well as a spiritual necessity.

Now what does this mean other than that we are comprehending as never before the effectiveness of combination and the power of a unified life; that men see with a clearer perception that their largest material profit is to be found by casting in their natural gifts and their dollars with the gifts and dollars of other men; that the fullest development of the individual is not in independent action, but in unified, harmonious action.

It is true that the phenomenal development of the science and application of steam and electricity have produced conditions of life which lie behind this great movement toward centralization, but these very conditions and their causes are a further confirmation of our contention that fullness of life is in unity of action. They show how men have begun to fathom the meaning of Paul's "All things are yours." Never were the material forces of the world so utilized in the development of the race. It has taken ages to learn the lesson.

It has been a long road from the primitive root-digger to the modern farmer. It has been a long road from the cave-dweller with his crude utensils of stone to the modern manufacturer with his multiplicity of inventions and of useful and beautiful products. It has been a long way from the Indian trail in the primeval forests to the modern railway unifying a continent.

But the progress has been in proportion as men have been led to a clearer perception of their relation to the material world, and learned to co-operate with the Divine mind in the appropriation of Nature's gifts and the utilization of her forces.

To perceive the futility of any other attitude, or of any other course of action, one need only picture a race or an individual denying the possibilities of the natural world, and refusing to utilize its gifts: seeking instead to develop life unaided by the latent forces that lie all about one. The primitive root-digger would have remained a root-digger; the cave-dweller would never have emerged from his rude dwelling of earth; the trail of the Indian would still wind its tortuous way through the dense forest.

Or, suppose a man who persists in standing aloof from that mighty movement toward a centralized development of which we have spoken, who insists on isolating himself, refusing to act in concert with his fellows and to relate his life to the social organism. I know that to do this absolutely is impossible to-day, and yet there are thousands who, as far as it is possible, are doing just this. Instead of throwing themselves with energy and purpose into the great stream of the world's life, they seek the fullness of their lives in a little world of their own creation. Narrow, bigoted, selfish, they never issue from their little world except to protest frantically and cynically against the ways of the great world beyond them, or grumble at the limitations of their own life, and long for the good old times when every man could brew his own ale in his own little pot—and drink it all himself.

Poor fellows! I suppose we ought to pity them, and we do when the ludicrousness of their attitude does not smile away our pity. Paul has a message for you, my brother: Don't fritter away your time and strength in vain regrets and protests: cease your whining, break down the walls of your narrow house, get a larger view of life and its meaning. Be a man, and seek to find your true manhood by relating your life to all other life. "All things are yours." God gave them to you, not for your selfish possession, but for your use; and in their use in accord with His will and in helpful association with your fellows, you will find your only true material and temporal prosperity—find it in conjunction with the prosperity of your fellow-men.

But this unity of which Paul speaks is more than a unity of the material and the human. There is an Eternal Unity, and only Spirit is eternal. Not only does he insist that man must relate his life harmoniously to the world, but also to Christ and to God. "All things are yours?" Yes. But also, "Ye are Christ's and Christ is God's." There are four links in the chain, not two. Fullness of life, perfection of character, the largest development of manhood, demand the special culture of the soul. The top of the pyramid is God. The Eternal Unity were but a delusion without God.

We sometimes see marking the graves of those who have passed over the River a broken column. It is meant to be a symbol of the incompleteness of a life

cut down in the midst of earthly activities. It is a far truer symbol of the thousands of lives that are passing through and out of this world incomplete, because unrelated to Christ and God.

But there can be no completeness for a life that leaves God out of it. As humanity found its germ of life in God, so must it find there the flower and fruit of life.

Many men recognize the reality of the unity of man and the world, and strive earnestly, and rightly, to gather all the possible fruits of that unity; they even recognize the unity of the human race and that their best temporal success is not apart from the success of their fellows, but by living and laboring helpfully and unselfishly with them. And here they seem to think their duty and privilege end. It is a mistake. There are four links in the chain that makes the Eternal Unity. Life to be rightly lived must be related harmoniously to Christ and God.

How glaring seems the folly of the man who insists on isolating himself from the great movements of the world's progress! Yet not more real than the folly of the man who would isolate himself from that far mightier movement—the stream of Divine life in the world. The same logic, the same necessity, applies to the latter as to the former. He is trying to build up his life on a half-truth. He cannot do it. Completeness is wholeness, not halfness. This is not to deny the column he erects may be beautiful; that its proportions may be good; that it may be well polished, but it will be a broken column; and this is always an unsightly thing. It may answer to mark a grave, a monument of death; but should the stone-cutter bring us such an one for use and adornment in our churches and temples, no matter how fine its polish or perfect its symmetry, would we not reject it? We would demand that it should reach up so as to fill the place for which it was designed, and that it have a capstone. It is incomplete. Shall God ask less than we with our feeble sense of beauty and completeness? Shall we demand less of ourselves in our character-building than we do of our architect in his house-building?

We are not pleading for perfection, but for completeness. They are not the same. Many a structure erected by man's hands is complete in all its parts, but imperfect both in design and construction. Its completeness can never mean perfection, because the principle of life and growth is not present, although perfection can never be without completeness.

With a human being it is different. The analogy holds true only on one side. There as surely can be no perfection without completeness; but, on the other hand, completeness must mean ultimately perfection, for life and growth are there. Our plea is for completeness, because it is the one condition and the full assurance of perfection which is the goal of human life; and for a clearer consciousness of the truth of the Eternal Unity, because this is the fundamental condition of a complete life.

What we need is more of God in life, a fuller recognition of the rational claims of our spiritual natures.

We need to strive for a larger, fuller, richer life—for the true life, and all true life is divine.

We should strive after the finished life, which has preserved unbroken the four-linked chain of the Eternal Unity.

Blandford, Mass.

Provost Keate of Eton, the famous whipper, found a string of boys in his room one day. Without any delay or question, he proceeded to flog them, and had gone half-way down the line before one of the lads mustered courage to say: "Please, sir, we are not to be whipped; we're the confirmation class."

We imagine that all civilized people might learn a profitable lesson by the consideration of the following brief dialogue between Gen. Shanks and the Nez Perce Chief Joseph:

"Do you want schools and school-houses on the Wallowa reservation?" asked the general.

"No," said Joseph, "we do not want schools or schoolhouses on the Wallowa reservation."

"Why do you not want schools?"

"They will teach us to have churches."

"Why do you not want churches?"

"They will teach us to quarrel about God, as the Catholics and Protestants do on the Nez Perce reservation, and at other places. We do not want to learn that. We may quarrel with men, sometimes, about things on this earth, but we never quarrel about God. We do not want to learn that."—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

* * *

"The supremacy of the priests is the real cause of the decline of Spain." This is the statement, not of a heretic, but of a Spaniard of note, Marshal Blanco, Marquis of Pena Planta, former governor of the Philippines, present governor of Cuba.—"Le Progrès Religieux."

* * *

A poor sermon is as near vacancy as anything we know of. Nature is said to abhor a vacuum, and a poor sermon is that particular vacuum that human nature hates.

* * *

AMONG THE BOOKS.

MORIAN'S MOURNING AND OTHER HALF-HOUR SKETCHES. By Ruth McEnery Stuart. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The American negro of thirty years ago is in a class by himself. For genuineness of humor, for susceptibility to impressions, for abhorrence of the intellectual, he is unsurpassed. With many phases of his character, we have been made delightfully familiar by this author in her "Golden Wedding and Other Tales," and these stories give us other and equally interesting glimpses of the same genus.

As a pleasing variety to the tales of the negro, there are intermingled stories in a more thoughtful vein, with a touch of the sad and a glimpse of the tragedy of living, all told by a master in the art of telling.

* * *

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

"An American Cruiser in the far East" is the title of a book soon to be issued by A. S. Barnes & Co. The author, Mr. John D. Ford, was Fleet Engineer of the squadron now with Dewey.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce a finely illustrated edition of Dickens' "Child's History of England,"

to be ready for the holiday trade. A new book of short stories, by Edward Bellamy, will also be published shortly by the same house.

Frank Leslie's for September contained an interesting article on "Working the Big Guns."

Charles Scribner's Sons announce, for the fall of 1898, an illustrated edition of Henry Cabot Lodge's "Story of the Revolution;" also a new edition of Geo. Meredith's works, and the second volume of Walter Wyckoff's "The Workers," in which the Western part of his sociological experiment is told.

In the "Bookman," during the forthcoming season, there will be a special series of four articles on "A Century of American Book Illustrations," by Mr. Arthur Hoeber.

McClure's Magazine for September contained a vivid account of the naval battle off Santiago, as seen from the American battleships.

The Fleming H. Revell Co. will published the third of their "Stories of Mission" series, which will be an account of the mission-life and work in the "Hermit Nation," Korea.

Famous letters to Presidents of the United States, from rules of other powers, appear in facsimile in the "Ladies' Home Journal."

The Rev. Dr. Greer, of St. Bartholomew's, New York, will publish in September, through Mr. Thomas Whittaker, a volume of Sunday-morning Discourses, entitled "Visions," uniform with his earlier book, "From Things to God."

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

D. APPLETON & Co.

Scott. The Story of Rob Roy. Condensed. \$0.60.
J. W. Troeger. Nature Study Readers,—Harold's Rambles. \$0.40.
L. S. Keyser. News from the Birds. \$0.65.

LAMSON, WOLFFE & COMPANY.

Grover Flint. Marching with Gomez. \$1.50.

LEE & SHEPARD.

S. W. Foss. Songs of War and Peace. \$1.25.
E. T. Tomlinson. The Boys with Old Hickory. \$1.50.
Edward Stratemyer. Under Dewey at Manila; or, the War Fortunes of a Castaway. \$1.25.
Sophie May. Pauline Wyman. \$1.25.

THE MACMILLAN CO.

St. John. The Modern Reader's Bible. \$0.50.

FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY.

Robert Machray. Grace O'Malley. \$1.25.
George Gissing. The Town Traveller. \$1.25.
Tolstoi. The Christian Teaching. \$1.00.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS.

Jas. E. Stevens. Yesterday in the Philippines.
Edmond Staffer. The Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. \$1.25.
Abraham Kuyper. Encyclopedia of Sacred Theology, Its Principles. \$4.00.
Herbert Elliott Hamblen. The Story of a Yankee Boy. \$1.50.
G. A. Henty. At Aboukir and Acre: a Story of Napoleon's Invasion of Egypt. \$1.50.
H. Clay Trumbell. War Memories of an Army Chaplain. \$2.00.

THOMAS WHITTAKER.

Dr. William Reed Huntington. Popular Misconceptions of the Episcopal Church. \$0.25.
Dr. William Reed Huntington. The Spiritual House. \$0.25.

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Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

MR. J. A. L. WADDELL, of the American Society of Civil Engineers, has just published a valuable manual on bridge-building under the title "De Pontibus." His use of Latin the author explains in the following humorous but doubtless truthful paragraph: "For five consecutive years of his early life the author devoted more than half of his working time to the study of the Latin language; and this is the first opportunity which has occurred during the twenty-two years of his professional career to put the knowledge (?) so obtained to any practical use. Moreover, he fears that if he be so fortunate as to be able to practice his profession another twenty-two years, no other occasion will occur to use it, so he feels the necessity of grasping this unique opportunity of a lifetime."—The Outlook.

* * *

Two Bishops with seats in the House of Lords, on Tuesday strolled across the lobby, and were passing the door of the House of Commons, on their way to the Peers' gallery to hear the debate on the second reading of the Benefices bill, when their progress was stopped by one of the doorkeepers. "Why cannot we enter? We are members of the House of Lords, and entitled to seats in the Peers' gallery," asked the Bishops, in amazement. The doorkeeper firmly replied that the Speaker was at prayers, and that during prayers there was no admission for Bishops. —London Daily News.

"What is the price of Dobbins' Electric Soap?"

"Five cents a bar full size, just reduced from ten. Hasn't been less than ten for 33 years."

"Why, that's the price of common brown soap. Send me a box. I can't afford to buy any other soap after this."

Miscellaneous.

No sense in doing without Macbeth lamp-chimneys; but get the right chimney. The Index tells.

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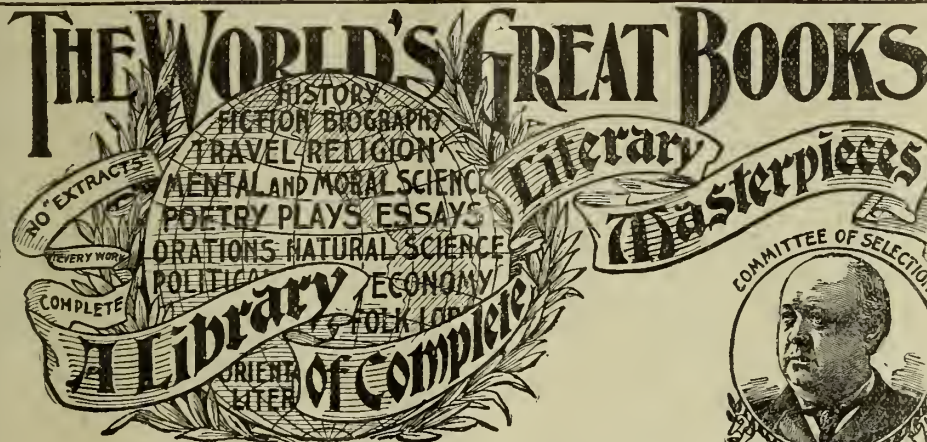
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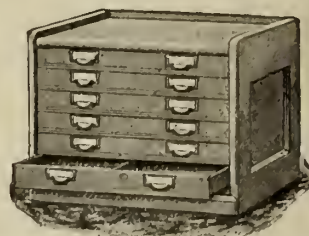
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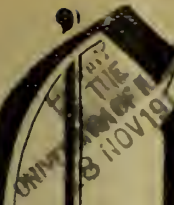
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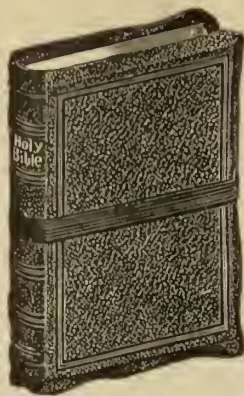
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1 Zec. 3. 2.
Ac. 9. 3. 8.

2 1 Co. 9. 24.
Le. 12. 1.

3 Ga. 5. 10.

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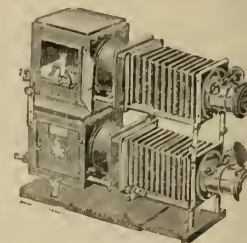
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Thanksgiving. THANKSGIVING-DAY is meant as a sample copy of all days. Because we have one day of the year set apart for thanksgiving, it does not mean that the rest of the time can be given over to complaining. Thanksgiving-day is to give the keynote according to which all days should be attuned. Thanksgiving-day rejoicing and praise should be like the famous tent of Peri-Banon, of which we used to read in the Arabian Nights; it could be carried folded up in the hand, but when it was spread out it would shelter a host. Let the spirit of thanksgiving be gathered up into the one day, but let it be able as well to spread out over a year.

And this, too, it is well to remember at this gracious season of the year; it is not only a thanks-saying time, not only a thanks-singing time, nor a thanks-praying time alone; it is a thanks-giving day. In the middle ages the great ambition of all princely or ducal houses was, as it was called in the symbols of heraldry, to close their coronets. Feudal dependents, who had above them some still higher dignitary, had their coronets open over the head; when the regal, the independent rank, was reached, then the coronet was closed above the head; the man was then his own feudal master. We would say that Thanksgiving-day wore its coronet of thanks-speaking, of thanks-worshipping, but it closed its crown and took indeed its full kingly dignity, when it became thanks-giving—a thanks-living of service and of love.

* * *

A New Society. WE propose a society for the prevention of cruelty to churches. We think it ought to be popular. We know that it has a wide field for activity. It could be of inestimable benefit.

The organization of many small, feebly-supported churches in one small village is cruel. It hurts. It hurts the cause of the kingdom. It hurts the influence of the church at large; and it hurts many true Christian hearts. Our society would be against all this hurt and cruelty. It would say: "This thing ought to stop, and so far as we have power, it shall stop." Good! we want such a society.

But who will join it? Not everybody! not even every Christian, we are sorry to say. The dogmatician, the man who enjoys a theological fight; he won't join. He wars for some peculiar, or obstruse tenets. He enjoys carrying that warfare everywhere. He wants his kind of Christianity battling for his kind of interpretations of Scripture in all places. That he enjoys. Then this society must work without him and against him. He is a relic of the age that liked bull-fights, and cock-fights. His sport will have to be spoiled. This cruelty can not go on, even though it gives him enjoyment.

And the man who belongs to THE CHURCH; he won't join. He is all right, and the others are all wrong; the only way out is just for every man to think as he does, and all to come into his way; so of course his church must go up everywhere. So the cruelty goes right along so far as he is concerned.

And the man who sighs, but says it is inevitable: "It is too bad, but it can't be helped," he won't join. For this society intends to help it. It believes that it is all against the good will and prayer of the Lord Jesus, and that it is inevitably to be remedied some day. It will go ahead with Christ, and without those who think it is impossible to help.

But who will join? Surely a great multitude! All those who love God more than their definitions of God; all those who love man more than they love to have their own way with men; all those who love effective, economical Christian work, whose hearts are grieved by the waste of men and money going on to-day. These, and all like minded with them, have joined such a society by cherishing such a purpose long ago. They are working for these ends to-day. God encourage their hearts and strengthen their hands, that they may be still more abundant in their labors!

* * *

The Exactness of God.

WE are apt to be in a hurry. When we are much interested, things do not move fast enough for us. We want everything to be done at once. God always has plenty of time, but then he is never too late. Why does not the church become pure; why does it not become one; why do bad men get power and seem to keep it; why is Europe an armed camp; why do the rich ever oppress the poor, and the poor hate the rich? All such questions are answered by saying, Give God time. He is neither slow nor unpunctual. He does His work well, and it takes time. His mills grind slowly, do they? Well, they grind exceedingly fine.

When there is a transit of Venus, great preparations are made. As the moment nears, every instrument is in place and in the best adjustment. Suppose then some immature astronomical cadet begins fuming around, saying that the time is passed, and the planet has not arrived; his elders and betters would cut him off shortly, and tell him that this thing was coming off exactly to the smallest fraction of a second; that if there is any trouble it will be with their clocks, not with God's planet. And they would be proved right. But all this is as true in the realm of man and of morals as it is in astronomy. God is always most exact, prompt, punctual. You can set your chronometer by the coming of His planet.

* * *

Missions. If you tumble into the slough and, after being badly bemired, scramble out on terra firma, that is an escape; but when you turn to shout to your companion in misery, "This way, this way," and when he flounders to you, give him a good strong hand and pull him out, that is Missions. You

are flung out on the dreadful sea, the waves mountain rolling and death on the billow. You seize the spar that kind Providence puts within your reach and breathe a sigh of prayer and thanks; that is rescue. But when you stretch forth your hand and catch the sinking comrade and lay his arm across the spar, that is Missions. Suddenly with the leap of the panther the flames break forth upon you in the doomed building. Blinded by the darkness, suffocated by the smoke, your blood boiling from the heat, you grope, with death by your side and his breath on your cheek, till beyond all hope you see the light and feel the luscious coolness of the air. That is a deliverance never to be forgotten. But when you plunge into the flame and smoke again to save one falling in your very presence, that is Missions. Jesus Christ was the great Missionary. The angels are missionaries. Are they not all ministering spirits?

* * *

Woman. WHAT is a woman? Well, she varies. A woman is a creature that wears jewels in her ears, sometimes in her nose; she dresses in silks and satins; she frequents ball-rooms and dances, dances well; she visits Saratoga and Newport, and enjoys them; she trots around the globe and what husband she happens to have, after her; she dresses like a man and talks slang; perhaps she smokes a cigarette; she swears woman's swearing; she keeps a pug-dog, and carries it when it is tired.

But again, what is a woman? She is a child of God; she is a companion to man; she is a wife, another and dearer self; she is, wondrous word, a mother; she bears a child and nurses him and teaches him to pray, and guides his little feet in the good way, and sends him on to lifewellequipped, and never fails him in his worst estate; she gives the world its tenderness, its sweetness, its graciousness, its calmness and peace; she bears the blow of the drunkard, and kindles the fire and prepares the table, while he is waking from his drunken stupor; she talks with the friendless prisoner, and can this be a tear that is stealing down his cheek? she bathes and soothes the dreadful wounds of war—man has made them; she can feed her heart only with love, and scorns all other satisfaction; she can die for her love and longing, beautiful, noble, Godlike.

* * *

Two Kinds of Good. THERE is the good which is in the peace of God; and there is the good that there is in the wars of the Lord.

Neither are these two so very far apart. The man who is resting in the trust of God finds it good; and the man who is most earnestly battling in the battles of the right and true against the evil and the false, he too finds it very good. These are the two great goods which life

has to offer. Dr. Parkhurst, we have understood, said in the midst of the magnificent crusade against Tammany corruption in New York City, that it seemed as if he had never known what it was to live before. Something of the joy and vigor of thrilling life comes with such a struggle. How often, too, lives which have fully learned to turn and rest in the peace of God are ready to say: "We have never known what it was to live before."

Caroline Fox tells, in her memoirs, of two lives in which a great man saw clearly the measure of good. She at one time asked Carlyle, who there was that had done good in England? Carlyle said: "Why, there was one, George Fox, he did some little good; he walked up to a man and said, 'My fat-faced friend, thou art a liar, thou art pretending to serve God Almighty, and art really serving the devil; come out of that or perish to all eternity'; this—aye and stronger language too—had he to say to his generation, and we must say it to ours in such fashion as we can." That was one good work and way of life, which he saw. And again she heard Mrs. Carlyle say to him at one time: "Thomas Erskine always soothes me, as if he had found peace." Carlyle added: "Why, yes, it has been well with him since he has become a Christian." That was another, a different, and yet by no means a contradictory good way of life.

And the beauty of it is that these ways lie side by side. The way of peace and the way of struggle can be one way. The same man can enter into both of them, if he be a man of large enough spirit of life. The warrior king writes the shepherd psalm. At least he might have done so, whether the modern critics will finally allow us to feel that he did or not. The happiest man will be the one who trusts his God, and fights His battles.

* * *

A Loss. SUPPOSE that by some divine providence or judgment all trace of our Lord Christ and His gospel were erased from history, the whole thing gone like the Megalosaurus, but unlike it leaving no sign after it, what a loss would that be! Gone forever, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself; gone, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God; gone, Suffer the little children to come unto me; gone, the prodigal son and the good Samaritan, and the Sermon on the Mount; no one had ever laid his hand on the blind man's eyes, or touched the deaf man's ears; no one had ever looked love into John's eyes, or said, Feed my sheep, to forgiven Simon Peter, or startled the woman at the well with the sight of her own heart—and where is there more startling vision than that? no one had ever been transfigured with outshining of his own beauty of holiness; no one had ever agonized in the garden;

no one had ever hung upon the cross; no one had ever risen from the dead, talked with John and James and put the finger of Thomas in the print of the nail; no one had ascended to heaven and commissioned his disciples to tell his story to the world. Instead of all this there is simple vacancy—all lost and gone.

Who has the arithmetic to compute how much poorer the world would be by this great loss?

* * *

Providence. SOME people think of God as a last resort. They are like the woman in the storm at sea, who wanted to know if there was any danger, and when told that they must trust in God, shrieked out: "Has it come to that?" Others look to God always, and with the greatest confidence. They rejoice to believe in His care. They believe in Providence because of things—they see signs and witness of heaven's careful ministry all about them—and they believe in Providence in spite of things; they still hold fast their faith when they can not see, and do not understand. Of these latter was John Bunyan when he was arrested for his religious faith and cast into prison, leaving his poor blind daughter with nobody to care for her; yet saying, as we read in "Grace Abounding": "Poor child; what sorrow art thou like to have for thy portion in this world! Thou must beg, suffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I can not now endure that a wind should blow upon thee, but yet, thought I, I must venture you with God, and I thought on those two milch kine that were to carry the ark of God into another country, and to leave their calves behind them." Of such as these was Job when he cried: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

One of the best and pithiest words on the true and constant faith was from Dean Stanley, we think, when he said: "Unbelief puts circumstances between a man's soul and God; faith puts God between a man's soul and circumstances." The world has a Providence; what it needs is more certain and more simple faith in that Providence.

* * *

Theodicies. To the angels a theodicy may be a great joke. The idea of justifying the ways of God, of rendering excuses for the Almighty, may be to them quite preposterous. Of course God's ways are the best possible. They admit of no suggestion of improvement. That the Judge of all worlds does right is the great axiom to them. The reason is that they know Him so well. And just as they reject all offered theodicies, so they would absolutely refuse to justify some of our theological utterances about God. They have no use for them at all, save to lift their hands in holy horror. God has no need of a theodicy, and there is no theodicy for these utterances.

If we could see God's ways just as they are, if we could lay aside ignorance, prejudice, bad teaching, all our errors grafted on the monstrous errors of antiquity, we should see God's ways shining brighter than any sun that gleams in any heavens. God's ways partake of the magnificence of His own nature. They are sublime and effulgent beyond all imagination, utterly beyond all expression; His ways with suns and planets, and with you and me, with our bodies, our minds, our hearts, our consciences, our wills, our families and our nations. Find out God's ways, and then let your cheek flush with shame at the thought of apologizing for them. Who would apologize for Niagara or the Himalayas? for the sun in his glory or the moon in her mild splendor?

We will be happy people when we settle down from all our theodicies to carefully learn God's ways and then to conform our lives to them. We break His beautiful laws, and then cry with most lamentable complaint, "Now see what a world this is." Behave yourself, my man, and you will find it is one of the best of worlds, and your children will find it still better, for they will not inherit gout or insanity from you. Gout and insanity are God's good things in disguise. They come to make an end of gout and insanity forever.

Go to! Let us stop building our theodicies and obey God's law.

* * *

The Ordinary. THE great things of speech and action are the ordinary ones. Not the new thing which nobody before has thought to say, but the old familiar saying, which has been oft repeated, is the important thing both to hear and to speak. To grasp firmly and continuously the commonplace truths makes a man and a nation. To impress such truths deeply on those who hear is effective speech. Master minds grasp ordinary necessities of life and conduct clearly; speak them earnestly and give them new and needed life. It is no criticism to say of Jesus, as some have done, that what He said had been said before; that was His most wonderful power. Jesus took the simplest, most ordinary, most evident truths: He varied them in such manner that they lived anew, and have ever been waked to newness of life, wherever His influence has gone. The true minister of Christ will thus most faithfully follow his Master, when His words are powerful, not so much in their originality, as in their ability to rouse old convictions, and send them forth to victorious action.

Epicures may desire new flavors, but what the world at large needs is abundance of the grain and meat which have nourished all ages. The church needs to minister, not to the satiated of mind, but to the universal hunger and thirst for good spiritual food.

Moles and Eagles. THE one has a thick coat, very small eyes, broad paws, flat and tough, a pointed nose, and all is meant for digging in the ground. The other is covered with feathers, has a bright, clear eye, and long, strong wings, and a great courage withal. It is meant for flying above the tops of the mountains. It will not do, then, for the mole to poke fun at the eagle; to tell him that a broad foot is better than a strong pinion, that a sharp nose is better than a clear vision. It will not do for him to insist that the great end of life is to catch worms; nor to assert that a good clear space of movable dirt is better than a wide circle of the sky; nor to deny that there is any such thing as a great sun flaming in the heavens, or beautiful stars beaming down at night. He will have very hard work to persuade the eagle. But he will persuade the eagle before the unbeliever will convince the Christian.

* * *

A Superior Mind. It is good to have a superior mind; but a really superior mind wants to be used in a superior way. It is not the genuine article of a superior mind which as its result makes one discontented with his environment. A person does not convince us of his manifest superiority to his surroundings when he treats us to a forcible declamation upon the vulgarity of the people about him. People often seem to think such a method a sign of intellectual superiority. They make a grievous mistake. Such talk may convince us that a man sees all the low and common things about him, but it does not convince us that he is superior to them. He may intend his talk to have that effect, but that is not the effect which it has.

A young woman comes home from school; she has had opportunities of culture and refinement, she had had a chance to lay hold of pleasures of beauty, and of thought, which were not in her home before, and to bring them with her; she does not do that, but she gives her force to mournful dilations upon the unfitness of her surroundings. The pictures—what shocking bad taste! the ways of folks are common, almost vulgar! and as for the grammar, the less said about it the better! Now such talk is not the sign of a superior mind, but of a very inferior one. All her advantages have only given her power to be dissatisfied. The truly superior mind discerns the low culture, or bad taste or faulty grammar, but it does so only to cheerfully set the better qualities over against these, and so far as possible refine the lower away.

A very wise man once said that a gentleman was one who always treated others in such a way as to make them respect themselves; we are convinced that the really superior mind will always treat ignorance and uninstructed taste in a way that will make people

respect themselves and so refine themselves. Indeed, there is no place in this wideworld where God has not put beauty enough outdoors and stimulus for thought enough in human character to give a really superior mind all that it needs for its food, its contentment, and its continued instruction. Let it discern the high qualities of beauty which God sets in the skies above, or on the earth beneath, around the humblest places; let it discern the high qualities of human nature which grow up under homeliest garments, and behind plainest places; let a mind do such things, and it declares itself indeed a superior mind. It is a mind which finds the supreme things everywhere, because it takes them with it.

* * *

A Pleasing Incident. THE Roman Catholic bishop of the diocese was dying. The pastor of the largest Presbyterian church of the city remembered him and his flock with earnest words in the prayer of Sunday morning. After the funeral of the bishop one of the priests waited upon the pastor and thanked him in the name of all the priests for his kindness, remarking that it had given the whole body great gratification and expressing the hope that this was but another step to closer fellowship. At the funeral all the Protestant clergy received formal invitations and were given reserved seats with the Roman Catholic clergy. This is a great advance on burning each other. What would have been thought of all this in the days of Edward or Elizabeth, of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock.

* * *

Two Important Things. THE CHURCH UNION stands for two things. These are its field. Its editors are personally much interested in other matters, but these are the concerns which they have agitated, and continue to agitate in this paper. They believe that a paper which gives itself to these has a field broad enough for one paper to fill.

The first of these matters is Church Union. That goes without saying. We believe the bringing together of Christian people and Christian churches to be a most vital work. What Christ prayed for, we are willing to work for. People may say, as they said to Joseph of old: "Lo; this dreamer cometh." But more than one dreamer has come into His Kingdom. We believe that the day is coming in the Providence of God, when Church Union shall be the great cry of the Christian denominations, and we think that a voice continually to utter that cry has already a place among the many speakings of the people.

The second of these matters is the New Theology, tolerant, liberal, progressive. We most honestly con-

sider this second cause an absolutely necessary adjunct of the first. We do not think it possible for Christians to unite on any narrow basis. We believe the broadest, freest, position is the only one which in the end is compatible with Church Union. Not that all people will unite in believing the newer theological positions immediately; perhaps that may never be; it certainly will never be in so far as those positions are in any way mistaken. But the older ways of thought are already tolerated. Everybody acknowledges their place, and is willing to give them room, and sufferance. Very few would think of denying the Christianity of those who hold them. The needed work, then, is that the liberal positions shall also find sufferance; that those who hold them shall be honored and received. When that is done, then the work of coming together is largely accomplished. Both sides or extremes of the Kingdom are then on the same footing. The way ahead is more clear.

These two things then we have advocated, and shall advocate. We believe that they are worthy even of a life-work. So many as are thus minded we rejoice to have with us.

* * *

Loving God. THE first of all the Commandments is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and soul and mind and strength. This is sublime. It means that we must love God with enthusiasm, with abandon; and that this is our first duty. The only ground of such a love must be the supreme loveliness of the Being loved. The chief peculiarity about God is that He is a being to be enthusiastically loved. Further, a God who makes such a requisition as this, who centres his claims *there*, must be a God of infinite tenderness and affection. Is not this a grand cluster of thoughts? It is our mistake and our sorrow that we do not make it the basis of our thinking, that we so easily run away to some system, as bare and cold as the ribbed sea sand. May our lives be a learning to love God, with this underlying feeling that He is a Being to be above all things loved, and that He wants our love more than all the things of the universe! Worry, fretting cares, heavy burdens all pass when we drop into this frame of mind. Yes, He was right; Ye shall find rest to your souls.

* * *

Salvation. SALVATION is just character. That is the simplest and the truest definition. To be a certain kind of a man is to be lost, to be ruined, to be in torment. To be another kind of a man is to be saved, to be lifted up, is to be in heaven. A mean man dwells in the hell of his meanness, and shall continue to dwell there as long as he stays a mean man. A self-fish man lives in the torment and loneliness of his self-

fishness, and shall continue to live there until some of the Christ-spirit of generous life shall enter his soul; while the helpful man begins to taste the angel's joy of ministry, and the loving heart knows already the heaven that there is in loving.

Salvation is in Christ and in the Spirit of God, because character is builded up in God. To follow Jesus is to go into that character which means salvation; to reject Christ is to reject the Christ-life of purity and love, in which is salvation. No amount of Christian profession can save us, or take us to heaven, unless we be entering into the Christian character. We are sure of any man's salvation, whatever be his confession, when we see that man daily growing in the sweetness and purity of the Christian character. This subject is seriously important. It will solve many of the most abstruse problems of this life, and of that life which is to come. It will be a wonderful help in the mutual understanding of the churches, and a ministry to their final union, if we remember, all of us, that salvation is character.

* * *

Repentance. A WISE divine once said that repentance had two essential elements; the first was that we should be heartbroken for sin, and the second was that we should be heartbroken from sin. Nothing could be truer. The first of these without the second would be less than vanity. The second of them would be impossible without the first.

Along the roadsides of Italy, and of some of the Swiss cantons, one meets rows of little huts or tabernacles, in which images of the Virgin, or of Saints are set up—roadside confessionals they are, where the people may stop and confess their sins. Looking at them, we thought that it would be wise to set up on the other side of the road a row of *forsakinals*, in order that the whole operation might be really completed. The confessional is of but little account which has not a *forsakinal* alongside of it.

The heart broken from sin—that is very important. We must all pray for that. Repentance must not be in our lives only a gate of weeping; it must be a highway of warfare too, which goes through that gate unto victory.

* * *

IN BRIEF.

Spurgeon once passed a stone mason who, after each stroke of his hammer, cursed and swore. Mr. Spurgeon laid his hand on his shoulder and, looking kindly at him, said: "You are an adept at swearing. Can you also pray?" With another oath he replied: "Not very likely." Holding up five shillings, Mr. Spurgeon said if he would promise never to pray he would give him that. "That is easily earned," said the man with a fresh oath, and put it in his pocket. When Spurgeon left, the man began to feel a little queer. When he

went home his wife asked him what ailed him, and he told her. "It is Judas's money!" said the man, and, on a sudden impulse, he threw it into the fire. The wife found it, and took it out, and discovered who had given it to him. The man took it back to Spurgeon, who conversed long with him, warning him, and at length was the means of saving him. He became an attached member of his flock.

* * *

Mr. Alcott began his school by asking each child. What did you come here for? The common answer was that he came to learn. The next question was, To learn what? This caused much discussion, but they were led by the teacher to the conclusion that it was, To learn to behave well.

* * *

A Chicago firm doing an extensive coal handling business was accustomed to pay its 240 employees by check on Tuesday, and during a period of two months it examined the checks as they were returned, to determine where their employees got them cashed, and it was found that thirty-four per cent. were cashed at groceries, sixty-four per cent. at saloons, and two per cent. at savings banks.

* * *

The changes of religious feeling are very great. Dean Stanley says that the rock in the Mosque of Omar was thought by the early Christians to be the place of the Holy of Holies, and therefore they did all that they could to defile it from their hatred to the Jews. We have left that behind.

* * *

Plutarch says that the Babylonians got three hundred commodities from the palm-tree. It has been affirmed that a ship could be built and rigged and victualled from the cocoa-nut tree. Good examples of usefulness!

* * *

We want no cold feelings toward God; we want the soul to rejoice in Him; to exult in Him. What shall we say? To run riot in its abandonment to the love of God. It is in this line that our being wants enlargement; this is our only life and joy.

* * *

It is quite likely that some hearer made sport of the Sermon on the Mount. Probably some rabbi thought he could have done better.

* * *

When Paul said, "Quit you like men," he was not thinking of those Christians who are rocked in the cradle of a conservative church by the slippered foot of a soft-speaking minister, to all delicate ditties; but of a stalwart soldier, with his face as bronzed as his helmet, and ready for the fray. . . . A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done as memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbed truth to roll through the generations of time.—Beecher.

The Church Union.

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THE LIFTED VEIL, OR THE WIDER THOUGHT.

F. W. H.

"It is a bad, a horrid, dreadful thing,
I can but hate the author of the thought
That planned such torture for our daily lives,
For it has hurt me oft and hurt me sore;
And it is naught but evil in itself,
And its creator must have been a fiend."
'Twas thus the veiled child spoke, before the veil
Was raised.

But I must tell you of this child
That you may know the reason of its woe.
A father, gentle, wise, and kind of heart;
A mother true, whose life was filled with love,
Had in their home a group of winsome babes
Whose eyes were veiled. Not wholly veiled:
They saw with clearest sight their pretty toys;
Saw plain, the many goodly furnishings
Provided by the hand of love, to fill
Their opening lives with comfort, joy and peace,
But could not see the hand. The dainty cups
And little dishes for their food, they saw,
And saw the food, the bonnetous food they held,
But could not see the hand that gave the food.
However close it came; however soft
Its faithful touch; however true it led
Their wandering steps: they could not see the hand

They played, and played about from morn till night,
And talked among themselves their prattling talk.
Talked of the beauty of their home; the love
That prompted all its care. Talked of the wise
And generous plan that furnished all their needs.

These words were in a language of their own,
And in a tiny corner of their home
They kept a record of their daily lives,

Their hopes and fears, writ out in little books.
But ah! no one could read these little books.

At last the teacher who had taught the babes
To write the record of their budding lives,
Taught me, with care, to read the curious words.
And, as I read, I found that not alone
Their eyes were veiled. Their minds were veiled as
well.

In plaintive words, one wrote: "I fell to-day
And struck my head against the hard hard wall.
I sobbed and cried and wondered why the walls
Were made so hard.

My loving father who has cared for me—
Whom though I cannot see, yet whom I love—
Could not have planned these walls, or if he planned,
His plans were not fulfilled. Some other man,
Some naughty one, some cruel, evil one,
It was, who made the walls so hard."

Those little dawning lives had not yet learned.
That if the walls were made of something soft
Their happy home would be less safe and strong.

Sometimes their toys fell sharp upon their feet
And made them ache. They fretted as they wrote
"There is no wisdom in a law that makes
My playthings fall and hurt my tender feet."

Their little childish thought had not yet conned
The wondrous wisdom of that mighty law,
That brings the rainfall to the thirsty land
And drops the ripened fruitage from the trees.

Anon they crushed their fingers in the doors,
And suffered long before they played again.
They wrote: "'Tis nothing but an unkind thought
To check the freedom of our lives, that placed
These hurting hindering doors about our home."

Their tottering baby statures were so short
They had not found the good strong locks that kept
Them safe from foes. Doors were but hindrances
To them, that barred the freedom of their home.

Full often as they played about, they burned
Their little hands against the heated stove
And screamed with smarting pain. They wondered
why

Such evil things as burning heated stoves
Were placed within their home.

They had no slightest thought that they would freeze
Without the stove. They did not know that fire
Cooked all their dainty food and so kept them
Alive. Not knowing this, not knowing yet
How little they had learned, again one wrote:

"Oh, wickedest and bitterest of all—

The hateful stove! Oh how it burns me!

How oft I smart with sharp unceasing pain!

Some awful being must have made the stove

And put it here. Some being that delights

In pain, and laughs to see me writhe and burn.

It is a bad, a horrid dreadful thing.

I can but hate the author of the thought

That planned such torture for our daily lives;

For it has hurt me oft and hurt me sore,

And it is naught but evil in itself

And its creator must have been a fiend."

"Twas thus the veiled child spoke before the veil
Was raised.—And as I placed the little book
Back in its tiny case, the question came:
Am I, too, chiding, day by day, the Hand
Unseen, that formed this earthly home, and gave
Its wondrous furnishings? Ah! can it be
That I have also yet to learn that "dark"
And "fearful," "hateful" things, are only dark
Because I stumble at their use? When soon
The veil is lifted from my eyes; my thought
Is cleared; my knowledge filled; will I too see
My Father's hand provides the things that burn
And hurt me now?

Are "fleshly appetites"
And "poisoning passions" here, but heated stoves
That keep and feed my life, and give unknown
Glad joy and happiness? And do they cheer,
Save as by careless use, or hasty greed
I press too close and seize with naked hands?
Would life be cold, and joy be dead, were they
Removed? Has Infinite Wisdom placed them here?
And are they good?

Ah, let my lips be slow to chide!
Ah! let my thought be sealed before it prompts
The words, the thoughtless words, the bitter words
That call my Loving Father—ought but Love.

* * *

DR. ECOB'S RESIGNATION.

It is not often that a retiring pastor received such enthusiastic utterance of regard and affection as did Dr. Ecob from the First Congregational Church of Denver. In the Denver "Evening Post" we read:

"A meeting of the First Congregational Church and Society was held last Tuesday evening, at which resolutions were adopted declining to accept Dr. Ecob's resignation. At a late hour when Dr. Ecob was escorted to the church he was received with cheers so hearty and prolonged that it was some moments before he could thank the assembled friends and decline their solicitations to remain. A motion to accept the resignation was received with profound silence which ended in laughter at the absurdity of the proposition. Dr. Ecob expressed his great reluctance in withdrawing from a field of such broad and varied interests, and his sorrow in parting from the host of devoted friends in the church and city. Only the fact that family and personal interests centered in the east made it possible for him to sever the relation."

And the "Rocky Mountain News" of Denver expresses itself thus feelingly:

"The resignation of Dr. Ecob came as a painful surprise to everybody. If his reasons for severing his relations with the First Congregational Church are not of such a nature that they cannot be overcome, then every legitimate effort should be put forth that might possibly influence him to reconsider his action.

"To say nothing of his own church and congregation, this great, plastic central west can ill afford to lose such a representative man and preacher. His ideals in art, literature, philosophy and life are just such as are needed in this growing, formative country. Few have a wider horizon than he, and therefore few

have a broader and more sympathetic outlook upon the world or a greater desire and ability to help on its forward movements.

"Dr. Ecob has conquered his possessions of truth and holds them with a firm hand in a princely manner. He speaks as one having authority, for he knows whereof he speaks.

"There is nothing tentative in his utterances. He never fumbles with the great problems of the times. His words pierce to the heart of things like light irradiating every subject he discusses. Seldom are the poetic and analytic faculties so happily blended as they are in him. This is characteristic only of the highest types of mind. In this respect Dr. Ecob reminds one of the great English divine, Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton.

"Some one has said there are many echoes in the world, but few voices. When one listens to Dr. Ecob, he is conscious of being guided by a voice, not bewildered by an echo. This voice is as tender as a mother's soothing the pain of her child, or as stern as that crying in the wilderness, 'Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand!' as occasion demands. Its sound has gone out over all this state and adjacent territories, rallying men to the new order of things, and is echoed from hundreds of pulpits and homes every time it is heard. From here where 'Things are in the saddle,' it has won us to an appreciation of eternal value. It has made us know that not the lion, not the eagle, not teeth and claws, are the true symbols of power, but the lamb on the throne. It has compelled us to realize that the heart of the universe is love; that God is the eternal father of all men; that God is the eternal Christ; that men are the children of God and brothers and therefore under obligations to live as such in all the relations of life. It has made known to us the eternal Gospel of God. But if Dr. Ecob had uttered no other words than those contained in his masterly addresses on municipal and economic interests and in his exquisitely fine lectures, on Tennyson and Shelley, he would have placed us under everlasting obligations.

"Dr. Ecob, because of his peculiar genius as a thinker and preacher, has a message for the people, differing from all others, a message that has already leavened and broadened the religious thought and life of our new West, lifting men into larger and truer conceptions of God and man and their mutual relations and obligations.

"The writer is not a member of the Doctor's church or congregation. He simply voices the sentiment of multitudes in other religious communions, who feel that it would be a calamity to have Dr. Ecob leave Denver, and who will hold the First Congregational Church responsible if it allows for other than absolutely necessary reasons the loss to this commonwealth of one of the few really great preachers of America."

* * *

THE DISARMAMENT OF CHURCHES.

A PROCLAMATION NOT BY THE CZAR.

THE maintenance of general peace and the possible reduction of the excessive extravagances which weigh upon all Christian churches present themselves in existing conditions to the whole world as an ideal toward

which the endeavors of all religious organizations should be directed.

The humanitarian and magnanimous ideas of many Christians have been won over to this view in the conviction that this lofty aim is in conformity with the most essential interests and legitimate views of all the churches; and the "Universalist Leader" thinks the present moment would be very favorable to seeking the means.

Interdenominational discussion is the most effectual means of insuring all peoples' benefit—a real, durable peace, above all, putting an end to the progressive development of the present competitive extravagance.

In the course of the last twenty years the longing for general unity has grown especially pronounced in the consciences of Christian people; and the preservation of peace has been put forward as an object of interdenominational policy. It is in its name that great church leaders have concluded between themselves brotherly alliances.

It is the better to guarantee peace that they have developed, in proportion hitherto unprecedented, their sectarian forces, and still continue to increase them, without shrinking from any sacrifice.

Nevertheless, all these efforts have not yet been able to bring about the beneficent result desired—church unity.

The financial charges following the upward march strike at the very root of Christian prosperity. The intellectual and physical strength of the church's labor and capital are mostly diverted from their natural application, and are unproductively consumed.

Hundreds of millions are devoted to acquiring magnificent temples which, though to-day regarded as essential, are destined to-morrow to lose all their value in consequence of some fresh discovery in the same fields.

Religious culture, economic progress, church extension are either paralyzed or checked in development. Moreover, in proportion as the extravagances of the churches increase, they less and less fulfill the objects Christ has set before them.

The religious crisis, due in great part to the system of extravagance, and the continual danger which lies in this massing of ecclesiastical material, are transforming the churches of our days into a crushing burden which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing.

It appears evident that if this state of things were to be prolonged it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm it is desired to avert, and the horrors whereof make every thinking being shudder in advance.

To put an end to these incessant extravagances and to seek the means of warding off the calamities which are threatening the whole world—such is the supreme duty to-day imposed upon all Christian churches.

Filled with this idea, the "Universalist Leader" proposes to all the churches whose representatives are accredited to the Imperial Court of Christ the assembling of a conference which shall occupy itself with this grave problem.

This conference will be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the century which is about to open. It would converge into one powerful focus the efforts of all churches sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of

trouble and discord, and it would, at the same time, cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right whereon rest the security of the church and the welfare of peoples.—*The Universalist Leader.*

* * *

CAPTAIN PHILIP.

"I WISH to make confession that I have implicit faith in God and in the officers and crew of the Texas, but my faith in you is secondary only to my faith in God. We have seen what He has done for us, in allowing us to achieve so great a victory, and I want to ask you all, at least every man who has no scruples, to uncover his head with me and silently offer a word of thanks to God for His goodness toward us all."

This is what Captain J. W. Philip said to his officers and men immediately after the great battle off Santiago de Cuba on Sunday, July 3.

It was a beautiful afternoon. God's heavens never looked so clear, and the Stars and Stripes never seemed so pure as they did when we lay alongside of the Cristobal Colon, after she had been beached and had surrendered to us.

We had been engaged in a fierce fight to the death when these words came from the lips of the same man who had a few moments before given the various orders for attack, and I wish to show to the people of my country what kind of man Captain Philip, of the battleship Texas, is.

I have had the honor of being the chaplain of the Texas since October 19, 1896, so I have been with Captain Philip ever since he took command last October. During our first conversation he said: "Chaplain, I am a firm believer in prayer, and I think it is a duty we owe God to have prayers on board ship every evening." So when Lieutenant-Commander Harber came to us as executive officer, the captain spoke to me again about having prayers, and I told him I should be very glad indeed to conduct them every evening at quarters, and that custom has been observed ever since. The men would be marched aft, and I offered a humble petition for each one—our loved ones, our country, our President, and always closed with an earnest prayer for peace.

Captain Philip always spoke about the late war, and reminded us that the side that opened fire first on the Sabbath would lose every time; so I was very glad last Sabbath when I saw the Maria Teresa fire the first shot.

Often during the weary days on the blockade the captain would say something to me about prayer and his unflinching faith in God. One evening, soon after our second bombardment, we were walking up and down the quarterdeck together—and, by the way, it was after the Spanish had killed him, but I guess they found him a very much alive corpse on Sunday morning during the fight—he mentioned how his wife had felt about him, reading the account of his alleged death as she did in the papers, but he said: "I wrote to Mrs. Philip and said, 'I am just as safe here as I would be walking up Broadway with you, because God is with us and He is listening to our prayers.'"

On another occasion he was called on board the flag-ship, together with the commanding officers of

the fleet, for a council of war, and went on board at half past nine that Sunday morning. The decision was reached to bombard the forts at two o'clock that afternoon, when Captain Philip spoke up and said: "Admiral, this is Sunday. I do not think we should fight to-day. We may be sorry if we do." Whereupon the admiral apologized for even calling them together at all that day, but admitted he had been so pressed that he had entirely lost track of the days, so the battle was deferred until the next morning, with the result of no damage to us.

As a captain he was most kind to me, never absent from divine service unless detained on account of duty, as he was always anxious to set his men a good example and the example had its effect, for my congregations were always very gratifying to me. To have so many men, Protestants and Catholics, meet of their own free will and listen to the simple gospel of Jesus I always tried to give them, is comforting. I love Captain Philip for his manly stand for the gospel of Jesus.

When, after the battle, the bugle sounded all hands on deck, I went up, not knowing what it was for. The captain did not know I was there, and when I heard what he said I was very glad he did not.

Mr. Harber came to me and said: "Chaplain, did you hear what the captain said?" I replied "Yes, sir." "A very manly thing indeed to do, and a most impressive sight," said he.

I went in the cabin after the captain had gone there. Holding out my hand to him, I said: "Captain, I congratulate you, not alone for your tremendous victory, but for the stand you took after the action." His countenance brightened up as he replied, "Why, chaplain, I was sure of it when I went on the bridge, for surely God has been with us, and it has been all on account of prayer."—*Chaplain Harry W. Jones, U. S. N., in New York Herald.*

* * *

THE LAST WILL.

HE was stronger and cleverer, no doubt, than other men, and in many broad lines of business he had grown rich, until his wealth exceeded exaggeration. One morning, in his office, he directed a request to his confidential lawyer to come to him in the afternoon. He intended to have his will drawn. A will is a solemn matter, even with men whose life is given up to business, and who are by habit mindful of the future. After giving this direction he took up no other matter, but sat at his desk alone and in silence.

It was a day when summer was first new. The pale leaves upon the trees were starting forth upon the still unbending branches. The grass in the parks had a freshness in its green like the freshness of the blue in the sky and of the yellow of the sun—a freshness to make one wish that life might renew its youth. The clear breezes from the south wanted about, and then were still, as if loath to go finally away. Half idly, half thoughtfully the rich man wrote upon the white paper before him, beginning what he wrote with capital letters, such as he had not made since as a boy in school, he had taken pride in his skill with the pen:

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, Charles

Lounsbury, being of sound and disposing mind and memory (he lingered on the word memory), do now make and publish this my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, in order, as justly as I may, to distribute my interests in the world among succeeding men.

"And first, that part of my interests which is known in the law and recognized in the sheep-bound volumes as my property, being inconsiderable and of none account, I make no account of it in this my will.

"My right to live, it being but a life-estate, is not at my disposal, but, these things excepted, all else in the world I now proceed to devise and bequeath:

"*Item.*—And first, I give to good fathers and mothers, but in trust for their children, nevertheless, all good littlewords of praise and all quaint pet names, and I charge said parents to use them justly but generously as the needs of their children shall require.

"*Item.*—I leave to children exclusively, but only for the life of their childhood, all and every, the dandelions of the fields and the daisies thereof, with the right to play among them freely, according to the custom of children, warning them at the same time against the thistles. And I devise to children the yellow shores of creeks and the golden sands beneath the waters thereof, with the dragon-flies that skim the surface of said waters, and the odors of the willows that dip into said waters, and the white clouds that float high over the giant trees.

"And I leave to children the long, long days to be merry in, in a thousand ways, and the Night and the Moon and the train of the Milky Way to wonder at, but subject, nevertheless, to the rights hereinafter given to lovers; and I give to each child the right to choose a star that shall be his, and I direct that the child's father shall tell him the name of it, in order that the child shall always remember the name of that star after he has learned and forgotten astronomy.

"*Item.*—I devise to boys jointly all the useful idle fields and commons where ball may be played, and all snow-laden hills where one may coast, and all streams and ponds where one may skate, to have and to hold the same for the period of their boyhood. And all meadows, with the clover blooms and butterflies thereof; and all woods, with their appurtenances of squirrels and whirring birds and echoes and strange noises; and all distant places which may be visited, together with the adventures there found, I do give to said boys to be theirs. And I give to said boys each his own place at the fireside at night, with all pictures that may be seen in the burning wood or coal, to enjoy without let or hindrance and without any incumbrance of cares.

"*Item.*—To lovers I devise their imaginary world, with whatever they may need, as the stars of the sky, the red, red roses by the wall, the snow of the hawthorn, the sweet strains of music, or aught else they may desire to figure to each other the lastingness and beauty of their love.

"*Item.*—To young men jointly, being joined in a brave, mad crowd, I devise and bequeath all boisterous, inspiring sports of rivalry. I give to them the disdain of weakness and undaunted confidence in their own strength. Though they are rude and rough, I leave to them alone the power of making lasting friendships and of possessing companions; and to them exclusively I give all merry songs and brave

choruses to sing, with smooth voices to troll them forth.

Item.—And to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave Memory, and I leave to them the volumes of the poems of Burns and Shakespeare, and of other poets, if there are others, to the end that they may live the old days over again freely and fully, without tithe or diminution; and to those who are no longer children or youths or lovers I leave, too, the knowledge of what a rare, rare world it is.”—*Williston Fish, in Harper's Weekly.*

* * *

SOLOMON'S SONG.

DEAN FARRAR recites the different interpretations of the Song of Songs as follows: “It represents the love of God for the congregation of Israel; it relates the history of the Jews from the Exodus to the Messiah; it is a consolation to afflicted Israel; it is an occult history; it represents the union of the divine soul with the earthly body; it is the conversation of Solomon and Wisdom; it describes the love of Christ to his church; it is historico-poetic; it is Solomon's thanksgiving for a happy reign; it is a love song unworthy a place in the canon; it treats of man's reconciliation to God; it is a prophecy of the church from the crucifixion to the Reformation; it is an anticipation of the Apocalypse; it is the seven days' epithalamion on the marriage of Solomon with Pharaoh's daughter; it is a magazine for consolation and direction under every condition; it treats in hieroglyphics of the sepulchre of the Saviour, his death, and the Old Testament saints; it refers to Hezekiah and the ten tribes; it is written in glorification of the Virgin Mary.” We were encouraged by all this to offer the theory of THE CHURCH UNION, that it was an explanation of the phases of the moon, with an indirect reference to the building of the Panama Canal; but we refrain because the Dean adds this very sensible view, for the sake of which we waive our preference: “A few only, till the beginning of this century, saw the truth,—which is so obvious to all who go to the Bible with the humble desire to know what it says, and not to interpret it into their baseless fancies,—that it is the exquisite celebration of a pure love in humble life; of a love which no splendor can dazzle and no flattery seduce.”

* * *

DEATH OF DR. ARNOLD, OF RUGBY.

His biographer, Dean Stanley, tells us: It was between five and six o'clock on Sunday morning that he awoke with a sharp pain across his chest, but he again composed himself to sleep. All at once he repeated firmly and earnestly some verses of Scripture. His wife took up the Prayer Book and was looking for a Psalm to read to him, when he said quickly, “The Fifty-first,” which she accordingly read by his bedside. As the clock struck a quarter to seven, Dr. Bucknill entered the room. Dr. Arnold described the pain, speaking of it as being very severe, and then said, “What is it?” He was answered that it was spasm of the heart. He exclaimed in his peculiar way, “Ha!” Afterwards, “Is it generally fatal?” “I am afraid it is.”

At this moment his son entered with no serious apprehension, and presently his father said to him, “My

son, thank God for me, for giving me this pain; I have suffered so little pain in my life that I feel it is very good for me; now God has given it to me and I do so thank Him for it.” Alluding to a wish which his son had often heard him express, that in pain his faculties might not be affected by it, he said, “How thankful I am that my head is untouched.”

He listened with great attention to the reading of The Visitation of the Sick. “There should be no greater comfort to Christians than to be made like Christ.” “Yes,” he said. “By suffering patiently troubles, adversities and sickness.” “Yes.” “He entered not into His glory before He was crucified.” “Yes.” The last conscious look which remained fixed in his wife's memory was the look of intense tenderness with which he smiled upon them both at this moment.

The physician now returned with the remedies. With his eyes fixed upon him so that he felt rather than saw them upon him, so as to make it impossible not to speak the exact truth, he repeated one or two of his former questions, “Is it likely to return?” and on being told that it was, “Is it generally suddenly fatal?” “Generally.” The physician, who was dropping the laudanum into a glass, turned round and saw him looking quite calm but with his eyes shut. In another minute he heard a rattle in the throat and a convulsive struggle—flew to the bed, caught his head upon his shoulder and called to one of the servants to fetch Mrs. Arnold. She rushed up stairs, called to her son to bring the rest of the children and with her own hand applied the remedies that were brought in the hope of reviving animation, though herself feeling that he had passed away. He was indeed no longer conscious. The sobs and cries of his children as they entered made no impression upon him; the eyes were fixed; the countenance was unmoved; there was a heaving of the chest, and just as the usual medical attendant arrived, and as the school-house servant in an agony of grief rushed with the others into the room, in the hope of seeing his master once more, he breathed his last.

What that Sunday was in Rugby it is hard fully to represent—the incredulity, the bewilderment, the agitated inquiries for every detail, the blank more awful than sorrow that prevailed through the vacant services of that long and dreary day, the feeling as if the very place had passed away with him who had so emphatically been its head, the sympathy which dared hardly to contemplate, and which yet could not but fix the thoughts and looks of all on the desolate house where the fatherless family were gathered round the chamber of death.

The most effective account of the spreading of the sad news among the pupils of the great teacher is given us in Hughes' famous book, “Tom Brown's School Days.” Mr. Hughes is believed to give here an experience in his own life. It was now July. Tom had rushed away from Oxford for a fishing ramble in Scotland with two college friends. They had descended one sultry evening on the little inn at Rhea ferry and Tom began exploring the stream for a sea-trout for supper. Presently one of the party came out from the inn with an old newspaper in his hand and threw himself on the heathery scrub within easy hail of the fisher. There he lay, the picture of free and easy loafing young England, “improving his mind,” as he shouted to the rest, by perusal of the old soiled paper, and im-

parting the contents. "What a bother they are making about these wretched corn laws; here's three or four columns of it. Ah, here's something better—a splendid match between Kent and England, Kent winning by three wickets. Hullo, Brown, here's something for you. Why, your old master, Arnold of Rugby, is dead."

Tom's hand stopped half-way in his cast, and his line and flies went all tangling round his rod; you might have knocked him down with a feather. Neither of his companions took any notice of him luckily; and with a violent effort he set to work mechanically to disentangle his line. He felt completely carried off his moral and intellectual legs, as if he had lost his standing-point in the invisible world. It was the first great wrench of his life, the first gap which the angel death had made in his circle, and he felt numbed and beaten down. As he wearily labored at the line the thought struck him, It may all be false, a mere newspaper lie, and he strode up to the recumbent reader.

"Let me look at the paper," said he.

"Nothing else in it," answered the other, handing it up listlessly—"Hello, Brown; what's the matter, old fellow—ain't you well?"

"Where is it?" said Tom, turning over the leaves, his hands trembling, and his eyes swimming, so that he could not read.

"What are you looking for?" said his friend, jumping up and looking over his shoulder.

"That about Arnold," said Tom.

"Oh, here," said the other, putting his finger on the paragraph. Tom read it over and over again; there could be no mistake of identity, though the account was short enough.

"Thank you," said he at last, dropping the paper; "I shall go for a walk; don't you and Herbert wait supper for me." And away he strode, up over the moor at the back of the house, to be alone and master his grief if possible.

"How odd that he should be so fond of his old master," said Herbert. Yet they also were both public-school men.

So far Thomas Hughes. This is a perfect description of how the news spread over every province and colony of England. And what a lesson it is to us all. The man who had been hated almost beyond any man in England, because of his advanced opinions and brave speech, strong men break into tears as they hear of his death. It should teach us all to be brave. Life is an empty vanity without a true mind and a brave tongue. It will be long before the coward, the self-seeker, the lazy worldling will have such mourners. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward, but it is not this.

And another lesson is the immense power of character. Is there any other lasting spiritual power, in the great good God, in the Saviour in Palestine, in the last good man or woman that has passed away? The scholar, the man of thought and retired labor, makes the young and merry fisher tie up his line and go away to the silent moors to remember and weep. This is power, spiritual power, divine power. May God give you and me this!

* * *

The biggest discord of all—the concert of the Powers.

THE OLD-TIME HELL.

PERHAPS it may be interesting to know just what the old-time hell was. Here is a selection from a poem of the year 1300:

Some the jaws wide open wrast
And poured in the lead all hot;
Bade him thereof to drinken fast,
And skink to all his friends about.
A devil came there at the last
That was the master, well I wot.
A glowing couler in him thrast
And through the heart the iron smote.
White-hot sword-blades some did set
To back and breast and either side
In his heart the pointés met
And made great gaping woundés wide.

* * *

INERRANCY.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has just been taken to task by that fervid defender of verbal inspiration, the editor of "The King's Own," for stating at the Canterbury Diocesan Festival of Sunday-school teachers that he had no doubt there were inaccuracies in the Old Testament narratives, though the writers "told the truth as far as they knew it." In reply to the query as to whether he really used these words, the Archbishop's chaplain says: "His Grace did make the statement to which you refer, and he thinks it; and for an instance he would refer you to 2 Sam. xxiv. 13, and 1 Chron. xxi. 12." The reply, which is a refreshing reminder of the Essays and Reviews manner of Dr. Temple as compared with some of his later developments illustrates also the immense movement of ideas on Biblical and religious subjects characteristic of our time. The kind of argument which in Tom Paine a century ago was regarded as unspeakably blasphemous, is now calmly adopted by an Archbishop of Canterbury as containing the essence of common-sense.—*The Christian World*.

* * *

JOHN NICHOLSON AT DELHI.

It was on June 22, after a hurried journey and an interview at Rawal Pindi with John Lawrence, that John Nicholson, the captain of native infantry, now become brigadier-general, took over the command of the movable column from Chamberlain at Jalandhar. A description of Nicholson's personal appearance at this crisis of his life may here be quoted from the Reminiscences of Mr. Wilberforce, who saw him now for the first time. "He was of a commanding presence, some six feet two inches in height, with a long black beard, dark grey eyes with black pupils (under excitement of any sort those pupils would dilate like a tiger's), a colorless face, over which no smile ever passed, laconic of speech." The peculiar character of his eyes is noticed by other observers. Captain Trotter mentions an occasion on which a little girl, the child of one of his friends, on finding him looking fixedly at her, burst into tears from sheer terror, and could scarcely be comforted even by the remorseful kindness of the object of her alarm. Many have remarked the apparent haughtiness of his manner. "He always held his head high in the air," says Chamber-

lain, "and carried it as if he could not see the ground before him." Lady Edwardes speaks of "that grand lifting of the head" which he inherited from his mother, and which characterized also his brother Charles, but which was considered in the old days in Gough's camp, as we learn from Captain Trotter, to be the mark of a "stuck-up political." In the darker times of the mutiny, however, when his "imperial air," which had earned him the name of "the Autocrat of all the Russias," attracted the attention of the defenders of the Ridge, among whom he went as a stranger, the gesture seems to have been welcomed as a sign of innate power. His reputation had preceded him, as well among his fellow-countrymen as among the natives: and if the stories told of his personal strength, his penetration and his ruthless inflexibility, on the march to Delhi, are true, it must have increased every day. In the matter of impulsive action and independent utterance he was the same as ever, vexing John Lawrence's heart by going his own way in defiance of orders. His business was to take Delhi, and nothing must come between.

The history of the movable column is so full of incidents illustrating the determination and superhuman energy of its leader that it is unnecessary to resort to legend for the purpose of displaying these qualities. Strange as it may seem, the column itself was not free from the taint of disaffection. Two of the sepoy regiments which had been chosen to form part of it were only waiting their opportunity to throw off the mask, but Nicholson was too well skilled in reading the minds of men to be under any delusion as to their loyalty. Without confiding his suspicions to any but his own staff, he prepared to anticipate the threatened blow. The order of his march was so arranged that the suspected regiments were preceded by the artillery and European troops, and these were posted in ambush by Nicholson, who had ridden ahead to choose his ground. The first of the disloyal regiments, on turning the corner of a serai, found itself faced by the English portion of the force, supported by twelve guns, while the only way of escape, that across the river, was guarded by police, with instructions to destroy the bridge, and thus cut off the retreat, if there should be any fighting. Completely taken by surprise, the traitors were easily disarmed, and their comrades, who had been purposely allowed to lag some distance behind them, followed them unsuspectingly into the trap.

Scarcely had the column returned to Amritsar when the news arrived of an outbreak at the station of Sialkot, in which the mutineers had taken advantage of the unshaken confidence reposed in them by their officers to murder every European that came in their way. Pausing only to disarm his own native cavalry, who belonged to one of the Sialkot regiments, Nicholson gave orders immediately for a forced march to Gurdaspur, a station which was as yet untouched by disaffection, but which he judged the mutineers would make their first goal, in the hope alike of further bloodshed, plunder and reinforcements. The distance to be covered was forty-one miles, and this at the hottest season of the year. In order to husband as far as possible the strength of the European troops, Nicholson made use not only of the horses taken from the disarmed cavalry, but also of all the bullock-wagons and pony-carts that could be collected. Starting at nine

o'clock at night, the troops journeyed until eight the next morning, and, after a rest of two hours, pushed on again. It had been found impossible to provide carriage for the whole of the force, but the men took it in turns to walk, and vied with one another in making light of their hardships. The history of that terrible march, enlivened as it was by songs and chaff, and interrupted ever and anon by a man's dropping out of the ranks fainting or overcome by the sun, has been variously told by several who took part in it, but one incident seems to have impressed all the narrators. At noon a halt was called, and the troops were allowed to snatch an hour's rest in the shade of a grove, but their leader had no share in it. In the middle of the hot, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun, he sat bolt upright on his horse, waiting impatiently for his men. The march was continued, and Gurdaspur was saved, but there was stern work yet to be done. Nicholson possessed the faculty of never forgetting a face, and the next day he recognized among the traders in the camp two men in disguise as belonging to one of the regiments which had mutinied at Sialkot. They were immediately seized, and thus prevented from warning their confederates of the nearness of the column. The next morning Nicholson marched his troops against the mutineers, who were posted about a mile from the Ravi, which they had crossed at the Trimmu Ghat. In the action which followed, his small force drove the Sialkot contingent from the field to take refuge upon an island, from which it was again hunted two days afterwards, to be practically annihilated by the troops and the police. A week later the column set out for Delhi.

On August 7th Nicholson arrived in advance of his force at the camp before Delhi, where affairs seemed to be at their very worst, his own successes on the way forming almost the only bright spot in the darkness. On the ridge he found a force ludicrously disproportioned to the work it had to do, with its ranks daily thinned by wounds and sickness, and hampered with a commander who was by turns irresolute and vacillating when decision was required, and obstinate only when he should have given way. The arrival of Nicholson brought back hope to the sorely depressed besiegers, who were too often besieged themselves. Very soon it was rumored that a stranger of striking appearance, whose attire gave no clue to his military rank, was visiting all the pickets, and asking many searching questions as to their strength and history. Of him, as of Henry V. on the eve of Agincourt, it might be said that

Every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucked comfort from his looks;

and it quickly became known who he was. "Nicholson has come," wrote Hodson. "The camp is all alive at the notion of something decisive taking place soon."

It was not long before the Punjab force gave the enemy a first taste of its quality. On the road from Ferozpur was the British siege-train, slow-moving, cumbersome and insufficiently escorted, on which everything depended for the capture of the city. The mutineers displayed for once some military capacity when they despatched a force to intercept it at Najafgarh, and it was a wise choice that sent Nicholson to baffle their design. The country to be traversed was of the worst description, the extraordinary rains of the year

having converted dry ground into swamp, and swamps into lakes; but the despairing artillerymen, with the water washing over their horses' backs, "looked ahead and saw Nicholson's great form riding steadily on as if nothing was the matter," and persevered in their task. When Najafgarh was reached, the enemy were found posted on the opposite bank of a marsh, with thirteen guns in position. Nicholson brought his troops across the ford, and, after a short artillery duel, led them straight at the enemy's strongest point, captured it with a rush, then swept down the line from end to end, securing all the guns, and driving the mutineers in headlong retreat across the canal. No further attempt was made to interfere with the siege-train, which reached the camp on the Ridge in safety about a week later.

The story of the 14th of September has been told by many writers, in prose and verse, in history and fiction, and we do not intend to add to the number. The formation of the storming columns in the darkness of the early morning, the short interval of artillery firing while the guns cleared the breaches which the enemy had repaired in the night, the rush for the walls, the blowing in of the Kashmir Gate, the flight of the defenders, the pursuit and the check in the Chandni Chauk, the fatal but unavoidable pause at the entrance of the lane leading to the Burn Bastion—all these things are described in many books besides that with which we are chiefly concerned. Known also is the pitiful case of the exhausted men, whom even their great leader could not induce to follow him farther, and his vain attempt to shame them into an advance by charging almost alone up the lane of death, forgetting, through his own greatness of mind, that when the spirit of the average man has been strained to an unwontedly high pitch, it is apt to fall even below its usual level in the moment of reaction. Judging others by himself, he expected too much of his men, and they failed him. As he returned to incite them on, a bullet from the Burn Bastion struck him in the back, and he fell. Borne back to the Kabul Gate (by his native orderlies, says Lady Edwardes, for he refused to be touched by the Europeans who would not follow him), he was conveyed towards the field-hospital, but on the way his bearers forsook him in the hope of plunder, and Lieutenant Roberts, passing by on an errand from Wilson, found him deserted by the roadside. Struck with horror, the young staff-officer got together four men, and despatched them, under the charge of a sergeant, to the hospital with the wounded leader, next to whom on his arrival was laid his brother Charles, his arm just amputated at the shoulder. For nine days John Nicholson lingered, keeping himself informed of the progress of the siege, dictating letters to friends at a distance, and bursting forth with a flash of his old spirit when he heard that Wilson still talked of retiring. "Thank God I have strength yet to shoot him if necessary." The capture of the city was not complete until the 21st, and two days later the man who had been foremost in that capture passed away. On the following morning he was buried opposite the breach which had witnessed the crowning feat of his life. His comrades and superiors vied with each in expressing their admiration of his character and their grief for his loss. His friend Edwardes has recorded his estimate of him on imperishable marble; but perhaps the strongest testimony of his worth is to be found in the words of John Lawrence

a year after: "So long as British rule shall endure in India, his fame can never perish. He seems especially to have been raised up for this juncture. Without John Nicholson Delhi could not have fallen."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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RULES FOR THE NATIVE CHURCH OF KOREA.

THE following are the "Rules for the native Church in Korea," which are read aloud when catechumens are baptized, and are assented to by them quickly. They are eminently practical:

I. First, since the Most High God hates the glorifying and worshiping of spirits, follow not the custom, even the honoring of ancestral spirits, but worship and obey God alone.

II. The Lord's Day being a day of rest and a God-appointed holy day, let neither man or beast do any work therein, even to the pursuance of one's livelihood; unless it be absolutely necessary work, let nothing be done. Labor diligently six days, and as for this day, observe it strictly.

III. Since the filial reverencing of parents is something which God has commanded, during the life of your parents piously reverence them, and using all strength be faithful to them as by the command of the Lord.

IV. Since God has appointed one woman for one man, let there be not only no abandoning of each other, but let there be a wife and no concubines, a husband and no lewdness.

V. Since the doing of the holy doctrine is the first thing to be done, let every person persuade those of his own house, praising and praying, and with one mind trusting and obeying the Lord.

VI. Since God has ordered that we shall live by working, let no one eat and be clothed in idleness. Be not lazy; tell no lies; be not covetous; steal not; but by all means follow an upright livelihood, and using strength, feed yourselves and your families.

VII. The Holy Scriptures not only forbid drunkenness and gambling, but since from these things spring quarreling and fighting and killing and wounding, do not dare to commit them. Also do not make, eat, or sell either wines or opium, and keep not a gambling house, and thus debase the conduct of men.

* * *

EVOLUTION.

EVOLUTION has ushered a new hope into the world. The supreme message of science to this age is that all nature is on the side of the man who tries to rise. Evolution, development, progress are not only on her program; these are her program. For all things are rising,—all worlds, all planets, all stars and suns. An ascending energy is in the universe, and the whole moves on with one mighty idea and expectation. The aspiration in the human heart and mind is but the evolutionary tendency of the universe becoming conscious. Darwin's great discovery is the same as Galileo's—the world moves. The Italian prophet said it moves from east to west; the English philosopher

said it moves from low to high. And this is the last and most splendid contribution of science to the faith of the world.

The discovery of a second motion in the earth has come into the world of thought only in time to save it from despair. As in the days of Galileo, there are many even now who do not see that the world moves, —to whom the earth is but an endless plain, a prison fixed in a purposeless universe where untried prisoners await their unknown fate. It is not the monotony of life which destroys men, but its pointlessness; they can bear its weight; its meaninglessness crushes them. But the same revolution that the discovery of the axial revolution of the world effected in the realm of physics, the announcement of the doctrine of evolution makes in the moral world. Evolution is less a doctrine than a light; it is a light revealing in the chaos of the past a perfect and growing order and flashing its rays upon a coming goal. Men begin to see a purpose in this material world, a tide that from eternity has never turned, making for perfectness. In that vast progression of nature from incompleteness to completeness, from imperfection to perfection, the moral nature recognizes in all its height and depth the eternal claim upon itself. Wholeness, perfection, love, these have always been required of man. But never before on the natural plane have they been proclaimed by voices so commanding, or enforced by sanctions so great and rational.

There exists a religion which has been before the world these eighteen hundred years, whose congruity with nature and with man stands the test at every point. No word need be spoken to reconcile Christianity with evolution. And why? Because the two are one. What is evolution? A method of creation. What is its object? To make more perfect living beings. What is Christianity? A method of creation. What is its object? To make more perfect human beings. Through what does evolution work? Through love. Through what does Christianity work? Through love. Christianity and evolution have the same author, the same end, the same spirit. There is no rivalry between the processes. No man can run up the natural lines of evolution without finding Christianity at the top. Christianity is the forward evolution. "The glory of Christianity," urged Jowett, "is not to be as unlike other religions as possible, but to be their perfection and fulfillment." A religion which is love, and a nature which is love, can never but be one.

The ascent of man and of society is bound up henceforth with the conflict, the intensification, and the diffusion of the struggle for the life of others. This is the further evolution, the closing act of the drama of man. The struggle may be short or long, but the result is sure. All the other kingdoms of nature culminated; evolution always attains; always rounds off its work. It spent an eternity over the earth, but finished it. It struggled for milleniums to bring the vegetable kingdom up to the flowering plants, and succeeded. In the animal kingdom it never paused until the possibilities of organization were exhausted in the Mammalia. Kindled by this past, man may surely say, "I shall arrive."

The further evolution must go on, the higher kingdom come—first the blade, where we are to-day; then the ear, where we shall be to-morrow; then the full

corn in the ear, which awaits our children's children, and which we live to hasten.—*Professor Drummond, in "Ascent of Man."*

* * *

THE SUTTEE.

AN octogenarian gives the story in "The Outlook" of his experiences in India. This is his graphic account of the Suttee:

A far deeper tragedy still lives in my memory, as vividly to-day as when I witnessed it eighty years ago. The custom of the "suttee," or burning of widows, was, though frowned upon by the British Government, not yet pronounced illegal, and was still practiced. Serampore, as I have said, was a Danish settlement; and the Danish Government did not interfere with this rite. So this place was selected for its performance.

On the occasion I refer to the ceremony took place on the banks of the Hoogly, about a mile from the mission houses; and all the missionaries, with their wives, were present to witness the sad scene. My mother took me—probably little realizing the terrible tragedy we were to witness. At the time we reached the spot the dead Brahmin lay at the water's edge, and near by was the funeral pyre. Relatives and friends were gathered around. Fagots had been laid crosswise until they were about a foot high; and as we approached, a man was engaged in pouring melted "ghee"—an oily substitute for butter—on the fagots. The widow, arrayed in a new "sari," a garment of muslin fresh from the loom, that enveloped her from head to foot, and wearing all her jewels, now came forward. As she drew near the edge of the sacred stream she took off her jewels, one by one, and threw them to her relatives and friends standing near. She then waded into the water, and, as is their custom when bathing, removed her garment, putting it on again before emerging from the water; and then, with her eyes fixed on the ground, she walked with hasty steps to the pile of fagots. In a moment she had stepped on to them and lain down. Her dead husband was then borne and laid beside her, more fagots were piled on them, and a near male relative applied the torch. Dense smoke and flames rose quickly, horns and trumpets were blown, drums were beaten, and shouts and cries filled the air. The smoke must soon have suffocated the poor widow, and the din was so great that no cry of hers could have been heard.

I remember no more. My poor mother fainted, and was taken to the shelter of a tree in the rear of the crowd, where she was kindly cared for, while I, beside myself with terror, ran from the place as fast as my little legs could carry me. I had often been shown pictures in a volume of Bunyan's "Holy War" of the tortures awaiting the damned in the regions below; and this scene presented to my childish fancy a realization of those pictures. So that, when I met some of my schoolmates in my homeward flight, I horrified them by crying out, "Oh, girls, I have seen hell!" I was sharply reprov'd for blasphemy, of which I need hardly say I was innocent; for it was a terrible reality to me, and a true picture of what I then believed I had actually seen. Is it strange that the impression left on my childish mind should have lasted in all its vividness for more than eighty years?

ADDRESS OF THE LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION.

To the Liberally Minded Members of our Orthodox Churches:

The fifth session of the Liberal Congress will be held in Omaha, in October, 1898, in connection with the Exposition now open there.

The aim of the Congress is to bring together the "free men of the spirit," of all churches and religions in our country, for the study of the common life of the spirit. Believing that all earnest men, however they may differ, will differ with a deeper respect for each other's opinions as they come face to face with each other, in an expression of each one's thought; the supporters of the Congress believe, also, that earnest men will find that they differ less than they have supposed themselves to do, as they realize that "unity of the spirit" which is thus discovered among those who love truth and hunger for righteousness, seeking all alike the life divine in all things human. The Congress exists to promote this toleration of reason, this sympathy of spirit.

The undersigned, officers and directors of the Congress, commend it to the interest and co-operation of the liberally minded members of our orthodox churches.

There may be those, without doubt, in our orthodox churches, who will consider any such fellowship with unorthodox churches and with other religions as, in some way, a disloyalty to orthodoxy, a faithlessness to its institutions, a doubt or even a denial of its creeds. And naturally so, to those who do not see Christianity in its historic relations, as an outcome of the evolution which we call history; and who thus think of it only as a something exceptional, miraculous, exclusive, monopolistic. To those of us who do see Christianity in its historic character, its evolutionary relations, and who abide in the orthodox churches because of our historic sense, because of our recognition of the value of continuity in religious development, of our piety or reverence for antiquity, our conservative instincts, and our delight in the consciousness of this rooting of Christian institutions and creeds and symbols in the larger life of man—to all such, our very loyalty to the Christian Church constrains us to seek to come in touch with all "who profess and call themselves Christians," with all who profess and call themselves human.

Christian institutions are to us far more than Christian institutions—they are human institutions. They are built upon the institutions of antiquity. They form a temple of humanity. We hold ourselves most loyal to these institutions in refusing to be imprisoned within them, to be separated by them from the spiritual life of man out of which they have grown; in reaching out through them to all who are seeking the higher life of God in man—the life to serve which they were slowly fashioned in different lands, through different ages.

To us the Christian creeds are no mere expression of the Christian consciousness, demanding of their confessors a separation from those who cannot accept them in part or in whole, a hostility to other forms of religious consciousness. As we see these creeds, they are the flowering forth of the essential spiritual faiths of antiquity. In them we find the

highest ideas and the loftiest ideals, the noblest aspirations and the divinest institutions of mankind, the deepest faiths and largest hopes and sweetest charities of human nature; unfolding in the form of classic philosophy and eastern theosophy, and sunning themselves in the light of the spiritual consciousness of Jesus. The two great Catholic creeds, read in the light of their historic evolution, seem to us to be the efflorescence of paganism. They call on us, therefore, for fellowship with all those, of whatsoever name, who are seeking reverently the life of faith and hope and love, the life out of which Christianity grew, the life of Jesus Himself.

As we read the life that was in Jesus, we are called in our discipleship of this Master to follow Him who said: "Whosoever shall do the will of my father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, my sister and my mother;" who reminded those who would have hemmed Him in behind the stone walls of Judaism, "Other sheep I have which are not of this flock; them also must I bring, and there shall be one flock and one shepherd."

Where we find the high water mark of our Gospels is where the common consent of Christianity has found it—in the Spiritual Gospel, the Gospel according to St. John; the introduction to which sets forth as its central thought the truth, "That was the true light which lighteth every man which cometh into the world." The doctrine of The Logos, or Word of God, according to this Gospel, is the doctrine of the divine light which is in all men, the light of reason and consciousness and affection; the light of the intellectual and moral and spiritual nature of man. All those who are following that light which reveals and confesses truth and beauty and goodness, and are ordering their lives after that infinite and eternal law which, as Philo long ago declared, is the vicegerent of God, the great Shepherd of the flock of God—the starry worlds on high and the moral world within the soul of man—all such are the followers of The Logos, or Word of God, and must be, therefore, the followers of Him in whom that Word "was made flesh." To us, then, there can be no distinction as between the one true and the many false forms of religion, but only that distinction which St. Augustine long ago pointed out, when he declared that the true religion did not begin with Christ, but was older far; only since Christ came, it has been known as The Christian Religion.

As we remember, it was the Apostle of faith who declared, "Now abideth faith, hope and charity, but the greatest of these is charity." We who hold by the old faith must therefore own that to believe this and to confess it in our action toward those who differ most widely from us in our creeds, is the supreme act of faith.

We accept the noble definition of the true Church which is contained in the most sacred office set forth in the Book of Common Prayer; when, after having partaken, in the Holy Communion, of the outer symbols of the life in common, we are taught to give thanks to God that we are "assured thereby that we are very members incorporate in the mystical body of Thy Son, which is the blessed company of all faithful people."

This is the charter of liberty wherewith Christ and his Church have made us free. These be the ideals

of liberalism in religion, because of which those who love most truly their historic churches and are most loyal to them, cannot remain shut up within them, in their secret sympathies or their open fellowship, but must reach out beyond them, and seek the sacred sympathy of the children of the All-Father, the faithful fellowship of all true souls.

Believing this, we feel that in this age pre-eminently, our orthodox churches need just such fellowshiping with the larger hope and freer faith which do not take shelter under their institutions and their creeds. In the breaking up of dogmatic Christianity which is going on in our age, the breaking up of the traditional outer body of belief which has grown around the two great catholic creeds, we find ourselves in an age of transition. That some new crystallization of thought will form in the minds of men goes without saying; just because man is mind and must always shape his thought of the infinite mysteries amid which he comes into self-consciousness, and must formulate these thoughts as best he can in words. That coming crystallization of thought doth not yet appear. In this transition time, what the orthodox churches need, urgently, is that they should learn, from the freer thought of those who have broken with the traditional forms of faith, what are the yeasting processes of man's mind in our day, and what the hints of the new crystallizations of thought which are taking shape in these apparently inchoate forms of faith. The heresy of to-day, as has been so often said, is the orthodoxy of to-morrow. That is alike the vindication of heresy and the justification of orthodoxy; the honor of the new thought which dares to free itself from the ancient body of belief, and the glory of the old forms of faith which can re-absorb the new truth and revitalize and remould themselves thereby. This disintegration and re-integration of faith, in the plastic processes of life, is the common experience of religion in our age; in which all who are earnest and spiritual must needs find themselves engaged, in different stages of the one process of religious evolution. For the hastening of this divine process we believe that what is most needed is that the faith which clings to form and the "faith-without-form" shall come to understand each other better, and thus help on the birth of the faith that is to be.

We, therefore, earnestly call upon all members of our orthodox Churches, who see the "one increasing purpose" of the ages to co-operate with this effort for a realization of the unity of the spirit which is called by the name of The Liberal Congress of Religion. We urge an attendance at this coming session of the Congress by all who can find it convenient to be present, and, from all who recognize its importance, such financial help as they can bestow.

ALFRED MOMERIE, D.D., Vice-President (Protestant Episcopal), London, I. B.

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F. E. DEMHURST, Pastor Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, Ind.

Of the Board of Directors of L. C. of R.

GEN. GREELEY'S ARCTIC CHRISTMAS.

"On Christmas Day we all asked ourselves the same wondering question: Was there ever such another Christmas as ours? It was a feast day for which certain food was set apart, and it was as if we had almost enough to eat. The self-denial of two months now gave us about three ounces each of rice, which was stewed, with about equal amounts of raisins and condensed milk—the only sweet, as our sugar was gone. Then came a cup of chocolate, and in the evening a gill of hot rum—a precious stimulant saved for emergencies. In the health, strength and plenty of the past two years there was always complaining, which was rare in the misery of that period. That Christmas' silent endurance blossomed into speech, and each strove to outdo in sympathy and affection. The embers of hate, that oft glowed under the breath of circumstance, lost their last spark of malice. Good will and love were the parole and countersign of the day. How can such wealth of things spiritual spring up in wretched environment of things material if it be not the expression of immortal souls? Sure it was that our bodies were fast coming to death, as slowly but inevitably they were getting out of adjustment with our environment of biting cold and bitter hunger. The soul appears to thrive when the body fails. Fairer were some of these faces to me, since many turned all their manly strength to act and work for others' good. As to our faith and hope, stronger on that Christmas Day than ever, they have been voiced by Cardinal Newman as if for us alone at that time:

"So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone."

* * *

"THE new year of 1884 was only nineteen days old when death came for the first time. For ninety days we had all lived and kept together. But death was inevitable. Its coming was sure to some, if not to all; our only wonder was it had not come sooner. Only the day before was our comrade at work. We said little. Only one man so far forgot that he was a soldier as to make the faintest sign. But the nearness of the end touched us all. Speech became lower, actions gentler, determined faces grew softer, and conciliation was the spirit of the hour. Who would go next? was the question written on each face. Not a man ventured to say to his fellow, 'This is the end.' How that eternal question, always so unanswerable, seemed to be even more of a mystery to us! The Easter sun had hardly set before the second fell before Death. A day after, and the third succumbed. Then the fourth. One by one they were dropping at our side. The fifth followed quickly to solve the problem of futurity. Then the sixth comrade passed. And now we felt that we were all awaiting the summons, one by one. We scarcely looked at each other. Doubt and wretchedness were allied against us. But the fortunes of war sometimes change at the most critical moment. Strive and do, do and strive until death, were the mottoes of our hunters, and one day nearly five hundred pounds of bear and seal meat came, just as all food had almost failed. Oh, the joy which that meat brought to us. Who can tell but those in that hut! Something to eat—something to keep life!"—*Ladies' Home Journal*

THE POOR MAN OF THE CITY.

THINK what a tumult of unrest, of hopeless, blind, unreasonable, disorderly repining and complaint the poor man of the city carries in his heart. He does not analyze it into its elements, as I have tried to do, but it is all there; far more terrible in its unanalyzed completeness than any such enumeration of its elements can describe. He is no man of our imaginations, no mere lay-figure for a sermon. He is real. You meet him every day. His is the face that looks moodily at you as you hurry by him on the sidewalk, or throw the street's mud from your carriage wheels upon his coat. His is the hand that rings your door-bell in the dusk; and his the voice that whines and cringes to you in your hall, and curses you as he goes down your steps, with the memory of your glowing comfort before his eyes, and your quiet assurance that you have no money to give him in his ears, and the leaden load of wretchedness and disappointment heavier than ever at his heart. His is the house you hurry by in some back street, and wonder how a man can live in such a place as that. And O! be sure there do come to him hours when that horrible home seems to him every whit as hateful as it does to you. He is no fancy. He is terribly real. The streets reproach him with their boisterous prosperity and arrogant wealth. To us those streets are sympathetic. To prosperous men, full of activity, full of life, the city streets, overrunning with human vitality, are full of a sympathy, a sense of human fellowship, a comforting companionship, in all that mass of unknown and, as it were, generic men and women, which no utterance of special friendship or pity from the best-known lips can bring. The live and active man takes his trouble out into the crowded streets and finds it comforted by the mysterious consolation of his race. He takes his perplexity out there, and its darkness grows bright in the diffused, unconscious light of human life. But when activity beats low and life has lost its buoyancy, when the wretched man is miserably and desperately poor, then the streets and the crowds are no longer sympathetic; then the great sea which used to heave the strong ship on, whether it would go or no, opens its depth and drowns the broken wreck. Ah, how little do we know of how the great full city which is always enticing and encouraging and exhilarating us, is mocking and beating down and treading under foot some poor brother who walks along the pavement by our side!

What can we do about it, do you say? The first thing that men must do in order that they may really, thoroughly relieve the poor, is to profoundly recognize that there can be no complete and permanent relief until not merely men who have money shall have given it to men who have no money, but until men who have character shall have given it to men who are deficient in that last and only real possession. Not till you make men self-reliant, intelligent, and fond of struggle, fonder of struggle than of mere help,—not till then have you relieved poverty. If you could give every poor man in this town of ours a house, a wardrobe, and a balance in the bank to-morrow, do you think there would not be poor men and rich men here among us still? There must be, so long as there are some men with the spirit of independence, the light of intelligence, and the love of struggle; and other men who have none of those things, which make the

only true riches of a manly man. And the second thing is this: the rich men of our community must be truly rich themselves, or they can have nothing worth giving to the poor; nothing with which they can permanently help their poorer brethren. Only a class of men independent, intelligent, and glorying in struggle themselves, can really send independence, intelligence, and the dignity of struggle, down through a whole city's life. This is the reason why your selfish and idle rich man, who has neither of these great human properties, does nothing for the permanent help of poverty. The money which he gives is no symbol. It means nothing. O, let us be sure that the first necessity for giving the poor man character is that the rich man should have character to give him.

And then, lastly, the rich men, rich in character, must know that no man can give character to other men without self-sacrifice. Labor, personal effort, personal intercourse with the poor, these must come in before the work can be done. You cannot do your duty to the poor by a society. Your life must touch their life. You try to work solely by a society, and what does it come to? Is it not the old story of the book of Samuel? The traveller appeals to you, and you spare to take of your own thought and time and sympathy to give to the wayfaring man that is come to you. They are too precious. You say: "There is thought, time, sympathy, down at the charity bureau to which I have a right by virtue of a contribution I have made. Go down and get a ticket's worth of that."

The poor are always with us. The wayfarers come to us continually, and they do not come by chance. God sends them. And as they come, with their white faces and their poor scuffling feet, they are our judges. Not merely by whether we give, but by how we give and by what we give, they judge us. One man sends them entirely away. Another drops a little easy, careless, unconscientious money into their hands. Another man washes and clothes them. Another man teaches them lessons. Thank God! there are some men and women here and there, full of the power of the Gospel, who cannot rest satisfied till they have opened their very hearts and given the poor wayfaring men the only thing which really is their own, themselves, their faith, their energy, their hope in God. Of such true charity-givers may He who gave Himself for us increase the multitude among us every day.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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THE GREAT TIDAL WAVE.

THE following is an extract from the Journal of the Light House Station at Cohansey River, N. J., William C. Yates, keeper, and Abe L. Yates, acting keeper:

October 22, 1878.—At ten o'clock p. m. the wind came out from the east and commenced blowing fresh, increasing to twelve o'clock, when it was blowing a gale.

October 23.—At one o'clock the gale increased, blowing heavy, and so continued until half-past three a. m., when the tide commenced running up very rapidly. At five o'clock the tide came over the bank (about fifteen feet high), the seas being very heavy. Abe L. Yates, Mary E. Yates and Louie F. Yates were the only ones at the station, the keeper and his

wife being absent by permission on a visit to Philadelphia. The wind was near south-east.

My son and daughter commenced getting in the chickens, tubs, and all loose articles out doors. The wind was so strong Abe had to creep along the bank on his hands and knees, it being impossible to stand up against it. He then got in the oil, a hundred gallon butt, oil measures, cans, etc., out of the oil room into the house or kitchen part. By this time the sea was breaking on the porch; he then secured the front doors and windows and proceeded to carry things from the lower room to the second story.

About six o'clock, while thus engaged, a tidal wave struck the front of the dwelling, bursting open the doors and windows, filling the lower rooms three and a half feet deep with water, the seas running up the stairs on the entry to the first landing; the seas also breaking on the front and flying on the roof.

At the time the sea burst in the doors, my daughters Mary and Louie were trying to get a can of oil upstairs to secure it for future light, when the sea swept Mary along the entry and was just carrying her out of the back door, when her brother Abe by the most strenuous efforts reached her and succeeded in dragging her in, and up on to the stairs, thus saving their lives.

Abe now had to brace himself against the back door to keep it open to give vent to the seas that were rushing through the house. Had the lower door been closed, the walls would have been beaten down. He remained in this position for three hours, waist deep in water, and the sea breaking over him; at the same time giving orders to his sisters and quieting their fears.

From six to eight a. m. the wind was blowing a hurricane, at the velocity of eighty miles an hour. Between six and seven o'clock two schooners dragged their anchors and came ashore at the boat-house on the point; one was the Anne Worrill of Camden, Capt. William Joslin; the other, the Anne B. Russell of Bricksboro, N. J., Capt. David Goslin. They both got foul there, and the mast of the Russell commenced going over; the crew of the Russell jumped on the deck of the Worrill, thus saving their lives. The schooners now separated; the Anne Worrill driving toward the Light House. She went over the bank, passing within twenty feet of the rear of the dwelling.

As she passed, the girls and myself waved a good-bye to them, which the crew returned, neither party ever expecting to see another setting sun. The Worrill now was driven by the gale up to near the woods, when they got anchor and a piece of jib up, and worked her nearly off the meadows, going ashore about eighty feet on.

The schooner Anne B. Russell followed the Anne Worrill, coming over the bank stern foremost. As she crossed the bank, her mast went by the board. After she got over the bank her anchor caught in the ditch, brought her to inside of the yard at the rear bank, where she sank and became a badly wrecked vessel. She was loaded with forty cords of pine wood.

Had either schooner run foul of the Light House, it would have battered it down. Had the Worrill run foul of the Light House, both crews would have been lost and also the people in the Light House.

The tide rose to twelve feet above mean high water; the seas were said to be ten to twelve feet high; the wind blowing at the rate of eighty miles an hour. The tide was at its highest from seven to eight a. m. and fell very slowly, it being nine o'clock before it left the door-sill. Cohansey Light stood in a seething, raging sea, five miles from any land; the meadows being covered with nine feet of water, a heavy sea as far as the highlands. My son and daughters kept cool and collected through it all and by testimony of captains they kept up a good light throughout the dark hours of the gale, showing themselves the worthy children of a Light Keeper.—*The Sailors' Magazine*.

* * *

IN THE FURNACE-ROOM OF A WAR-SHIP.

WHEN I left the upper deck [of the New Orleans] through the narrow, grewsome hatchway immediately forward of her tall twin smokestacks, and lowered myself, rung by rung, down the vertical steel ladder into her sweltering furnace-room, thirty feet below, it was with much the same feeling of mingled wonderment and expectancy as I imagine the immortal Dante must have experienced at the outstart of his eventful excursion into the regions of the damned. And I seriously doubt whether Dante in any of his psychological rambles ever encountered an atmosphere that was one whit more trying than the fierce heat in the midst of which I stood upon reaching the steel grated floor of this modern Inferno I had set out to explore. It was of a character altogether different from anything I had previously experienced or imagined. It seemed to transform the atmosphere into a seething, scintillating element entirely unknown to the upper world. The effect was as of a million magnetic needles penetrating the fibers and muscles of the body, and as I watched my bared arms and chest grow florid and crisp from the blistering heat, while the scalding perspiration streamed from every pore, I little wondered that strong men not infrequently fainted away as a consequence of such torment, and had to be borne by their comrades to the upper decks ere they would revive. Glancing at a thermometer suspended against a bulkhead near by, I observed that the mercury stood at one hundred and sixty-five degrees. An hour before I had received a statement to this effect with not a little scepticism. Now I was confronted, surrounded with proofs of its accuracy in a dozen different forms.

The furnaces which generate this tremendous heat are twenty-four in number, and occupy a section of the vessel one hundred and eight feet in length. This section is divided into four separate fire-rooms, each of which contains six furnaces, lying horizontally, three on the starboard and three on the port side of the vessel. Over each trio of furnaces is fixed a powerful rotary fan, capable of developing a velocity of two hundred revolutions a minute. It is these fans which contribute the forced draught to the fires, each trio of which are arranged beneath one of the huge cylindrical boilers, eight in number, from which the twin propellers derive the power that drives the ship through the water at her speed of twenty-three knots an hour. In order to produce the greatest possible effect from the forced draught fans, all hatches lead

ing to the fire rooms are battened down. The consequence of this is that every breath of air which pervades the interior of the fire-room first comes into contact with the furnace fires, from the midst of which it is whirled in volumes scarcely less searing than the fierce flames themselves. At every three furnaces are stationed a fireman and coal passer. The latter brings the coal in big iron buckets from the bunkers, arranged along the sides of the vessel, and empties it in a heap in the centre of the fire-room, while the former shovels it at intervals of every ten minutes or so through the open doors of the furnaces. This is undoubtedly the most arduous of all the work performed on board a man-of-war, or, for that matter, anywhere else. [And no man of flesh and blood should be required to do it.—C. U.]—*Globe-Democrat*.

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LEGEND OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

THE Cathedral is the most magnificent church in Germany. I had often heard of Cologne Cathedral, and here I saw it, surpassing anything I had expected to see. It is cruciform in shape, ornamented with the most delicate stone tracery, and rising into a countless number of slender pinnacles. Inside, as in most of the Northern churches, it is quite plain. There are but few pictures, for the number of the stained windows leaves but little room for them. The roof, which is 160 feet from the floor, is supported by massive stone pillars. Under our feet were the remains of many a knight and baron of the olden time, while all around were the marble effigies of former bishops. Though it has been building during six centuries, it is as yet unfinished, and tradition says that it never will be completed, and that the name of the architect will forever remain unknown.

The legend tells that Bishop Conrad gave to the most celebrated architect of Cologne a commission to build a church which should surpass in beauty anything that the world had seen. One day, while the architect was at the river side, he commenced to draw a plan in the sand. While thus engaged, he heard a mocking laugh behind him, and a voice said: "That's the church at such and such a place," and he immediately recalled where he had got the idea. Upon turning round, our friend saw a gentleman in black, who said, "I'll show you a plan," and, suiting the action to the words, immediately drew in the sand a sketch of the present Cathedral. The architect saw that the stranger was his superior, and so acknowledged. The other laughed and said: "Yes, I've had some little experience; I built the Tower of Babel, the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis, and a few others." "The devil!" ejaculated our astonished friend. "I admire your penetration," said the stranger, "and for a consideration will give you this plan upon paper." (He had erased that in the sand). The architect, though a pious man, held some little parley, though he would not come to any definite terms; they agreed, however, to meet again. Our friend, upon his return to town, immediately related the whole affair to the Bishop, who told him he was a fool for not accepting the plan. "But," said the architect, "even for the good of the church I care not to lose my soul." "Never mind that; you do as I bid you, and all will be well," said the Bishop. That night there was another meet-

ing, and while the parties were looking at the plan, each holding it by one hand, the architect, with his disengaged hand, slyly drew from his pocket the arm or leg of some saint, which the Bishop had given him, and tapped the other over the head, when, presto! his Satanic Majesty disappeared in a flash of blue flame and with a smell of brimstone. The next night the devil appeared again, and told the architect that he was the victor, but that he would be caught yet, and told him, moreover, to beware particularly of the sin of pride. The church was commenced and work went on rapidly. Meanwhile our friend successfully resisted many temptations; but one day a stranger artist came to him with an inferior design, which he said was the best that could be drawn. "Oh, no!" said the other, "mine is much better." At these words the stranger disappeared with a triumphant yell. All that afternoon the architect spent in prayer, and in the evening, as was his custom, he went to the church to see what progress had been made. While standing on the tower, which was to be the base of the spire, the devil suddenly appeared, seized him and threw him over the parapet, laughing exultingly; but before he reached the ground he was caught by angels and carried to heaven. Satan, enraged at being deprived of his prey, then declared that the building should never be finished, and that the name of the architect should remain unknown forever. And thus it is that the old tower remained as it was then left, with the huge derrick at the top.

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THE ETERNAL UNITY.—II. WHAT CONSERVES THE ETERNAL UNITY.

REV. ALLAN CONANT FERRIN.

THAT there is essential unity of man with his Creator and all creation is a truth that is little by little finding its way into the Christian consciousness. And one instinctively recognizes it as the most comprehensive truth in divine revelation. It is the contention of modern philosophy, and is not without Scriptural authority. When Paul wrote to the Corinthian Christians, "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's," he gave perhaps the best expression of the truths of the Eternal Unity to be found in Scripture.

It is not the purpose of this paper to further contend for the reality of this truth, but, assuming its reality, to point out what it is that makes the Eternal Unity, what principle of life conserves it.

When a thoughtful man stands before a great truth like this there are two questions which press for an answer: First, What will it do for me, for my life, if I appropriate it? If we are content to be guided by Paul, remembering that when he wrote the words quoted above he was pleading for the value of the human soul and its completeness in a Christ-like life, we have this answer: It will make my life full, rich, complete, harmoniously related to all life—to nature and her laws, to my fellow-men, to Christ and to God.

Then there is this other question: What must I do to insure this result of the appropriation of this truth? What is the secret of its effectiveness? What principle of life does it inculcate? What mode of conduct does it demand? This is our question now. To be conscious of being a part of the eternal unity of God's thought and purpose is the first and fundamental re-

quisite of a complete life, but in some way, through the operation of some active principle, this consciousness must work its way out into conduct, else it is but a thought, a beautiful dream. It is the weaving together of truth and duty that makes the most beautiful fabric in human life, as Longfellow has taught us in the legend of the monk who in the midst of his vision of the Lord in his narrow cell was reminded of his turn to distribute alms at the monastery gate. He would fain have lingered amid the delights of his meditation. But the demands of duty triumphed. He obeyed the summons, and fed the waiting mendicants. When he returned to his cell the same vision burst upon him again in greater beauty, and a voice of heavenly sweetness was heard to say, "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled."

Truth must find its way into conduct, if life is to be enriched by it. So we ask of this truth of the Eternal Unity, By what method is it conserved in all life; what is the secret of its power? If Paul is right, if modern philosophy is right, and there is such a unity in the thought and purpose of God, then there must be some power or principle which binds together the universe of matter and of spirit—some way by which this unity can be conserved, some law under which a human being may rightly relate his life to God and all God's work. What is it? Paul must help us to our answers. Christ must be our ultimate authority.

Our first thought on looking at Paul's expression is that the principle is that of ownership, proprietorship. "All things are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

But, unless we carefully discriminate in our definition of proprietorship, when we study these words in the light of their setting we find that this interpretation does not fit the thought of the context. They would not then be, as they clearly are, the natural, logical conclusion of Paul's argument, for his evident purpose is to show that no man or body of men has any exclusive claims on himself or any other man. So also he does not tell the Corinthians that Christ has a proprietary right in them, but that He is the foundation upon which they should build their lives. Neither does he anywhere say that God claims such a right, but they are His fellow-workers, His husbandry, His temple; the spirit of God dwelleth in them. So too, I am sure, one will look in vain for evidence in the teachings of Christ that proprietorship is the true interpretation of the relation of a human being to his fellows, to Christ or to God; or of Christ's relation to God. And when we turn to man's relation to the material world, and give precedence to our second thought, born of an experience greater than a day may bring forth and of a discriminating spirit, we are very far from affirming the right of any man to claim absolute ownership over any material thing, except as a fiction of law.

What then is that law by which a man may rightly relate his life to God and His work? It is the law of *service*. This is the binding power, the conserving force of the Eternal Unity.

Notice first how this interpretation fits, as the other did not, into the argument of Paul here. He would wipe out every distinction between men except that of service. "What then is Apollos? and what is Paul? Ministers through whom ye believe; and each as the Lord gave to him."

Now turn from Paul to Christ. "I came not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me," said Jesus of the God-ward side of his mission. "Behold, I am in the midst of you as he that serveth," said He of its man-ward side. "If ye love me keep my commandments," is the way He expressed the perfection of His disciples' relation to Him; "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," of their relation to their fellows. And when that little coterie of disciples came to Him with the request, "We would that thou shouldest do for us whatever we ask," thinking of what they might get out of their faith, He replied, "Whosoever would become great among you shall be as your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be servant of all. For verily the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." And when at another time He wished to show the error in the popular conception of man's relation to the material world, he told them about the fool who would build his barns greater and take his ease.

We recall at once the parables of the Pounds and the Talents and the Good Samaritan, and that most touching of all Jesus' illustrative teaching, when He girded Himself and washed the disciples' feet. So we follow Him as He leads us in the Sermon on the Mount into the harmonies of the kingdom of God—the perfect realization of the Eternal Unity—and we learn that the keynote of its music is service—always service.

And then how true is this of Christ Himself, how beautifully is it exemplified in His life, how consummately in His death. Perhaps it were unnecessary to dwell so long upon this lesson of Christ's life and words, for not for centuries has the finger of the preacher pointed so often to it as in these days. But to complete the evidence of this law of service being the one under which Christ related His life so perfectly to all other life and made it one with the eternal thought and purpose of God, we should turn once more to that wonderful intercessory prayer in the Fourth Gospel. *Oneness through service* is the centre around which all its thought revolves.

We must now make the transition from the Christ-life to all human life and see if this connection between the law of service and the Eternal Unity still holds. It will be a help to notice how natural is the connection, how naturally a life of service grows out of the appropriation of this truth of the Eternal Unity. Suppose the consciousness of this truth be thoroughly awakened in a human soul. The man not only knows he is a part of God's eternal purpose, but feels it. It will be in his relation to his fellows that it will seem most real. He is one with them. God is the Father of all; His purpose is the same for all; that purpose cannot be realized by any soul apart from other souls. Every man must find his true life and best development in the life and highest development of the race—the one in the many because there is an organic relation between the one and the many. Suppose, I say, he feels this truth, feels it deeply. Then there cannot but be born in his soul a sense of responsibility keener and greater than he has ever experienced before. He knows that his own life affects directly and indirectly all other lives, and by all others is affected. He sees too that his own struggle, with all its difficulties, its failures and successes, is essentially the experience of all other men, and there rises

in his soul, along with the new sense of responsibility, a new feeling of sympathy with them. They are his brethren in a new and deeper sense. And the fruit of this sense of responsibility and of sympathy is an earnest desire to help, to make the struggle easier for all; and the issue is a life of service. But this is not all. This stream of a richer life that thus flowed out from the deeper consciousness of the meaning of all life returns to its source again laden with a still greater sense of responsibility, a larger sympathy and a more eager desire to make life useful and helpful, all to the further enrichment of the life of service and the clearer comprehension of the meaning of the unity of the human race. The life of service, at first the natural fruit of the consciousness of unity, is at last seen to be the universal law of its conservation and perfection.

Thus does the appropriation of a great truth work its way out into conduct, and conduct react upon the reality of the truth to a human soul. And the process when studied in its relation to this the most comprehensive of all truths makes perfectly clear what Paul teaches and what is evident from a study of the life and teaching of Jesus, that the only law by which a man can rightly relate his life to all human life, and realize the beneficent results of its unity, is the law of service.

Now in the light of the truth that completeness for a human soul is possible only when it is rightly related to all other life, what does this conclusion mean other than that no man can find completeness—can reach true greatness—who, as Phillips Brooks has said, "has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race and that what God gives him is given for mankind." The law of life—true life—is the law of service. Self-development is conditioned on self-sacrifice. "He that loseth his life shall find it." But the reality of this law will be made still more clear, if we see how it appears in other than human relations, in other manifestations of the Eternal Unity. You can find no place in God's universe known to us where it is not operative, no object of His creation which, consciously or unconsciously, does not perform these natural offices to some other object. The winds scatter the seeds, or fill the sails and drive the ship. The mountains in their majestic solitariness catch the moisture from the winds sweeping over them and cause it to drop upon the thirsty ground. The spreading elm casts its welcome shade upon the weary traveller, and the fragrant pine fills his lungs with its healing aroma. The bee, flitting from flower to flower, while feasting upon their sweets, is doing useful service in distributing pollen. All the lower forms of life minister in some way to some other. When Jesus said, "No man can live to himself alone," He gave expression not to a law of humanity only, but to a universal law—that no created thing can exist for itself alone. And this is not because of the complexity of life, but because of the unity of life, a unity that is conserved and perfected by a nice adjustment of mutual service. How well is this necessity of a nice adjustment of service understood in the mechanical arts. The watchmaker understands it; the architect knows it; the civil engineer recognizes it. Each and every part of the watch, the building, the bridge must be so adjusted as to conserve the purpose of the whole. Or in the wonderful mechanism of the human body, how marked is the operation of this law. All the my-

riad unities of God's handiwork are conserved and made to further the larger purpose of the whole by service. The law is universal.

And not only so, but also we cannot fail to see that this same condition of unity and utility is a condition of beauty. That nice adjustment of service in all the lower orders of creation is no less beautiful than it is wonderful and purposeful. The great artisan of the universe is also an artist. Utility and beauty meet in His purpose. It is only when the law of service presses for recognition in selfish human nature that it seems not a beautiful thing. We have interpreted the old story of Adam's expulsion from Eden too literally. In the light of the revelation of God's thought in other realms one cannot but feel that the writer of Genesis was reflecting human nature rather than Divine thought in pronouncing labor a curse. "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread," is another way of expressing the law of service, and one finds it difficult to understand that God originally intended man to be exempt from this law, and only because of his disobedience placed him under its dominion, for the fullest, the richest development of human life is conditioned on service. To have remained in the Garden of Eden, gathering the fruits of God's bounty with little effort, would have been to remain in primitive barbarism. True, this may have meant a perpetual state of innocence, but holiness, not innocence, is the mark of ideal humanity, and the beauty of holiness has for its positive element service, whether we think of God or man.

But it is a service of love. It is because men do not love that service seems so often an irksome thing. What will a man not do for the mother, the wife, the child whom he loves? And in the service he finds the completeness of his life as son and husband and father. It is the way God is teaching us by analogy the greater lesson of how to find our true life as a part of the eternal unity. In these smaller unities—the family, the church, the community—we learn that only by loving service can we reap life's true blessings. So in the larger unity, if we would relate our lives rightly to the "all things" which Paul says are ours, to our fellow-beings, to Christ and to God, and find completeness for the life of the soul, we must obey the law of service—must do what all the lower orders of life are doing, must do what Christ did and is doing, must do as God has been doing in all eternity—minister to some other life. The best consciousness of the world is feeling this to-day as never before. It is this larger and unified view of all life that is opening our eyes. Man cannot live selfishly, and live fully and richly because he is a part of the Eternal Unity of God's purpose—he must be in the midst of men as one that serveth. This is the very care and substance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It is at once the most essential and the most beautiful thing in Christianity—this Divine law of service. It is the supreme truth in the revelation of God's love in His Son, that "men are not to be saved alone, but to be saved by saving others, and that the greatest in the kingdom of heaven is he who is most truly the servant of all."

"Who seeks for heaven alone to save his soul,
May keep the path, but will not reach the goal;
While he who walks in love may wander far,
But God will bring him where the Blessed are."

Blandford, Mass.

THE LEAGUE FOR SOCIAL SERVICE.

THE League for Social Service has completed its organization by electing Josiah Strong president, William H. Tolman secretary, and Spencer Trask treasurer.

The object of the League is to educate public opinion and the popular conscience—from the enlightening and quickening of which must come every needed reform, whether moral, political, industrial or social.

The method of the League includes—(1) the preparation and systematic distribution of literature; (2) a bureau of information; and (3) a lecture-bureau.

1. The literature, which will be unsectarian and non-partisan, will discuss needed reforms, and deal with the many subjects related to social betterment. It will be adapted to all classes, and translated into as many languages as may be necessary to reach our polyglot population.

It is expected that the various young people's societies in the churches will co-operate in the systematic distribution of the leaflets, so as to reach the million.

2. The bureau of information will indicate the latest sources of information regarding present-day problems, whether religious, moral, philanthropic, industrial, social or civic.

3. The Lecture Bureau will arrange lecture courses and secure lecturers on social problems.

Annual membership, which is one dollar, will carry with it the receipt of one copy of every leaflet issued during the year of membership and the use of the information bureau.

Others who co-operate financially to the extent of five dollars or more, in one year, will be sustaining members.

Further information and sample leaflets may be procured on application to the League for Social Service, United Charities Building, Fourth avenue and Twenty-second street, New York.

* * *

THE CHINESE METHOD.

ONE of the unpleasant experiences of an editor is the frequent necessity of rejecting manuscript sent for publication. The following is said to be a translation of a letter sent by a Chinese editor in returning a manuscript:

"Illustrious Brother of the Sun and Moon: Behold thy servant prostrate before thy feet. I bow to thee, and beg of thy graciousness thou mayst grant that I may speak and live. Thy honored manuscript has deigned to cast the light of its august countenance upon us. With raptures we have perused it. By the bones of my ancestors, never have I encountered such wit, such pathos, such lofty thought! With fear and trembling I return the writing. Were I to publish the treasure you sent me, the Emperor would order that it should be made the standard, and that none be published except such as equaled it.

Knowing literature as I do, and that it would be impossible in ten thousand years to equal what you have done, I send your writing back. Ten thousand times I crave your pardon.

Behold! my head is at your feet. Do what you will.

Your servant's servant.

THE EDITOR."

FILTHY LUCRE.

THE moral evils which confront our generation, the vices against which we make laws and employ policemen, exist and increase not only as the fruit of sin, but as the result of a desire for money. They are so strong that they defy us all, because they are organized on a business basis, with the devil in the firm. They are kept up because they pay; they are controlled and fostered by people who are in the pursuit of riches. The plea of personal liberty which is urged against reforms is nothing else but a plea for the personal liberty of some men to make money at the expense of the health, the morals and the happiness of the community. The appetites of thirst and lust are deliberately cultivated; people are intentionally degraded, sin is diligently multiplied, temptation is attractively advertised, custom is sought by agents who go out to create the demand, and it is in the way of business that men and women are ruined body and soul because there is money in it.

The ills that vex and threaten society and the future are rooted in the love of money. Men undersell their neighbors, pay starvation wages, maintain sweat-shops, adulterate goods, bribe and are bribed, lie and cheat and commit murder for love of money. Rents are collected from unsanitary tenements, which fester in the slums and breed disease and vice, for desire of money. Newspapers print matter which lowers the moral tone of the community because it sells. Plays are represented in the theatre which corrupt the mind and act as ambassadors of sin; books are written and printed and sold which appeal to all that is worst in human nature, and the authors and publishers and booksellers know it; pictures are made which insult both art and decency in order to make money. Genius stands in the marketplace and the soul is for sale . . . Wealth teaches materialism, and materialism is an atmosphere in which ideals cannot live. Holy Scripture and history and individual experience join in the petition of the Litany: In all time of our prosperity, good Lord, deliver us.—Dean Hodges.

* * *

THE RULES OF THE EMPRESS CATHERINE OF RUSSIA, ON A TABLE IN HER DRAWING-ROOM.

(1) Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, and especially your sword.

(2) Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling outside the door.

(3) Be gay, but do not spoil anything.

(4) Sit, stand, walk, as you will, without reference to anybody.

(5) Talk merrily, but not very loud, so as not to make the head of anybody ache.

(6) Argue without anger and without excitement.

(7) Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.

(8) In all innocent games, let all engage.

(9) Eat whatever is sweet and savory, and drink with moderation, so that each can find his legs on leaving the room.

(10) Tell no tales out of school. Whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving this room.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

HON. LYMAN J. GAGE, Secretary of the Treasury, in the August "Cosmopolitan" in an article on "The United States Treasury Department," writes concerning the life-saving service:

"Our life-saving service has 256 complete stations, thoroughly equipped with the latest and most effective life-saving devices, manned by nearly 2,000 expert surfmen, selected solely for professional fitness and (as the law requires), without political or partisan considerations. This splendid service of humanity keeps its faithful vigil from the northernmost point of the Atlantic down the whole line of ocean coast, around the shores of the Gulf to the Rio Grande, along the American shores of the five Great Lakes and from the Golden Gate of the Pacific up to the British line.

"Next to the rescue of lives is the duty of saving property, and on this score it may be stated that of more than \$153,000,000 worth involved, \$119,000,000 was saved. In the year 1897, out of 4,443 lives imperiled only fifty-three were lost, and this is regarded by our life-saving authorities as an unusually large percentage. In 1896, which was an exceptionally favorable year, out of 5,205 lives imperiled only twenty were lost, one out of every two hundred and sixty, and less than one per cent. of the number involved."

* * *

Any way to catch men, any way to help anybody, is the motto of the working church. . . . It is sometimes dreaded lest truth may prove untrue, the believer preferring to treat the creed with discreet tenderness, as Don Quixote treated his pasteboard helmet, upon which he thought it wise to try no rash experiments. But Dr. Holmes wisely says that "error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger, while truth gets well if she be run over by a locomotive." . . . Mr. Lowell notes that truth was first discovered at the bottom of a well by one who looked down and saw the reflection of his own face and reported that truth lay at the bottom of a well but also that she was ever so much better looking than he had imagined.—Dean Hodges.

* * *

O earth! thou hast not any wind which blows
That is not music. Every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A loving word to every living thing—
Albeit it holds the message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them. A spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The breezes of the sunset and the hills.
Sometimes—we know not how, nor why, nor whence—
The twitter of the swallows 'neath the eaves,
The shimmer of the light amid the leaves,
Will strike up thro' the thick roofs of our sense,
And show us things which seers and sages saw.
In the gray earth's green dawn something doth stir,
Like organ hymns within us, and doth awe.

By Richard Realf.

DANGERS OF TELEGRAPHY.

"TELEGRAPHY is essentially a mental action, involving principally the auditory nerves. The development of this faculty in a proficient telegraphist may be approximately ascertained by a simple calculation. In ordinary working—that is, reading twenty words per minute, the operator distinguishes about 150 alternations of pitch (on the needle) or duration of beats (on the sounder), and under pressure it is said that as many as 450 may be accomplished. In telegraphy there is also the translation of the auditory symbols into visual symbols—i.e., the writing, which implies mental exertion. While normally 120 discriminations per minute may be made of varying sensations the telegraphist never does less than 150 and may do 450 per minute. Without taking the extreme case, it may, therefore, be safely asserted that the auditory faculties of telegraphists are about two and one-half times as sensitive as those of ordinary persons. In telegraphy it is the uninterrupted continuance of nerve stimulation, the monotony of sound, and the fixity of attention which are injurious, the work being pre-eminently the reception and mental arrangement of monotonous sounds and demanding close and arduous attention. That this condition of concentrated attention is most acutely enervating is the unanimous testimony of all physiologists. During a pressure of work the interference with normal respiration, the increased action of the heart, and the rush of blood to the head may be readily observed. These effects are most noticeable during a spell of rapid sending, and are probably due to the physical movements making the attentive effort more onerous."—*The Lancet*.



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A WARNING.

It has come to our knowledge that certain men who sell Linens from house to house throughout the country have repeatedly represented themselves as our agents. Such representation is absolutely false. We employ no agents, and have never done so. We therefore warn our patrons and people generally against dealing with any one who suggests in any way that he is in any sense our representative.

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AMONG THE BOOKS.

WAR MEMORIES OF AN ARMY CHAPLAIN. By H. Clay Trumbull. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The author says in his preface: "Missiles of destruction, means of defense and modes of warfare change from generation to generation, but emotions of the heart and influences that affect these in time of peril and of privation, of joy and of sorrow, of hope and of fear, are ever the same, while the human heart is human, and the sources of strength and weakness are as they are;" and for such a glimpse into the inner heart and life of the American soldier we have to thank Mr. Trumbull. His is only incidentally the story of the battle-field. It is of the soldier when the enthusiasm of the charge is over that he speaks, of the soldier resting in the bivouac, fighting death in the hospital or despair in the prison, and through it all he bears a hearty testimony to the soldier's heroism and devotion.

The book will be read by many with eyes half blinded by tears at the memories which it brings; it will be read by none without a thrill of enthusiasm for the men who recked their life little when compared with the flag which they worshipped and the country which they loved.

We know of no novel of recent date which is fuller of stirring incident and dramatic power than is this true story, which comes to us from the battle-fields of the Rebellion.

MARCHING WITH GOMEZ. By Grover Flint. Published by Lamson, Wolffe & Company, Boston.

The story of Mr. Flint's adventures in Cuba has now become history. His is but another instance of American pluck and daring to be added to the thousand and one other instances which the Cuban war has produced. The book serves two purposes. It shows the horrible cruelty which has characterized the treatment of the Cuban noncombatant by the Spaniards; it evidences also the fact that such barbarity was not the prerogative of the Spaniards alone.

There is enough murder and repine on both sides to satisfy any seeker after such, and for veritable cruelty in dealing with men Gomez himself, if this account is to be credited, is in a class not far removed from the Spanish. One breathes a sigh of relief in the perusal of this book as the thought comes to him that through the intervention of the American nation the horrors here told of are to cease.

A DRUMMER'S PARLOR STORIES is the title of an attractively gotten up little book. It is written and published by A. Paul Gardiner, 550 Pearl St., New York, who was himself a salesman "on the road" for many years. The stories are original and amusing. The author has succeeded in placing before the public a book of stories belonging to the salesman as a class, pure and wholesome in character, intended for the wives, daughters and sisters of the traveling men and the reading homes generally.

SIX YOUNG HUNTERS; OR, THE ADVENTURES OF THE GREYHOUND CLUB. By W. Gordon Parker. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The scene of the story is laid in Indian Territory, where a party of boys from the East are spending the summer vacation at a lodge owned by the uncle of one

of them. Here the boys engage in various sports: hunting, fishing, and coursing with hounds; but their most thrilling adventures come from the proximity of a body of outlaws who are in hiding near the lodge. The book is healthy in tone, and the boys are manly, honest and of good principles.

* * *

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce that they will publish this autumn season four more volumes in the Polychrome Bible, namely Ezekiel, Joshua, Deuteronomy, and Genesis.

The wellknown author of "Probable Sons," Miss Amy Le Feuvre, appears with a new book, called "A Puzzling Pair"; it will be published by the Fleming H. Revell Co.

"Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly" appears in the November number with an entirely new form and dress. This is accompanied by a reduction in the price of the magazine.

The conduct of the war and its inevitable blunders are ably discussed in the October issue of the "American Monthly Review of Reviews."

The British military attaché who was with the American troops at Santiago writes at length of the battle as he saw it in the October issue of "Scribner's Magazine."

The Doubleday and McClure Co. celebrates its first anniversary by issuing a new volume of stories by Rudyard Kipling, under the title of "The Day's Work."

An interesting article from a new standpoint on "War and Trade" appears in the October issue of "Lippincott's Magazine."

Henry James has begun a new story, a serial, called "The Awkward Age," in "Harper's Weekly."

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- D. APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.
 Edward S. Holden, Sc.D., LL.D. The Earth and Sky. \$0.28.
 John Trowbridge. Philip's Experiments. \$1.00.
 AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.
 Mrs. A. M. Pickford. Lucy Broad's Choice. \$1.25.
 DOUBLEDAY & MCCLURE CO., NEW YORK.
 Rudyard Kipling. The Day's Work.
 HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON AND NEW YORK.
 William James. Human Immortality. \$1.00.
 Ellen Olney Kirk. Dorothy Deane. \$1.25.
 Edward Bellamy. The Blindman's World, and Other Stories. \$1.50.
 Edward Bellamy. Looking Backward. \$1.00.
 LEE & SHEPARD, BOSTON.
 W. Gordon Parker. Six Young Hunters. \$1.25.
 Charles F. King. Roundabout Rambles in Northern Europe.
 Abram English Brown. John Hancock, his Book. \$2.00.
 Everett T. Tomlinson. Stories of the American Revolution. \$1.00.
 FLEMING H. REVELL CO., CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.
 St. Paul: an Autobiography. \$0.25.
 Fanny. Agatha's Unknown Way. \$0.30.
 Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D. Mountain Tops With Jesus. \$0.25.
 James G. K. McClure, D.D. The Man Who Wanted to Help. \$0.25.
 Hugh Black, M.A. Friendship. \$1.25.
 FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK.
 Henry Ward Beecher. Autobiographical Reminiscences. \$0.75.
 Cora M. Maynard. The Letter and the Spirit. \$1.25.
 S. Baring Gould. Domitia. \$1.50.
 CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.
 Octave Thuriot. The Heart of Toil. \$1.50.
 C. C. Tiffany. The Prayer-book and the Christian Life. \$1.50.

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THE UNIVERSALIST CREED.

The new Creed adopted by the recent Universalist Convention is intended to take the place of the Winchester Profession of 1803. The Creed is as follows:

The conditions of fellowship in this Convention shall be as follows:

The acceptance of the essential principles of the Universalist faith—to-wit:

The universal Fatherhood of God;

The spiritual authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ;

The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God;

The certainty of just retribution for sin;

The final harmony of all souls with God.

The Winchester Profession is commended as containing these principles; but neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided always that the principles above stated be professed.

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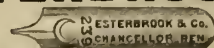
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Miscellaneous.

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Miscellaneous.

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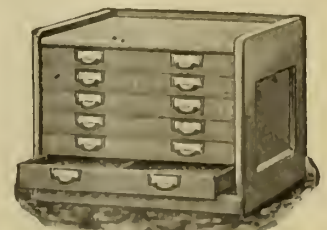
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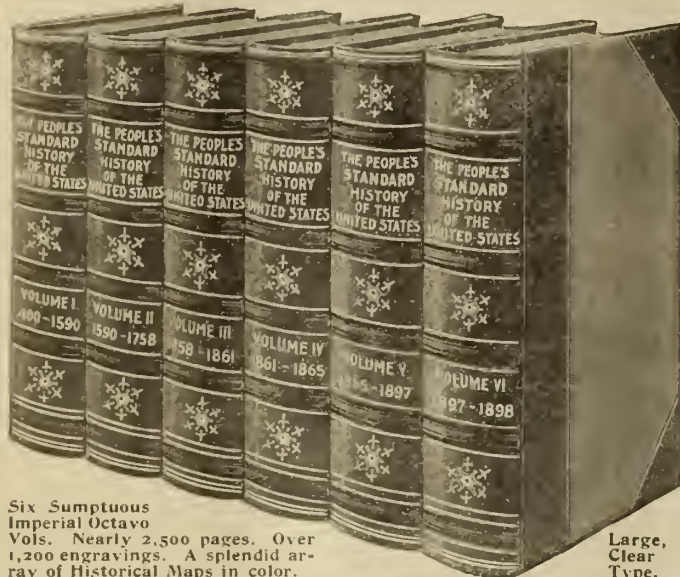
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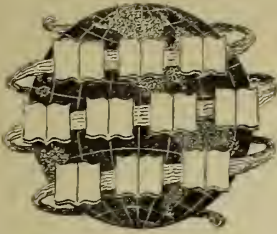
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The Church Union.

The
theology
of
Christ.

THE number of those who hold that immortality is not natural, but a gift of God to those who have gained sufficient moral development, is increasing; nor does the New Testament forbid such a supposition. Suppose men go out of existence, and that is the end of them. Suppose men attain to eternal life through faith in Jesus Christ in so far as they have unfolded here from animal conditions, and are susceptible of further development in time to come. Or, suppose their low moral condition at death brings the experiment to an end. When a man has spent the forces of life here, and has not reached the condition which makes another stage possible to him—suppose he simply goes out. He that would live on must live well.

—Beecher.

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Union
of
Christians

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"That they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee; that they also may be that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

VOL. XXV. NO. 12.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER, 1898.

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Announcement. THE CHURCH UNION will begin its twenty-seventh year with two important changes: the magazine form will be adopted and the price will be reduced to fifty cents.

The inner aim and life of the paper remain, however, the same as before. It will still stand for the union of Christian people. It will still oppose the divisions of the Church, as being a distinct disobedience to the command of our Lord and Master, as being most injurious to the work of the Kingdom,—the severed fragments contending with each other, instead of with the common foe,—and as being an enormous financial burden, most wasteful and extravagant.

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in a more rational faith, an
emphasis upon the great
Christianity, in distinction from
sects. It is earnestly opposed
so arbitrary, ignorant and treac-
ecclesiastic; holding that dominion
worst forms of tyranny the world has
it rejoices in the large, free luminous
pel of the Kingdom, which will bring
sit in darkness, and joy to those who
ter with sorrow or despair. THE C
wishes nothing more than to be a be-
tidings of great joy which shall be unt

* * *

Christmas.

"On that harsh pagan world, disgu-
And secret loathing fell;
Deep weariness and sated lust
Made human life a hell."

AND then Christmas came. Into a weary, hopeless world there was born a New Life. And that is the joy of Christmas. It is not only Christ, Jesus, who was born then; it was the Christmas which has filled all the world, that we remember in the Christmas gladness. The vitality of the world had come to a place where it seemed able to produce only a Nero, a Caligula. On Christmas the world received such potency that a St. Paul, a Chrysostom, a Luther became possible on earth. In a very real sense, not only Christ, but also all those who, in the ages since have glorified the world in the name of Christian, were born on Christmas-day. As the old advent hymn used to run:

"Out of the dust, out of the lust
Jesus of Nazareth led."

We remember, on Christmas-day, the grace and beauty by which the disgust and secret loathing, crime, and lust of Rome in her power became hope, the purity, the great joy of a truly Christian home; we remember, on Christmas day, the mission coming into the world which brought Howard and a Florence Nightingale; we remember the self-sacrifice coming into the world which

THE CHURCH UNION.

ngstone and a Judson; we remember the
ing into the world which brought forth
the long waiting in hope of Morrison
member the birth, in other words,
ut of that Christian power which
a lives; for that was in the birth
birthday of the New Earth.

though; that the spirits of a
the famous clause of the old
rent sense than we do, and
into Hell," with a fearful
time of the Incarnation;
abtedly hold a much more
ectiveness of the preaching
than do many of this world's
ent of Christ became the ascent
ber this, and commemorate the
nd the birth of a New World in
nas-day.

* * *

8 will certainly pass into history
a year of momentous events. It
the hinge upon which nations have
era of the twentieth century. Much
to be in the next age will look back for
to this single year that has past. Every
en through its remarkable experiences.
foremost has been the war—THE WAR
the pettier conflicts of the year. Out of
already grows the changed history which
in the future, both for Spain and for the
States. What the full consequences will be
not tell as yet—bringing us one people all to-
bringing us, one people, near to England.
are already momentous; that they are likely to
all more so, no one hesitates to believe.

France, next among the nations, the year has
a tremendously important. The whole military
tem of that great country has been brought to trial
the astonishing evolution of the Dreyfus case.
foreign war, civil war, revolution, degeneracy or re-
orm have all been possibilities of the situation. The
ondition is still most tense. But, whatever the result,
rance and all the nations have learned one high les-
n that injustice, no matter upon how small a scale,
ars certain and most terrible fruit of trouble.

To China the year has brought events more mo-
ntous internally, perhaps, than those of any other
on; though, perhaps, less important to the world
ge than those of which we have spoken. The
as been in the hands of the dissectors. One
ows whether the end of the operation is to
te death or the revival of a temporary and
fe. A change, vast, impossible to proph-

ecy, has certainly come over the affairs of the celestial
people.

Germany has started out on the realization of her
long-cherished colonial dreams. Her piece of China
lies already safe within her hand. England has gone
on, adding nation to nation, among her colonies; a
territory as large as France gathered in every quarter
of the year. The battle of Omdurman crowns the
long struggles which began with the fatality of Chi-
nese Gordon in the Soudan. Russia has amazed
the world, as would an angel of light rising out
of a pit of darkness, by the peace proclamation of
the Czar. Italy has faced revolution, and still trem-
bles at the spectres of poverty and anarchy which
long years of military taxation have raised up. Crete
is at last redeemed from Turkey, and Hawaii joined
to the United States. Austria-Hungary has been
shaken by a race conflict which was only stilled by the
shock of the assassination of the Empress, and the
common allegiance of all races to the Emperor in his
loss. A great man,—one of the greatest of the
modern world,—William E. Gladstone, has passed
away; while Bismarck, his fellow-patriarch among
statesmen, has followed him to the grave.

A wonderful year of progress and disaster—most
wonderfully has America fared and prospered
through it all! The thanksgiving sermons write
themselves this year. Well may our people look back
upon it, not altogether with selfish pride, but with
such hope, and such humility as breathe in the Reces-
sional which has been often upon the lips of English
and American people through the year:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet:
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

* * *

The Episcopal Convention and Church Union.

THE position of
THE CHURCH UN-
ION is that the divi-
sions of the church are a sin and a shame. Whatever
may have been their origin, however blameless, they
are directly opposed to the command of our great
Master, and they are to be made an end of as quickly
as possible. We also hold that many of the causes
of division are foolish, some of them childish; some
of them, perhaps, still worse—even wicked. But we
are convinced that they will never be ended by our
all becoming Methodists, or Baptists, or Episcopa-
lians. Proselytism will never accomplish Church
Union. What would be the advantage of many
Methodists becoming Baptists, or many Presbyte-
rians becoming Episcopalians? It would be merely
swapping churches, and the divisions would still re-
main. We believe real union will come as we see that
our divisions are foolish and wicked, and looking

upon one another we shall say, "Brethren, let us make an end of them." And we are reaching this point very fast. We heard an old Methodist preacher say that, fifty years ago, a Presbyterian friend of his went forward to a Methodist altar for prayer, and his Presbyterian mother said that she would rather have seen him in his coffin. There are not many such Presbyterian mothers now. Coffins and Methodist altars are not confounded in that way. There is coming a real hatred of sectarianism, and we believe it is coming to stay.

The action of the Episcopal Convention is called an action in respect of Church Union. As given in the daily papers, it is to this effect: "The amendment authorizes bishops to take under their spiritual guidance congregations which accept the essential tenets of the Church, although they do not strictly observe the ritual." To us this is not Church Union at all; it is merely proselytism made easy. It is an utterly vain thing to believe that the Christian world will all become Episcopalian. The various sects may stretch out their arms as widely as they please, the other sects are not going to come in to them. In fact, this is just the one thing that has first to be met and vanquished—the idea that "the rest are going to join my church." They never will. There is one hopeful feature in this action, in so far as it is a declaration that the Episcopal church is not as rigid about its Prayer-book as many think it is. And if all the other sects will say, "I am willing to give up this or that of my customs or preferences for the sake of union," this may well help on the good work. But anything that looks like one sect asking all the others to step into its domicile is a bar to union, more especially if that particular sect has been known as being very rigid and unsocial. The thanks may be formal, but the refusal will be very positive.

It appears to us that the time has come when endeavor after that particular kind of Church Union should cease.

When the Bishop of Peterborough said, at the Church Congress of 1898, "Episcopacy is a divinely instituted form of church government, but there are others, and among them the Presbytery, of equal divine authority," we think he did more for Church Union than the whole discussion and action of this convention put together.

* * *

Presbyterians and Methodists. THESE two bodies of Christians appear to have no positive mark of division between them. They welcome each other to their pulpits; they receive each other at the sacrament. There is no difference worth mentioning in their methods of wor-

ship. Calvinism and Arminianism have been passed over to the metaphysicians. They embrace together a great mass of the best people of America. Together they are of the very strongest stays and supports of our national life. Remove them not only from the religion, but from the politics, the education, the mercantile life of America, and there would be an immense loss. They are continually approaching each other, and genuine effort for a closer union would appear very hopeful.

One of the grandest members of the Presbyterian church, Dr. Henry B. Smith, Professor of Union Theological Seminary, wrote to a Methodist minister: "What is it that keeps Methodists and Presbyterians apart? Is it anything essential to the church, or even to its well-being? For one, I do not believe it. It is a wide outlook which looks to the ecclesiastical union of Methodists and Presbyterians; but I am convinced that it is vital for both Protestantism and Christianity in this country, and that it is desirable for itself. I am also persuaded that our differences are metaphysical, and not moral or spiritual. As to Christian work, where you are strong we are weak; but your local preachers and class-leaders, are they really anything more than our elders under another name?" Such writing as this tends vigorously towards Church Union.

* * *

The Election. WE commend to our readers this sentence, which no less an authority than Mr. Platt, of New York, gave out for publication: "I am certain that Colonel Roosevelt is the only man who could have carried our standard to victory this year." Mr. Platt is absolutely right here. And what a comment it is on Mr. Platt's methods, which would have turned the greatest State in the Union into the hands of his enemies but for the personal popularity of an honest man! This word is a great compliment to the independent voters of New York State. It is a confession by the man who has belittled them—a confession of their power. On the other hand, the great vote to hand over the Empire State to Tammany Hall is one of the most disappointing things in our politics. One wonders how we could have lived in the State, if it had all been "wide-open," as the City is. Sodom and Gomorrah always help us to form an idea of these conditions—yes, and of their end, too! The partisan who just votes what the bosses put in his hand is a dangerous man. By him States die. The much-despised "independent" must be developed before you can have a great nation; and he must be kept, if you would keep your nation, whether men like him or not.

The Future Life. ONE of the most hopeful and progressive features of our theology respects the doctrine of the future life. That doctrine, as taught a hundred years ago, was about as wooden a thing—as inept, as baseless, and often as revolting, as any doctrine could well be. Its hell was a blasphemy against the goodness of God, and its heaven was a very unattractive place for any one who had ordinary human feelings; in other words, for men as God made them. Perhaps that is the reason why they maintained that so few went there. Most people would not go if they could help it.

We are persuaded that the paradox is true, that just as hell has been made less outrageous, it has become more effective. It is not so diabolical, but it is ever so much more real. What the sinner wants to know is the tremendous reality of it. And if he finds it in his office, or his family, or his town, or his church, he feels pretty sure that it exists, and that a considerable caution about it is most becoming.

In the same way as to heaven. We have dropped the harps and crowns a good deal, but we are laying faster hold of other things. A heart full of love and joy and peace, it can tell much to the one who has only dwelt on harps and crowns. There are some whom we meet, and whom we all know as well as we know the drunkard that reels against us; some whose eye is mild, whose voice is sweet, whose hand is strong and kind, whose conscience is firm and true, to meet whom is a daily joy, whose presence, and even the thought of whom, is an inspiration,—these have the immortality. It is not that we share their creed, nor have joined with them in their ritual—oh! it is far beyond that; it is that we have felt heaven in them, that we have seen God in them, that they have revealed God and eternity to us. Here is the very breaking forth of immortality. This never grows old or fails; it shines out most clearly in the eye of the dying; it speaks in the voice that in a moment is stilled in death, and speaks all living.

Mr. Beecher's words, upon our cover for this month, contain much of this present thought about the eternal world. They are very simple, like all great truth; they suggest what the Eternal life is, and how it comes; what the second death may be, and how it may come. They outrage no common-sense or conscience, while they arouse and stimulate the whole moral nature. "He that would live on must live well."

Victor Hugo was conversing with a distinguished Frenchman, who denied all immortality. Hugo said, at last: "There was a poet who wrote two sonnets. He left the room, and the sonnets lying upon the table began to talk. 'I am,' said one, 'the product of an immortal mind, and I share its immortality. I am a

part of the thought of God. I shall live forever.' The other answered: 'I am a piece of paper made of rags. I am the product of a goose's feather and some ink.' The poet re-entered the room, read over his sonnets, tore one up and threw it into the fire, and carefully preserved the other." "Then you think I shall be torn up?" asked the Frenchman. "I think it is likely," said Hugo.

* * *

A Roman Catholic on Union. WHEREVER there are earnest Christian hearts, there will be some who are praying for union. Now it is an English Roman Catholic, who in a book entitled "Steps Towards Reunion," offers an earnest plea for the Christian fellowship of all Christian people. Rev. J. Duggan, the author, was priest of Maidstone, near London.

That this book is a real plea, out of a devout desire for Christian union, seems manifest when we discern that, even on such a question as transubstantiation, liberty of opinion would be granted for the sake of unity of feeling and effort.

Indeed, we think that in many ways Father Duggan would heartily agree with THE CHURCH UNION, for he lays the burden of division at the door of the systematic theologian. Scientific theologians, he says, have laid on Christians a burden which they are not able to bear. Division has been caused by tremendous and unwarranted exaggeration of the place of theology. The authority of the church has been thus exaggerated; the obligation of forms and services has been thus exaggerated; the guilt of sin has been thus theologically exaggerated; and all this so as to force division. If it had been charity and tolerance which had been unduly exaggerated rather than these things, there would be little division. And yet who but knows it true, as he says that: "We hate one another, and excommunicate one another, thus on account of the faith which was given to us for no other purpose than in order that we might be united in charity."

A suggestion of a beginning towards union, and a fine one to come from a Roman Catholic, is made in the words that: "We begin by acknowledging that salvation is possible for all men. If we lay stress on that, we shall feel that we are all working for the same end—salvation. Then shall we see, too, that our quarrels about the means—viz., about points of faith—do not matter much, especially as regards scientific, abstract and unpractical points. Emulation and co-operation would come next." This is good reading. May there be more such speaking in all the churches! It is the way to Union.

The Kaiser's Journey.

THE German Emperor has been followed, in his Eastern tour, with more or less admiring glances. But we have been reading the report of Pastor Fischer, who has been going through the devastated region of Armenia. These are two of the things that he reports: "Only this Summer I have seen, hanging in great flaps from a tree, the skin of an Armenian village priest, which had been stripped from his living body because he would not deny Christ." "At one of our relief stations is a woman who has lost her reason; and well she might. She had been forced by the Moslem fiends to swallow pieces of her own child, that they had butchered and cooked in her presence. And all this because the mother would not embrace Mohammedanism!"

With all this in view, and so much more of the same sort, we affirm that, if the Emperor of Germany had plunged his hand in the foulest filth there is in this world, he would not so have defiled it as when he took in friendly clasp the hand of the Sultan of Turkey. There would be considerable satisfaction in saying this to his face. German papers, please copy!

* * *

Drudgery. DRUDGERY is the one work without which the world could not possibly do. If necessity is a measure of worth, then the drudge must be set upon a very high pinnacle of fame. It is drudgery that feeds and clothes the world; drudgery that brings up children, that grows the corn, and builds the houses, that stretches out the railroads; and we should not be surprised if it had much to do with writing the books that have been worth the writing or the reading. To parody Abraham Lincoln's famous sentence: God must love drudgery; that is why He made so much of it.

One of the best subjects, and one of the best sermons we know, is Rev. Wm. C. Gannett's sermon on "Blessed be Drudgery." We feel strongly that that is indeed a latter-day Christian beatitude, which takes the place of the old dispensation's curse on labor.

Indeed, it would not be surprising if, after the final weighing in the balance, the heroisms, the poetries, the sentimentalities, the geniuses, and the beauties of the world should all bow down to the drudge, and say: "Many daughters of Wisdom have wrought excellently, but thou excellest them all."

* * *

The Foot-Rule. GOING with a carpenter through a house which he had just built, some inquiry arose as to a dimension, when at once he drew a foot-rule from his pocket, and made the desired measurement. What a convenient thing

is a foot-rule! But then it would not do to measure the distance between, for instance, the earth and the sun. It is clearly not meant for heavenly measurements.

We all carry the foot-rule with us, but we must be guarded in our use of it. Theology has gotten into much trouble by the too free use of the foot-rule. We rather imagine the doctrine of the Trinity may be a case in point. Reprobation is another. The nature of future punishment is probably another case of too much foot-rule.

There is one glaring abuse of our foot-rule; it is upon the sin of our neighbor. The foot-rule will not do for the crime of David, nor the denial of Peter. If the Lord Christ had used the ordinary human foot-rule, He would never have said to Peter so soon, "Feed My sheep." The foot-rule is very good for tape and ribbon; very poor for other folks' transgressions.

* * *

Old-Age Pensions. NEW ZEALAND is making a most interesting experiment. The house of representatives of those progressive islands has voted an old-age pension to every poor person among the people. Any person whose age is over sixty-five, whose personal income is less than \$3.00 a week, will be granted by the government a regular pension of \$1.75 a week. Such a step has been prominently advocated in every European nation; but far-off New Zealand is the first land to take action in its favor.

The theory of this action is a very simple one. Americans, who have become used to pensions for war service, should understand it. It rests on the principle that he who works at the building up of a nation does at least as much for it as he who works for its defense in war. We have never seen the slightest reason why fighters should be pensioned and farmers not, if they have both become disabled by the work which they have given to the land. It is notorious that the hard workers of a people are just the ones who are in danger of coming to old age with no provision for their time of helplessness. It is a shame upon a people if its toilers come to penury, or even to an alms-house.

Multitudes have felt the force of the theoretical argument. It has been the practical possibility of any such a course which has been the question. There will now be an opportunity to see in New Zealand whether this merciful treatment of old age is a practical possibility. America has found it practically possible to care for the helpless youth of the nation by free education; if New Zealand finds it practically possible to care for old age by a service pension, so

to speak, we should not be at all surprised to see America follow after the good example.

Can we imagine what a cloud of anxiety would be removed from many a hard working man to-day, if the possibility of absolute want or living on charity was removed from his old age, and from the old age of his wife, by even such a small aid as the New Zealand pension provides? We are willing to encourage socialistic legislation, if that gall of bitterness could be taken off men's minds.

* * *

The Reviled. THE Beatitudes are certainly away up at the very top of human speech.

Every one of them is a gem of purest ray serene. But there is one that may cause surprise—at all events, call for thought before it is associated with the rest; it is, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you." When we give the thought, we find that it is well worthy of its honored place.

A young man once asked Whittier what he would recommend as a good way to start forth, with the purpose of living a useful life. He replied: "Choose an unpopular reform and carry it on to fulfillment." Whittier spoke from experience. He had done just this thing himself—choosing the abolition of slavery, in the days when that meant stoning and bad eggs; and he got them both. But it would be hard to tell the immense satisfaction with which these early opponents of slavery saw the deeply-imbedded institution torn up root and branch.

Ah, but they were well reviled. And this reveals to us the deep wisdom of our Lord in putting this one among the beautiful Beatitudes. To elect unpopular virtue is one of the highest signs of nobility. It will receive, too, a glorious reward—probably the highest. But it positively insures the reviling. Look back and see; Moses, Daniel, Paul, the Christian martyrs, Savonarola, Luther, down to Lincoln. This is their beatitude; none more worthy. At their head moves the One who was despised and rejected of men—a Man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief.

This Beatitude is, like the blast of a trumpet, to call us all out of our stupidity and supineness; to make us lay hold of the feeble, pining reform and do our part. The Reformation story is that one of the chief Reformers (was it *Æcolampadius*?) was debating whether to cast in his lot with the despised and persecuted preachers of righteousness, but he was afraid. He dreamed that he saw a vast field, all white to the harvest, with no one to reap it. At last came one sturdy reaper, Martin Luther. But he was only one, and the field was vast. A voice fell from heaven, "Put in thy sickle." He begged to be excused, but still the voice, "Put in thy sickle." In the morning he joined the Reformers. And he was reviled.

Liberals and Latitudinarians. ACCURATE definition is the first essential of mutual understanding. To discuss a subject with another, without understanding the definition of terms used, is like talking to a man over a mountain; there is no possibility of being understood or of understanding. A wise man will feel complimented rather than otherwise, when he hears that his neighbor has called him a fool, if he clearly understands that his neighbor's definition of a fool is, "A man who does not drink whiskey." So one man thinks of a socialist as a rabid and dangerous enemy of society—talks about him as such; another man thinks of a socialist as an inoffensive but impracticable dreamer—talks about him as such; while still a third may perhaps think of a socialist as a prophet of coming blessings, and so speak of him. These three would not understand each other, because they had never put their definitions side by side.

It is the same in theological matters. Allow one man to make the definitions, and he can refute or sustain, as the case may be, almost any theological system. It is most important, therefore, to those who advocate a liberal and progressive theology that their position be accurately understood. Undoubtedly such suffer already many unjust attacks and much unwarranted suspicions, just because there is no careful definition in the minds of others as to their exact position.

Especially do we think it essential that Liberalism should be sharply distinguished from that carelessness or indifference in theological matters which, for want of a shorter or better word, we call latitudinarianism. The distinction here is a vital one. It is of especial importance in understanding what kind of a liberalism and tolerance it is that is necessary to a church union.

The latitudinarian is one who does not think that beliefs matter. Questions of faith are, to him, indifferent. Believe anything or nothing, if you choose; that is his position. He is tolerant because he does not care; he is charitable because he is not interested enough to be anything else.

Now this is often confounded with Liberalism. Multitudes of good people think that the position of the Liberal is the same, or at least that it amounts to very much the same thing. Such a suspicion is as injurious as it is unjust.

Undoubtedly, in certain matters, liberalism and latitudinarianism issue in similar results. They both, for instance, enjoin a wide and comprehensive tolerance. They both oppose any effort to use force as a means of regulating opinion. They both advocate absolute freedom of discussion and investigation. So

they are thought to be of the same ilk. The mistake is an old one; but it is easily corrected. Cowardice and conscience, for instance, do at times produce the same result—say, in the case of people that refuse to fight a duel; so at times certain have confused them and called the conscientious “cowards.” It has not taken the world long, however, to rectify such a mistake. Quakers have been brave enough to dare be called cowards for conscience’ sake. Even so weakness and courtesy will have the same results in leading one man to give way to another; yet how different the two things are! So in the physical world, extreme cold (80 degrees below zero) will have the same effect upon the finger touching it as will a glowing fire; yet how different, always, are the causes themselves!

So is it in the matter before us. It is true that Liberals preach tolerance; that they practice open discussion and free investigation. But the reasons upon which Liberals act are at the furthest extreme from those which prompt the latitudinarians. The Liberal allows discussion or encourages it, not because the questions are to him indifferent, but just because they are of supreme importance. He desires freedom in them, not because he does not care about them, but because he is intensely interested in them. They are so important that nothing must hamper their investigation. Faith is vital, and must therefore breathe the atmosphere of freedom; that is his position. A man’s belief makes the very greatest difference; it is for that reason that he should be wholly unhampered in settling the matter which is for him worthy to be believed. Who can help seeing that this is a position at the furthest remove from the carelessness or indifference of latitudinarianism?

So is it that a demand for union on liberal grounds is at the furthest remove from a demand for union which would belittle questions of faith. The Liberal opposes narrowness as a basis of union, not because he fails to value the conviction which often goes with narrowness, but because he fully believes that there is a better way than conviction with narrowness—viz., conviction with charity.

There is one king who does not believe there is gold in his mountains, and forests—so he lets people hunt there at their will; that is the latitudinarian. There is another king, and he knows that the places of his kingdom are full of gold, and he has found some of it, believes that more of it may yet be found—lets the people hunt therefor here and there and everywhere! Thus all the more surely shall the gold be found in his Kingdom of faith, which is the Kingdom of Heaven. That man is the Liberal in faith and in religion.

IN BRIEF.

Sir William Harcourt has added his word to the discussion that is moving the British Empire and shaking the established church to its foundations. He writes a letter to the “Times,” in which he makes a determined assault upon that great enemy of freedom and progress as well as of pure and original Christianity—sacerdotalism. We give one of his closing sentences:

“The object is avowed to assimilate in every particular the practice and the creed of the church of England to those of the church of Rome. All this mimicry of the ritual, the language, the ceremonial of the church of Rome, the materialistic sacrament, auricular confession, has one and the same aim. It is the glorification and aggrandizement of the ecclesiastical function. It is to convert the minister of the Gospel into the priest of the sacrifice.”

* * *

John Knox said to Mary, Queen of Scots, that out of the pulpit few had occasion to be offended with him; but there he was not master of himself, but bound to obey Him who commanded him to speak plainly, and to flatter no flesh on the face of the earth. The English ambassador wrote to Cecil concerning Knox: “I assure you the voice of one man is able, in an hour, to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears.”

* * *

Wendell Phillips, like the rest of us, had sad moments; but he had a wife who, when he was at the point of vacillation, said to him: “Now, Wendell, no shilly-shallying,” and on Wendell wended.

* * *

Recent statistics show that since the end of 1869 the postal traffic in France has nearly tripled, the telegraphic network has increased about nine times, the tonnage of the railways and interior navigation has doubled, deposits in savings-banks have risen from \$150,000,000 to \$800,000,000; and other items of economical prosperity have shown corresponding growth.

* * *

The Rev. Samuel Colcord has prepared a very effective lecture as a reply to Colonel Ingersoll. He has delivered it to large audiences, with much success. It is based upon the great argument of the beneficent fruits of Christianity from the beginning to the present time.

* * *

When Christian, in “The Pilgrim’s Progress,” found himself in the City of Destruction, he departed out of it speedily as possible. Christian to-day knows his duty better. He has no thought of flight. Straight he goes, and gathers other men like minded with himself, and undertakes the problem of the city.—George Hodges.

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THE "DEFICIENCIES" OF CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS.

PROF. B. W. BACON, D.D.

A MOST extraordinary expression, which no one would admit to be Christian, least of all Pauline, if it did not occur in Col. i. 24,—one of the most undisputed of the Pauline epistles: "Now I rejoice in my sufferings for your sake, and fill up on my part that which is lacking [literally, 'the deficiencies'] of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh, for His body's sake, which is the church.

There was indeed a time, perhaps not altogether past, when this verse could be explained in accordance with the theory of a definite quantum of suffering demanded, as was first maintained, by Satan, afterwards by a wrathful God, a personified Justice, or Law, or other implacable entity, and which must be paid. Paul's expression led them to the unavoidable inference that this quantum was not quite met by the Redeemer's career of earthly suffering. But it is scarcely needful to-day to refute so mechanical a representation of Pauline thought, since the premises are no longer granted. We do not believe, to-day, that the Atonement was the payment of a definite quantum of suffering for a corresponding amount of sin, or that the exaction of such a payment from guiltless parties would exemplify anything but the most abhorrent injustice and cruelty. Even if we did believe the nature of the Atonement to be such, we could reconcile it neither with our own convictions nor the New Testament representation of Christ alone as "propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world," nor with Paul's own language elsewhere, to maintain that Jesus did not "pay it all,—yes, all the debt I owe."

The passage remains, then, for the present simply a warning—a greatly needed warning—against too

superficial and mechanical an interpretation of Paul's doctrine of the Atonement. But our purpose at present is more limited, more immediately practical than the presentation of a new interpretation, if such a thing be possible, of this doctrine. Only to give a little help to the spiritually poor, whom we have always with us—those who are suffering; suffering, it may be, for righteousness' sake; or, it may be, simply what they admit to be their due, but always, always finding that the old problem of the world's suffering must be answered anew in their case. For, although it seemed quite adequate a while ago, when misfortune fell elsewhere, to say, e. g., "It was neither that this man did sin nor his parents, but that the works of God might be manifested," now that misfortune has come in just this way, so unexpected, so inexplicable, so productive apparently of evil and only evil, the old explanations have somehow begun to seem inadequate. Doubtless it is, "that the works of God may be manifested;" but how? A new explanation will always be in order.

We think that if not a new explanation, there may be at least some help in this strange saying of the Apostle Paul about his sufferings—you know he claims to have solved the problem of knowing how to suffer as well as to abound—in which he "rejoices because they fill up the deficiencies of the afflictions of Christ." For the "deficiencies" are not, in the concrete, historical "sufferings" of Jesus on the Cross. This would have been expressed by the order "fill up in my flesh," etc. —They are deficiencies in those "afflictions" of Christ which are "in my flesh," as against those He bore "in the body of His flesh" (ver. 22). It means that there are afflictions of Christ which He bears in our persons as well as those He bore in His own; and that without these, in which His people become "partakers of the sufferings of Christ," the debt—whatever its nature—is not paid. It means, in short, that Paul did not view the suffering of Jesus apart from the general problem, but as the central factor in the world's great burden of unmerited pain. We must look to his answer to the question, Why was it needful for Christ to suffer? if we would know what Paul would have said to those desperately hard cases of the suffering of innocent people, and little children, and those whose undeserved affliction seems to benefit nobody.

What, then, does Paul consider the sufferings of Christ to have specifically effected, and how can his own present sufferings, willingly undergone for the sake of the church, fill up a deficiency in them?

We might easily spend all our time and more in the mere attempt to disprove some of the many volumes which have been written in support of misinterpretations of Paul's doctrine of the Atonement. But we must let the general warning of the text in its implications take the place of all disproof, and confine ourselves to some affirmative statements based on admittedly important utterances of his own. Doubtless Paul was familiar with the Rabbinic doctrine of the vicarious suffering of the Righteous; for already in IV. Macc. vi. 29 we have the prayer in the mouth of a Jewish martyr: "Make My blood a purification for them, and take My life as a substitute for theirs." In a measure he must have been influenced by it; for

it finds its roots in the Second Isaiah (liii. 4-6, 10f) as the vicarious suffering of Israel, Jehovah's servant, in behalf of a Godless world, and Jesus Himself, in a purely religious, non-theological way, had applied the Isaian principle to His own sufferings. Then, as now, devout hearts were ready to accept the doctrine of vicarious suffering and to accept it gladly, so soon as the demand of the intellect could be satisfied for some reasonable account of its operation. The school of Gamaliel had gone as far as our own mediæval doctrines of imputation of merit and substitutionary suffering. Yet we know they must have proved as unsatisfactory and irrational then as now. In face of the martyr death of Jesus, the supreme stumbling-block of the Jews, the one theologian apostle was compelled to go beyond his school. We too have not got beyond the mere inherited phraseology of Paul until we have grasped the distinctively Christian element in his central doctrine of the Cross, as the type of all unmerited suffering and the explanation of its purpose. Now this Christian element in Paul's doctrine of the function of suffering is to be found in the transformation which it effects in man's attitude toward God and real relation to Him. The great difference between the doctrine which the mass of Paul's exponents would impute to him, and Paul himself is that the former all speak as if the Atonement were a reconciliation of God to a sinful world, whereas Paul invariably speaks of it as a reconciling of the sinful world to God, by God, who manifested Himself as something different from what he had been taken to be.

The theory of the placating of an inexorable Judge by the merit and suffering of Jesus is scarcely less open to objection on the score of incompatibility with the teaching of Jesus Himself and the Prophets before Him of the unconditioned forgiving mercy of God to the repentant sinner, than is its Rabbinic predecessor, which had already given this propitiatory significance to the merits and sufferings of Abraham and the Saints of Israel. Both took away God's supreme attribute of Love and Grace, and made His forgiveness no more than the acknowledgment, or receipt of payment, for a debt, the last farthing of which had been exacted and paid. Paul's eyes had been opened by the Cross to look upon suffering itself as a self-manifestation of God. God was not the exacter, but the payer, of the debt. In this self-manifestation of God the sending and life, but most of all the death, of His Son was the supreme factor. God had indeed been held to be merciful before, as well as just and holy; but this belief had not availed against a freezing, death-like horror, when conscience revealed the awful discrepancy between the Divine ideal and the actual man. God was, most of all and above all, a Judge. This attribute the consciousness of sin wrought by the law had brought into the foreground, eclipsing all others. Then, in the fullness of time, came the supreme self-manifestation. We must borrow Paul's own figure in the great passage on the subject (Rom. iii. 20-26) to adequately describe it. God set forth His Son like the Atonement offering—innocent, yet streaming with His blood in the midst of a guilty people. What could He mean by it? One thing alone; an immeasurable love. The

eye of faith took in a new conception of Him, and of what He means by His dealings with us—an idea which, to the perishing soul, is life out of death. It beheld God boundlessly loving toward His sinful people, since it is clearly on their behalf that their Messiah dies, and yet boundlessly determined to free them from sin. "For scarcely for a righteous man will one die. . . . but God commendeth His own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us." "To the eye of faith" this revelation comes, and to none other. For it is only he who "has died unto sin" who can believe that the sin-aborring God makes such a sacrifice on his account. He can believe and enter into such a filial relation with God; but only on the supposition that he "no longer liveth unto himself, but unto Him who for our sakes died and rose again" (2 Cor. v. 14, 15; cf. Rom. vi. 1-23, Gal. ii. 19, 20, etc.). Thus "while we were enemies we were reconciled to God through the death of His Son," in whose sufferings it dawned upon us that God loves us, poor miserable transgressors of His law, vainly trying to escape from His wrath, and that this is the very glory of His being—that glory which, according to the great manifestation to Moses (Ex. xxxiii. 19, xxxiv. 6) is to be "full of compassion and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin." So "the light of the knowledge of the glory of God was revealed to us in the face of Jesus Christ." Yet we could not think God lax regarding sin; for this very setting forth of Christ in His blood, which revealed the boundless love of God toward the sinner, revealed *eo ipso* His boundless abhorrence of sin, and so proved His righteousness, although He passed over sins done aforetime in His forbearance. But if the sinner, through simple trust in God as thus revealed by His crucified Son, perceives and accepts His altered relation to God, no longer an enemy, but "reconciled," it is no longer needful to inflict the punishment he has deserved. The vindication of God's righteousness does not require it, for God's righteousness is already vindicated by the suffering of the Cross. The good of the sinner himself does not require it, for he has "died unto sin in a repentance never to be repented of and henceforth is only living unto God." He can be treated as a son, bidden to step out of the criminal's dock and come into the house of his Father by the side of his Elder Brother. Thus God shows what it is to be Himself just and at the same time the justifier (acquitter) of him that hath faith in Jesus. So then, if it be God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? There is none that can justly say, The penalty ought to be inflicted, be it Satan, personified Justice, Law, or what you will. "Neither principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor life nor death, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Strange that men should attempt to reproduce the thought of one who could speak of the "love of God" in such terms as these—set it forth as the very beginning and end and central point of the whole process of redemption—and scarcely intimate to us that Paul believed there was such a thing as "the love of God!" Yet the very essence of Paul's doctrine of the suffer-

ing of Christ is that it manifested as never before the holy, the wise, the righteous, and yet eternally inalienable love of God.

But Paul would not have denied that that love had been manifested before. Jesus Himself had simply taken home to Himself the sublime principle by which the second Isaiah had explained the dealing of God with His suffering yet—relatively speaking—righteous servant, Israel. Job, the impersonation of this martyr people, indignantly repudiates the doctrine forever reappearing, that suffering necessarily implies the displeasure of God; and in this he is but the forerunner of Him who rebuked the Pharisees for their ready and easy solution of the problem (Luke xiii. 1-5).

Are we to understand, then, that Paul carried his paradoxical inversion of the Pharisean doctrine of retribution so far as to maintain that suffering in general is a manifestation of the love of God? What else could it be to one who included all events, even our good works, to the special foreordination of God (Eph. ii. 10), and to whom the creative purpose was one of absolute love. Not that all suffering manifests the love of God in the same way. There is suffering that simply manifests His intolerance of sin. But that which we patiently endure, suffering wrongfully, because it is the lack of will concerning us, "fills up that which is lacking of the afflictions of Christ, even those which He bears in our flesh." We have no reason to suppose that Paul rejected the accepted view of his day, which rightly understood the "suffering servant of Jehovah" in the second Isaiah to be purified and loyal Israel, which nevertheless, after it has received of the Lord's hand double for all its own sins, yet suffers on vicariously in the midst of a heathen world, that it may bring the Gentiles to God (Is. xlix. 3-7). It did not become less true of Israel, the martyr people, because in a far higher degree it was true of the Martyr of humanity, that His suffering in loyal adhesion to the Divine ideal was a manifestation of the love of God to a sinful world. We have no reason to suppose that Paul would doubt the acceptance of the Maccabean martyr's prayer, as we certainly know that he regarded his own sufferings, voluntarily undergone for the sake of the church—which is Christ's body—as filling up his due proportion of that great whole of suffering which is the price God pays for the redemption of a sinful world.

Now Paul rejoiced in such suffering, viewing it in such a light; and one who, after him, would encourage a persecuted church writes: "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial among you. . . . as though a strange thing were happening unto you; but inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, rejoice."

We have endeavored to set forth how the first and greatest of Christian theologians viewed the problem of unmerited suffering—even of suffering in general—in the light of the Cross, and to draw from his doctrine of suffering as the necessary mode of Divine manifestation in a sinful world some thoughts of comfort for those who suffer. But, after all, the theological, speculative point of view is not the highest. It does not supersede, it only supplements, the purely

religious, which accepts unavoidable and undeserved suffering as the will of God, and rejoices in it as such. It may be that we cannot go farther. If so, faith has overcome the world and can do it again. It is in this spirit that Jesus willingly accepts His own suffering when fully convinced that it is His Father's will that the cup should not pass from Him. He sees that unless He is faithful unto death there is no hope for His cause. He believes that God will make it redound to His supreme and eternal triumph. But He does not speculate as to why such a price of undeserved suffering is needful for the redemption of the world. That is left for Paul, the theologian, who has to demonstrate to unbelieving Jews and unappreciative Christians that the Cross is not an accident, not merely an episode, but the very essence of the Divine purpose. The purely religious mind can rest in the confidence of a filial faith that suffering may be due neither to the failure of Divine providence nor to Divine displeasure, but that "the works of God may be made manifest." The speculative mind would go farther. How are they thus made manifest? To repeat the phrase we have employed before, why is it needful for God to pay this price of suffering, in the Person not only of His Son, but each in His own part, in the person of all the sons of God in all ages who have been partakers of the fellowship of His sufferings? It is this question which Paul is forced to confront in the stress of his grand polemic. And boldly and grandly does he face it. It is because He would be our Father, and not merely our Creator; because He would have us not slaves, but sons; not servants, but friends, who know and gladly share in that which their Lord doeth. To transform a free-agent from self-service to the self-surrender which can alone be acceptable to God he must be set the example of a Divine self-abnegation—once? twice?—a thousand thousand times, perhaps; but once, at least, effectually, and to the uttermost. Therefore, "it became Him for whom are all things and through Whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory to make the Leader of their salvation perfect through sufferings." Not that we are quoting Paul here, but those who had learned of Paul the doctrine of the suffering of God (I use the word advisedly) in His Spiritual Creation.

Paul's conception of the suffering of Christ has not stopped with the Cross as an isolated phenomenon. Supremely great, it is part of its very greatness to illuminate all lesser martyrdoms in the radiance of its own incomparable lesson. They one and all are part of the great Divine ministry of reconciliation, God in man, suffering on our behalf; "God in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself; not imputing their trespasses unto them," and yet withal creating them anew in righteousness and holiness of truth. Without the suffering of God; without the suffering which, in a thousand ways, is entailed by the simple fact that the laws of God's universe may not wisely be set aside; without the suffering of the dying little child that wrings our earthly father's heart; without the pain of a sparrow fallen from the nest, over which the Father of all the universe bends pityingly in a sympathy deeper than ours,—the Divine redemptive cup of suffering would not be complete. God Himself

suffers, for without this the righteousness of God were unattainable—yes, inconceivable—to man.

Has Paul's theology, then, solved the problem of suffering? At least, it has not left it where it was before he took it up. We cannot think so lightly of Paul as to imagine him satisfied with a substitutionary theory of the Atonement; nor can we fail to see that he faces it as part of the age-long problem of the suffering of the universe. But grant that we have not understood him aright; grant, even, that we have no adequate solution of the problem, there remains ever the triumphant faith of Jesus overcoming the world by simple obedience and trust.

"Forasmuch, then, as Christ suffered in the flesh, arm ye yourselves also with the same mind, and deem not that some strange thing happeneth unto you, but insomuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings rejoice, that at the revelation of His glory also ye may rejoice with exceeding joy."

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* * *

OLD TESTAMENT CONCEPTIONS OF SATAN.

BY H. T. COLESTOCK.

THE interpretation of the Book of Job as a dramatic parable makes necessary an examination of the Old Testament conceptions of Satan. For the sake of historical perspective, the Hebrew Scriptures may be divided into three sections: (1) those portions written before the close of the ninth century; (2) those written from the beginning of the eighth century to the close of the Exile; (3) from the close of the Exile to the century preceding the Christian Era. Before examining the historical development of the idea contained in the term "satan," it may aid us to look at the primary meaning contained in the Hebrew word. The English word "satan" is a transliteration of a Hebrew noun which is derived from a verb meaning, "to lie in wait," "to oppose," "to be an adversary." The noun, therefore, denotes an opposer or an adversary.

In its generic sense the word is used in such passages as, 1 Kings xi. 14: "And the Lord raised up an adversary unto Solomon, Hadad the Edomite." If the Hebrew term were not translated, but merely transferred into English, as it frequently is, e.g., when used as a proper name,—the passage would read: "And the Lord raised up a satan unto Solomon, Hadad the Edomite."

In the 23d verse of the same chapter we read, "And the Lord raised up another adversary unto him, Rezon the son of Eliadah"; and in the 25th verse, "he [Rezon] was an adversary to Israel all the days of Solomon." By transferring this term into English, we would read, "He [Rezon] was a satan to Israel all the days of Solomon."

In 1 Sam. xxix. 4, the Philistines are represented as not permitting David to go into battle with them, "lest he become an adversary to us." With equal propriety we might transfer the Hebrew word and read, "lest he become a satan to us."

In Ps. cix. 6, we read:

"Set thou a wicked man over him:
And let an adversary stand at his right hand."

This poetical expression consists of a simple synonymous parallelism, in which "wicked man" and "an adversary" are equivalent expressions. And, as we have seen, adversary is equivalent to satan; therefore, "wicked man" and "satan" are synonymous terms.

In 2 Sam. xix. 22, David applies the same term to the sons of Zeruiah.

In Num. xxii. 22, we are told that because Balaam went with the princes of Moab, God's anger was kindled against him; "and the angel of the Lord placed himself in the way for an adversary against him"; that is, for a satan against him.

In Job xvi. 9, a cognate verbal form is used to express the idea "persecuted me." Also, in chapter xxx. verse 21, Job says:

"Yet thou art become cruel unto me,
By the might of Thy hand Thou fetterest me."

Here the term means to catch one, as in a trap.

When Esau is represented in Gen. xxvii. 41, as plotting against his brother's life, a form of the same Hebrew word is used.

Sufficient examples of the use of the Hebrew term "satan" have been cited to show that the primary meaning of the word is that of an adversary or an opposer. This examination will help us to understand the development of the idea of the Satan which appears in the later Hebrew literature.

The development or growth of the idea of a personal Satan is intimately associated with certain ideas concerning God. In the earlier Scriptures, both good and evil are attributed to Divine agency; God is the source of evil as well as of good. He hardens Pharaoh's heart (Ex. viii. 15), smites the first-born (Ex. vii. 20), etc. In 2 Sam. xxiv., it is God who is represented as moving David to make a census of the people—an act for which he is punished.

Later, or perhaps at the same time, other writers try to exempt God from being the source of evil. Evil is therefore ascribed to subordinate beings, who are first merely the agents or servants of Jehovah, who execute the Divine will. These subordinate beings come to have such a hearty sympathy with their office, are so zealous in carrying out the Divine decrees of vengeance, that, while they remain faithful servants of God, they are identified with their work of hostility to man, and are regarded as man's adversaries.

One of the earliest attempts to transfer evil activity from Jehovah to a subordinate supernatural being is found in the *naïve* situation depicted in 1 Kings xxii. 19-23: "I saw the Lord sitting on His Throne and all the host of heaven standing by Him."

"Who will deceive Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead," asks Jehovah.

And one said on this manner; and another said on that manner. And there came forth the spirit (i. e., a certain well-known spirit, recognized as an adept in carrying out deceptions), and stood before Jehovah, and said:

"I will deceive him."

"How?" asks Jehovah.

"I will go forth, and be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets," replied the spirit.

The writer represents Jehovah as well pleased with the spirit's ingenuity as he bids the spirit,—

"Go forth and do so."

This spirit is represented as one of the host of heaven; and his suggestion and his part in carrying out the deception is an attempt to relieve Jehovah from being responsible for the evil. These conceptions reflect the thought of some portion of the second period (i. e., between the beginning of the eighth century and the close of the Exile).

The conception of the satan found in the prologue of the book of Job is similar to the one last mentioned: it is, however, more specific in that the term used is employed as a proper name. Instead of the spirit, i. e.—a certain well-known spirit accustomed to carry out the severe decrees of Jehovah,—we have the satan. This member of the heavenly host is in good standing among the sons of God. Because of the nature of his work he has come to be called by its distinguishing characteristic. A hangman is known by the function he performs in society; so, with reference to the satan, the term as first used does not reflect moral qualities at all—only function of office. But naturally the agent becomes more and more identified with the functions of his office.

Mention has already been made of the passage in 2 Sam. xxiv. 1, where God is represented as being the one who moves David to make the census. This account belongs to the oldest literary period—sometime before the close of the ninth century. In 1 Chron. xxi. 1, Satan is represented as inciting David to make the census. This passage belongs to the third section or later Scriptures, and is placed over five hundred years after the first account given in 2 Sam. xxiv. 1.

These two passages describe the same events: the first embodies the thought of the earlier period—God is the source of evil as well as of good; the later writer, describing the same historical event, puts into the account the interpretation of his own age. It was not God, but the satan, who incited David to number the people. These passages thus represent two distinct stages of thought as to the source of evil.

Another phase of the conception of Satan is brought out in the third chapter of Zechariah. Here the satan seems to have become so much in love with his work—that is, of accusing men and of being their adversary—that Jehovah gives him a sharp rebuke. Here, Satan begins not only to appear, in Hebrew thought, as the adversary of man, but also in opposition to God.

In the second and third chapters of Genesis, which belong to the second period of literary activity, there is no development of the idea of Satan, though an excellent opportunity is presented. In the account given there, we have no attempt to represent the serpent as Satan in disguise. The serpent is as natural to his surroundings as are the fabulous trees.

A later writer, however, interprets the Genesis narrative in the spirit of his own age. He says, in the book of Wisdom, that God created man for immortal-

ity; the satan, disguised as a serpent, because he is man's adversary, seeks to destroy man. This is the first recorded attempt to identify Satan with the serpent.

Nowhere in the Hebrew Scriptures is Satan represented as a fallen angel, or as the head of a spiritual kingdom. The conceptions of Satan in the Old Testament are a natural development in the thought of a monotheistic people, who believed in a good God, and yet who felt that they must account in some way for the evil in the world.

University of Chicago.

* * *

TO THE RACE.

Your name is large on every sea,
And your keels have underscored
The title-deed,
That the world may heed
How the deed runs, word for word:
No land so far, no pass so steep,
But the threefold cross wins through:
Yet we of the West,
We love you best
For the things you dare not do.

Others there be who have strewn their road
With the dust of a deathless dead.
From the South, from the North,
Their feet went forth,
And the blood they spent was red;
Honor was theirs in the harvest days,
And the praise of the Just rang true:
Till one by one,
They have dared and done,
The things that you dare not do.

They talk in the North of a sword laid down,
Of a peace with a world-wide lease:
But what of the men
In the exiles' pen
Where death alone brings peace?
The "peace on earth" with a Jew was born,
They have spurned from the land the Jew;
And dark at their gate,
The spectres wait,
Of the things you dare not do.

They talk in the South of the rights of man.
They have done with the robe and the crown:
But Justice pales
At the clash, in her scales,
Of the sword that weighs them down.
They look abroad for the leaves of bay
To cover the sprays of rue,
And they drown, with the drums,
The shame that comes
From the things you dare not do.

What seed is this for the lands that lie
To the first stout arm rich prey?
What light of hope
For the years that grope

To the verge of a tardy day?
 "Share," is the cry, "and share alike;"
 But your strong sons ask of you,
 "Is it well to share
 With the hands that dare
 The things that you dare not do?"

"The hope of the years is the blood we bear,
 Are we true to our breed, to our salt,
 If we leave undone
 The work begun
 Though the North and the South cry 'Halt'?
 The furrows we draw are straight and deep,
 And 'truth' is the seed we strew.
 With the hand to the plough
 To turn back now
 Is a thing we dare not do!"

L'ENVOI.

The blood of the West is the blood of the world.
 Of a mingled stream come we;
 But the blood—that tells—
 Of our hearts' best cells—
 Is the blood we owe to thee.
 We stand to pay, when the need shall come,
 With the best of the strain we drew,
 Lest the world hark back,
 On an outworn track,
 To the things you dare not do.
 —Robert Cameron Rogers (N. Y. City), in the London "Spectator."

* * *

ARE ALL THE HEATHEN LOST?

At the Baptist Congress Dr. John Watson ("Ian Maclaren") was received with a prolonged outburst of cheering. He said one of the first Baptists he knew was a faithful servant of his father's household. She was a woman very kind to a schoolboy, and she had the gift of making such gingerbread as he had never tasted since. Her gifts, however, were many; for after she had won one's heart,—if that was the part of the body most won by the gingerbread,—she then used to seize the occasion to enlist the schoolboy's interest in the cause of foreign missions, and he could very distinctly recollect her telling him the story of Knibb's work in Jamaica. She was the first to introduce Spurgeon's sermons into their home, and thereafter it was his duty to read Spurgeon aloud every Sunday evening. Foreign missions was the noblest theme that could engage a Christian preacher. It was impossible to deny that a great change had come over the spirit of the age in regard to the motive for missions. They used to be advocated on the ground that all those to whom the knowledge of Christ was not brought must perish without hope. He heard an eminent and pious person, whose shoe-latchet many of them might justly think themselves unfit to unloose, say that unless he believed that he would not be prepared to make any sacrifice for foreign missions. They had got—whatever their personal views

were—to confess that a very large proportion of people did not believe that, and also that there was a certain proportion who, if they did believe that, would not give to foreign missions. And why? For one thing, this did not seem to those people a very heartening view of God; and surely the first equipment for a foreign missionary, who had to go out into the outer world and declare what was the final revelation of the Eternal Nature, was that he should be able to show forth the character of God as Justice and Love.

A MAGNIFICENT CONCEPTION OF GOD

was the strength of the foreign mission enterprise. Conceive it if a heathen should say to a missionary, "And that, then, is the Gospel that you have to preach, and if I believe it my soul will be saved?" And the missionary says, "Yes, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and your soul shall be saved." And the heathen shall turn and say, "What of my father and mother, and my blood and race in all the past?" And the missionary says, "There is no hope." Oh, the chill and sorrow that would go to that man's heart! It would go to his own heart as a Highlander if he thought that all his clan had perished, and he could sympathize, if he could not altogether accept the position of the heathen who said, "If that be so, let me perish with my fathers." Was that the Bible view? Why was the book of Jonah written? Was it not to teach that God loved not the Jews only, but He loved all nations too, and that Nineveh was as dear to His heart as Jerusalem? Oh, the Jews and the Jonahs who had not been able to think so of Nineveh, and that the love of God was on the multitude of the people of Nineveh, and also on much cattle!

LIGHTS IN HEATHEN DARKNESS.

They must remember, also, that even amid the darkness and cruelties of the heathen world there were men like Socrates, whose "Phædo" some of them read on Good Fridays as well as the story of their Lord's death. They might in these days even have to go back to Socrates, to fight again the battle of the natural immortality of the soul and the dignity that that gave to human nature.

THE TRUTH IN OTHER RELIGIONS.

God elected no people in order that He might reject others. He chose peoples and individuals only in order that through them others might be saved. What position did the other religions occupy? This was a question coming steadily to the front. They took up one of them—the ancient Egyptian faith—and they discovered two great Christian conceptions: the conception of the Trinity and the conception of immortality. Take up the faith of Buddha, and they discovered the great Christian conception of discipline by which the soul through self-denial entered into life. In the teaching of Confucius they discovered the great truth of reverence towards the past, towards parents, towards the Eternal. Were they to grudge the light and belittle the light those nations had, and stand in the jealous position that if they allowed anything good to those religions they took so much from the religion of Jesus Christ? He repudiated the suggestion, and said that those who

had faint stars got their light, and would get further light from the great Sun of Righteousness. As against those who saw no good in any one of those faiths, he claimed the good that was in every one of them for Jesus Christ, and as he saw any man who according to his light sought after God, he saw there a man before daybreak waiting for the dawn—there was a man of Christ, though he knew it not.

WHY SEND MISSIONARIES?

There were some murmurs at this point of a speech which had been heard for the most part with silent astonishment and without signs of approval or dissent. Dr. Watson, continuing, asked on what ground should one plead for foreign missions then? Some one cried "Hear, hear," whereon Dr. Watson paused and said he heard some one cry, "Hear, hear," and he was not certain whether it was encouraging or otherwise. He was not sure whether his friend would be more encouraged to give if he believed there was no good at all in those religions, or if he would be more encouraged to give if he believed God had been working down all the ages preparing men in their conscience and reason to receive the full revelation when it was brought to their doors. If this thing were true then they were the elect of God, but they were the elect with an enormous responsibility. They received this revelation not that they should keep it, but that they should give it, and not that they should give it through the pure instinct of piety, but that they should give it as trustees who had received it in trust for the human race. The heathen also had the right to call God Father, from Whom they came, to Whom they returned. They also had the right, if they knew it, to call Christ Brother, Who was the Son of Man and Head of the human race. They also had the right to the Cross, which they had not yet seen; for the Cross was reared that He, being raised on it, should draw all men to His feet. It was raised not for Jerusalem only, but also for Nineveh; and by every longing thought they ever had, and by every discipline they had ever had from their religion, they were being prepared to receive it. That was the reason why that day he had read that a Chinese statesman had been endeavoring to prepare some form of Christianity for the Chinese people. The old religions had served their day and they were passing away, and the nations were waiting for a religion which was not to force universal condemnation on their old religions, but to fulfill them, and show that they were a faint prophecy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

THE GOOD ELDER BROTHER.

"And what are we?" asked Dr. Watson. He replied they were the elder brother at home, and they in the far country were not strangers and men of no kin with the people at home. The heathen were the younger brother—the younger brother in darkness, who had not understood his heritage. If they occupied a hard and supercilious position, or a selfish and careless position, then they were literally the elder brother of the parable; but there was a thought that when the Lord put that elder brother in the parable He did not mean merely to satirize the

Pharisees. He thought He meant them to work out a contrast between that elder brother and the true elder brother. And who was He? Why, the Elder Brother who had been forever at home with the Father, in Whom the Father delighted, Who missed the younger brother, and had seen the sorrow on His Father's face, and could not remain, but must go out and bring the young brother home. There was loud applause when Dr. Watson sat down after his wonderfully eloquent peroration.—*The Christian World*.

* * *

CAPTAIN MAHAN.

THE following narrative is taken from a sermon recently preached by the Rev. A. H. Plumb, D.D.:

In Roxbury, Mass., is a valued member of one of the Baptist churches who has been for over twenty-five years a faithful teacher of a Bible class. When a lad of seventeen he enlisted in the navy. One evening during the Civil War, as the vessel on which he was serving, the United States steamer "Muscoota," was lying at Key West, he was reflecting on his mother's desire that he might know the happy experience of a follower of Christ. He says now that it has always seemed as if there might be some connection between his mother's prayers for him that evening and the fact that he then came under the powerful influence of a man who, more than any other, was to shape his destiny for time and eternity. He knows that, from the first breath of his life to the last breath of his mother's, her soul went up in perpetual appeal to God in behalf of his soul. Just then, with a strange sense of admiration and pride, he saw approaching, standing upright in a boat, the tall, imposing form, clad in full uniform, of the man who was to take command as the executive officer of the ship—Lieutenant Commander Alfred Thayer Mahan; a man whom all on board soon learned to honor and love.

From his father, a distinguished professor at West Point, Lient. Mahan had inherited a thoughtful mind, capable of seeing with appreciation and expressing with force the great truths which bear on human character and destiny. From both his parents, for his mother was a woman conspicuous for her religious influence, he had received those noble impulses which led him to live a deeply religious life. Every night when the weather permitted, all hands who could be spared were called aft while he read evening prayers, and on Sunday the service conducted by him not infrequently attracted to the ship many of the officers and men of the entire fleet. He took a personal interest in the religious welfare of the men individually, and while never forgetful of the dignity belonging to his position as an officer and a gentleman, he would often at the close of a service give a cordial invitation to any one who desired to converse with him on the subject of personal religion—a privilege which our friend and many others embraced, to their lasting good. For it was the example and personal influence of this kind Christian gentleman that led this young man and others of his shipmates into a new life, and some time after this when the vessel was again at Key West, he received

Christian baptism, Lieutenant-Commander Mahan and the wife of the resident clergyman standing as his sponsors.

When the term of enlistment was over and he thought of returning to civil life, Lieutenant Mahan urged upon him in frequent conversations, and also in a long and still carefully treasured letter, the great need of Christian men in the navy, and the importance of seeking Divine guidance in choosing one's position in life. It is not difficult to read between the lines of this remarkable letter those views of the great importance of the sea power of the nations which have since commanded the attention of the great governments of the world, and to which our countrymen, especially just now, are compelled to give heed. Following is an extract from the letter:

"Can any one doubt the necessity for honest, God-fearing workers among the crews of our men-of-war? Officers may do much; but I would not dare to say that the work of one whose daily life was among them was not at least equal in benefit to the crew. . . . One thing I desire very much, that you bear the spiritual needs of seamen constantly in your prayers to the throne of grace. . . . To me the noblest reach of faith in a servant of God, so exalted that I hardly dare hope to reach it but that I remember His grace is sufficient for me, is that of the man who through discouragement and failures yet presses on in his allotted path; who is content with the humblest post, the most apparently fruitless labors, because he judges Him faithful who promised. Of such faith well might it be said by the Apostle, 'It is more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire.' . . . No, I can promise you no earthly reward, no earthly success; those are in God's hands. But I do not fear to promise you the great reward in heaven, for I have His word for that: 'He that soweth plenteously shall reap plenteously.' Some there will be at that day to be 'your hope, your joy, your crown of rejoicing.'"

However, the lives of the lieutenant and the corporal of marines thereafter diverged, borne by counter-currents into different seas. But one Lord's Day in 1875, when the present citizen of Roxbury was partaking of the Holy Communion at St. Stephen's Church in Florence Street, Boston, as he and those with him were rising from their knees he found to his surprise that the gentleman who had knelt at his side was his former commanding officer and his father in Christ. A mutual and happy recognition took place. Twenty years later, when the world was echoing with the praises of Captain Mahan as an author on naval problems, and when the distinguished officer was invited to Massachusetts, and was the guest of honor at Cambridge University, receiving the highest degree, our friend ventured to write him a brief and modest letter, joining in the congratulations of the hour, and assuring him that the fires of devotion he had helped to kindle on the altar of the young sailor's heart so long ago were still aflame.

There came this prompt reply:

"SLUMBERSIDE, QUEBEC, L. I.,

"June 11, 1895.

"My Dear —: I was very glad to receive your

letter of the 8th, and to learn from it that the world has gone well with you—the common ups and downs, sorrows and joys, true, but upon the whole well. I remember you very distinctly after all these days, as well as meeting you in Boston in 1875. I give you joy sincerely that you have been able to maintain your Christian profession throughout. Doubtless, like us all, you could wish many things had been better done, and some left undone; but, all the same, if we have not parted from Him, we may hope there will be peace at the last. My own life has been happy. . . . As you have seen in the papers, I made a little stir in England, but, except that, my life has been uneventful.

"With thanks for your letter and best wishes for your future here and hereafter,

"Most sincerely yours,

"A. T. MAHAN."

Mark the earnest and patient endeavor of Captain Mahan to awaken the beginnings and watch over the unfolding of the Christian life in the lads under his command. He interested his pious mother in their spiritual welfare. From her hand our friend received a valued copy of "The Imitation of Christ," and in another book the hand of the officer himself inscribed the name of the young marine as he presented it to the lad—a book designed to explain and enforce the teaching of the Bible. That book was shown to me the other day by the recipient in his store. He says he has always kept it close at hand to take up when he desired to refresh his spiritual life, or to find some instructive thoughts to present to others in the prayer-meeting. I found it was the same book which, not three months ago, I selected from all others to give to a young clergyman. ("Thoughts on Personal Religion," by Dean Goulburn).—*The Congregationalist*.

* * *

THE KAISER'S TRIP TO JERUSALEM.

THE "Mechoeret," organ of the "Young Turks," uses this vigorous language in regard to the famous trip:

"But the Emperor's coming to Constantinople is an altogether different thing, after all the scenes of barbarity that have been enacted there, after the countless massacres perpetrated in Armenia. What are those who have survived these bloody scenes, the parents and the children of the unfortunate victims, to think of the fact that the German Emperor stretches out his hand of fellowship and greets with the brother's kiss the one who is morally responsible for these thousands of murders?

"Other reasons, too, can be mentioned why such a visit to Constantinople is inopportune and unwise. One of these is the matter of economy. The first trip of William to Constantinople cost Turkey more than £300,000, which was with difficulty borrowed from the Ottoman Bank. This second trip will cost the State at least twice this sum. It is true that the Greeks foot the bill, so that William II. rather strangely travels on money secured from England,

France, and Russia, who have guaranteed the first Greek loan.

"It is true that the Emperor need not trouble himself in reference to this matter. It may be indifferent to him where the money will come from with which to pay the expenses of his brilliant journey. The Turkish people will remain faithful to their noble traditions. They will willingly submit to the greatest sacrifices in order to entertain their guest in a befitting manner. But has William II. no duty toward this oppressed people? Will it ever occur to him to aid in breaking the fetters that bind them? Will he think of asking himself whether all the pomp and grandeur that surround him at Constantinople are not contaminated by the blood and the sweat of the Turks? While he is being entertained as the guest of Abdul Hamid, our own friends, who are guilty of nothing except love for liberty and justice, will be suffering in prison. Possibly the German Emperor will envy the omnipotence of a ruler who can command at will the lives and possessions of his subjects. Abdul Hamid knows no law except his own will. He is a despot and a tyrant."—*Literary Digest*.

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MISS ROUDEBUSH'S STORY OF THE "MOHEGAN" DISASTER.

AMONG the passengers who arrived here yesterday on the "Etruria" was Miss Maud Roudebush, the singer, who was on the ill-fated steamer "Mohegan" when it ran on the rocks off the Lizard a few weeks ago. Miss Roudebush, who is known professionally as Miss Maud Roudez, was on her way home to accept an engagement at the Metropolitan Opera House. She was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. S. L. Grandin. Her mother was saved, but died from the result of shock and injuries. In telling the story of the wreck last night, Miss Roudebush said:

"I am alive to-day simply through the fact that my voice had been trained, and I understood how to make my cries for help be heard at a distance. At the time the ship struck it was, as far as I can judge, about 7 o'clock in the evening, and my mother had just gone into the dining-saloon, and the dinner had just begun. Suddenly, while we were at the soup course, there was an awful sound, as though the ship's bottom was being torn out. My mother and myself both got up from the table, and walked to the stairs to go to our rooms. At that time no one seemed to know what was the matter. Stewards continued to serve the dinner, and it was only when Charles Duncan, who was on the ship, shouted out "To the life-preservers!" that we realized the serious accident that happened. My mother and I reached the head of the stairs where our stateroom was, when we met two of the deckhands. We had in the meantime secured life-preservers, but were utterly unable to put them on, and as we stood bewildered the men came up to us and offered to assist us up the stairs. I can positively say that there was no panic at that time, for as I looked back into the dining-saloon I saw a number of people still seated at the table. I should judge it was about four minutes after the ship struck, when, without warning, every light went out. When we

went on deck I shall never forget the scene. There appeared to be absolutely no panic, and every one that we could see through the fast-gathering mist of the evening was working with desperation to save himself or herself. I saw no officers and I heard no orders given, and ten minutes after the crash we were on deck. Two boats had been launched. One of them was filled with sailors; and at the last minute, as they were leaving the ship, Mr. Pemberton threw his wife and his child into the boat, following them himself. The boat was just clearing the ship when the maid threw herself over the side, and by a miracle she as well as the family was saved.

"I turned to the two deckhands who were still by our side, and asked them what we must do. They said we ought to get to one of the boats. We followed them as they crawled into a boat, and they assisted us after them, explaining that our only hope lay in the boat's floating free of the wreckage as the ship went down. We had been there a little time when one of the men climbed over the side and out. The other one was about to follow, when I asked him what he was doing. He turned to me and said: 'My God! we can't die like this. We've got to try something else.' At my request the men assisted us out of the boat. On deck the scene was pathetic, and I shall never forget it. The masts were thick with people, the majority of whom I learned next day were sailors. They, knowing the coast and knowing that the masts would always be above water, had climbed as near the top as possible. I assisted my mother up a mast, but as the men by whose aid I hoped to save our lives left to get into another boat we left with them. I noticed that many of the boats were unfastened, and there seemed to be no attempt to launch them. We reached one of the boats, and as before the men assisted us into it. The decks were now on a slant, and it was only a question of minutes before she went down. In the boat with us were Mrs. Compton Swift, Dr. Fallows, Mr. Duncan and a number of others whose names I cannot remember. For a few minutes we sat in the boat, terrified, and then the question arose as to what we should do to save ourselves. One of the men remembered that he had a knife, but such was his excitement that he lost it while passing it to another man. I, as well as my mother, grew calm; and I believe it is to this fact, as well as the fact that I was able to use my voice, that I am alive to-day. Suddenly, as we sat there, the boat lurched, and a wave struck us, and then the boat turned over, and I felt as if I had gone to the bottom of the sea. Consciousness had almost left me when we came up, and I found myself under the overturned boat, with scarcely room enough to breathe. I think if I live to be a thousand years old, I can never forget the awful hour which followed. Tossed by the sea, unable to see anything, with scarcely air enough to breathe, because I was under the boat, I clung to the seat of the boat, with only my shoulders out of water and with my chin resting on the seat. Close beside me was old Mr. Duncan, and he shouted as loudly as he was able. His shouts grew weaker, and by and by they stopped. I didn't dare to think what had become of him. My mother, I knew, had been in the boat; but that was all. I did not know where

she was then. When Mr. Duncan ceased to cry I took up the call 'Lifeboat, ahoy!' And I believe firmly that it was owing to the fact that my voice had been trained, and that I was able to keep it up for forty-five minutes, that I am alive to-day. I could not see, and so had no idea when the lifeboats were coming, and I learned afterwards that it was only through the fact that I kept up the call that help came. You can imagine the horror of the situation. I could feel bumping against my bosom the head of some one, and I knew by the short hair that it was one of the deckhands that had helped us into the boat. I was almost in despair when suddenly the boat was turned violently over and I fell exhausted in the bottom, still clinging to the seat. The next thing I was grasped by strong hands and thrown violently into the lifeboat."—*The New York Tribune*.

* * *

CHUNDER SEN ON CHRISTIANITY.

The head of the Brahmo Somaj gave once this declaration concerning Christianity in India: "It cannot be said that we in India have nothing to do with Christ or Christianity. Have the natives of this country altogether escaped the influence of Christianity, and do they owe nothing to Christ? You have seen how, in the gradual extension of the church of Christ, Christian missions came to be established in this distant land, and what results these missions have achieved. The many noble deeds of philanthropy and self-denying benevolence which Christian missionaries have performed in India, and the various intellectual, social and moral improvements which they have effected need no flattering comment. They are treasured in the gratitude of the nation, and can never be forgotten nor denied. That India is largely indebted to these disinterested and large-hearted followers of Christ for her present prosperity, I have no doubt the entire nation will gratefully acknowledge. Fortunately for India, she was not forgotten by the Christian missionaries when they went out to preach the Gospel. While through missionary agency our country has been thus connected with the enlightened nations of the West politically, an All-wise and All-merciful Providence has intrusted its interests into the hand of a Christian sovereign. Those of you who can discern the finger of Providence in individual and national history will doubtless see here a wise and a merciful interposition. I cannot but reflect with grateful interest on the day when the British nation planted first their feet on the plains of India, and on the successive steps by which the British Empire has been established and consolidated in this country. It is to the British Government that we owe our deliverance from oppression and misrule, from darkness and distress, from ignorance and superstition. Those enlightened ideas which have changed the very life of the nation, and have gradually brought about such wonderful improvements in native society, are the gifts of that government; and so, likewise, is the inestimable boon of freedom of thought and action which we so greatly prize. Are not such considera-

tions calculated to rouse our deepest gratitude and loyalty to the British nation and her Majesty Queen Victoria?"

If we can meet such utterances as these from a Hindoo, who never became a professed Christian, with acknowledgment that God has not forsaken his ancestors, nor refused to break to them, too, the bread of life, it would seem as if the acceptance of Christianity as God's last, best teaching for the world, and the whole world, would not be so difficult.

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SENATOR HOAR ON MISSIONS.

IN the debate on Hawaiian annexation, Senator Hoar spoke as follows:

"Mr. President: I have regretted to hear, in this debate, some sneers at the missionaries and the sons of missionaries, who have redeemed Hawaii, and who are now presenting her at the gates to the people of the United States. I know something about that quality. I know something of the New England missionaries, and of the like missionaries from other parts of the country, who, wherever, either in a foreign land or within our own borders on the frontiers, there has been a contest for civilization, and Christianity and peace, have been in the front ranks. I knew the fathers of these men in my youth, and I have watched their character and career ever since.

"All over the West, all over the South, after the Civil War, almost before the first settler arrived with his measuring-chain or his rifle on the frontier, the Methodist or the Congregationalist or the Presbyterian missionary is found in advance. The cornerstone of the church precedes the corner-stone of the cabin. There is not a story of true heroism or true glory in human annals which can surpass the story of missionaries in this or in foreign lands whom America has sent forth as the servants of civilization and piety. They have taken their lives in their hands. They have sacrificed ambition, family ties, hope, health and wealth. No danger that stood in their way, no obloquy deterred them.

"In this day of our pride and exultation at the deeds of our young heroes in Manila and in Cuba, let us not forget that the American missionary in the paths of peace belongs to the same heroic stock, and is an example of the same heroic temper.

"Our brethren and our children have done in the West what our fathers did in the East. Under new conditions in a later age, on the shore of a more pacific sea, in a more genial clime, they are to repeat in the near future the old and wondrous story."

* * *

CARLYLE'S TRIBUTE TO HIS MOTHER.

OUR dear and good old Mother is no more; she went from us, gently and calmly, and died at last, rather unexpectedly to the watchers, so sudden was it, without struggle or seeming pain of any kind. We had to think "Her sufferings are over; and she has fought her fight well and nobly; and as for us,—we are left here alone; and the soul that never ceased to

love us since we came into the world is gone to God, her Maker and ours." This is the heavy news I have to send you, dear Sister; and nobody can spare you the sorrow and tears it will occasion. For above a year and a half, our dear Mother had been visibly falling away fast; when I saw her in August gone a year, her weakness and sufferings were quite painful to me; and it seemed uncertain whether we should ever meet again in this scene of things. She had no disease at that time nor afterwards, but the springs of life were worn out, there was no strength left. Within the last six months the decay proceeded faster and was constant; she could not much rise from bed; she needed Mary and Jean alternately to watch always over her,—latterly it was Jean alone (Mary not being strong enough); and surely Jean has earned the gratitude of us all, and done a work that was blessed and beautiful, in so standing by her sacred task, and so performing it as she did. There has been no regular sleep to her for months past, often of late weeks and days not much sleep of any kind; but her affectionate patience, I think, never failed. I hope, though she is much worn out, she will not permanently suffer; and surely she will not want her reward. Our noble Mother too behaved like herself in all stages of her illness; never quailed into terror, lamentation or any weak temper of mind; had a wonderful clearness of intellect, clearness of heart, affection, piety and simple courage and beauty about her to the very end. She passed much of her time in the last weeks in a kind of sleep; used to awaken "with a smile" (as John described it to me), and has left a sacred remembrance with all of us consolatory in our natural grief.—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

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SALVATION BY FORMULA.

THE perverted doctrine of the Atonement may be defined in a single sentence. It is very much, because it can be defined in a sentence that it is a perversion. It is put to the individual in the following syllogism: "You believe Christ died for sinners; you are a sinner; therefore, Christ died for you; and hence you are saved." Could any trap for a benighted soul be more ingeniously planned? The agitated soul is invited to creep into the convolutions of a syllogism and intrench itself behind a doctrine. But doctrines may have no more contact with the soul than priest or sacrament; no further influence on character than stone and lime. And yet the advocates of this system pick a blackguard from the streets, pass him through this formula, and turn him out a convert in the space of as many minutes as it takes to tell it.

Are there not men who can prove to you and to the world, by the irresistible logic of texts, that they are saved whom you know to be not only unworthy of the Kingdom, which we all are, but absolutely incapable of entering it? The condition of membership in the Kingdom is well known; who fulfill this condition, and who do not, is not well known. And yet the moral test, in spite of the difficulty of its application, will always and rightly be preferred by the world to the theological. Nevertheless, in spite of

the world's verdict, the man saved by formula is content. He is "safe." Years ago his mind worked through a certain chain of phrases in which the words "believe" and "saved" were the conspicuous terms. And from that moment, by all Scriptures, by all logic, and by all theology, his future was guaranteed. He took out, as it were, a policy by which he was infallibly secured eternal life at death. Between all this and the religion of the church of Rome there is a strange affinity—as real as it is unsuspected. For one thing, these religions are spiritually disastrous as well as theologically erroneous in propagating a wrong conception of Christianity. The fundamental idea, alike of the extreme Roman as of the extreme evangelical religions, is escape. Man's chief end is to "get off." And all factors of religion, the highest and most sacred, are degraded to this level. God is a great lawyer, or He is the Almighty enemy; it is from Him that we have to "get off"; Jesus Christ is the One who gets us off—a theological figure, who contrives so to adjust matters federally that the way is clear. These being cheap, religions are inevitably accompanied by a cheap life. Safety being guaranteed from the first, there remains nothing else to be done. The mechanical way in which the transaction is effected leaves the soul without stimulus, and the character remains unaffected by the moral aspects of the sacrifice of Christ. He who is unjust is unjust still; he who is unholy is unholy still. Thus the whole system ministers to degeneration.

Doctrinal preaching, fortunately, as a constant practice is less in vogue than in a former age; but there are still numbers whose only contact with religion is through theological forms. The method is supported by plausible defense. Does not theology give one Bible truth in reliable, convenient and, moreover, in logical proportions? There it lies, extended to the last detail, in the tomes of the Fathers, or abridged in a hundred modern *compendia*, cut and dried to his hand, guaranteed sound and wholesome. And why not use it? Just because it is all cut and dry; just because it is ready-made; just because it lies there, in reliable, convenient and logical propositions. The moment you appropriate truth in such a shape, you appropriate a form. You cannot cut and dry truth. You cannot accept truth ready-made without its ceasing to nourish the soul as truth. You cannot live on theological forms without becoming a parasite, and ceasing to be a man. There is no worse enemy to a living church than a propositional theology, with the latter controlling the former by traditional authority. An infallible standard always is a temptation to a mechanical faith. Infallibility always paralyzes. It gives rest, but it is the rest of stagnation. Men perform one great act of faith in the beginning of their life, and then have done with it forever. All moral, intellectual and spiritual effort is over; and a cheap theology ends in a cheap life.

Is this, then, a plea for doubt? Yes, for the philosophic doubt, which is the evidence of a faculty doing its work. It is more necessary for us to be active than to be orthodox. To be orthodox is what we wish to be; but we can only truly reach it by being honest, by being original,—by seeing with our own eyes, by believing with our own heart. "An

idle life," says Goethe, "is death anticipated." Better far be burned at the stake of public opinion than die a living death. Better an aberrant theology than a suppressed organization. Better a little faith, dearly won; better launched alone on the infinite bewilderment of Truth, than perish on the splendid plenty of the richest creeds.—*Henry Drummond.*

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BENEDICT ARNOLD'S FLIGHT FROM WEST POINT.

It was the 25th of September, the day upon which the attack was to be made, and the post delivered, and Arnold had no reason to think that all would not come to pass as he had planned. Even such a hardened and reckless man as Arnold may have felt a little natural nervousness under these conditions. If he did, the first event of the day was not likely to console him; for at breakfast appeared Hamilton and McHenry, aids of the Commander-in-chief. Washington had returned sooner than had been expected, and it was going to be extremely difficult to betray West Point under his very eyes. The General himself had turned off to look at some redoubts, and tell his aides that like all young men, they were in love with Mrs. Arnold, had bade them ride on to the Robinson house. So a pleasant party sat down to breakfast, one of them revolving many things in his mind, about which he did not converse. Presently a note was brought to Arnold. He read it with but slight appearance of emotion, said he must go off to West Point, and left the room. The note was Jamieson's letter. The plot was discovered: all that remained was flight. To his wife, who followed him from the room, he told what had happened. She fainted, and Arnold, pausing at the breakfast table to say that Mrs. Arnold was ill, rushed from the house, flung himself into his barge, and under pretence of a flag of truce, was rowed to the "Vulture." The treason had failed, and the traitor had escaped.—*Senator H. C. Lodge, in the October "Scribner's."*

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THE NEW AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

In order that they who compose it should be known and recognized throughout the entire country, and not only in their own immediate environment, but everywhere and by every one from high to low; in order that they should be treated with a very real deference, and in order that the name of "gentleman" should be perfectly defined and highly prized and universally respected—an aristocracy must not be just a set of luxurious pleasure-seekers, nor a class of persons merely who live in stately magnificence surrounded by everything that money and taste can give them. It must be something more than this. It must represent to every one a mighty factor in the development of national greatness. Its history must be inseparably interwoven with the history of the nation. The names upon its roll must be written first in the records of every supreme achievement which the people have wrought out, alike in war and peace, in

statesmanship, in diplomacy, in the evolution of law, and in the battle for political purity and constitutional freedom. It must do its share to preserve to our race its proud position as the guardian of human right and unsullied justice all over the habitable world. And it must win this grand distinction, not through self-assertion nor by the ostentatious flaunting of its wealth, but by force of intellect and courage, and by a truly national spirit; and it must draw to itself in every generation the ablest and most illustrious of its country's sons, so as to be continually recruited from the soundest elements of the national life; and hence, as a class to be truly representative of the entire nation. The best type of the aristocrat, indeed, is found in one who always feels the great responsibilities that rest upon him, who holds himself at all times in readiness to serve the State in public life, and to use his wealth and influence for the public good. His parks, his pleasure-grounds, his mansions, his picture-galleries—all that he has, in fact, he must hold as though it had been given him in trust for the benefit of the nation, and not as the private possession of an individual. Only in this way can an aristocracy expect to be more than an artificial incongruity among a people where it exists; only in this way can it secure respect and recognition and the right to be perpetuated.

It will be long, perhaps, before our new American aristocracy can ask for recognition on such grounds as these. With some conspicuous and most honorable exceptions, the names upon its rolls tell nothing of the past, or else they tell what might much better be forgotten. The short inglorious branches of the family-tree lead one sometimes to reminiscences that are far different from those which the ideal aristocracy suggests. Too often in the past the immediate ancestors of our ready-made patricians, instead of making laws and guiding the destinies of the nation, were rigging the market and shaving notes; instead of fighting battles, they were bribing legislatures; instead of building up new States, they were gutting railroads. But the contrast is more striking, and, in fact, is really painful, when one notes the view so often taken in this country as to the responsibilities attached to wealth and place. To build great pleasure-houses amid noble grounds, to cram them with pictures and exquisite statuary and all the triumphs of decorative art, and then to shut one's self up in them for mere personal enjoyment, to eat and drink and plan amusement with no thought of any obligation to one's fellow-men or of any duty to the State—all this is so entirely removed from a true aristocratic ideal as to be almost swinish; and in a nation such as ours, so generous and so rich in opportunity, it is doubly base. No class, no set, can make of its pretensions anything beyond a flimsy sham, unless these shall be found to have behind them at least a touch of that true nobility which does not end with self.

Fortunately there are indications that this truth is gradually winning recognition. To men of wealth and leisure the field of politics seems to have become of late far more attractive than it appeared some years ago, and the rough-and-tumble of partisan strife will do them good and give them an enlarged horizon. The outbreak of the recent war with Spain found many of the same class willing and even eager

to see hard service at the front. There was at first much popular ridicule excited by this fact, and afterwards there was much popular criticism of the way in which commissions in the army came so easily to certain of these individuals. But it was in reality a most encouraging and healthy sign. For if our "leisure class" would only cease to pose as misfit English and be frankly and sincerely national, they might in the end succeed to the place once occupied by the quasi-aristocracy of the early period of our history, and with far greater opportunities for good. No country in the world, in fact, could gain so much as ours could gain from the existence in it of an aristocracy in the best and highest meaning of the word. For such an aristocracy could give the State a class of public men disinterested, highly cultivated, and intelligent. Its wealth could foster art and learning, and establish noble charities that would be administered with honesty and wisdom; and its influence and example might gradually smooth away some of the angularities of our national character, impart a certain grace and dignity that are lacking now, teach us as a people the value of urbanity and courtesy, give a much higher tone to social life in general, and thus confer a lasting benefit upon the nation.—*Harry Thurston Peck, in the "Cosmopolitan."*

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A WAR INCIDENT.

Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus lover of my soul," one of them heard an excellent rich and beautiful voice behind him; he looked around, and although he did not recognize the face he knew the voice. So when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had been in the Civil War. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you in such a place on such a night?" asked the first. "Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable, and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

"All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing."

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire; but when you sang out—

"Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,"

I said, 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home.'"

AMONG THE BOOKS.

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SACRED THEOLOGY. By Abraham Kuyper, D.D. Translated from the Dutch by Rev. J. Hendrik de Vries. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

He will make a great mistake who looks to this work for an alphabetical dictionary of theological terms. Indeed, Dr. Kuyper takes some thirty pages to demonstrate that they have sadly misused and degraded the word "Encyclopedia" who would have it mean an alphabetical compendium of all knowledge. Dr. Kuyper uses the word in its more classic sense, of the science that has to deal with sciences. As Botany is the science that handles flowers, so Encyclopedia is the science that handles sciences as the object of its investigation.

An Encyclopedia of Theology, then, studies theology as a science; it examines what place it holds among other sciences, what special object of research distinguishes it from other sciences, what special methods it has in common with other sciences, and what special methods it has of itself alone. All this is done in this work in a most weighty and scholarly manner.

Into the fundamental question of the right of theology to be called a science at all, and so to be capable or worthy of an encyclopedic study, Dr. Kuyper enters in a most satisfactory manner. His argument is irrefutable, as it seems to us. He says: "If it should be shown that theology has no place in the organism of science, it would not lower it in the least; even as, on the other hand, theology would gain no merit from the fact (if it be proved) that it has rank among the sciences: for [as he has just said] if theology is no science, but like music called to enrich our spiritual life in an entirely different way, what would that detract from its importance? Does Mozart rank lower than Edison, because he did not work his enchantments with the data of exact sciences?" That is the truth. Theology is a fact, and a great, impressive one. It has had far-reaching influence. No matter what the name it goes by,—science, or art, or faculty,—it is great, and "must never begin by renouncing its own self-respect."

But really we hold fast to this teaching when we come to Dr. Kuyper's criticism of the New Theology. Here it is sadly and solemnly affirmed that when this departure has finished the work of demolishing the ancient landmarks; when it has put "antique theology into the museum of scientific antiquities,—then there will remain no work of a peculiar character like theology, which as such will justify the existence of a separate faculty." In other words, if old orthodoxy does not hold out, then we will be minus a theology. The New Theology is not a science. We console ourselves by the writer's own line of comfort. We shall still have a great and inspiring thought, "enriching our spiritual life." We do not much care whether it is still called theology or not. We shall still have the fact of man's whole heart and mind, and soul seeking for spiritual truth and light. That is enough.

This work is based, as all familiar with Dr. Kuyper's work will understand, on conservative Calvinistic theology; but in its studies of the principles which

direct theological study, it has great value for all students, even for those whose theology differs greatly from that of the writer.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD IN ART. By Estelle M. Hurl. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

As stated in the preface, this book is intended to be a brief descriptive history of art illustrating the incidents in the historic life of Christ.

This intention is admirably carried out; and the systematic plan of treatment, the admirable choice of pictures and the concise method pursued, combine to make a work of very great interest.

The method, in brief, is to place at the beginning of each chapter the verses which are to be treated therein. Following this is a concise statement of the origin and history of their treatment by the artist, the essential features which make such treatment appropriate, the reasons for the popularity or neglect of each subject, and a descriptive account of the best-known pictures on the subject up to the present time.

All the more famous of the old masters are represented, and most of the new, the one modern artist whose works we miss being Hoffman. The full-page illustrations are particularly fine, and indeed the whole book shows the greatest study and care.

THE DAY'S WORK. By Rudyard Kipling. Published by Doubleday & McClure Co., New York.

Rudyard Kipling is a genius. He knows the siren's song. There are many of us who must always run to listen whenever he begins to speak. Whether it is verse or prose, there is a something large and rollicking, and yet strong and deep; a something of life and power in what he does, which is irresistible.

A wide diversity of stories gathers under this title. They are stories, too, of the very best which Kipling has written. There are tales which remind us of the first India stories by which we met Rudyard Kipling, and learned to wonder and admire; there are tales which take us back to the "Jungle Book," as they introduce us again to the intimate life of the creatures in their moments of labor or of rest; and there are stories with the new thrill of steam and of the sea, such as we have learned to look for of late from the mind which had discerned the mystery and the power of these.

Life, with all its thrilling interest, is the single thread which binds these stories together. Rudyard Kipling has learned the lesson that there is no living thing but has a story worth while telling, worth while hearing. The peasant, the ruler, the child, the beast of the field, something comes into the life of every one of them which will make us thrill, and laugh, and cry, and be glad that we have met them. That the daily work of the world is the powerful and interesting, and pathetic thing in the world—that is a good text, and a good lesson, whether it be given to us most seriously, or in the laughter and the excitement of these stories.

FAITH AND SOCIAL SERVICE. By George Hodges. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York.

This is a bright book; a very bright, thoughtful book indeed. It is made up of the lectures delivered by Dean Hodges before the Lowell Institute. In it

are considered the great problems which face the world, and the Church to-day. The problem of indifference, of doubt, of poverty, of labor, of moral reform, of the city, and of the divided church, each finds a separate and a most pithy discussion. Dean Hodges faces modern conditions, and treats of them frankly, bravely, and very helpfully. As we read each lecture, we felt that after all this was the great question; and felt, too, that it had been greatly treated.

The spirit of the book is hopeful. For that we like it. The man who faces problems to despair before them can do us but little good. He may frighten us, but fright does not confer efficiency. But, with all his hopefulness, the author does not hesitate to bring us before the very central difficulties of the questions. To use his own illustration, many people are best characterized by Esop's fable of the Hunter, who met a woodman: "Have you seen any traces of a lion?" said the hunter. "Come," said the woodman, "I'll show you the lion." "No, no," said the hunter; "it was only traces of the lion I wanted to see." Dean Hodges never hesitates to look for the lion—for the real danger and difficulty in the question considered.

Of course, we turned to the chapter on "The Divided Church." We found it what such a chapter ought to be—a strong, sane, charitable discussion of the question. The solution offered is the only possible one. It is the one which the CHURCH UNION has always believed and always taught. People will not submit to authority commanding them to give up their way, and all consent to the way that dogmatizes the most vigorously. People do not, and for ages will not, agree in speculative opinion; but people will,—they already do,—with more and more willingness, tolerate each other and work together for practical and immediate purposes of Christ's Kingdom. Let this good work go on; union—all that is best and most helpful in it—will be in that measure coming. In that measure it has come.

ASHES OF EMPIRE. By Robert W. Chambers. Published by Frederick A Stokes Co., New York.

Mr. Chambers has the faculty of producing, without stint, most exciting and thrilling stories; and this one is no exception to the rule. It is one of a series of three novels which treat of the Franco-Prussian war, the events in that war here treated of being those attendant upon the siege and surrender of Paris.

In these days, when military glory appears to be in the ascendant, such a book has a mission; for it portrays the horrors of war as few books, history or fiction, have done. Here are scenes of rapine, famine and murder to satisfy the most bloodthirsty and to sicken the more mildly inclined.

Mr. Chambers is nothing if not effective; and while in his attempts at effect, some of his sentences are, in our way of thinking, meaningless, in the main his narrative is most picturesque and striking.

There is room for a love-story amid the horrors of the siege; and two young French girls, sisters, and two reporters, American and English, are the subjects. Numerous and thrilling are their adventures, and happy is the ending of the tale when green fields supplant bloody streets and boom of cannon is forgotten in the chime of marriage-bells.

RECONSIDERATIONS AND REINFORCEMENTS. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. Thos. Whittaker: New York.

No books are doing a more useful work at the present time than those which help people in the "reconsiderations" which every thoughtful person is now making of the three fateful questions, "What am I? Whence came I? Whither am I going?" If these "reconsiderations" do not result in a reinforcement of the mind in its perception of eternal truth, then the process has been seeming and not real. Thus, it will be seen that the title chosen by Dr. Whiton for his little volume of thirteen essays is very happily suggestive. The subjects embrace a wide variety. That they are treated in a scholarly and instructive manner is placed beyond peradventure by the uniformly high character of the numerous works already published by him. The chapter entitled, "With All Thy Heart" is a plea for the emotional or affectional side of truth in contrast with the purely intellectual. "The grand truths which possessed Jesus with Divine Power," says Dr. Whiton, "were truths realized in the depths of His human feeling. He *knew*, but still more He *felt*, His brotherhood with every man, even the outcast." The italics are ours.

"The Bed-Rock of Christianity" argues that "the authority of Christianity is the authority of a moral ideal, which needs not to be historical in order to be imperative."

"Nature is Spirit" is an enlargement of Principal Fairbairn's famous dictum. Dr. Whiton says: "The laws of Nature are the ways of the Spirit, who utters Himself through the forms of Nature. Providence is the orderly control of the world, not by an external sway, but by the resident powers of the Spirit within the world. Prayer is converse with the Spirit in whom we live as really as from whom we are."

These brief quotations indicate the illuminating character of the book.

BABY FOLK. By Maud Humphrey and Elizabeth S. Tucker. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

This is one of the prettiest holiday books for Baby which we have seen. Poetry, prose and pictures combine to lend an interest to baby ears and eyes, and happy should be the Christmas of the little ones to whom Santa Claus brings this book.

BABY'S RECORD. By Maud Humphrey. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

This is a charming book, but none too charming for what the world generally considers to be the *most* charming occupant of its kingdom—the baby. Here, amid pictures of numerous red-checked cousins, is to be inscribed from time to time the history of the little youngster—the date of the first laugh (there is no place for the first cry), of the first tooth, the first shoes, and all the other "firsts" which come to the lives of us all. Then there are places for photographs and locks of hair, and indeed everything of which we can think, to preserve, in visible emblems, the early history of babyhood.

PHILIP'S EXPERIMENTS; OR, PHYSICAL SCIENCE AT HOME. By John Trowbridge. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This little book purports to be an account of "What a common-place father did for a bright son," by way of helping him to a knowledge of certain facts in physical science. The story is told in an interesting way. It is valuable as manifesting how much may be accomplished by utilizing spare moments in each day. The father did not attempt to educate his boy in any complete sense; but he supplemented the school-work by requiring something to be done or learned daily which would stimulate powers of observation. He required the boy to draw something every day, and this though the father had no technical knowledge of drawing. So the boy was taught to read German very creditably by ten minutes spent daily in the perusal of a German newspaper. He was required to jot down all the words he knew or learned in that exercise, so he got a vocabulary. Again, both father and son learned something of the foundation principles of engineering by surveying their golf-ground with such simple appliances as they had or could make for themselves. So, by the time this boy goes to college, he will know a great many things not set down in the requirements for entrance.

In reading the book one is impressed with the fact that by this daily study father and son were brought very near together. They have become comrades. This sort of fellowship is in itself of far greater importance than all the knowledge acquired. The book is well worth careful reading, and the publishers have made it possible to read it with care and comfort.

THE STARLIGHT CALENDAR. Compiled by Kate Sanborn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

At this time of well-nigh overwhelming material influences, the custom of (figuratively) turning the face toward the east and opening a window into the spiritual world at the beginning of the day, is a wholesome one, and a well-prepared Calendar or Year-Book is a positive aid in securing such a spiritual vision. Immortality is the basic thought of the Starlight Calendar, as suggested by the words, "The evening brings all home; you and I, beloved, have just a little longer to wait." The title of the volume may well have grown out of the lines of Doddridge:

"The stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode."

The quotations are inspiring and uplifting to any mind that desires to be inspired, but they have an added value to those who are fresh in grief for "the tender grace of a day that is dead"; who are mourning loved ones who have disappeared beyond the horizon of the earthly life. The spirit of the book is well epitomized in this quotation from John Fiske:

"How gloomy would be the mansions of the dead to him who did not know that he should never die; that what now acts shall continue its agency, and what now thinks shall think on forever."

JOHN HANCOCK: HIS BOOK. By Abram E. Brown. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Opinions have differed so widely about John Hancock that this book, which has been compiled from a volume of his manuscripts, and gives a good glimpse of his mercantile and social life, will be welcomed by his admirers. His stern, unflinching character is shown in his labor and sacrifice for the good of his time. Many of the letters are of great interest, and clearly show his position as a patriot on all the questions of the day.

DOROTHY DEAN. By Ellen Olney Kirk. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

This is a child's story, and a very sweet one. The heroine, Dorothy, is a little girl eight years old, who lives with her grandmother and her aunt, who are good people, but do not wholly understand little girls. It takes her a good long while, and many experiences, to find out how really kind the old folks are. The book has a literary merit unusual in child's stories. It is natural, free from exaggerations, and a thoroughly healthy and true picture of childhood life, told in a way which will interest children.

SHIPS AND SAILORS. By R. F. Zogbaum and James Barnes. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

A beautiful book for a Christmas present. It is of folio size, with full-page illustrations in color and black-and-white. The words and music of the famous sailor songs are given, with favorites like Kingsley's "Three Fishers." The whole is a very fine production.

IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This is a beautiful presentation edition of Mr. Mabie's Essay. The essay is a modern "Utopia"—a story of the land that never was, but is sure to be; the land of thought and love and rest, where no grief harbors, nor jealousy, nor pride. It is much like that beautiful city that is pictured in the close of the book of Revelation, and there is no night there, and God wipes away all tears. Only it may be just around the corner, if we will all have it so. Let all our readers be sure to take a stroll in the Forest of Arden.

* * *

MAGAZINES AND BOOKS.

Frank Leslie's "Popular Monthly" appeared in November in a new form. It is now in magazine shape. In connection with this, its price has been reduced.

Harold Frederick's story, left unpublished at his death, is to appear serially in the "Saturday Evening Post," of Philadelphia.

The principal feature of the Thanksgiving issue of "The Youth's Companion" is a sketch, by Mary E. Wilkins, on the New England girl of seventy years ago.

The November "Atlantic" contains an appreciative tribute to the West by Hamilton W. Mabie.

One of the features of November "Scribner's" is an article by Captain Sigsbee on his experience in Havana Harbor while Captain of the ill-fated cruiser "Maine."

An account of a dangerous mission to Spain, during the late war, occupies a prominent place in the November "Cosmopolitan."

"The Present Situation in China" is the title of a strong and timely article in the November issue of the "Missionary Review."

"The Sunday-school Times" has, in one of the November issues, a careful study of the missionary possibilities in the Philippines.

A popular review of the philosophy of evolution, by President Jordan, of Leland Stanford Jr. University, is shortly to appear, under the title, "Foot-notes of Evolution."

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- HENRY ALTEMUS, PHILADELPHIA.
Elizabeth Carpenter Satterthwait. A Son of the Carolinas.
AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, NEW YORK.
Chara Boughton Conant. Naomi. \$1.00.
Mrs. Hattie Arnold Clark. Pro Christo. \$1.25.
Annette L. Noble. Jesse. \$0.75.
Julia MacNair Wright. A Boy of To-day. \$1.00.
GEORGE S. BOWEN, CHICAGO.
Francis Marion Yates. Hargo; or, the Age of Fire.
DODD, MEAD & COMPANY, NEW YORK.
Martha Finley. Elsie on the Hudson.
Gertrude Atherton. The Valiant Runaways.
Ian Maclaren. Afterwards.
Martha Finley. Twiddledetwit. \$1.00.
A. P. GARDINER, NEW YORK.
A. P. Gardiner. Paul's Adventures to Date. \$1.00.
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY, BOSTON.
The Poetic and Dramatic Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Cambridge Edition.
Miriam Coles Harris. A Corner of Spain. \$1.25.
William Jewett Tucker. The Making and the Unmaking of the Preacher. \$1.50.
Estelle M. Hurl. The Life of Our Lord in Art.
JAMES POTTS & COMPANY, NEW YORK.
Auguste Sabatier. Outlines of a Philosophy of Religion. \$2.00.
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, CHICAGO AND NEW YORK.
Any LeFeuvre. His Big Opportunity. \$0.75.
J. R. Miller, D.D. The Master's Blesseds. \$1.00.
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY, NEW YORK.
H. S. Morrison. A Yankee Boy's Success. \$1.25.
John Oliver Hobbs. The Ambassador. \$1.00.
C. Bigg, D.D. The Imitation of Christ. \$0.75.
Designed by Adda Sproul Reading. Chap Record. \$1.00.
Marrion Wilcox. A Short History of the War with Spain. \$1.25.
R. F. Zogbaum. Ships and Sailors. \$5.00.
Robert Barr. Tekla. \$1.25.
Robert W. Chambers. Ashes of Empire. \$1.25.
Maud Humphrey. Baby's Record. \$2.50.
Clifton Ross. Heroes of Our War with Spain. \$1.50.
W. W. Jacobs. More Cargoes. \$1.00.
Henry Bradford Simmons. The Jingle-Jangle Rhyme-Book.
Maud Humphrey. Baby Folk. \$1.25.
Sir Walter Besant. The Changeling. \$1.25.
Annes Carr Sage. A Little Colonial Dame. \$1.50.
Ch. Selan. Cartoons of Our War with Spain. \$2.00.
SWEDENBORG PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.
Rev. Clarence Lathbury. God Winning Us. \$0.40.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK.
Mary White. The Book of Games.
Henry Van Dyke, D.D. The Lost Word.
THE EDITOR PUBLISHING COMPANY, CINCINNATI.
Nellie Lathrop Helm. The Story of Old. \$1.00.
TOWER PUBLISHING COMPANY, ALLEGHENY, PA.
Millennial Dawn. Vol. IV.
THE BIBLE INSTITUTE COLPORTAGE ASSOCIATION, CHICAGO, ILL.
D. L. Moody. Moody's Anecdotes.

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THE GERMAN EMPEROR AT HOME. By MAURICE LEUDET. Translated from the French. Illus., \$3.00.

FROUDE AND CARLYLE. By D. WILSON. \$3.00.

THRO' CHINA. By JOHN THOMPSON. Illus., \$5.00.

NAPOLEON III. By ARCHIBALD FORBES. Illus., \$3.50.

TRIMALCHIO'S DINNER. Translated from Petronius, with Introduction by HARRY T. PECK. Illus., \$1.50.

EGYPT IN 1898. By G. W. STEEVENS. Illus., \$1.50.

AFRICA. Its Partition and its Future. By HENRY M. STANLEY, J. SCOTT KELTIE, and others. With map, \$1.25.

HAWAII IN REVOLUTION. By MARY H. KROUT. Illus., \$2.00.

THE GOSPEL OF JOY. By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. \$1.50.

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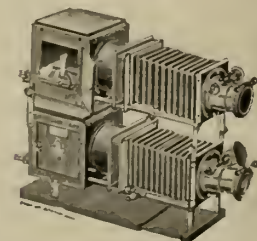
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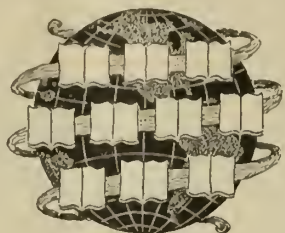
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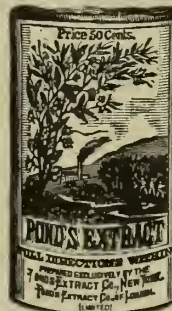
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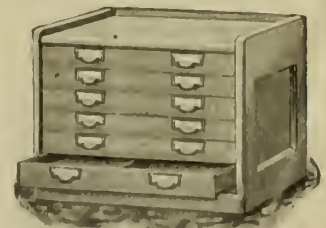
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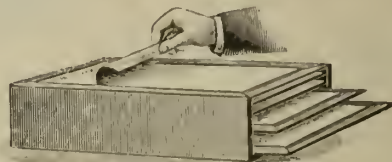
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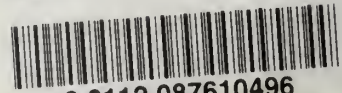
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